

ESCAPE

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INT-BUSINESS TOWER LOBBY

A man dressed in a business suit quickly walks up to several approaching bomb squad officers. His name is FRANK SLOAN, and he is the head of security for the business tower. Two bomb squad technicians break off from the other officers and approach Sloan. Their names are JASON SANCHEZ and PIERCE RIGGINS.

SANCHEZ:

Are you Mr. Sloan? The man that made the call?

SLOAN:

Yes. It's in the elevator.

RIGGINS:

Alright. And you said you already initiated an evacuation?

SLOAN:

That's correct, everyone's out.

RIGGINS:

Okay, well, the other officers are going to get you and your staff out, as well as sweep every floor of this place and set up a perimeter. Which elevator did you say it was?

SLOAN:

The express elevator, it's right around the corner, the second one in on the left.

SANCHEZ:

Okay, follow the other officers and get your men out of here.

Sloan nods, and gets escorted out of the building by a passing OFFICER.

INT-ELEVATOR LOBBY-CONTINUOUS

Sanchez and Riggins walk in, and Riggins presses the button for the elevator. It does not light up.

RIGGINS:

Well Sloan did one thing right. Shutting down the elevators was probably the best thing. What do you think? Do they automatically

go to the basement when they're deactivated?

SANCHEZ:
It would make sense.

RIGGINS:
Maybe that was what the son-of-a-bitch was banking on.

SANCHEZ:
What do you mean?

RIGGINS:
Well, think about a building like this. How many parking garage levels are there? At least two. Maybe three. You get all the elevators to the ground floor; depending on the size of the bomb, you might be able to literally implode a building this size. Cause much more destruction, and, in turn, loss of life.

SANCHEZ:
No wonder you're on this team. You think up some of the sickest shit I've ever heard in my life.

RIGGINS:
Well, I wanted to be a criminal psychologist in college.

SANCHEZ:
Good thing that didn't work out.

RIGGINS:
I suppose so. Here, follow me.

Riggins opens a doorway to a stairwell and the two men begin walking down the stairs.

INT-BASEMENT OF TOWER-ELEVATOR ROOM

Sanchez and Riggins walk from the stairwell into the room. All of the elevator doors are open, and one of the elevators has a black duffel bag inside.

SANCHEZ:
(noticing the black bag)
I'm guessing this would be the suspicious looking bag in question.

RIGGINS:
Mmhmm, let's crack her open.

Sanchez opens the bag to find a bomb with a digital timer attached. The timer reads 5:45, and is counting down.

SANCHEZ:
Just over five and a half minutes.

RIGGINS:
Which means we got three and a half. You want some gum?

SANCHEZ:
Yeah.

Riggins digs into his pocket and pulls out a pack of gum, gets two pieces from the pack, and puts the pack back in his pocket. Riggins and Sanchez both take off their protective headgear.

RIGGINS:
(handing the gum to Sanchez)
Here.

SANCHEZ
Thanks. God it is hot in that suit.

RIGGINS:
Yeah, I suppose it comes with the territory though. The government doesn't want to be responsible if we die. So what do we have?

SANCHEZ:
It looks like your basic timed device, but the pressure plate is what is concerning me the most.

RIGGINS:
Here let me take a look.

Riggins kneels down where Sanchez was, and Sanchez stands up looking around the elevator compartment.

SANCHEZ:
You ever wonder why we do this?

RIGGINS:
Why we do what?

SANCHEZ:

You know, why we're on the squad.
Why we dismantle these things. Why
we risk our lives when they're just
going to replace us.

RIGGINS:

(inspecting the bomb)
Well, I suppose we all have our
reasons. Hand me the wire cutters.

SANCHEZ:

(digging into his pocket
and getting the cutters,
handing them to Riggins)
What's your reason?

RIGGINS:

(taking the cutters,
sarcastically)
You mean besides the amazing
salary?

SANCHEZ:

Yeah.

RIGGINS:

Well, if you really care that much.
I suppose because it makes me feel
young.

Riggins snips a wire, a beep is heard from the device. Both
men freeze in fear for a moment.

RIGGINS:

That should take care of the
pressure sensor. You want to take
care of the timing mechanism?

SANCHEZ:

Sure.

Sanchez and Riggins switch places.

SANCHEZ:

Hand me one of the smaller screw
drivers.

Riggins digs out a small screwdriver. Sanchez takes it and
begins to unscrew the a panel behind the digital timer.

SANCHEZ:

So, correct me if I'm wrong. But you're 27. What's with this, "it makes me feel young" crap?

RIGGINS:

Well, three years ago, I woke up one morning, alone, and found some grey hairs by my temples. And I'd felt like my life was passing me by.

SANCHEZ:

So you decided to join the bomb squad? Somehow I think that buying some hair dye would have been an easier option.

