

30 DAYS 30 SCRIPTS

Written by

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INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Condensed steam drips from yellowing tiles. Stringy cobweb dangles from the ceiling ventilator.

Teeth loosely grinds a lit cigarette, eyebrows furrowed in utmost concentration. Arms bent in angles as a dark dye bottle oozes out onto bright green hair.

In front of the mirror stands HANA (24), pale and bony wearing a white button-up and black slacks, one leg propped on a stool.

She squeezes the bottle too tightly and dark dye shoots out onto her shirt.

HANA
(between her teeth)
Shit! No no no... please.

Hana scoops the goop, wipes at the spot only to spread the brown stain.

HANA (CONT'D)
Fuck! Great, just --

She grabs her cigarette and puffs it, exhales a groan.

The door WHIPS open. WILL (24), bleached buzzed head and eyebrow piercing, shoos the swirl of steam and smoke.

WILL
Oh god, Hana, crack open the window.

Hana nods towards the prison-sized window. It's open.

HANA
When's the guy coming to fix the ventilator again?

Will eyes the cobwebs above.

WILL
Supposed to be yesterday. You didn't hear a knock?

HANA
I -- you weren't home?

WILL
(shakes his head)
Band practice.

HANA
Right.

Hana begins applying the dye again.

WILL
So, I'm guessing you were out...
When you were supposed to be home
waiting for the guy to come.

HANA
I forgot.

WILL
You forgot. We talked about this!

HANA
Well, I forgot about today and had
to buy this fucking shirt which is
ruined now anyway, so now I have to
show up in a jacket or something
stupid. I stepped out for -- I
swear -- it was only half an hour.

Hana takes a drag. Will grabs the cigarette.

WILL
You've gotta stop -- we can't
afford another fine.

HANA
I'm nervous.

Will takes a drag, then kills it against the sink.

WILL
You'll be fine.

HANA
Easy for you to say. You're not the
one selling your dreams for the
corporate devil. If the devil will
even take me.

Hana sets the dye down, runs her fingers through her hair.
The green hair is mostly covered with wet brown dye now.

Will sighs, watches through the mirror. They catch each
other's eyes.

Will offers a smile. Hana shakes her head, purses her lips. *He's too casual about this.* He steps forward, rubs Hana's shoulders.

HANA (CONT'D)

(groans)

God, I should've done this all sooner.

WILL

It looks good.

HANA

I'm going to hate it.

WILL

I hate it too.

HANA

No, you can't. Only I can hate it.

WILL

Then, I love it.

Hana laughs... Sighs.

HANA

I don't know, Will... if this doesn't work, then --

WILL

We'll figure it out! Look, you earned this interview, you're going to look so, so boring and professional. They're going to love you.

Will drops a kiss on her shoulders, rubs them again.

Hana nods to herself in the mirror, *okay*. Her gaze drops to the brown stain on her top. Frowns.

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INT. OFFICE LOBBY - MIDNIGHT

One working ceiling light faintly buzzes. Empty hallway leading to a metal elevator door at the end. Heel CLICKS echo on brown tile floors.

VIVIAN (late 20s), hair pulled back into a headache-inducing bun, struts forward with tense shoulders. She nervously rubs her lips together, smearing dark red lipstick to the sides of her mouth.

She removes a grasp on her leather purse to press the elevator button. Reveal sweat streaks on purse.

After forever... DING! Elevator door slides open.

INT. ELEVATOR - MIDNIGHT

Vivian steps into the claustrophobic space. A greenish yellow bulb flickers overhead.

The button panel presents four clipart symbols -- from top to bottom: a star, a rainbow, a heart, and a skull. No open or close button. Strange.

Vivian's finger hovers over the rainbow... moves down to the heart... then to the skull, back to the rainbow... fuck.

Without pressing any buttons, the door begins closing.

PERRY (O.S.)
Hold the door!

Automatically, Vivian kicks her leg between the closing doors. They don't stop moving and catch her leg, squeezes. Vivian winces, attempts to pry the doors open with her hands.

PERRY (late 20s), circle-frame glasses and pinstripe suit, appears on the other side of the elevator door, out of breath. He stares at the caught leg, freezes.

VIVIAN
Help me.

PERRY
Right.

Perry drops his briefcase, grips the door, strains in effort. The door finally gives and opens back up. Vivian gasps in relief, stumbles backwards.

Perry enters the elevator, stares at the panel, eyes the skull.

