

6:33 a.m.

by

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FADE IN:

INT. SECOND-STORY APARTMENT - 6:33 A.M.

CURTAINS

blow softly through an OPEN WINDOW.

The SOUND of ROTATING SPOOLS of an 8mm movie projector, with (finished) film FLAPPING round and round (OS).

FLASHING NUMBERS of ALARM CLOCK read: "6:33",

as though a power outage occurred.

THE BACK of a GIRL

lounged in a chair, faces a BLANK MOVIE SCREEN.

A WALL

behind the screen displays dozens of PHOTOS of a beautiful GIRL, late twenties, in all sort of settings - at the beach with friends, doing shots with a couple of guys, partying with Sorority Sisters, graduating Law School, with family...

Also on the wall are FRAMED AWARDS (Athletic and Academic). There is an EMPTY SPACE on the wall, where one is missing.

A FALLEN FRAME

lies shattered on the dresser below.

THE NUMBERS of ALARM CLOCK (6:33 a.m.)

stop flashing, and begin moving backwards until they stop at "2:20 a.m."

APARTMENT - EARLIER (2:20 A.M.)

The WINDOW is now closed and the FRAME hangs neatly on the wall above the dresser.

INSERT - PROJECTOR SCREEN/FILM FOOTAGE

A LITTLE GIRL, 8, plays "Pin the tail on the donkey" with her FATHER.

SOUND of GAGGING (OS).

BATHROOM

The Girl is bent over the toilet vomiting. Then goes to the sink and rinses her face, and looks at her REFLECTION in MIRROR.

It is the girl from the photos, though not the same beauty queen, anymore. She is pale, sickly looking, and has bags under he bloodshot eyes.

GIRL
(to reflection)
You stupid whore!

She begins to cry, then searches the medicine cabinet and finds a razor-blade. She holds it to her wrist with a shaky hand.

A ST. JUDE MEDALLION swings from her neck.

She takes a deep breath -- thinking about doing it.

PHONE RINGS (OS).

The RINGING phone doesn't phase her. She takes another deep breath, as the SHAKY BLADE scratches her skin.

The phone stops ringing and the machine picks up.

GIRL (VO)
Hey, you've reached 555-9674. I'm
not in right now...

BEDROOM

The ANSWERING MACHINE flashes "7 new-messages".

GIRL (VO)
...Please, leave a message after
the beep.

BEEP.

GIRL #2
Okay, I'm getting tired of talking
to a machine. I wanted to know what
happened at the doctor's, how'd it
go? Well, I hope you're feeling
better.

(MORE)

GIRL #2 (CONT'D)

Anyhow, gimme a call when you get in -- oh, and you better not be sick this weekend, some guys from work are having a party, and they're really hot. Talk to you later. Byyye.

BATHROOM

She contemplates doing it, but can't -- and throws the blade on the floor. She reaches for a BOTTLE of PILLS, instead.

PHONE RINGS (OS).

GIRL

Leave me the fuck alone!

BEDROOM

She runs to the phone and rips it from the wall.

The FILM FOOTAGE draws her attention and she drops in the chair, holding the phone against her chest.

INSERT - 8MM FILM FOOTAGE

The young girl's father tosses her a football, over and over, until she catches it.

BACK TO SCENE

The girl watches for a moment -- then can't take it anymore, and throws the phone at the screen -- hitting the wall behind instead -- shattering a framed photo of her and her father.

INSERT - SHATTERED FRAME/PHOTO OF GIRL AND FATHER

Under the broken glass is a PRINTOUT from General Hospital that reads:

PRINTOUT

"...Again, I am truly sorry. I've enclosed some reading material regarding the disease that you may find comforting. We will continue to do everything possible...
...Remember, you are not alone...Below, is a list of..."

BACK TO SCENE

The girl sits in the chair, shivering in a cold sweat. She covers herself with a blanket, but soon gets too warm, and goes to the WINDOW.

AT THE WINDOW

She opens it for some air and notices TWO MEN (ARGUING), on the street, below.

She watches the two dark figures, discreetly, but can't make out what they are saying.

The TWO MEN shove each other, then:

FLASHES of A (SILENT) GUN firing in the darkness.

GIRL

-- Oh, my God...Oh, my God...

Dumbfounded, she backs from the window.

GIRL

...Oh, God --

She runs to find the PHONE and holds the receiver to her ear, but -- no dial tone.

GIRL

-- Shit...

She grabs the phone cord and reconnects it, and hears: DIAL TONE.

She presses the numbers "9-1-" then pauses a moment and hangs up.

GIRL

Fuck it -- we all die, anyhow.

She GIGGLES in a deranged manner -- then CRIES.

She sets the phone on the dresser, and glances at the PRINTOUT. Then, pulls the PHOTO from under the BROKEN GLASS, and smiles.

She picks up the BOTTLE of PILLS, and falls into the chair.

