

Cursing in the Rain

written by

Dawn Tilldusk

NOTE: ALL SCENES ARE FROM A CAMERA PHONE POV --

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - DAY

Timestamp camera in the bottom right - 19 Aug 2022, 14:10, Manhattan, New York.

We're looking through a window, roughly 20 stories high --

It is STORMING down with rain. Biblical proportions. Such is the velocity of the downpour, you can barely make out the adjacent buildings.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Hi everybody. So here we are. As you can see I've timestamped the camera -- wanna document this day. It's been coming down like this for about... 7 hours straight. Ain't ever seen anything like this. Listen to the patter against the window -- Jesus. Anyway, none of the tv forecast this shit. It's jus come outta nowhere.

A moment looking out into this ferocious deluge.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - EVENING

19 Aug 2022, 19:25, Manhattan, New York

The camera is directed at the TELEVISION - A news report is broadcast.

LADY NEWS REPORTER (TELE)

...As this unprecedented rainfall continues to affect the northeast coast of the country, current estimations state that between 100 and 200 inches have fallen around eastern New Jersey and New York state in the last 12 hours which is said to be over double the global record. Also in parts of New York City, the streets have been flooded to nearly 5 feet above ground level, naturally causing widespread disruption and devastation. Due to the severity of the situation, the president is due to address the nation at 21:00 hours to detail emergency relief effo--

The camera swirls round to JEFF, late 20's, a kinda indie-handsome about him, the MALE VOICE from the last scene.

JEFF (into camera)
 Wow. 5 feet. What the hell? 5 feet
 off the ground? I can't believe
 this shit. This is... How long's
 that gonna take to clear?
 (Chews over it)
 Glad to be high-rise. That's all I
 can say. Well, check in with you
 guys tomorrow. Battery needs
 charging. Laterz.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - MORNING

20 Aug 2022, 08:25, Manhattan, New York.

The camera is pointed through the window - it is cracked with a brick-sized hole. The rain is coming down harder. Through the hole, the noise is thunderous.

JEFF (O.S)
 This is bullshit. Total bullshit.
 Got woke up to the sound of my
 window shattering. I mean, can rain
 do that? What the fuck, man.
 (A moment)
 The power is out. The internet is
 out. Look at my fucking arm.

Jeff's forearm raises into shot, it shows bruise marks.

JEFF (O.S)
 Put it through the window for like
 2 seconds. I can't believe this.

The sound of banging on the door. The camera spins round in that direction.

JEFF (O.S)
 There's a lot of panic out there.
 Everybody's losing their shit.

The camera heads towards the door. The sound of it unlocking, it opens revealing --

A 30-something HISPANIC WOMAN standing by her young SON.

HISPANIC WOMEN
 You're filming?

We can see and hear quite a commotion in the background.

JEFF (O.S)
Yeah, I'm documenting all this.

HISPANIC WOMEN
Do you know when anyone's getting here?

JEFF (O.S)
No. Not heard anything.

HISPANIC WOMEN
What do we do? It's up to the third floor.

JEFF (O.S)
Third floor? It ain't up to the third floor, that can't be right? I can't see shit out me window.

She nods, like a bewildering terrified confirmation.

HISPANIC WOMEN
(Shedding tears)
I'm scared, what are we gonna do?

JEFF (O.S)
Calm down, we're safe up here. It can't get this high. People will come. Hang in there.

INT. STAIRWELL - TOP FLOOR OF BUILDING - NIGHT

20 Aug 2022, 23:30, Manhattan, New York.

JEFF (into camera)
We're in massive shit.

Overcome Jeff is lit up by his camera flashlight, his pitch-back background is filled with frightened voices.

JEFF (into camera)
My flat has gone, everything has gone. Nobody is answering their phones. Nobody is doing anything. There's 40 of us up here...

The camera sweeps the stairwell lighting up many panic-stricken faces, huddled in the small space. We catch a glimpse of stacked food provisions, a cat, a dog, people eating, and people praying.

