

HUNTERS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dozen or so cars far too nice to be in this neighborhood are parked on the rust-stained dirt. We watch elegantly attired couples heading toward the entrance of this decaying monolith arm-in-arm. The hint of inoffensive stringed music drifts lazily through...

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Several strategically concealed speakers in the modern art exhibition. Paintings of questionable quality hang from minimalist edifices, making them appear as though they float in the air.

The social elite meander past them, alternating between idle chat and droll commentary, munching on hors d'oeuvres and drinking champagne. It's a grand time for people with nothing but time.

After a few moments of lingering here, VINCENT (40s) enters the party like he's Billy Zane, all smiles and charm. He makes small talk as he greets guests on his way to the center of the room.

He taps his champagne flute, drawing attention to him.

VINCENT

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you.

(beat)

I want to congratulate you all on taking this first step toward a greener tomorrow.

A wave of applause encircles the room.

VINCENT (cont'd)

We can't undo the environmental sins of the past, but by repurposing this industrial fossil it's my hope we can say to future generations, 'I'm sorry. I didn't know any better.'

Vincent nods solemnly to more sycophantic adulation.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY VAN - SAME TIME

Watching Vincent's performance from a bay of LCD monitors, FRANK (20s), wearing a faded band t-shirt and mussed hair, chews on some Red Vines like he's at the movies. It's obvious he's tapped into the security feed.

His cell phone MOANS orgasmically with a text: AT THE DOOR.

He looks up and sees the sender on a different security feed. We PUSH IN on the feed...

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As CASSANDRA (20s), mischievous and pretty in an alt rock sort of way, reads Frank's text response: IT'S CLEAR. She looks up at TOMMY (20s), conservative and boyishly handsome, and grins wickedly. It only makes him more uneasy.

CASSANDRA

Come on. It's not that bad.

TOMMY

Then use the front door.

CASSANDRA

I didn't say it was good.

She tests the door and it pops open.

CASSANDRA (cont'd)

See? They want us to come in this way.

She grins again before disappearing inside. After some hesitation Tommy follows.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cassandra emerges from a door at the edge of the party. She's wary for a moment, then steps aside, letting Tommy in. They move to enter the party but ALICE (20s), slim, pretty but trashy, comes around a sculpture and nearly collides with them.

ALICE

What are you two doing back here? In the dark?

CASSANDRA

Having a moment, but it fizzled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassandra walks past her but Alice stops Tommy, interested.

ALICE
We could have a go.

Tommy doesn't know how to respond. Cassandra helps him out.

CASSANDRA
Yeah, absolutely, you two have at it.

TOMMY
But-

ALICE
I'll give you such delicious
nightmares.

TOMMY
What!?
(to Cassandra)
No, wait, you can't-

Cassandra's gone. Alice slips a hand under his jacket and he jumps.

Weaving her way through the crowd, Cassandra comes up behind Vincent while he talks to a RICH WOMAN and her friends.

VINCENT
Of course the governor is out of his
mind. Does our water have to catch
fire before he wakes up?

RICH WOMAN
You're absolutely right.

CASSANDRA
Gas.

Vincent turns, and his cool visage drops for an instant.

CASSANDRA (cont'd)
Methane gas. That's why the water
catches fire.

RICH WOMAN
(annoyed)
Vincent, who is this girl?

VINCENT
An old client.
(beat)
Cassandra, what can I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA

My employer is dissatisfied and requested I bring it to your attention.

RICH WOMAN

And who might that be, miss?

CASSANDRA

A petroleum conglomerate, madame, that values its anonymity. But we and your host have a long history.

VINCENT

(quickly)

Yes, long and bitter. Excuse me while I put this to an end.

Vincent takes Cassandra by the arm and marches her to a dark corner of the gallery. Cassandra wrenches free.

CASSANDRA

Did I interrupt something?

VINCENT

If you were feeling suicidal you should have just called.

CASSANDRA

And pull you away from all this?

VINCENT

I'd have made time.

CASSANDRA

That's why I can't seem to stay away. You know just how to tickle a girl's-

Vincent grabs her by the throat and pulls her close.

VINCENT

Do you think anyone would miss you?

TOMMY (O.S.)

I might.

Tommy steps forward, assured, ready for a fight.

VINCENT

Thomas. The faithful puppy.

TOMMY

Let her go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Or?

TOMMY

Or this spat gets broadcast to everyone in the party.

Tommy motions to a security camera pointed at them.

INSERT CUT: Frank clasps his hands together when Vincent looks up.

FRANK

Smile asshole.

VINCENT

Clever.

Vincent, loath to do so, releases Cassandra. She wants to rip him apart but knows better.

CASSANDRA

What kept you?

TOMMY

Your sense of humor was persistent.

VINCENT

Let's speed this up, I have guests to attend.

CASSANDRA

Did the underage prostitution market bottom out?

VINCENT

The damage being done to Mother Earth is very troubling. I'm just doing my part as a concerned global citizen.

TOMMY

A different sort of prostitution.