RIGGINS:

And I did. I've been dying my hair ever since. But I also made a promise to myself that I'd start living life more than I had been. I started going out with the rest of the guys on my shift. We'd hit up bars, talk to women, all that shit. I guess I joined the squad because it's part of what makes me feel alive. Not to mention that women think it's pretty awesome.

SANCHEZ:

(noticing the wiring)
Interesting.

RIGGINS:

(not paying attention to Sanchez)
You think so? Some people think it's a stupid reason.

SANCHEZ:

(as if breaking a trance)
Stupid? No. Not at all.

RIGGINS:

What about you? Why do you do this?

SANCHEZ:

Hold on one second. You still got the wire cutters?

RIGGINS:

Yeah. Here.

Riggins hands the wire cutters back to Sanchez. Sanchez makes a cut. A second beep is heard, and the timer is now turned off.

SANCHEZ:
Alright. We're safe.

Sanchez picks up the duffel, and the two men head towards the door to the stairwell.

RIGGINS:
So what about you? You never answered my question? Why are you in this? It sure as hell isn't the pay.

SANCHEZ:
(opening the stairwell door)
Well, put it to you this way.

INT-STAIRWELL-CONTINUOUS

The two men begin going up the stairs.

SANCHEZ:
I get up every morning. I run on a treadmill for exactly 26 minutes and 8 seconds. I then do 100 crunches. I eat a breakfast that is anywhere from 280 to 320 calories. I come to work, and this job, well...it provides an escape from the monotony. Whenever I'm off the clock, it seems like I do the same thing over and over again.

RIGGINS:
Why?

SANCHEZ:
Well, ever since I lost that fifty pounds I shed last summer. I've been really OCD about my weight, and just, my image in general. I donno, I guess I'm just paranoid about how I'm perceived.

RIGGINS:
What do you mean? Like with your co-workers?

SANCHEZ:
More so with women.

RIGGINS:
Oh, c'mon man. You're young, and you look good, I mean, you're in shape. You'll find someone out there. I mean, I did. It took a couple of years, but after I put myself out there, and went out to socialize, it happened naturally.

The two characters exit the stairwell and head towards the entrance of the building. They are met by the officer in charge, COMMANDER DAN SELLARS.

SELLARS:
Is that it?

SANCHEZ:
This is it. Disarmed. Ready for trash day.

SELLARS:
Looks like you guys earned your paycheck again. Take it to the truck, Sanchez. We roll outta here in five, before the press jumps down our throat. I'm holding the conference at precinct.

Sanchez and Riggins both ad lib "yes sir." They walk out of the building.

EXT-OFFICE BUILDING-DUSK

Riggins walks towards a van with other S.W.A.T members. But Sanchez stops him.

SANCHEZ:
Wait a second, Riggs.

Riggins stops and looks at Sanchez.

SANCHEZ:
You ever think about just letting one of these things go?

RIGGINS:
You mean, like, letting one of these just explode? Sometimes. After the fact though. And only to

the ungrateful ones.

SANCHEZ:
You mean the ones who deserve it?

RIGGINS:
(chuckling)
Yeah. But, I like my job.

SANCHEZ:
Yeah, me too.

Sanchez and Riggins separate. Riggins heads to the transport truck while Sanchez breaks off to go to another truck to dispose of the bomb. The camera follows Riggins when all of a sudden, an explosion is heard.

Riggins snaps his head around. A look of horror crosses his face.

EXT-POLICE PRECINCT-NIGHT

A news reporter is leading into a police press conference.

REPORTER #1:
And right now, it looks like the commanding officer in charge of today's operation, Dan Sellars, is stepping to the podium. Let's listen in.

SELLARS:
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. First of all let me say that on behalf of the Chief of Police, myself, and the entire department, we wish to express our deepest condolences to the Sanchez family, as both we, and they grieve the loss of a great officer today. Officer Jason Sanchez was one of our finest bomb squad technicians, and had successfully dismantled an explosive device earlier this evening. The device was thought to have a dual mechanism, one run on a timer, and one run on a pressure sensor. What Officer Sanchez failed to realize was that there was also a remote portion of the explosive device. And that is how the bomb that took Mr. Sanchez's life was detonated. The other

officers injured in the explosion, as well as bystanders who were witnessing the incident, are all being treated at nearby hospitals. There was some structural damage to some nearby buildings, and as I understand, those damages and the surrounding areas are still being cleaned up. That is all that we have at this time. Thank you.

A flurry of words erupts from a crowd of reporters as the commander is bombarded with questions. One question is spoken louder than the others.

REPORTER #2:

Commander, there have been reports that the remote to detonate the device was found on Sanchez's body? Can you shed some light on this?

SELLARS:

At this time we can not confirm...

Sellars stops in mid sentence. Getting choked up.

SELLARS:

(with tears in his eyes)

We can not confirm, or deny those reports. Thank you. No more questions.

The camera zooms out on the scene as a constant strobe a flashbulbs stream over the press conference.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of flashbulbs from the cameras is still heard and is the last thing to fade out.

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END.