

The Urge

Story By

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FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. DOWNTOWN - EVENING 1  
 Silhouettes of office buildings set against the darkness of the night. A few lights in the buildings are the only signs of life.
- 2 INT. PARKING LOT - EVENING 2  
 A red Porsche 911 drives into a parking structure and pulls into a stall. The door opens, a half spent cigarette drops on the concrete.  
 The car door opens wider revealing a WOMAN's calf. Swiveling out of the car she steps out, stomps the cigarette with her high heels.  
 The Woman heads away to a long driveway ramp, the light from the outside silhouetting her figure briefly. She vanishes into the void of the night.
- 3 INT. RADIO STATION-CORRIDOR 3  
 The Woman walks through an empty dimly lit hallway, footsteps echoing. She opens a door and steps through, vanishing from sight...
- 4 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - LATER 4  
 A smoky recording booth. An ashtray rests precariously on the mixing board's control knobs, piled high with lip stick stained butts.  
 At the controls is the Woman from the parking lot. She is DEEJAY (30's), sultry, wearing a revealing blouse and skirt, her hair long and messy.  
 DEEJAY  
 So, you think that the schools should be allowed to do that?  
 (beat)  
 Why is God and schools such a bad mix?  
 (beat)  
 Uh, huh? Sure, and then what would happen?
- 5 EXT. SEDAN - EVENING 5  
 A dirty sedan is parked near the downtown.  
 Inside a MAN is hunched over...

- 6 INT. SEDAN 6  
Sitting behind the wheel is CALLER (40's), gruffy face, greasy hair, wearing a wife beater.  
He turns up the radio volume. DeeJay's voice crackles through the old speakers.  
DEEJAY (V.O.)  
We'll be right back after this short break.
- 7 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 7  
She looks frantically in her purse.  
DEEJAY  
Where are my cigarettes?  
Curses. Tosses the bag to the ground.
- 8 INT. CONTROL ROOM - 8  
Inside the control room is the radio station's program director, WENDY (40's), rimmed glasses and tan jacket, pacing and glaring through the glass window.  
She taps on the glass trying to get DeeJay's attention.  
WENDY  
(into a mic)  
We're almost on!
- 9 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 9  
DeeJay all but ignores Wendy, waving her off.  
She pushes aside some radio program sheets. Checking behind a stack of CD's, she finds her smashed pack of Lucky Strikes. She fishes the last one out...  
DEEJAY  
(holding the cigarette)  
Matches, matches, matches...  
She spots the matches on a speaker, catching the look that Wendy's giving her...
- 10 INT. CONTROL ROOM 10  
Wendy taps on her wrist watch, and starts to count down, making the signs with her hand as she...  
WENDY  
And we're on in...  
five...four...three...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

...silently mouthing the last numbers, and giving DeeJay the go ahead sign.

11 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 11

DeeJay adjusts her headphones. Clicks a button on...

DEEJAY

(calmly)

Hi this is WMTQ...nightline. Caller,  
go ahead.

She hastily fires up the cigarette, fanning the smoke with one hand. Shoots a look at Wendy.

Leans into the mic...

DEEJAY

Caller? Are you there?

CALLER (V.O.)

Yeah, I'm here.

DEEJAY

Then...what did you want to say?

12 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT 12

The Caller holds a cell phone up to his ear. Staring into space. Eyes shifty.

Teethe gritted, nostrils flare as he takes a deep breath...

CALLER

I guess I've got lots to say and  
nothing to say.

Turning the ignition key, the big car roars to life. He pulls out into traffic...

13 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 13

DeeJay stares blankly at the mic in front of her...

DEEJAY

(confused)

Okay?

CALLER (V.O.)

I mean. It's just kind of tough for  
me to talk about it. That's all.

DEEJAY

Go on.

CALLER (V.O.)

I don't know... I just feel like...  
I can't control myself sometimes.

14 INT. SEDAN 14

The Caller drives with one hand, the cell phone held up to his ear. He licks his lips, thumb rubbing his chin...

CALLER  
And I just don't know what to do.  
I, uh, all day long, I've been  
thinking.

Looking around as if getting his bearings.

CALLER  
I might have to go out and do it  
again.

15 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 15

DeeJay shakes her head. Flicks ashes on the floor.