GIRL

St. Jude, help me.

She removes the MEDALLION from her neck, and hangs it on the bottom of the movie screen -- it swings like a pendulum in front of her.

She swallows a HANDFUL of PILLS and leans back in the chair.

ALARM CLOCK reads: "2:30 a.m."

APARTMENT - LATER (2:53 A.M.)

INSERT - FILM FOOTAGE (ROLLING)

It is the exact same footage from earlier -- Father passing football to young girl.

SILENCE -- everything is quiet, even the rolling spools of the projector.

The girl is motionless in the chair. Her outstretched hand holds an empty bottle of pills.

Just then, the girl twitches slightly in her slumber. A moment passes, then again -- her body jumps.

THE GIRL'S EYES snap open and move frantically -- like that of a frightened animal. SOUNDS become clearer, now.

A NOISE (OS).

She sits up, listening intently. A moment passes, then a more DISTINCT NOISE (OS) -- from downstairs.

She stares at the front door -- momentarily paralyzed with fear -- then manages to stand and walks to the door.

FRONT DOOR

She reaches for the DEAD-BOLT LOCK and just then:

A MAN bursts through the door -- knocking her backwards.

He grabs her, and the two struggle. They thrash around the room -- overturning furniture (the rolling PROJECTOR, in particular).

BLACK FILM from the overturned projector, empties across the floor -- like snakes escaping captivity.

The girl tries to SCREAM, but the man covers her mouth and wrestles her to the floor in the web of black film.

MAN

Listen to me -- listen! --

She squirms in his hold.

MAN

-- I am not going to hurt you.

She stops resisting and he loosens his grip. Then, she bursts free and runs for the door.

He grabs her and kicks the door closed in front of her. Pulls a gun from his belt and presses it to her face.

MAN

Listen, I already shot one person, tonight, and I don't plan on making it two -- hear me? Now, I said I am not going to hurt you, all right?

She nods.

MAN

Now sit your ass down on the bed and don't move. I don't have the patience, right now -- so don't test me.

She complies and sits on the bed -- now, calmer.

The man paces back and forth -- pulling at his hair.

MAN

(yelling)

Fuck! That idiot! Why do people have to be so fucking stupid! Fuck!

GIRL

That was you up the street?

The man looks at her, but doesn't respond.

GIRL

That was you up the street -- wasn't it.

MAN

I didn't know that I had an audience.

He moves toward her and stands over her.

GIRL

I just heard a commotion. I...I didn't see anything.

MAN

Don't worry little girl. I got a whole list of stuff to put me away, another dead person or two ain't gonna matter much.

GIRL

You killed him?

He gives her a dirty look.

GIRL

Just tell me what you want and I'll do it.

MAN

I just need to get off the streets for a while.

GIRL

That's it?

MAN

That's it. Just, don't do anything stupid -- that's gonna make me do something I don't want to. I don't plan on going to prison.

GIRL

You don't think they will find you, here? They'll check every house in a five-mile radius.

The man LAUGHS.

MAN

You don't really believe that do you? They don't give a shit about some punk on the street.

GIRL

(with attitude)

Well...why did you do it?

MAN

I didn't like his attitude -- and you know what -- I'm not sure I like yours.

GIRL

Well...I don't really give a shit! I don't give a shit about who you are or what you did! I don't give a shit about anything or anybody!

MAN

(taken back)

Well, good! 'Cause I don't feel like getting into it anyhow! Jeess, and I thought I was the one fucked up.

He paces around the room and picks up the medallion off the floor. Then, pulls-up a chair in front of her and sits -- staring at her for a moment.

It's quiet.

MAN

You know, I didn't want to shoot that guy.

GIRL

Don't you mean kill?

MAN

No -- I meant to kill him, but I never wanted to have to do that.

GIRL

Well...why did you do it? Do you like hurting people?

MAN

No -- he left me no choice, alright.

GIRL

Everybody has a choice.

MAN

Listen, little girl...that's what happens when you take the wrong path. It leads you downhill and it gets darker and darker -- ah, forget it -- God! I hate everything I ever did. I wish I could go back and change things, but I can't -- Whatta you care, anyhow...right?

She looks away, pondering. He stares at her, intently.

MAN

Well, what's the matter? You don't have a whole lot to say all of a sudden. Maybe, I'm not the only one with regrets.

GIRL

Maybe, you're right.

MAN

Oh, yeah? And what would you do differently?

GIRL

It doesn't matter. My life is shit and there is nothing I can do about it, now.

He continues to stare.

GIRL

What are you staring at?

She looks into his eyes a moment, then turns away.

MAN

You.

GIRL

Well, what are you going to do? Are you gonna hide out here forever, or what?

He continues his gaze and she shifts anxiously in her seat.

MAN

I don't know what I'm going to do -- and right now -- I really don't care....I just want to look into your eyes for a minute.

