

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

NEW BEGINNING

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Draft
information

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN stands on an empty street, alone. She bounces a bit, either cold or uncomfortable, hands in coat pockets.

The woman pulls out her phone. She opens a text window with "DERRICK - TINDER" and types:

"Almost here?"

She hits send.

Someone LAUGHS. The young woman looks up.

Down the block, a GROUP of young men walks in her direction.

She looks back down at her phone and opens up INSTAGRAM. She begins scrolling.

She pauses on a PHOTO of an attractive young man in a tux holding a woman in a wedding dress. She inhales sharply,

Then flicks through to the next photo of the happy couple.

CONVERSATION gets LOUDER as the group of men approach.

A door nearby opens and DANCE MUSIC can be heard from within as the group of men enter the apparent warehouse nightclub.

The young woman continues through the PHOTOS, each movement of her finger carrying anger and scorn.

The next shows that classic wedding KISS. She pauses a long moment on this photo.

HANDS GRASP the young woman's shoulders. She GASPS and spins around.

A young man, DERRICK (28) stands in front of her, a smile on his face.

DERRICK

Maggie.

MAGGIE (27) hits him, hard with her open hand.

MAGGIE

What the fuck, Derrick! You scared the shit out of me!

Maggie puts a hand on her chest. She's smiling a bit though, and a touch of laughter filters through in her voice.

DERRICK

Sorry!

He's not sorry; he looks at her with playful eyes and she reciprocates.

MAGGIE

Whatever, let's go.

Maggie begins to walk toward the club that the group of men had entered a minute previously. Derrick jogs to catch up with her.

DERRICK

I'm excited for this secret nightclub of yours.

She rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE

I'm not sure that's what I'd call it.

DERRICK

I don't know...

MAGGIE

Sure you aren't just excited for our "third date?"

He blushes and she makes a face at him.

Maggie puts out a hand to reach for the large door.

INT. SECRET NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Maggie and Derrick walk inside. LIGHTS SWIRL and music POUNDS. It takes a moment to adjust.

The space is an open warehouse, not huge, but with enough space for a THRONG of dancing PEOPLE.

The space has been filled with large potted JUNGLE PLANTS, and the flicker of FIRELIGHT mixes with other club lights.

On the other side of the room, apparently HIRED DANCERS perform some sort of TRIBAL DANCE on the raised STAGE.

A makeshift BAR is just to the couple's left. Maggie turns toward it and Derrick follows her.

Maggie SIGNALS to the BARTENDER, and he turns away from them.

Derrick starts to search for his wallet.

The Bartender lays out TWO SHOTS.

Derrick tries to pay, but Maggie stops him and lays a couple of bills out on the bar.

She picks up both shots and hands one to Derrick. She shouts over the music:

MAGGIE
To new beginnings.

DERRICK
To new beginnings.

Derrick throws back his shot. Maggie watches him as though assessing something.

Before he can look back at her, Maggie throws back her shot too.

She pulls Derrick away and into the crowd. He's only too glad to follow.

INT. SECRET NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Maggie and Derrick dance, close and rhythmic. Their hair is sweaty and mussed.

It's sexy, but the look in Maggie's eyes suggests that she's somewhere else.

Derrick pulls back for a moment and motions to one of several large metal bowls filled with FIRE. In her ear:

DERRICK
That cannot be safe.

Maggie shrugs and does a spin.

DERRICK (cont'd)
You look really sexy though, in the firelight.

Maggie looks down for a moment, bashful?

FEMALE HANDS touch Derrick's shoulders. He looks up, startled.

TWO DANCERS look down at him from the stage. One motions to the stage STAIRS while the other CARESSES him with her hands.

Derrick looks at Maggie and she NODS her approval.

Derrick allows the women to pull him up onto the stage.

DRUMS become more of a feature of the music as a brown leather HARNESS is brought onto the stage.

The two Dancers take the harness and begin to strap it around Derrick's body.

Derrick's eyes flick toward Maggie: is this okay? But she's not looking at him...

A THIRD DANCER holds Maggie's hand and escorts her now toward and up onto the stage.

ROPES attached to the harness are now extended out in multiple directions.

Alternating movements of firelight and club lights make it hard to see what is happening.

Derrick is now at the center of the stage, ropes pulled tight from the harness on his body.

He looks uncomfortable now.

Maggie comes toward him. She puts a hand on his chest and leans in close so that he can hear her.

MAGGIE

This has been really fun. I can tell you're a good guy.

Is the crowd CHANTING now?

MAGGIE (cont'd)

But it's been a really tough year, and I just need the gods--

She looks up toward the sky.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

--to grant me a new start.

Derrick looks confused.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. And thank you.

Maggie pushes a strand of hair from his face and behind his ear.

Derrick is LIFTED into the air. He looks around, frantic, eyes wide.

The DRUMS are loud now, the CHANTING prominent.

A DANCER takes a TORCH and dips it into one of the bowls of fire. It alights.

The dancer brings the torch toward Derrick.

DERRICK

No!

Derrick's shoes are set ON FIRE. They light quickly, and the fire travels up his pants.

He begins to THRASH in the air.

Maggie KNEELS, leans forward, and presses her head to the stage floor.

Derrick's SCREAMS from above fill the space.

The dancers and the CROWD kneel as the BODY is consumed by fire.

FADE OUT