DEEJAY  
(disbelief)  
What? Did you just tune into the  
show? We were talking about, *should*  
*we keep God in the school system.*

CALLER (V.O.)  
(irritated)  
Oh, I got no problem with God. I  
think God is...is good. But I think  
that the world that was created is  
gone kinda not so good... \*

DeeJay sits back in her chair. Takes a long drag. Looks up at the double glass partition to Wendy.

CALLER (V.O.)  
...and kind of bad at times. And I  
feel like I just can't help myself.  
You know. \*

Wendy shrugs. Motions with her hand for DeeJay to keep talking to the Caller. \*

DEEJAY  
Um, you can't help yourself in what  
way, sir?

16 EXT. SEDAN 16

The Caller's car pulls into a parking lot space, a red Porsche visible in the sedan's rear view mirror...

17 INT. SEDAN 17

He shifts the cell phone from one ear to the other, just sitting there in the car, staring straight ahead...

17 CONTINUED: 17

CALLER

(sneering)

You know I...I just don't think that  
you really understand, you can...

He slams the car's shift lever into park. Turns the car  
off. \*

CALLER

(agitated)

Um, you, you can be in your nice  
room...with all your comfortable  
things. \*

Looking down at the passenger seat... \*

CALLER

You see you don't know what it's  
like to have really...nothing. \*

18 EXT. PARKING LOT 18\*

He steps out of the car... \*

CALLER

Except for the urge to do it again.  
You know? \*

...walking away into the shadows. \*

19 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 19

Stretching her neck DeeJay tries to see over the console to  
the booth window. Wendy is gone, her chair is empty.

DEEJAY

And? What is this urge that you're  
talking about?

DeeJay stands up, looks around...

CALLER (V.O.)

You just don't get it do you?

DEEJAY

(leaning into the mic)

Well. Well, why don't you just  
explain it to me.

DeeJay plops back down in her chair.

20 INT. RADIO STATION-TV STAGE 20

The TV News station stage is dark. Empty. Several cranes  
and other equipment partially lit.

The Caller walks across the studio area, opens a door at the  
far end...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CALLER (V.O.)  
You know I've done it before. For  
about the last seven years, and I  
haven't been caught one time.

\*

- 21 INT. RADIO STATION-CORRIDOR 21
- The Caller walks down a dimly lit corridor, pausing at each door. He glances into each small window, then continues walking farther.
- CALLER  
(confident)  
I'm going out *tonight*.
- 22 INT. SEDAN 22
- Quick shots of the inside of the sedan reveal photos everywhere...on the seats, taped on the visors, spread out on the dashboard.
- They are all of DeeJay in different locations...
- 23 INT. RADIO STATION-CORRIDOR 23
- He pauses at another door, staring into the small window.
- DEEJAY (V.O.)  
Yeah?
- CALLER  
Thanks for listening.
- Reaches for the knob...
- The photo in his hand drops. It's a photo of DeeJay.
- He steps into the room...
- 24 INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH 24
- DeeJay gets closer to the mic. Her eyes glued to the booth window, waiting to see Wendy.
- DEEJAY  
I, uh. Sir? Sir, are you there?  
Caller?  
(beat)  
We'll be right back after this  
message.
- The Caller hangs up.
- DeeJay throws her headphones down...
- DEEJAY  
God damn it! Who's been screening  
these calls?
- She storms out of the radio booth and into the adjoining...

25 INT. CONTROL ROOM 25  
 ...control room looking for Wendy. But the room is empty.

25A INT. CONTROL ROOM - ALTERNATE ENDING 25A\*  
 ...control room looking for Wendy, who is slumped over on  
 the chair, blood stained jacket. Her eyes wide. \*

DEEJAY \*

(scared) \*

Wendy? Oh, shit, shit. \*

26 INT. RADIO STATION-CORRIDOR 26  
 A silhouette of a man comes into view, holding a knife at  
 his side. The blade dripping blood...  
 Backing out of the control room into the corridor, DeeJay  
 hears something behind her, spins around...  
 Seeing the blade, she screams. \*

26A INT. RADIO STATION-CORRIDOR - ALTERNATE ENDING 26A\*  
 A silhouette of a man comes into view, holding a knife at  
 his side. The blade dripping blood... \*

DEEJAY \*

Wendy! Jesus... \*

Backing out of the control room into the corridor, a hand  
 brushes on her hair, spins around screaming as she sees the  
 blade... \*

FADE OUT: