

"QUAKE"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BUILDING - DAY

IN DARKNESS, A MOAN SEEPS OUT IN A DRIBBLE FROM THE BACK OF MAUREEN'S THROAT. ROGER UNDERSCORES HER PAIN WITH HIS OWN LAMENT: AIR HISSING FROM HIS NOSTRILS AS HE FIGHTS TO BREATHE. LIGHTS ON THE SCENE CREEP UP TO ONLY A GLOW, REVEALING MAUREEN FLAT ON HER BACK IN THE SPREAD EAGLE POSITION. ROGER'S CHEST IS CENTERED ON HER PELVIS. TOGETHER THEY FORM A CROSS -- OR THE LETTER "X" -- DEPENDING ON ONE'S ANGLE OF VIEW AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING. NO BLOOD IS VISIBLE. THEY ARE IN TOTAL DARKNESS. THEY CANNOT MOVE.

ROGER

Hello?

MAUREEN

The dead can't speak.

ROGER

I'm alive.

MAUREEN

My spine broke. I can't move my toes.

ROGER

Do you feel anything?

MAUREEN

Only the poke of the beat of your heart.

ROGER

You're alive, then.

MAUREEN

Jesus? Did you feel that! God clearing his throat... the rumble before he calls out our names to join him.

ROGER

That was the IRT. You feel the rumble of rush hour.

MAUREEN

Can you move? Or are you dead, too?

ROGER

(TRYING TO CLEAR THE MUCUS FROM HIS THROAT) The only thing I can move are my eyelashes.

MAUREEN

Should we scream? Every time I open my
mouth...sawdust. Wood-glue bites my
tongue.

ROGER

(ONE COUGH) Patience. They'll find us.

MAUREEN

I have claustrophobia you know. I'm
frightened of the dark. And I have asthma.

ROGER

I thought you were dead.

MAUREEN

Exactly! Sucked into the bosom of God!
Bathed in the hot breath of Jesus on my
cheek. Dried by the heat of Eve's passion.

ROGER

(TWO COUGHS) The mark of a woman.
Two sharp bones plunging blades (A
WHEEZE) into my lungs.

MAUREEN

You're feeling the stake of sin ripping your
flesh and branding your heart. Your life
sears, not my pelvis.

SILENCE. ROGER FIGHTS TO SPEAK. HIS LIFE IS DRAINING.

ROGER

If you could... would you hold me?

MAUREEN

I can't move but one finger...on my right
hand.

ROGER

It's enough if you'd only try.

MAUREEN

My arm is numb.

ROGER

I can tap one finger only. Follow the
sound. Fight to listen.

SILENCE. ROGER TAPS ONE FINGER ON THE FLOOR MAKING
NO SOUND. HE WHEEZES.

MAUREEN

I heard it! Again! Again!

SILENCE. ROGER TAPS HIS FINGER. MAUREEN WOODENLY MOVES HER RIGHT ARM TO HIS LEFT HAND.

ROGER

(QUIETLY) Are you still there?

MAUREEN

Hush! I'm listening to the cry of your
body.

SILENCE. ROGER TAPS AGAIN. MAUREEN STRUGGLES TO MEET HIS HAND WITH HERS.

ROGER

Are you still...?

ROGER'S FINGERS STOP TAPPING IN MID-AIR AS HE DIES. FROZEN SILENCE. MAUREEN REACHES HIS HAND AND GENTLY CLASPS HERS AROUND HIS.

MAUREEN

I'm here! Tap the palm of my hand.

Hello?

(MORE)

THERE'S STILL NO RESPONSE FROM ROGER. HER FEAR RISES.
DEADLY SILENCE.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Any movement at all. I'll feel the blood
throbbing in your fingertip. Give me any
clue and I will unveil the cover of your life.
Any... simple... poke... of your... heartbeat...

SILENCE AS MAUREEN REALIZES THAT HIS HEARTBEAT IS
STOPPED.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

...of your heartbeat. Of. Your. Heart...

MAUREEN SQUEEZES HIS HAND HARD AND HER ARM SHAKES
WITH LIFE.

FADE OUT.

THE END