

HAMPTON

PILOT

"Gotta Go North to Go South"

Written by

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based on a true story

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ON BLACK

CLICK. A dial tone. A finger mashes THREE phone buttons.

MINA / DISPATCHER (V.O.)
911, what's your emergency?

CALLER (V.O.)
(frantic)
Hello? Oh god- a horrible high-
speed accident- at 18 and 301!
Like 5 cars! There's fire- they
went through a windshield! Oh my
god, send help! Send everybody!

CLICK.

EXT. HAMPTON FIRE STATION - NIGHT

SIRENS burst to life. A poorly kept FIRETRUCK peels out past a rusty gate. The truck door reads: *Hampton Volunteer Fire Dept.*

EXT. STARKE CITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An AMBULANCE roars through a stop sign, nearly clipping a pickup. The lights and sirens blare on, away into darkness.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A scarf over a lamp bathes the room in red. Male fingers crush an Oxy tab between two nickels onto a dinner tray. TWO lines.

SNORT as he comes up on the edge of the bed. Brown skin, white tank-top. KAMAL SHAH (South Asian, 30). His out of focus eyes reflect a blinking red light-- *Khhrrrt*. Radio static.

KAMAL
Ah shit... What time is it?

Sexy hands glide down his chest, leading to a not-as-sexy face and dirty blonde hair. NAT (20s). He NUDGES her off to GRAB THE RADIO from a hanging, dark green POLICE SHIRT. She snags the leftover Oxy, spilling some on her Hulk Hogan Tee.

KAMAL
What do you want, Mina?

MINA (V.O.)
Sorry to interrupt your *active*
shift Officer Shah. Can you
confirm the 11-80 at your post?

He looks at the cheap mattress and the girl on it--

KAMAL
Uh... What?

MINA (V.O.)
(realizing)
You're not there.

KAMAL
I'm just wrapping up dinner.

MINA (V.O.)
May want to get over there quick.
Ambulance and fire en route.

KAMAL
Fire? Why fire?

MINA (V.O.)
Because there's a fire.

KAMAL
Shit. I'll be right there.

MINA (V.O.)
And Kamal. I'm off in twenty. When
you get home, try to be quiet this
time? I'm so tired.

KAMAL
(about something else)
I... I'm sorry Mina... *Code red.*

MINA (V.O.)
.....I love you too.

Kamal clicks off, slips on his shirt. Nat lifts her head--

NAT
Na-uh! Y'always got some excuse to
skip out on me.

He pulls out a pill bottle and tosses one at her. But--

KAMAL
Wait! That's Tylenol. Here-

Another bottle, different pill. She pops it in her mouth, falls
back in bed. And snaps her fingers toward the door--

NAT
That'll do, pig. Bag's over there.

As he heads out, he GRABS A CANVAS ZIP MONEY BAG by the door.
BUZZZ. A vibrator kicks on behind him. He looks: relieved.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF ROUTE 18 AND HIGHWAY 301 - NIGHT

Two sirens die off in sequence. The AMBULANCE pulls up behind the FIRETRUCK near a corner TEXACO. One of the firefighters trudges to the curious paramedic hanging out the driver's side.

PARAMEDIC
The fuck, Jimmy?

FIREFIGHTER
Ya'll got punk'd- just like us.

PARAMEDIC
We should get that call traced.
Where's the porch cop?

FIREFIGHTER
Tch. Good luck with'at.

He points to a LAWN CHAIR BEHIND THE TEXACO DUMPSTER, next to tire tracks and snack wrappers. A LAZY SPEED-TRAP. But no cop.

EXT. NAT'S STREET - NIGHT

A crumbling neighborhood, rich only in blocks holding up junker cars. Kamal walks out under flickering amber lamp light.

INT. KAMAL'S POLICE CAR

Ignition. Barely turns over. Again. Little better, but no. This cop car is a piece of shit. Then one last time-- BANG! It starts. He turns, reverses toward a broken BRICK MAILBOX as--

OUTSIDE

A SHADOW appears ahead of the car. A SHINY PISTOL in a gloved hand twinkles in amber light. Kamal turns and--

KAMAL
What the f-

POP POP POP.... POP! 4 shots through the windshield. Blood splatters on that CANVAS ZIP BAG now sitting shotgun.

The car rolls back-- CRACK. Bumper on the brick mailbox. The shadow watches, head tilted in an eye-holed RICE SACK. Waiting.

The engine's un-lubricated belt whistles rhythmically. Satisfied, the shadow disappears into the dark.

The car pushes on the bricks. Teetering. About to fall.

TITLE OVER:

HAMPTON