VINCENT

I really must get back.

He goes to leave but Cassandra puts out her arm.

CASSANDRA

Pay us and you can get back to your friends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

This old song.

(beat)

I hired you to do a job. You failed.

CASSANDRA

You lied about the job.

VINCENT

Call it a business expense.

(beat)

If you'll excuse me.

This time Tommy steps into his path.

VINCENT (cont'd)

I'll just cripple you. Send that to whomever you wish.

TOMMY

If we have your cameras, what else could we have?

CASSANDRA

It was very smart bringing the sprinklers up to code... what with all the art.

VINCENT

You wouldn't dare.

CASSANDRA

Call it a business expense.

He's frozen with rage for a moment, then Vincent reaches into his coat and pulls out a money clip. He peels off a number of bills.

CASSANDRA (cont'd)

You put your hands on me. That's extra.

He peels off a few more then shoves them at her.

VINCENT

Get out.

Cassandra curtsies then she and Tommy cut through the party. She notices Alice shadowing them off to the side.

CASSANDRA

You have a fan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy looks and deflates.

TOMMY

Oh, come on.

They're nearly to the front door when Vincent's rich friend intercepts them.

RICH WOMAN

Excuse me, young lady, I want a word.

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry but I really must-

RICH WOMAN

I don't know who you think you are-

CASSANDRA

That's very interesting but I really have to get going.

Cassandra tries again for the door but the woman grabs her arm and yanks her around.

RICH WOMAN

You don't walk away from me, little girl. Do you know who I am?

CASSANDRA

Yes, of course. My head got away from me.

Cassandra pulls out her cell and starts sending a text.

CASSANDRA (cont'd)

Let me get your assistant's number...

INSERT CUT: Frank's cell moans. A text: BRING THE RAIN

Cassandra sees Vincent watching the scene with no small amount of amusement.

RICH WOMAN

You're not talking to my assistant. You'll talk to me.

TOMMY

Ma'am, this isn't the place.

RICH WOMAN

Shut up.
(to Cassandra)
In all my years-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAWOOSH! The sprinkler system opens up on the party, sending everyone running and screaming for the exits. Cassandra catches Vincent glaring as Tommy pulls her outside.

She laughs.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frank's in the driver's seat of the revving van, spots them rushing out with the crowd, and leans over and pushes the passenger door open.

FRANK
Come on! Let's go!

Tommy and Cassandra hop in and the trio speeds away.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

Vincent watches a painting's colors run before his eyes when the sprinklers cut off. He looks up, then his cell CHIRPS.

A text: CLIMATE CHANGE?

Calmly he puts the phone back into his pocket. With a gentle tap he knocks the painting onto the ground.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DAY

The space serves as bachelor pad and makeshift headquarters for our trio of heroes. There's a plush couch in the center of the room along with a desk for Frank, looking like Radio Shack threw up on it, and a clean, orderly, area for Tommy.

It's not clear where Cassandra's space might be, however, she is currently sitting on the couch clutching her head. Frank is at his desk enjoying her frustration with Tommy's relentless badgering.

CASSANDRA
Why are we still talking about this?

TOMMY
Because it's a pattern with you.
(beat)
Vincent could have snapped your neck.
What if I'd gotten there five seconds later? Or ten?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSANDRA

But you didn't.

TOMMY

That's not the point!

(to Frank)

Say something...

FRANK

Not my fight.

TOMMY

Not your... A demon literally has his hands on your girlfriend's throat and you're agnostic about it?

FRANK

You think I don't care? I do. But I know a losing fight when I see it.

TOMMY

So you're an enabler.

FRANK

Do you think anything you say will change her? You've known her your whole life. What do you think?

CASSANDRA

Still in the room.

TOMMY

Why am I the only one who has a problem with this?

CASSANDRA

Because it's not a problem.

Tommy throws his hands up and tries a different tack.

TOMMY

And the sprinklers? That's not going to be a problem either?

CASSANDRA

Come on. What did you expect me to do?

TOMMY

I expect you to act like an adult. I expect you to think about our safety. I expect-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A KNOCK at the door interrupts Tommy's flow.

FRANK
Expecting someone?

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - LATER

An agitated young man named CURTIS (20s), unremarkable outwardly, sits on Frank's couch telling his story. He hasn't taken his coat off. He wants to run away.

Tommy and Cassandra listen, Frank takes notes on his laptop.

CURTIS
It's like a presence pushing at the
back of my mind as I fall asleep.
It's got so bad I need pills to
sleep.
(off their looks)
Medication. My doctor prescribed it.

FRANK
Did your doctor talk to you about
night terrors? Because that's what
you're describing.

CURTIS
She didn't seem interested in
listening.
(beat)
But Father Forthill did. And he
thought you could help.

He looks at Tommy when he says that.

TOMMY
How did you meet the Father?

CURTIS
He spoke at a comparative religion
class. He took a lot of incoming fire
pretty well, so I talked to him
after.

CASSANDRA
Is there anything else? Do you see or
feel anything at your home?

(CONTINUED)