VIVIAN

Um -- I'm new to department and they -- ha, seemed to miss the floor directions. Do you know ah -- I couldn't figure out which --

Perry clicks on the rainbow. Doors creak shut.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

Perry stands straight.

PERRY

It was in the footnote.

VIVIAN

Ah, I see. I seemed to miss that in the... the fifty pages of onboarding instruction.

The elevator rumbles down, slowly.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

You're welcome, by the way. For the elevator hold.

PERRY

Huh? Oh, yeah, thanks.

Perry's grip on his briefcase tightens.

VIVIAN

First day jitters? Or I guess night -- first night.

(nervous laughter)

... Me too.

PERRY

(adjusts glasses)

I'm fine.

Elevator continues to clank.

VIVIAN

Wow, uh, this elevator! It's slow.

No response. Vivian rubs her lipstick again...

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Vivian -- I'm Vivian, by the way.

PERRY

We're not supposed to disclose
personal information.

VIVIAN

It's not -- it's my assigned name.

Perry looks Vivian in the face for the first time. Doesn't say anything.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

... What's yours?

The elevator jolts to a stop, both Vivian and Perry step to regain their balance. DING! The doors creak open.

Perry glares at Vivian for a second, turns to exit, and without turning --

PERRY

You've got lipstick on your face.

Vivian panics, swipes at the corner of her mouth with her thumb, looks at the red on her finger.

The elevator door starts to close.

VIVIAN

Ah!

She slides out just in time.

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EXT. TRAIL - AFTERNOON

Autumn foliage droop in gloomy day.

Paced FOOTSTEPS against asphalt and rhythmic controlled breaths. AUDREY (Chinese American, 24), runs along paved trail in track gear, covered in a slick layer of sweat. Her expression's tight, as if she's suppressing something.

After running a distance, Audrey shuffles off the trail down leaf-covered slope, weaving in between trees. The forest grows thicker.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - AFTERNOON

Overhead, trees dance against drab grey sky, leaves RUSTLE.

Among full foliage, Audrey lays down gazing up at the sky, eyes bright from white cloudy light.

She takes a deep breath in, closes her eyes.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - SUNSET

Last light of the day pools onto the brick walls. Pullout couch, psychology research books and papers SUFFOCATE the table, two simple stools.

ERIC (29), burnt-out writer, is laid out haphazardly on the pullout, napping soundly. Drool dribbles from the corner of his mouth onto the couch. A tote bag is propped nearby.

Keys jangle, Audrey enters. She immediately clocks Eric. *Ugh.*

Audrey kicks the pullout couch, shaking Eric's face. He stirs awake, shoots up to sit. Rubs his eyes.

Audrey sits on a stool, looks at Eric, waits.

ERIC

Um, hey, Audrey... I just was uh --
I was returning stuff to the
library and uh, so you know, so I
was just -- I thought I could help
you --

AUDREY

By breaking into my apartment.

ERIC
You can't afford the fine.

Audrey reaches out her hand.

AUDREY
Hand it over.

ERIC
Please just tell me, what is there
left for me to do? I've apologized,
I've groveled -- goddamnit, I'm
groveling!

Audrey doesn't move her hand.

Eric groans. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the spare
key, tosses it onto the table behind Audrey.

AUDREY
I didn't ask you to do any of that.

ERIC
There you go, as always, pushing me
away.

AUDREY
(emphatic)
You broke in.

ERIC
Did you ever even actually care
about me?

AUDREY
Eric, please --

ERIC
I made one mistake. I apologized.

AUDREY
I don't have time for this.

ERIC
You never had time for this -- not
me, your friends, your family. But,
you always have enough for work.

Audrey rubs one side of her temple, pinches the bridge of her
nose.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You're going to end up alone like
this.

AUDREY

And you're almost 30 with no career.

ERIC

Fuck you.

AUDREY

Good one. You should work that into your novel.

Eric huffs, shakes his head, grabs his tote, and stands. He opens the front door, turns.

ERIC

Your mom called, by the way. We're having dinner on Saturday.

SLAMS the door shut. Audrey sighs, hangs her head.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Table slightly cleaned than before, Audrey hunches over her laptop. ON THE SCREEN: DISSERTATION AND THESES... the cursor blinks on and on.

Audrey leans away from the screen, looks outside the window.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Audrey, in track gear, runs along the trail, breath precise and controlled. Eyes dead set on the forward path.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pastel blue walls with wood furnishing. Old but well-kept interior.

TIAN (50s) wears a hard expression but works with tender hands, evenly slicing green onion on a board. Next to her, Audrey absentmindedly stirs noodles in a boiling pot.

