

Behind Closed Doors

by

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FADE IN ON:

INT. ELEVATOR BANKS - FIFTIETH FLOOR - DAY

A set of stainless steel doors. Above it, a plaque: "Signal Bank." Lights blink as the elevator approaches.

GUN SHOTS ring out. As do SCREAMS.

The blurred reflection of someone racing towards the doors, for their life.

A hand HITS steel. Leaves a gore-streaked smudge. It forms a fist, and POUNDS. Hard.

Another ROUND OF GUNSHOTS.

MARK (O.S.)

Come on. Dammit!

The doors WHOOSH open. MARK (30s) dives inside. He wears a business suit that was once neatly pressed. Blood coats his face and hair.

He jabs the "close door" and "ground level" buttons simultaneously. The doors slllllowly shut.

DAVID (O.S.)

Wait!

Mark peeks out, keeping low.

He spots DAVID across the lobby. Nirvana tee-shirt. Middle aged. He drags an INJURED BUSINESSMAN along the tile. Waves frantically to Mark.

DAVID

Please. Don't go. He's shot!

More SCREAMS and GUNFIRE. Mark weighs his options.

He shoves a hand between the doors, keeps them open until David and the man are inside.

David sets the man on the floor. The doors sigh closed. The elevator descends.

Mark glances at the bank of buttons. Fifty floors. The video panel on the wall shows they're approaching number forty eight...

David drops to his knees and rips off the injured man's jacket. Blood PUMPS from three bullet holes - one dead-center in his chest.

MARK

Holy shit!

The man GROANS. In bad shape, but awake.

DAVID

Can you hear me? I'm David. What's your name?

INJURED MAN

What? Um... Andrew.

David slides off the victim's tie. Unbuttons his shirt.

Mark glances again at the elevator lights. Down to level forty two.

David probes one of the bullet holes. Andrew SCREAMS.

MARK

Don't do that. You'll make it worse.

DAVID

I'm an ER Doctor. I know what I'm doing.

Mark blinks at David's coffee stained shirt. David spots disbelief on his face.

DAVID

It's my day off, okay?

MARK

Why'd you bringing him in here?

DAVID

You want me leave him out there, or try the stairs?

SIRENS SHRIEK. The elevator SCREECHES to a halt.

David and Mark tumble to the floor. They look around in a panic. ALARMS clang in their ears.

DAVID

What the hell?

MARK

Someone must have triggered emergency shut down. To keep them from escaping.

David eyes the current floor number. They're stuck at thirty two.

DAVID

If we don't get out, he's gonna die.

David grabs Andrew's jacket, and applies pressure to his wounds. Andrew's bathed in sweat. Doesn't look good.

DAVID

Andrew, listen. This is David again. I want you to pay attention to me. Focus on my voice. And don't stop. No matter how bad it feels.

He pulls out a smart phone, and shines a flashlight in Andrew's eyes. They're dilated. Glazed.

The video panel on the wall rolls, displays news. A grim news anchor at her desk:

NEWS ANCHOR

Details continue to flood in regarding the attempted bank robbery on 42nd street. Reports of five armed robbers, dressed in civilian clothes, storming a branch of Signal Bank. According to cell phone recordings obtained by Channel Twelve, a customer with a concealed permit opened fire at the intruders - resulting in what is already being called 'a massacre'. The building is cordoned off, the situation developing. At least five victims reported dead. One of the robbers has supposedly been killed. With thirty hostages still trapped inside...

Mark stares at the screen, entranced.

MARK

I was just standing there, next to Cindy. Doing everything we were told. Then the shooting started. I heard a pop. Then half of Cindy's head was... gone.

He runs a shaking hand through his hair. Stares at his bloody fingers.

MARK

Oh my God. I'm gonna be sick.

He heaves, and doubles over. An alarmed David points to the far corner.

DAVID
Not near the wounds. Throw up there!

Mark barely makes it. David watches Mark pukes on his shiny leather shoes.

ANDREW
(gasps)
The shooting - caught me by surprise. I was looking the other way. Suddenly, I hear this bang! I tried to duck, but it was too late...

He stares up at David.

