

Two One Charlie
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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MAUREEN, mid 30s and showing signs of wear, packs a couple of school lunches. She's clad in a waitress uniform with her name emblazoned on it. Remnants of peanut butter and jelly sandwich construction riddle the countertop. And it looks as though dishes haven't been washed in awhile.

MAUREEN
Kids?!? Let's go!

ABBY, 5, sits at the breakfast table, coloring half in her coloring book and half on the table. A bowl of fruity circles sits nearby, ignored.

MAUREEN
Abby, finish your cereal.

AUSTIN, 16 and frumpy, shuffles into the kitchen looking like he slept in his clothes. He stops at the counter to inspect his lunch sack.

AUSTIN
Peanut butter again? Seriously?

MAUREEN
Same clothes again? Seriously? At least run a comb through your hair, mister.

AUSTIN
Whatever.

ABBY
What... ever.

Abby takes a spoonful of cereal and gets most of it all into her mouth.

Austin sits down at the table next to his sister and pours himself a bowl of fruity circles. He reaches for the milk carton, shakes it. Empty. He looks at Abby. She smiles at him, milk running out the sides of her mouth.

MAUREEN
Celia! Let's go!

Maureen tosses the dirty knife into the pile of other dirty dishes in the sink. She regards them a moment, reaches for the faucet, then just throws up her hands in disgust.

CELIA, 14 going on 20, appears like a spectre in the doorway. She's dressed head to toe in black, a leftover Halloween costume from the vintage funeral collection. Her black eye makeup and pale complexion makes her look half dead.

CELIA
Someone's going to die today.

MAUREEN
Oh, for Christ's sake. Get your butt upstairs and change. You are not going to school like that.

CELIA
I'm in mourning.

AUSTIN
You're retarded.

CELIA
Shut up, dork!

MAUREEN
Move! Now!

Celia rolls her eyes and drifts away.

Maureen reaches for the cordless phone. Dials.

INT. SECURITY GUARD STATION - DAY

BRUCE, a mid 30s uniformed and armed security officer with his feet kicked up on the table, studies the back of his eyelids more so than the bank of video monitors next to him.

A BUZZING sound, then a loud ring jolts Bruce awake with a snort. He grabs a cell phone from his hip, rubs his eyes, checks the caller ID, and answers it.

BRUCE
Yeah. What.

He regards the monitors. TWO MEN IN BUSINESS SUITS catch his attention. They're in animated, heated discussion. One of them points at the camera, and the other stares directly into it for a moment.

BRUCE
No. About an hour.

Bruce leans closer to the monitor as the two men turn to leave.

BRUCE

Yeah, yeah. What can I say. She's fourteen. Babe, hey. I need to call you back.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bruce strolls quietly among the closed and darkened offices, listening. A muffled argument emanates from down the hall. He moves close enough to hear two male voices within one of the offices.

MAN'S VOICE #1 (O.S.)

...stupid. The algorithm's too complex. No. No way. I'm not doing it.

MAN'S VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Fine. You're absolutely right.

A GUNSHOT, silenced but unmistakable. A THUD as a body hits the floor.

Bruce takes a step back, breathing heavily. He unholsters his handgun with one hand and reaches for a two-way radio with the other.

BRUCE

(into radio, whispering)

Two one Charlie. Code thirty.
Second floor, medical. Possible
ten seventy-one.

The radio crackles loudly.

RADIO (V.O.)

Roger, two one Charlie.

Bruce fumbles for the volume control, but it's too late. He drops the radio and hits the floor, prone and ready, as the office door bursts open.

The suited man lunges into the hallway, firing several shots with a silenced handgun in Bruce's direction, but his aim is too high.

Bruce returns fire, and the suited man crashes against the wall as his leg gives out from under him in a spray of blood. He groans and fires squarely at Bruce, hitting him twice in the back.

Bruce screams in pain as he unloads his remaining shots into the suited man's chest. The man hits the floor. A few muscle spasms, gasps, and the suited man dies.

Bruce rolls onto his back and fumbles around for the radio.

BRUCE

(into radio)

Two one Charlie. Officer down.

Repeat. Officer down.