

**NEW PERSONAL BEST!**

Written by

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**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**Blue moonlight** shines through the **windows**, blended with the **neon** of the **overfilled skyline**.

It's a **small place**. Living here **alone** would be **too many people**, the walls trapping us at a **green poker table**. It feels out of place here, **otherworldly**.

**LUCY**, infectiously attractive with a **twinkle of danger** in her eyes, sits across from us, **two cards** in her hand.

She smirks, burns a card, and deals **the flop**. We don't see, though. Our eyes stay on her.

LUCY

Hey, 1000-yard. Cards are down there.

We look down, desperate to get our eyes off her, and she flips the cards: **Eight, nine, ten. All hearts**.

We look back up, but our sight falters, view shakes, with **black** coming in and out.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You thinking straight? You look flush.

We can't hold on any longer, and **unconsciousness** takes us.

**INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The same apartment, but another night. It's a mess: **clothes** and **leftovers** scattered. At least three health code violations.

**CHRIS**, gaunt with heavy bags under his eyes, jolts awake, covered in **sweat**.

He looks down at his wrist, where a **screen** projects from under his skin: *TIME ASLEEP: 1.86 hrs. NEW PERSONAL BEST!*

Chris **GROANS**. He starts to get up from **bed**, before his eyes dart to a **shadowy corner** of the room, towards the roof.

There's nothing there.

As Chris **SIGHS** and rises to his feet, the **shadows** skitter out of that corner, like a swarm of insects.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

A **massive structure**, filled to the brim with **vehicles**, getting more and more luxury the higher up we go.

It's the dead of night, but it feels like daytime, the sky and streets **flooded with neon**.

At the bottom, Chris sits in a tiny **booth**, constricting. A **wire** is plugged into a **jack on his wrist**, like headphones. The wire extends into the booth itself.

He sits, watching. Waiting. The longer this goes on, the more distant he feels, and it goes on a while.

Just then, a **muscular** hulking mass of a **MAN** bursts in from behind Chris, pinning him against the wall.

Chris braces for the worst, shuts his eyes...

But he's **alone**, backed against the wall for no reason like an idiot.

He takes a breath, catches his bearings. He looks down at his wrist: *TIME ASLEEP: 6.35 sec. OFF-SCHEDULE*

CHRIS

Jesus fuck--

A **car REVS** past, clearly breaking traffic laws.

Chris notices a moment too late. He tries in vain to wave the car down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey! You have to...  
(admitting defeat)  
pay for parking.

He trails off, angrily plopping himself back down in his **seat**.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Stupid fucking job. Economic health  
my ass. Robot could do this shit.

He resigns himself again, reaches under the **desk** and grabs a **small bag**, like fruit snacks. It's labelled "**Instant Coffee**."

He rips it open and pulls out a **small cylinder** with a **metal jack** on the end.

He pulls down his shirt from the neck, exposing his **shoulder**, which has a **port** on it.

He jacks in the cylinder. A hydraulic **HISS**.

Chris jolts his head, smacks his tongue.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Needs more sugar.

The neon lights flooding from overhead flicker.

Then, miraculously, the car returns, driving backwards into position to talk to Chris.

Getting a look at it, it's a very nice car. An almost **iridescent purple**. Windows **tinted** to pure **black**. Then, one rolls down...

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Hey, thanks for coming back.  
Algorithm would've docked my pay if  
I let someone...

He trails off as we reveal the driver: **Lucy**. He stares for a bit too long, dumbfounded.

LUCY  
Alright, how do I do this? I've  
never actually paid for one of  
these things.

Lucy looks up at Chris. His flustered expression. His **heavy bags**. Clearly **sweating**.

Something in Lucy changes. That **danger in her eye**, it's back.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Hey, tell you what. Why should I  
give money to these corpos anyway?  
Especially when I could give it to  
you.

Chris snaps out of it.

CHRIS  
Sorry, what?

LUCY  
I'm giving you a chance, econ. Get  
in, play a game with me. Maybe hit  
it big.

Chris pretends to think for a moment, but Lucy sees right through it.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Come on, guy, in or out.

Chris leaves the booth and hops in the passenger seat.

CHRIS  
(knowingly, trying to hide  
it)  
What are we playing?

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Lucy leads Chris down the hall of a **lavish hotel**, if a little old fashioned. It looks like something from **present day**.

At the door, Lucy gestures toward a **hand and retinal scanner**.

LUCY  
For security, in case you murder  
me.

Chris **LAUGHS**, soft and uncomfortable, and reluctantly scans.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Welcome in.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

An **upscale room**, decorated in an **art deco** fashion. An opulent ideal.

Chris enters, walking ahead of Lucy.

LUCY  
Make yourself at home, Chris.

Behind the two of them, as Lucy shuts the door, we can just catch a glimpse of something in the hallway. A **SHADOW**.

Chris whips around, as if sensing it, but is a moment too late.

Then, Chris realizes, and worry, **paranoia**, takes hold.

CHRIS  
I never told you my--

Lucy shushes him, finger over his lip, looking at him with a **smirk**, that **terrifying spark** in her gaze.

LUCY  
Come on, let's play.

Chris looks back to the room and suddenly a **card table** sits in the center of the room.

JUMP TO:

The two of them sit across from each other. Lucy stares at Chris. Chris is panicked.

His eyes dart around the room. The soft, warm lighting has created small pockets of **shadow**. And they **swim**. He tries and fails to look at them all, to stay aware.

Lucy just watches him with a **smile**. From her eyes, things seem normal.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Chris! Focus up, this is your chance.

Chris snaps to her, her smirk intact. Unnatural.

She burns a **card**, deals **the flop**, but Chris can't take his eyes off her.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Hey 1000-yard, cards are down there.

CHRIS  
Wait.

Lucy, about to flip the cards, freezes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Straight flush. Hearts. Eight, nine, ten.

LUCY  
Okay there, crystal ball.

Chris waits with baited breath. Lucy flips the cards:

**Three, four, five. Spades.**

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ooh. Hope that's not an omen of your luck.

She can't help but **LAUGH** a little, confident.

Chris looks faint. **Pale**, with patches of **bright red**. His eyes keep trying to shut. He's barely keeping himself up.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
You thinking straight? You look  
flush.

Chris crashes into the table, collapsing to the ground.

Lucy meets him on the ground, cradles his head.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Well, that was your chance. Guess  
you lost the gamble.

She looks at him with great care, like a mother. And then,  
like clockwork, that **smirk. The danger.**

#### INT. ABANDONED HOTEL - LATER

Lucy opens her eyes, where Chris had just laid. She's in  
**Chris's clothes.**

It's the same room, but **crumbling, decayed.** No-one's been  
here for decades.

She stumbles to her feet, catches her bearings. Brushes  
herself off.

She looks down at her wrist: *TIME ASLEEP: 7.77 hrs. NEW  
PERSONAL BEST!*

Lucy walks toward the door.

#### EXT. DERELICT STREET - DAWN

Surrounded on all sides by **skyscrapers** and shadowed by  
**streets above**, we're below the neon city from before.

A **condemned building.** It was clearly once beautiful, but long  
since left to rot. The roof nearly reaches the streets above.  
Lucy cautiously steps out.

She looks ahead, just as the **sun** begins to rise. She shuts  
her eyes and basks in its warm glow. Finally a **genuine smile**,  
no threat remains in her.

She starts off down the road as a new day dawns.