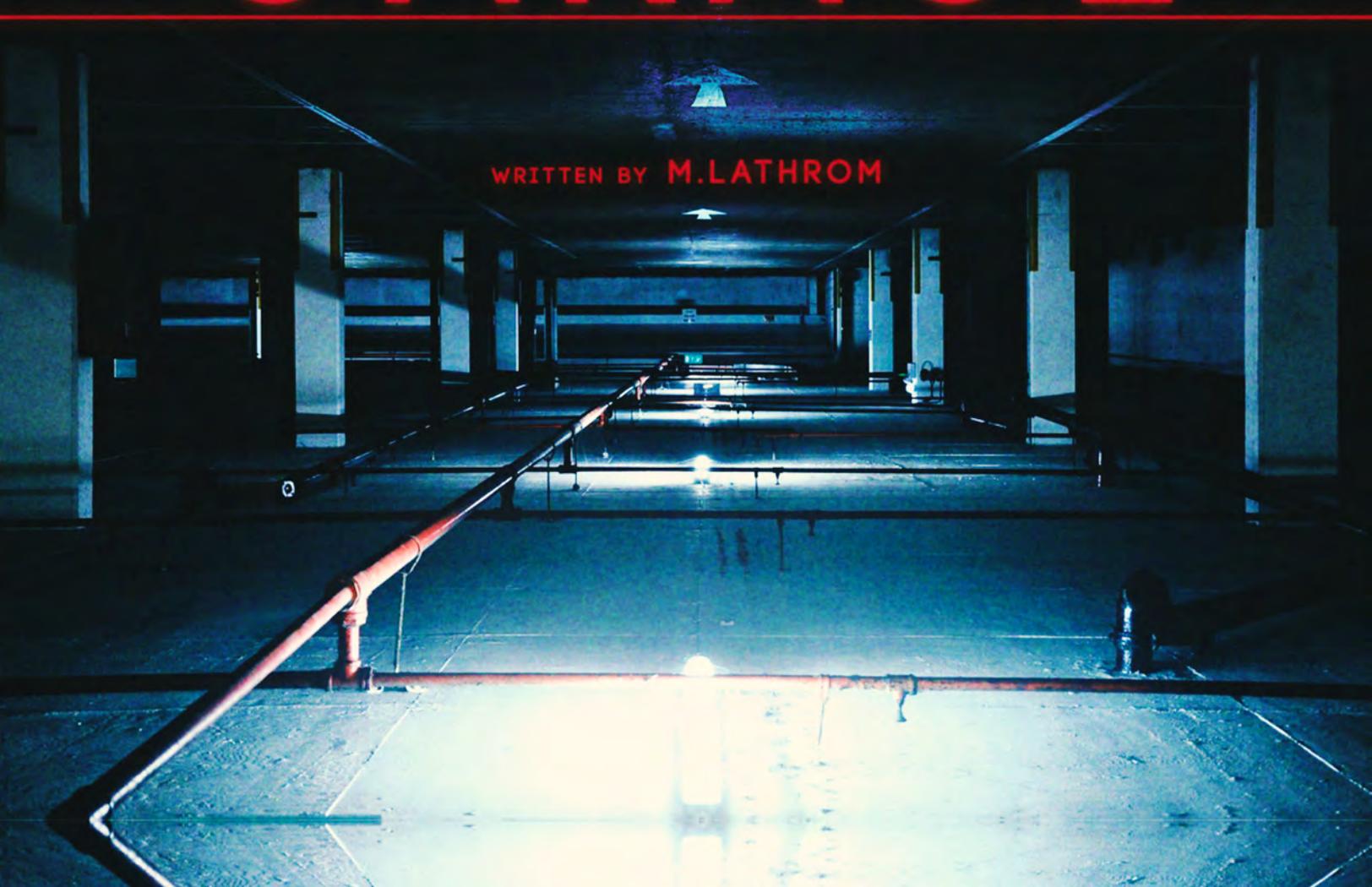




THE
GARAGE



WRITTEN BY M.LATHROM

THE GARAGE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

CAM (32), jeans and white t-shirt, sets his theatre soda on top of the parking ticket machine. He pulls his wallet out, fingers through it.

He grabs a ticket, shoves it in the ticket slot. The machine sucks the ticket out of his hand.

The digital display lights up. \$2 due.

He pulls out a credit card. Sticks it in the slot. The machine sucks it up.

He waits.

Nothing.

CAM

Fuck?

He bangs on the machine. Presses the coin return button. Jams buttons on the screen.

CAM

What the fuck? It stole.

He looks around for anyone to tell.

CAM

Fucking stole. You piece of...

Behind him, a car hands a ticket to a person in a booth at the exit. The boom raises and the car leave. Cam turns around, see the booth.

He grabs his soda from the machine. The bottom of the soda falls out. Cola splashes on his pants.

CAM

God damn. The fuck? Shit.

He tosses it away, then rushes to the parking booth at the entrance.

He peeks back at the machine, nervous.

At the booth, he knocks on the window. TILDA (42), apathetic in baggy dress pants and a white button up, opens the window.

TILDA

Yes?

