

MIND THE GAP

by

The Smell of Ozone, Grit, and Broken Dreams

FADE IN

INT. 50TH STREET STATION, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The C & E subway platform is quiet and appears deserted. The trash bins overflow and there's a pile of old blankets in one corner. The digital clock reads 03:47am.

The silence is broken by the SQUEAL of a poorly serviced turnstile and the CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of high-heels on tile.

Enter MONIKA, 42 years old and dressed in business fashion worth a small country's gross domestic product. She walks across the platform exuding power in every step. She swipes her iPhone and taps her ear bud.

MONIKA

Call London.

She walks to the edge of the platform. The fluorescent bulbs FLICKER and go out. She stands in darkness. A moment passes.

MONIKA

Randall? Yes, well, I don't see it
in my inbox.

Her voice is shrill and reverberates against the soot stained tile walls.

MONIKA

I don't care who's sick. No, YOU
don't understand...

Lights flicker ON. Behind Monika, the pile of blankets move.

MONIKA

...I'm on my way to my office right
now and if it's not there when I
log on, consider yourself...

The blankets are tossed aside to reveal a transient MAN with greasy long hair in a stained trench coat.

He rises and walks slowly towards an unsuspecting Monika. Lights flicker OFF. The rumble of an approaching train.

MONIKA

Oh, what the hell is the term you
Brits use...

The lights flicker and the man is just a few steps from Monika. He looks grim and full of disdain. One arm outstretched to her back.

Monika takes another step closer towards the edge.

MONIKA

Ah! REDUNDANT!

He shuffles closer and reaches out for her shoulder.

She steps to the edge of the platform and quickly turns around to face him with a cold smile.

She holds an index finger to her lips. SHUSH.

MONIKA

Randall, hold one second.

She taps her ear bud and mutes the call. She beckons the man closer with the same index finger.

The train rumbles closer, almost to the station. A breeze kicks up an old newspaper and coffee cup.

As he steps towards her, she grabs his outstretched arm, bends the wrist back into submission, and pulls him close.

The flickering lights highlight his grimace of pain. She whispers in his ear.

MONIKA

I could smell you coming.

She pushes him back out with a stiff arm, takes a breath, and pulls him close again.

MONIKA

I don't know what's worse. The smell of urine or the stench of broken dreams.

With expert fluidity, she jerks him forward and off the platform onto the tracks.

His SCREAM is cut short as he touches the electric third rail, followed quickly by the rumbling THUD of the train.

Monika closes her eyes as the wind from the passing train blows her hair back. Her smile warms and face brightens from the electric arc. She looks like she's at a photo shoot.

The train screeches to a stop. The doors open and Monika steps into a vacant car.

She taps her ear bud.

MONIKA

So, where were we? Yes. Redundant.

The doors slide shut and the train accelerates out of the station. The lights flicker and go out.

FADE TO BLACK