Tian glances over her shoulder to the pot. The noodles are breaking. She steps in, moving Audrey to the side.

Dialogue in Mandarin will be italicized.

TIAN

You've overcooked them. How do you manage to take care of yourself?

AUDREY

I manage.

Tian turns the stove off, strains the noodles in the sink.
Chews a noodle to test if it's usable.

TIAN

Eric's in the living room.

AUDREY

You said you wanted help.

TIAN

*Ai, I always say that. I know you
and your sister will never help me.*

AUDREY

Well, I'm trying. And you know I'm
busy.

TIAN

You're always busy.

AUDREY

I'm literally -- *this is your and
Ba's dream.*

Tian shakes her head.

TIAN

*Of course we have dreams for you,
you are our daughter. What you're
doing now... your Ba and I support
you, but this is your dream.*

(off Audrey's silence)

*Go entertain our guest. I'm
recooking these noodles.*

Audrey leans against the counter, Tian prepares a pot.

AUDREY

*Ma, I told you already, Eric and I
broke up.*

TIAN

I know.

Tian slides dry noodles into boiling water.

TIAN (CONT'D)

Help me set the table then.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Extendable dining table tucked into a cozy corner. Chinese-style feast glistens in soft orange light. Tian and ROGER (50s), greying but cheery, sit at opposite ends.

HOPE (18), gamer, sits across from Audrey and Eric, eyes glued to something on her lap.

Besides CLINKING of utensils, it's quiet...

ERIC

This is really good, Mrs. Chen,
thank you.

TIAN

(Chinese accent)
Eat more!
(gestures at dish)
You also thank Audrey, she helped
with making noodles --

AUDREY

I ruined them.

HOPE

(mutters)
It's not that deep.

ROGER

*Hope, no phones at the dinner
table.*

HOPE

I'm an adult now.

ROGER

*You are my child, you need to
respect --*

AUDREY

Just put it away.

Hope looks up, incredulous.

HOPE

You're a bitch.

TIAN

Hope! --

Chair SCRAPES against hardwood, Hope stands and leaves the table. Distant door SLAMS.

Roger looks at Eric.

ROGER
(slight Chinese accent)
Sorry, she is young still.

ERIC
Oh, no, it's -- it's fine. I was
like her too when I was her age.

ROGER
(musters a smile)
I will go speak to her.

Roger excuses himself from the table. Awkward silence hangs.

TIAN
Eric! Your -- you write the book,
you finish yet?

ERIC
Um, I uh -- yeah, I'm a bit stuck
at the moment. Writer's block and
all that fun stuff, but uh, yeah,
I'm working on it.

TIAN
You can ask Audrey to read, she has
very good eye.

AUDREY
Ma.

TIAN
When she was little, I would read
her children's books and she
nonstop say, "That's not how it
happen in real life, it's not
real." And then she tell me how
things would actually happen.

Tian and Eric chuckle.

ERIC
Yeah, sounds about right.

Audrey stares down at her bowl of noodles.

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EXT. CITY - MIDNIGHT

Empty cobblestone streets slick with recent rain. Ominous yellow street lamps shine through dense musky air. Combat boots ripple a shallow puddle. WILLA (30s), piercing stare and unforgiving in nature, struts forward.

She approaches a TELEPHONE BOOTH.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - MIDNIGHT

Willa dials, waits for pickup... Indiscernible voice from the other line.

WILLA

Fox shadow moves swift, breathes
slow.

Sudden CLICK. The entire booth descends.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Willa disappears below and another phone booth interior clicks into place.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Through the glass pane, a FIGURE in the dark catches this happening.

INT. HEADQUARTERS ENTRANCE A - MIDNIGHT

Sterile paneled ceiling lights. Elevator at the end of a narrow concrete hallway. DING. Doors open, Willa walks out. NIMON (50s), sharply alert and cool-tempered, greets her with a nod.

They walk down the echoey hallway.

NIMON

How is Rini?

WILLA

Asleep.

(Nimon waits)

(MORE)

WILLA (CONT'D)

I didn't tell her, she doesn't know anything.

NIMON

It's for the best.

WILLA

I understand.

NIMON

You cover your tracks?

WILLA

When do I not.

Nimon smirks.

They approach a metal door with a security pad. Nimon gestures for Willa to go ahead. Willa places her palm on the pad, steps up for the camera to scan her eye.