CAM

Can you help me?

Tilda eyes Cam's crotch. A big wet stain down his leg.

TILDA

Sir, the restrooms are in the theatre.

CAM

No, no. Not. No. The uh, the machine took my card. It took my card and didn't give it back. It just sucked it up.

Tilda, blank expression, leans to her computer, taps a few keys. She gives it a curious look. Looks back at Cam.

TILDA

I need to see your Id.

Frantic, Cam pulls out his wallet, whips out the id. Hands it over. Tilda snatches it, then shuts her window.

Cam waits.

Nothing.

He knocks on the window.

CAM

Hello. Hello!
(to himself)
The fuck?

He bangs on the window. Looks around for anyone to tell.

CAM

She fucking stole... she took. What the fuck!

He slams on the window.

A police siren wails. A spotlight shines on Cam.

POLICE (V.O.)

Sir, step away from the booth.

Cam peers over at the street outside the garage. A police cruiser stopped. The door opens.

A fit guy with a blonde buzz-cut, OFFICER SPITZ (36), marches toward him. He puts his hand on his gun holster. Unbuckles it.

Cam throws his hands up. Backs away.

CAM

Sorry, uh, the woman. I uh. The machine sucked up my id and I told the woman in there and she stole my id and I... I was just...

Officer Spitz eyes Cam's crotch. Big wet stain.

OFFICER SPITZ

Sir, please turn around and keep your hands up.

CAM

No, but I didn't do anything. She stole my.

Spitz rushes Cam, grabs his arm, pulls it behind his back. Cuffs it. Then cuffs the other arm.

CAM

No, what are you doing?

OFFICER SPITZ

Sir, how much have you had to drink.

CAM

Nothing, I--

Officer Spitz turns him around, pushes him toward the cruiser.

Cam pushes back, stumbles. He tries to look back at Spitz. Spitz grips the cuffs, keeps him forward.

They're almost to the boom, about to exit the garage when--

POV of Spitz's gun on his hip. The holster unbuckled.

Cam kicks the car boom, pushes back, reaches his hand over, grips the gun. Fires.

A puff of blood bursts from Spitz's leg. Spitz hits the ground, grabs his bleeding leg.

OFFICER SPITZ

Ah, you son of a bitch!

CAM
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

CAM
(to himself)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Cam stops next to the booth, bends over, butt to the booth. Fires a shot.

The glass shatters. He looks in. Nobody. His id sits on the desk inside. He jumps up, sits on the booth window. Reaches down and back. Grabs his id.

Spitz writhes on the ground. Crawls toward his cruiser outside the garage. Cam glances at him, then runs to the ticket machine.

He bends over, fires. The machine sparks. Tickets shoot out all over. His card shoots out with them. He kneels down, grabs his card and a ticket.

CAM
Come on. Come on. What the fuck is happening?

He rushes down a line of cars, stops at a black Kia. Tucks the gun in the back of his pants. Grabs the keys from his pocket.

The car's light blink. He opens the door with his hands behind him.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Plops in the seat.

He tosses the gun in the passenger seat.

He squeezes his cuffed hands under him, pulls his legs through. His hands now free.

Hands shaking, he jams the key in the ignition, starts it. Backs up.

Foot the floor, his car screeches through the garage. He peers out the window.

The shattered booth. A bloody trail from the boom to the cruiser where--

Officer Spitz lies on the ground in the open door of his cruiser, radio in his hand, eyes closed, not moving. A puddle of blood beneath him.

Fear in Cam's eyes, he speeds away.

He stops at the boom. Rolls down the window. Sticks his ticket in the machine. It sucks it up.

He waits.

Nothing.

Cam grits his teeth. He reaches over, grabs the pistol. Screams as he aims it out the window.

CAM

Fuck you!

He fires the entire clip into the machine. It smokes and sparks. The boom doesn't move. He tosses the gun to the passenger seat.

Foot to the floor, he speeds through the boom.

It splits in half.

He weaves onto the roads. Panting. Frantic. He calms his breath. He pulls one hand from the wheel. Looks at confused.

No cuffs on his hand.

CAM

The fuck?

He reaches to the passenger seat, looks.

No gun.

He feels his lap.

No soda stain.

Cam's face scrunches in panicked confusion.

CAM

No. No. No. The fuck?

He looks out the window.

POV of the ticket booth. Window intact. No police cruiser. No blood. No Spitz.

Cam's face goes blank. He stares forward.

POV an intersection. Across the intersection, a police cruiser.

The light turns green. He drives through.

The reflection of the sky obscures the cruiser's windshield, as he passes, it clears. Officer Spitz.

Cam stares forward. A nervous tension in his neck. He shakes with fear.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME TIME

The ticket machine, intact. An overweight, greying janitor, PETE (56), enters from the metal door on the concrete wall next to it.

He peers down at the ground. Looks confused.

PETE

Hmm.

He walks over with his broom and dustpan. Sweeps something.

ONE THE GROUND

A pile of tickets. He scoops them up with his pan. Dumps them in the rolling trash can. He pushes it away.

The ticket machine's digital display light up green. Beeps.

FADE OUT.

THE END