

PANIC MODE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Modern suburbia. Nice. Quiet. In the distance, A CAR ROARS in, travelling fast, and stops in front of a house.

In the car, PETER (23), hair wet with sweat, black suit, young face shows dread and panic.

INT. CAR

Peter shuts off the engine, opens his door, and from the passenger's seat, grabs a gun and a SILVER BRIEFCASE.

EXT. HOUSE

Peter shuts his door and runs up to the house and BARGES IN.

INT. HALLWAY

Peter SLAMS the door and runs around the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Peter scurries in, looking for something *or someone*. The living room is a bit of a mess. He hurries to the next room.

INT. KITCHEN

Peter pops in and sees nothing. He stops for the first time, taking a breath. He notices something. ON THE COUNTER, is smudged blood.

PETER
(Quietly.)
Shit.

He runs out.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Peter runs back into the hallway and spots a door at the end of the hallway, cracked a bit open, light peeking out. He runs towards it.

INT. ROOM

A bloody mess. TWO BODIES, in black suits, lay in the floor, bullet wounds covering their bodies, blood sprayed all over. Dead. Except for another body in the room. HARVEY (27), with blood rushing from wounds in his belly and chest, he lies on his side, gasping in pain.

Peter hurries in and stops dead, frightened at the scene.

HARVEY
(gasping.)
Where-the-fuck-have you been? You
fuck-

He squirms in pain.

PETER
Jesus. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

HARVEY
You ran like a fuckin' coward. How
fuckin' dare you?

PETER
What happened?

HARVEY
Oh, Well! These two lightbulbs got
the brilliant idea to fuck off and
leave me for dead. Luckily, I'm a
good shot. I fucked these two
bitches. MOTHERFUCKER! THIS hurts.

He points to his battle scars.

PETER
I got the money. I killed Tommy and
Little Biscuit-
(Getting on his knees)
I took the money. We are free!

He shows the briefcase.

HARVEY
That doesn't fucking matter
anymore. I'm dying. I'm going to
die. DO YOU GRASP THAT NOTION?

PETER
I know. I know. What are we gonna
do?

HARVEY

You know, what? Do what you want to do. I don't care. Death seems like a swell idea right now. No pissheads wanting to fuck you over. No cowards who get the jitters and run during a missing and compromising the whole ordeal. No cops to deal with. Nothing. Nothing but sweat, dark nothingness. I like that. I like that a lot.

PETER

I think your delirious.

HARVEY

No, I'm clear. I'm-

Harvey loses concussions.

PETER

Harvey? Harvey?

He shakes him. Dead? Maybe. Peter doesn't check. He gets up. In the distance, sirens begin to blare. Peter goes into panic mode. He leaves, shuts off the light, and closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Peter enters the kitchen and gets a rag. He wipes the gun off and throws it. He heads for the door.

EXT. HOUSE

Peter shuts the door and scurries to his car, briefcase in hand. He gets in his car, starts it up, and runs.

We are left lingering on a shot of the house just as the sirens get louder and louder. Then we-

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.