KCSHH, the door slides open.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Willa and Nimon step into an expansive circular space that spirals numerous stories down. The architecture is sleek, chromatic, and high-tech. Each floor is safe-guarded by glass wall.

Floors are sparsely occupied with agents in training rooms, gyms, research labs...

A small auto-piloted hovercraft waits by their floor behind glass. As they walk forward, an opening appears. They cross through glass and into the craft which automatically floats downward.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - MAIN OFFICE - PAST MIDNIGHT

Richly-decorated room in perfect symmetry. Full wall bookshelf, table, throne-like chair, and a giant hanging portrait of an authoritative-looking WHITE-BEARDED MAN.

By the giant ornate doors, Nimon stands on guard. Willa sits waiting. Across from her, the white-bearded man coughs smoking a pipe. This is ARON (60s), war-battered and steel-minded. He clears his throat.

ARON

Thank you for coming on such short notice.

WILLA
It's no issue, director.

ARON
I'll be brief. We've lost comms
with the mission out in the
Nordics. Could be a snowstorm, or
something else.

WILLA
I'll gear up and depart within the
hour.

ARON
Erik headed this one. I believe you
two are close.

WILLA
We're colleagues.

Aron sets his pipe down, leans forward.

ARON
(quieter)
There's been growing suspicion
surrounding loyalties.

Aron's eyes flick toward Nimon.

WILLA
A mole.

ARON
(shakes his head)
Our ship here is run airtight. I
just have... thoughts.

Aron takes a puff.

ARON (CONT'D)
I trust you'll retrieve the crew.

WILLA
Of course, director.

ARON
As for Rini...

Nimon clenches his jaw. Willa's eyes harden.

ARON (CONT'D)
I'd like for you to eliminate her.

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INT. JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

Crowded chatter, customers from different walks of life fill the ground floor and mezzanine. Dim lights and old wood interior surround the set of instruments in the middle.

Anticipation hangs in the air.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Bulb lights on the vanity illuminate LIN (Chinese American, 30s), sleek bob and feathered outfit. She watches her reflection with jittered nerves. Breath in, breath out. New resolve. Tilts her head up. She's undeniably elegant.

INT. JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

The BAND have situated themselves. The atmosphere is hushed, impatient. The spotlighted mic stands in waiting.

Lin steps forward, claims the mic, holds it in silence. Lin looks up, eyes widen in surprise, eyes locked with KIO (Hispanic, 30s), lush wavy hair and cocktail dress. *What is she doing here?*

SATO (Japanese, 50s), handsomely groomed, clocks this, eyes harden. Lin regains composure, leans forward into the mic, close.

LIN
(whisper)
A-one, a-two, a-one two three four -
-

MUSIC. Pure live jazz. Piano trills, bass bumps, drums boom, and saxophone blares. The band plays an jazz-rendition intro of "Something" by The Beatles -- hold... Then --

LIN (CONT'D)
(sings)
Something in the way she moves
Attracts me like no other lover...

The room sways to the beat.

Lin looks up again to see Kio watching. Lin looks away, continues singing.

INT. JAZZ BAR - LATER

Lin pounds a shot. She gestures at the BARTENDER for another. Sato taps her on the shoulder.

SATO
Ten minutes.

Lin nods. Sato watches the bartender set another shot in front of her.

SATO (CONT'D)
Hey, you alright?

LIN
Yeah, just wanted a drink. Calm the nerves.

SATO
Don't overdo it.

LIN
What're you now, my father?

SATO
I saw Kio --

LIN
Okay then.

Lin takes the shot.

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER

Lin stumbles in, steadies herself on the vanity. Stares at her reflection, eyes unfocused. Her cheeks are quite red. She grabs a dark purple lipstick, applies it.

KIO (O.S.)
Purple always was your color.

Lin jumps, smears the lipstick. Turns her head to find Kio sitting in the dark corner of the room. Lin swipes at her face to clean the purple mess.

LIN
Why?

Lin sets down the lipstick, turns to Kio.

KIO
I was feeling some jazz.

Lin scoffs.

KIO (CONT'D)
It's not a lie.

Lin powders her flush cheeks.

KIO (CONT'D)
You've been drinking.

LIN
I'm not in the mood to be
reprimanded by you.

Lin sets the powder down, makes for the door. Kio blocks her way, leans toward Lin's face.

LIN (CONT'D)
Move, Kio.

KIO
Give me another chance.

Lin looks Kio up and down. Lin then traces hot breath up along Kio's neck and leans in by her ear.

LIN
Move.

Kio stumbles aside. Lin exits.