

Road Sign Rage

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FADE IN: OPENING CREDITS

Satellite view of New York City at night. We zoom in toward the tangled spaghetti of highways surrounding Manhattan.

We swoop all the way down to street level on the Van Wyck Expressway and move north rapidly. Street signs flash past by the dozen: LIE, Grand Central Parkway, Tri-borough Bridge, I87. We fly along the Cross County Parkway and the Hutch.

Signs for the New York/Connecticut boarder, The Merrit Parkway, Exit 15, Greenwich CT... We slow to a stop in front of a Greenwich home.

INT. GREENWICH HOME, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

BRITTANY (32), in pajama bottoms and pink argyle sweater, is lit by a computer screen in the dark living room. She nurses a four day old baby.

Moving boxes are piled all around her.

She types with her free hand, entering search terms into google.

CU: "New York Road Signs administration"

The baby starts whimpering. Distracted, Brittany looks down to see the he isn't latched. She gets the baby back on the boob and then re-focuses her attention and types.

CU: "Department of New York Road Signs supervisor"

The baby cries and FRANK, 35, enters.

FRANK

Hun. Really? It's your first night home from the hospital.

BRITTANY

I'm just looking up some stuff.

FRANK

I think your son wants you to focus on feeding him.

BRITTANY

Oh, if he's so hungry he should stay latched and suck.

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK

He's four days old. Can you lie
down and rest? After what you've
been through?

BRITTANY

In a second.

She stares at the search result on the screen.

FRANK

This again? When are you gonna let
it go?

CU: "BARRY STONEBREAKER - NYC DEPT OF SIGNAGE"

Brittany smiles and absent-mindedly strokes her blond
ponytail.

BRITTANY

(whispers)

I'm gonna get you sucka...

EXT. OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING, NYC - DAY

A WHITE VAN screeches to a halt disgorging a paramilitary
TEAM from the back. They charge through the front doors of
the building, a blond ponytail dangling from the balaclava of
one particularly short member.

INT. ELEVATOR

Crowded into elevator. BLOND PONYTAIL presses the button for
the fifth floor.

Ding.

INT. NEW YORK SIGNAGE OFFICE

City employees work behind desks.

The calm is shattered when the Team charges into the office
straight past the front counter.

At an office door, Blond Ponytail holds up her fist and the
Team halts.

CU: A SIGN stenciled on the door: BARRY STONEBREAKER - ROAD
SIGN COMMISSIONER

INT. COMMISSIONER OFFICE

The Commissioner sits behind his desk holding a sandwich up
to his open mouth.

The Team bursts in and slams a burlap sack over his head, zip ties his hands, bodily lifts him into the air and carries him out of his office.

Co-workers watch in amazement as he is hustled out into the hallway.

EXT. OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING

The Team piles back into the white van with the commissioner. They peel out.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL -- JFK

The door to the white van slides open. Brittany, dressed in black but without her mask, climbs out. Her now three week old baby is in a sling on her chest.

Over her shoulder, in the otherwise empty van, Stonebreaker is bound with rope, duct tape plastered on his mouth.

Brittany slides the door closed. The baby fusses, and she coos to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREENWICH HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Three weeks and four days earlier.

Moving boxes are piled up on the floor, paintings and mirrors lean against the wall.

Brittany, very pregnant, sits with her feet propped up on pillows. She is reading a copy of "Hedge Fund Weekly" magazine.

She grimaces and rests the magazine on her belly. She breathes rapidly, lamaze style.

MARTA the nanny is gathering her coat and purse.

MARTA

OK, Mrs. I am sorry to make you get up, --

Sees Brittany breathing.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

BRITTANY

Contractions...