JEFF (O.S)
 ...waiting for salvation or death.
 It's breached the 21st floor.
 That's 200 feet from ground level.
 New York City has been submerged.
 This is seriously fucked up, guys.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
 What's that! Down there!

The camera pans to a silhouette pointing their phone light down the stairwell.

FEMALE VOICE
 (Terrified)
 It's a shark! There's a shark down there!

JEFF (O.S)
 There's no shark. There's no shark!

The camera points downwards, lighting up the water that lies about 7 floors down.

Something thrashes, a flap of large fins. It's one eerie sight.

Commutations and screams accelerate.

JEFF (O.S)
 Fuck me. Fuck me. God, what is this shit?

FEMALE VOICE
 Help us, somebody!

MALE VOICE
 Where the hell is anybody!

EXT. TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

22 Aug 2022, 14:22, Manhattan, New York.

Soaked Jeff looks into the camera, the rain falls VERY heavily around him. He shakes, he drips.

He just stares into the camera for a good 15 seconds, his demeanour simply says - 'I'm fucked'.

JEFF (into camera)
 Jeffrey Farber -- Born April 4th
 1996, Newport, Rhode Island -- Died
 August 21st 2022 -- on top of the
 fucking Empire State Building, New
 York City.
 (A moment)
 (MORE)

JEFF (into camera) (CONT'D)
I'm the only one who made it up
here -- 12 hundred feet above sea
level. Look.

The camera spins round showing an ocean of water about 15 feet below from our point of view.

We catch a few things floating at the surface -- a couple of upside-down cars, a bus. A couple of dead bodies with life preservers bob against the current of the waves. The rain continues to fall hard.

The odd skyscraper pokes up from the depths in the distance, but very few.

JEFF (O.S)
Frankly, I wish I had died with the
others.

One of the floating bodies starts to jiggle in the water violently, as in being attacked by something beneath. It gets dragged under, with the splash of an ominous fin.

JEFF (O.S)
Even the shark food.

The camera spins back round to Jeff.

JEFF (into camera)
Speaking into this phone is all I
have left now, and the battery is
nearly out. Kudos to Samsung by the
way, your water resistance is the
shit. Sorry I can't rate it.

Jeff then looks past the camera, out into this new water world -- the situation and his fate, taking charge.

His eyes then gradually focus on something up in the sky. Then focus with a real vigour --

JEFF (into camera)
Fuck me, a chopper.

He stands up - the camera POV drops to the surface water as Jeff shouts out --

JEFF (O.S)
Hey! Over here! Down here! Look
it's a fucking chopper!

The camera raises to the rain-filled skies. We can just about make out the helicopter, but it is high and far, it's its searchlights that stand out.

The camera POV drops back towards the surface water.

JEFF (O.S)
Hey! Down here! Down here!!

EXT. THE VERY TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

22 Aug 2022, 17:22, Manhattan, New York.

JEFF (into camera)
At the very top. My last stand.

The Rain continues to bust it down, as the camera directs down to the surface water which is only a few feet below.

JEFF (O.S)
As you can see the water is on my
ass and I have a minute left of
battery.

The camera swings back up to Jeff.

JEFF (into camera)
I ain't done it to live longer, I'm
up ere cos I got few things to say.
Mum, Dad, if you're still alive I
love you.

(Takes a moment)
To everybody else, all you's
watching from their comfy homes,
seeing it all unfold -- fuck you.
Seriously, fuck you. To the
president's relief effort, fuck
you. Where the fuck were the boats?
planes? helicopters? Any fucking
body? What the fuck has gone on?
The whole of New York City is dead.
Fucking dead! -- Fuck you Europe!
Fuck you UN! Fuck you Canada! Fuck
you, everyone!

(Painfully recollects)
I had to witness a 6-year girl get
chewed up by fucking sharks! In a
fucking apartment building!

Jeff settles himself.

JEFF (into camera)
Anyway, I hope you find this
footage. Thanks for watching. See
you all in hel--

SMASH CUT TO BLACK