

# **LOCKDOWN**

By

Pia Cook

FADE IN:

**INT. THE BAUGHMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

RACHEL (30s), stares in our direction. Disheveled appearance. Eyes filled with anger. Teetering on madness.

She lets out a HOWL. Loud. Frightening. Then she attacks the front door. Kicks it. Beats it with her fists. On and on.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(calm)  
You can't open it.

Rachel screams louder. Beats the door harder.

PAUL (O.S.)  
For fucks sake. It's bolted shut.

Rachel sags down to the floor, sobbing.

RACHEL  
I can't stand it! I have to get out  
of here.

PAUL (30s), looks over at her from a ratty sofa in the open living room. His appearance even worse than hers. Scraggly beard. Wild hair. Eyes swimming in alcohol fueled comfort.

PAUL  
You think I want to be here? Stuck  
inside this shitty apartment with --

Rachel cuts him off with murder in her eyes.

He pours vodka into a tall glass, takes a gulp.

PAUL  
Things sure turned to shit in the  
blink of an eye.  
(studies his drink)  
One day you're getting married. Get  
a good job. Move into an apartment  
with your new family. Five weeks  
later. Your job's gone. Government  
got you sealed in your fucking  
apartment. You're an alcoholic and  
you realize --

RACHEL  
You shouldn't have killed Pedro.

PAUL  
(under his breath)  
-- you hate your wife.

RACHEL  
It's all your fault.

Paul scoffs, half amused.

PAUL  
He was a dog.

RACHEL  
None of this would've happened if  
you didn't kill him.

Paul's turn to glare at her. Voice raised.

PAUL  
I had to. I couldn't stand any more  
of your fucking vegan shit! I  
needed meat. So what if he was a  
dog? How many of them have been  
tortured to death in labs just so  
you can have your meds that are  
supposed to keep you from losing  
your shit? Ever think of that?

Rachel gets up from the floor. Pissed off.

RACHEL  
You want me to quit taking my meds,  
is that it?

Paul glances at something in the corner, then back at her.

PAUL  
I don't see how it could make you  
any worse.

RACHEL  
Who the fuck are you to judge me?  
Look at you. All you do is drink  
and watch porn all day. You're  
disgusting.

Paul swirls the liquid in his glass.

PAUL  
Alcohol and porn. Horrible things  
for man to occupy his time with.  
Ranks right up there with --

RACHEL  
(screams)  
Shut up! Don't you fucking dare!

Paul shoots her an "I got you" smile. He reaches for a can of Febreze on the coffee table, sprays some into the air.

Rachel paces back and forth. Stops by the corner Paul glanced at a moment earlier. Tears well in her eyes. She turns away from it, covers her face with her hands.

RACHEL  
I'm so sorry.

A quick wail of a SIREN from outside.

Paul gets up, strides over to the window, peers out.

PAUL  
They're here.

Rachel steps aside, sinks down onto the floor. Knees up to her chest. Arms tight around her legs.

Paul watches her with a mixture of sympathy and disgust.

PAUL  
Don't worry. I'll handle it.

Several sets of footsteps can be heard from outside the front door. Male voices. Keys opening multiple locks.

The door swings open. Outside stand three men in hazmat suits. Paul steps aside to let them in.

HAZMAT #1  
You called a couple of days ago?

PAUL  
Four days.

HAZMAT #1 gives Paul the stink eye.

HAZMAT #1  
Is that a fucking complaint?

PAUL  
Of course not. The government is  
always right...

He waves them inside. They stop at that same corner in the living room.

HAZMAT #1  
What happened?

A tear runs down Rachel's cheek.

RACHEL  
He killed Pedro.

Hazmat #1 is confused.

PAUL  
It's true. I did. So what? How was I supposed to know they would go batshit crazy over a dead dog? All that screaming. They went on for hours until she finally lost it and ended it. A horrible thing really.

Hazmat #1 is even more confused.

PAUL  
I think she forgot to take her meds that day.

HAZMAT #1  
When this is over, there will be an official investigation.

PAUL  
Of course.

The two other HAZMAT guys walk towards the front door.

One of them carries a child's body wrapped in black plastic.

They step out. Hazmat #1 shuts the door. The locks are locked. Something heavy is set against the door.

Paul and Rachel are left alone in the dim apartment.

Rachel sits in a fetal position on the floor. Her eyes scream insanity. She shifts her gaze to Paul who --

-- gets up, strolls into the kitchen. Comes back out. Keeps wary eyes on his wife.

He sits down on the couch. With his eyes still on Rachel, he slides a knife in under the seat cushion, then pours himself another drink. Sits back, turns on the TV.

FADE OUT: