

# **GREAT AGAIN**

Inspired by Twilight Zone's  
"Nightmare at 20,000 Feet"

**FADE IN:**

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

WENDELL (early 30s), a clean-cut black man, bandage over his swollen eye, face tattered with fresh bruises, stares off with a dejected expression on his face.

WENDELL

They were wearing MAGA hats. Both of them.

DETECTIVE RUIZ (mid 40s, stone-faced, no-nonsense type) eyeballs Wendell suspiciously, sitting across from him. Not buying any of it.

DETECTIVE RUIZ

And they were white?

Wendell meets his eyes with him - he takes a moment to nod.

DETECTIVE RUIZ (CONT'D)

Two white guys wearing MAGA hats in the middle of Harlem? On a Friday night? On Malcolm X Boulevard, of all places? Lotta people out.

Wendell reads the doubt on the detective's face.

WENDELL

I'm not lying.

DETECTIVE RUIZ

Wendell... we have surveillance footage of the incident. It was one man, not two... and he was black.

Fuck. Caught red-handed, Wendell doesn't know what to say.

**CUT TO BLACK:**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY**

All healed up, Wendell sits at a table, across from LISA (early 30s, black, beautiful).

Dejected, Wendell pokes at his food. He looks up uncomfortably at PASSERSBY giving him sideways glances.

WENDELL

We should've just ordered in.

LISA

Can't just lock yourself inside with the blinds shut every day. It's been a month. Only a matter of time before everything blows over.

WENDELL

They're still talking about it in the news.

LISA

Any luck with the job search?

His eyes gaze down at the table as he shakes his head in defeat and frustration.

WENDELL

I worked at that office for seven years... running circles around everybody. But do I get a raise? Nah. Do I get a promotion? Fuck no. They give it to some white kid who was practically an intern six months ago. And then I get mugged... by another black man probably going through the same shit as me... and they just... fire me...

(snaps fingers)

... Just like that. Like I was nothing.

He exhales sadly.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

I just wanted to be... heard. That's all. Figured if they heard it was white guys in MAGA hats...

Wendell stares off for a moment. But something catches his attention --

A MYSTERIOUS MAN wearing a red MAGA hat stands across the street, brim low, hiding his eyes. All Wendell can see is a creepy smile on the man's face.

Wendell's eyes widen when he notices a butcher knife in the Mysterious Man's hand.

LISA (O.S.)

Wendell?

He turns and faces her, taken aback. Like he'd seen a ghost.

LISA (CONT'D)  
You good?

WENDELL  
Did you just see...

Wendell points across the street -- the man in the MAGA hat is no longer there.

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
He was just there.

LISA  
Who?

Confused, unable to find the man, Wendell faces Lisa again.

WENDELL  
Never mind.

**EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - LATER THAT EVENING**

Wendell and Lisa head back home on foot. Lisa, his rock, his sole support system, holds his hand.

He smiles, gives her hand a gentle squeeze. But he glances back, behind them --

The Mysterious Man methodically trails them, that creepy smile under the low brim of his red hat.

Wendell tenses up, keeping his eyes forward. Lisa notices.

LISA  
What?

WENDELL  
There's a man following us. I saw him back at the restaurant, staring at me. He has a knife.

She stops. Turns.

LISA  
I don't see anybody.

Wendell looks around in a panic. Puzzled.

WENDELL  
He was just there. He had a... a MAGA hat on.

Lisa tries to hide her disappointment.

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
I'm not lying. Somebody's fucking  
with me.

LISA  
(sighs)  
I don't see anybody, Wendell.

Lisa continues on. Wendell glances back again nervously  
before catching up with her.

**INT. WENDELL & LISA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Watching TV on the couch, Wendell bites his nails. Something  
else on his mind. Suddenly -- a LIGHT TAPPING at his door.

He jolts up straight, eyeballing the door. On his feet, he  
draws closer to the door as the TAPPING continues...

Inching his head closer, Wendell looks out through peephole --

It's HIM again! Standing outside, red brim hiding his eyes,  
that unsettling grin on his face.

Wendell jumps back, Lisa appearing behind him.

LISA  
What's wrong?

He looks out the peephole again.

WENDELL  
It's him again, the weird-looking  
motherfucker with the MAGA hat!  
Call the cops!

He turns, faces Lisa -- she has her arms crossed.

WENDELL (CONT'D)  
He's got a fucking knife!

Still unsure, Lisa takes out her cell phone. But before  
dialing, she looks out the peephole for herself.

She turns back to Wendell, puts her phone away.

LISA  
There's nobody there.

Wendell nudges her away, looks out again -- nobody there.

WENDELL

You gotta believe me. I'm not crazy, you know? He was right there!

A TEA KETTLE WHISTLES from the kitchen. Lisa shakes her head and tends to it, leaving the room.

Sweat glazing his brow, Wendell looks out again -- the MAGA hat guy smiles back at him, mocking him.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Oh, you wanna play games?

He disappears into a coat closet, reemerges with a pistol.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Wendell charges out, waving the pistol around wildly.

WENDELL

Where the fuck are you?!

But there's nobody there. He turns, points his pistol at his neighbor KAREN (mid 40s, plump white lady), who drops a laundry bag to the floor, petrified.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

(relieved)

Karen. It's just you.

He lowers the gun. But Karen brings out her cell phone.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

Wait, what are you doing? Listen, Karen, I was being harassed...

**MOMENTS LATER**

TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS escort Wendell away in cuffs, about to head downstairs.

Wendell looks back, Lisa staring sadly from her doorway...

But Wendell spots the MAGA hat guy standing menacingly behind her, in the apartment!

WENDELL (CONT'D)

It's him!

Wendell breaks away from the cops, lunging towards his apartment. But the cops tackle him from behind, getting him to the floor.

OFFICER #1 presses his knee to the back of Wendell's neck as he continues to resist -- Lisa hurries to his aid.

LISA

What are you doing, you can't do that! You're gonna kill him!

OFFICER #2 points his gun at her.

OFFICER #2

Get back!

But she doesn't listen -- POP! POP! Lisa goes down. Wendell roars, sobbing hysterically, staring into her lifeless, still-open eyes as she lies on the floor across from him.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER**

Detective Ruiz and another UNIFORMED COP wander the crime scene, blood on the floor, the area long cleared.

UNIFORMED COP

Asshole keeps ranting about some guy in a MAGA hat. Can you believe it? After the shit he pulled the last time?

Detective Ruiz shakes his head.

DETECTIVE RUIZ

Press is gonna have a fucking field day with this one. Hopefully, this whole MAGA hat nonsense eases the blow-back a little bit.

The door to Wendell and Lisa's apartment still open, Detective Ruiz wanders in...

**INT. WENDELL & LISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Detective Ruiz casually looks around. But something on the floor grabs his attention. He kneels down... and picks up a red MAGA hat from the floor.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**