She glances up at him for a moment.

GIRL

What do you want to do -- screw me before you go? I mean...you have the gun and all.

He puts the gun in his belt.

MAN

No, I don't want to do that. No, I just want to look into your eyes for a moment...that's it.

She looks like hell.

GIRL

(facetiously)
Aren't I beautiful?

He lifts her head up and stares into her tired blue eyes.

MAN

Yes.

Touches her face.

MAN

You're just a little girl, aren't you? So much sadness in your eyes...so much pain...years piled onto years.

She looks into his eyes and smiles.

GIRL

We have the same eyes.

MAN

(smiles)

You are so beautiful -- so innocent.

He fixes the medallion around her neck, and she pulls it close as he touches her face.

GIRL

Please, don't.

He raises her head and they kiss. They hold each other -- absorbing each other's warmth.

He lies her on the bed and they hold and caress each other, gently. She turns away, and he strokes the back of her neck.

GIRL

I'm dying.

He turns her toward him and holds her close.

MAN

I've been dead, all my life.

She cries and he kisses her tears.

MAN

I'm not going to hurt you in any way.

GIRL

You already have --

MAN

-- but --

GIRL

-- You already have -- when you looked at me the way you did, and tomorrow, you'll be gone -- it doesn't matter, nothing matters.

MAN

You're wrong -- right now matters.

They hold each other and kiss.

LATER

The two rest in each other's arms, peacefully. Then, the man lifts his head, and watches the girl as she sleeps.

MAN

(whisper)

I love you.

He gets out of bed, trying not to disturb her.

Again, he looks at her resting and places the gun on the night-stand beside her.

He walks across the room -- looks back at her and smiles.

MAN

My torn angel.

He glances at the GUN, and goes into the bathroom.

NUMBERS on ALARM CLOCK read: "6:33 a.m." -- then begin to flash (as though a power outage occurred).

GIRL's EYES open, alertly.

BATHROOM

The man looks at his ugly face in the MIRROR. Then runs water over his head, from the sink.

A ST. JUDE MEDALLION dangles from his neck. He clenches it tightly, and takes a deep breath.

He looks at his WATCH and sees that the face is cracked -- stopped at "6:33".

He turns to the door and reaches for the knob hesitantly. Takes a deep breath -- and opens it to find...

A GUN BARREL pointing directly at him. His face goes blank, at the sight of the armed girl in front of him.

GIRL

(crying, trembling)

Okay, I don't know who you are or what you want, but I know that you don't want me. I'll never make you happy, so you better just leave.

MAN

I'm just a man -- and you already made me happy.

GIRL

I told you -- my life is shit.

MAN

I know. So is mine.

GIRL

But, I told you...I'm...

MAN

...I know.

She cries.

GIRL

Did you mean what you said -- that you loved me?

MAN

Yes. I meant it -- I'm not trying to talk my way out of anything, but you are the most beautiful girl -- and I do love you...more than anything in this world...

Tears roll down his face.

MAN

...as a matter of fact, if you don't feel the same...then I want you to pull the trigger, and put me out of my misery. My life has no meaning...it never has. I've made so many mistakes -- but I don't want to live that way anymore...I'm tired of misery.

GIRL

I never felt this way before, but I do...I do love you...

She lowers the gun and they hold each other.

GIRL

...I don't even know how all this happened...

MAN

...maybe, God figured we had enough darkness and it was time for a little light...

GIRL

...all the clocks have stopped -- time doesn't exist, anymore. It's six-thirty-three a.m., forever.

CLOCK flashes "6:33 a.m.".

APARTMENT - (ONE MINUTE PRIOR TO OPENING SCENE)

CURTAINS blow softly through an OPEN WINDOW.

ROTATING SPOOLS of 8mm Movie Projector -- with finished film, flapping round and round.

ALARM CLOCK reads: "6:32 a.m.".

THE BACK of a GIRL, lounged in a chair, facing a BLANK WHITE MOVIE SCREEN. Her outstretched hand holds an empty bottle of pills.

THE NUMBERS on the ALARM CLOCK change to "6:33 a.m." just as the EMPTY BOTTLE of PILLS falls from her still hand.

GIRL (VO)

(whisper)

It's six-thirty-three a.m.,
forever.

The man barges through the front door, as he did earlier, but to no resistance from the girl.

He sees her still body in the chair, and knows, immediately, that she is dead. He holds her in his arms for a moment.

MAN

My torn angel.

He sees the MEDALLION hanging from the bottom of the MOVIE SCREEN and puts it around his neck.

He pulls a cell phone from his pocket and dials "9-1-1".

DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)
Nine-one-one dispatch...what is
your emergency?

MAN
I'd like to report a shooting...the
corner of Flower and Washington.

He rocks the girl in his arms as the CLOCK behind him changes
to "6:34 a.m.".

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END