

WE'RE

LIVE



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Written by

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INT. TALK SHOW STAGE - NIGHT

Silence, save for the buzz of stage electronics. The audience stares in shock.

The cameramen step out from behind their cameras to look at JONAH (33), jeans and a suit jacket, in the guest's chair. Jonah's pale skin highlights his dark, haunted eyes.

The tall and lanky host, MILES (39), flush red, is frozen in utter shock. His gaze fixed on Jonah. He looks to the camera, flashes an awkward smile.

Jonah grabs the arms of his chair. Nods. Lifts himself up, then walks off stage.

He walks past a stage hand, who just gawks with his mouth hanging open.

The stage hand looks to Miles. Miles shrugs, looks into the camera.

MILES

Uh... we'll be right back after this.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jonah holds the phone to his ear. The driver, LARRY (55) peeks back, curious.

KATHY (V.O.)

Hey babe. How was the--

JONAH

You didn't watch it?

KATHY (V.O.)

No, sorry, I was getting ready for dinner. What's up? You sound--

JONAH

Please do me a favor. Don't watch it. No clips. No nothing until I get home.

KATHY (V.O.)

What's happening?

JONAH

I'll explain everything. Just don't watch it.

Don't answer the phone unless it's me. And don't go outside.

KATHY (V.O.)
You're scaring me.

JONAH
It's going to be fine. I just need to explain some things first. I love you. I gotta go.

KATHY (V.O.)
Okay, I love you.

Click. Jonah pockets the phone. Sighs relief.

Larry, a big guy with a Brooklyn accent pipes up.

LARRY
She's gonna watch it. You set it up too good.

JONAH
You don't know anything.

LARRY
(dismissive)
Yeah, you're right...
(beat)
So, were you telling the truth?

JONAH
You should go home to your family.

A grim look comes over the driver.

EXT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

The black SUV rolls up to a building, blacked out windows. A giant crowd of people outside. Reporters, suits, homeless people, every kind of person.

A black Lincoln waits across the street. Men in suits sit, watch the building.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jonah peeks out the window, sees the crowd. Larry peers out the driver-side window.

LARRY'S POV

A black Lincoln with blank plates sits across the street. Men in suits watch from inside.

BACK TO SCENE

LARRY
You got folks waitin' for you.

JONAH
Shit. Keep going, don't stop.

LARRY
And what if I want to stop?

Jonah leers at Larry. Larry sighs, then, speeds up.

JONAH
Try the back.

EXT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - NIGHT

The car turns the corner, speeds off. It rolls to a stop sign.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jonah peers out the window.

JONAH'S POV

People crowd the alleyway.

BACK TO SCENE

JONAH
Shit.

Larry checks the street. Adjusts his mirror. Shifts the gear.

LARRY
Hold on.

The car speeds backward. Jonah's face smashes into the seat.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

The cars backs down the street. Whips around, then drives into the down ramp of an underground garage.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Larry parks.

LARRY

I drive a couple other people from this place. They gave me access to the maintenance entrance.

Larry hops out of the car. Jonah follows.

EXT. APARTMENT GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Larry unlatches the lock. Cracks the gate open. Jonah slips through.

LARRY

She watched it, buddy. Be cool.

Jonah nods, accepting.

JONAH

Thanks. Go home to your family.

Jonah rushes off.

LARRY

Yeah, I will. See you in the next life.

Jonah waves as he runs through the garage. Larry smirks.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A spacious loft with comfortable, modest decor. KATHY (33) sits in front of a laptop, tears in her eyes. She has soft features and blonde hair.

The front door opens behind her. Jonah steps in.

She hits a key, pauses the video, whips around.

KATHY

What is this? Is this a joke?

JONAH

No, it's not a joke.

Kathy turns away from him. Stares at the screen.

KATHY

We're going to die tomorrow?

JONAH

I think so. At least... that's what happened the last time. I thought if I told everyone, this time it might be different.

Jonah approaches her. Tears stream down Kathy's face onto the laptop keyboard.

KATHY

What do you mean, last time? Why didn't you tell me? What the hell is going--

Jonah takes her hand from the laptop, leads her up out of the seat with gentleness.

KATHY

How is this possible?

He takes her into a tender hug.

JONAH

I don't know. Every time it's the same. The bombs hit and... it's like how you can't quite pinpoint when you fall asleep, you just know you did. Then you wake up. And somehow, I'm seven years younger. Seven years till it happens again.

KATHY

Like the T.N.G. Episode, Cause and Effect where the enterprise gets stuck in a loop?

JONAH

That's my Trekkie.

They start to rock in a somber kind of dance.

KATHY

And what will happen to me?

JONAH

You'll wake up too, only you won't know it. So don't worry.

Jonah and Kathy rock slowly in each others arms.

SMASH TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE OF THE INTERVIEW

The host, Miles, has a cheerful smile. Laughs.

MILES

Okay, so here they come. Ladies and gentleman, Jonah Ackerman is going to predict the Powerball numbers. Here we go.

A video overlay in the bottom right shows the Powerball reveal. Jonah sits casual, his hand on his chin.

JONAH

Six, thirty two, nineteen, fifteen, fifty four, sixty.

The Powerball numbers drop. 6, 32, 19, 15, 54, 60.

The crowd goes silent. Miles stammers.

Jonah looks at all of the faces in the audience. Smirks. Nods to himself.

MILES

W--well look at that--

JONAH

And in twelve hours, a nuclear war will break out, killing everyone on the planet.

Silence. Jonah looks into the camera.

FADE OUT.

THE END