ANDREW
Am I gonna die?

DAVID
(beat)
Not if I... I don't think so.

SECURITY ALARMS SCREAM overhead. David RIPS away the rest of Andrew's shirt. Revealing the other bullet wounds.

And his gun.

David freezes. Mark looks down and stares.

He grabs the gun. Turns it over numbly in his hand.

MARK
You the guy that started it all? Some fuck nut from the NRA?!?
(beat)
You know, Cindy has... had... three kids at home. A little girl who just started elementary school. Everything was fine. We were giving them the money, like we were trained. Until you decided to play cowboy!

David shakes his head.

DAVID
I saw when it started. This guy doesn't look like the one.

MARK
You mean, the few seconds you saw him - before everyone hit the floor?

He waves dramatically. The gun flops in his hand.

DAVID

Put that down. It's gonna go off, and get someone killed!

MARK

Go off? I was there. That *vigilante* used up all his rounds!

He SNAPS open the gun.

Only one bullet discharged. Mark looks at Andrew again.

MARK

Oh. My mistake.

Andrew COUGHS up blood. David puts pressure on the wound.

DAVID

He's losing too much. This elevator better start. *Damned* soon.

More news from the video panel. Pictures of COP CARS surrounding the building. Actual SIRENS SCREAM outside.

Mark thinks a moment, gun in hand.

MARK

But you still got a gun. So who *are* you?

ANDREW

(wheezes)

Just a guy. With a family...

DAVID

For all we know, he's an undercover cop. Just leave him alone!

He starts chest compressions on Andrew. Blood oozes between his fingers.

DAVID

(to Mark)

I'm sorry about your coworker. But other people got hurt, too. Andrew, here. And two people right next to me. A woman with her teenaged son. I tried to help them, but the stampede pulled me away. So don't try to play the martyr. Just let me save *someone* today!

David's voice catches in a SOB. He focuses on Andrew.

Mark scoops up Andrew's jacket. Searches it thoroughly.

MARK

Bullshit. If he's a cop, where's his badge?

Andrew claws at his chest and fights to breathe. David pulls a penknife from his pocket.

DAVID

Andrew, I'm sorry. This is gonna hurt. But I have to go in. Just hold my hand real tight. And squeeze.

With a SLASH, he opens up Andrew's wound and sticks his hand inside. David massages the heart rhythmically. Amazingly, Andrew stays awake. Barely.

He GASPS. David pins him down.

ANDREW

I'm sorry. It was Roger's plan. I needed money for my sister. He said I could have some, if I went along...

David and Mark freeze. Mark looks Andrew in the eye.

MARK

You're one of the robbers. You're responsible for this mess!

ANDREW

(gasps)

I didn't want to hurt anyone. Not Cindy. Or that woman with her son. And I only pulled the trigger once. When that guy shot Roger in the face...

Mark and David glance at each other. Stunned silence.

Andrew's eyes roll up in his head. He passes out. The only sound in the elevator: Andrew's shallow breathing.

David's chest compressions continue.

MARK

Why are you bothering? That dirtbag and his friends killed Cindy. She had a little girl!

DAVID

He said he didn't do it.

MARK

He helped!

DAVID
It's not my job to play God.

MARK
You're doing it now. By keeping him alive!

The elevator RUMBLES. Starts to descend. The argument continues.

DAVID
He said he didn't shoot civilians.

MARK
He fired. That's what matters.

He stares at David - implacable. SIRENS WAIL outside.

MARK
You said it yourself. You save lives. You want scum like him to live... so he can make mistakes like *this* again?

Mark points the gun at Andrew's head.

The elevator lights continue to descend. Eleven. Ten. Nine. POLICE CHATTER from the lobby gets louder.

Mark steadies the gun - smeared with gore from Cindy's brains.

MARK
You're a Doctor. You decide. You got life... and death in your hands.

David looks at the gun. Then at Mark. Unsure.

INT. ELEVATOR BANKS - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

A BATTALION OF COPS wait, guns poised. The doors slide open. The lead COP shines his light inside...

LEAD COP
Hey. Are you okay?

FINAL FADE OUT: