

UNTIL IT'S GONE

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

MAYA, F/25, slowly wakes up to an alarm when her boyfriend, IAN, M/26, shuts it off. She rolls over and sees him sitting on the edge of the bed, wiping his face in the small, cluttered apartment.

She rolls over and buries her head in the pillow with a groan, causing a side eye from Ian. He gets up and slogs to the bathroom.

In the bathroom, Ian slams cupboards, starts the shower, turns on the faucet, and pees. With all this noise, Maya grows irritated and smothers her head with the pillow until she reaches a breaking point.

Maya throws open the covers, sits up, and glares at the bathroom door.

MAYA

Can you be any louder?!

Ian flushes the toilet.

IAN

All done.

Maya hears Ian get into the shower. She takes a deep breath and rolls out of bed, grabbing a shirt off the floor and putting it on as she mopes into the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Maya uses the toaster, puts the bread away, and opens the refrigerator. She peers inside and grabs the milk, noticing that it's almost empty.

Maya opens the cap and takes a sniff, content. At the table, she puts her plate of buttered toast and a glass of milk on the table, eating while she's on her phone.

With wet hair, Ian walks into the kitchen, neither paying each other any attention. Ian opens the refrigerator, searching.

IAN

Didn't we still have-

Ian looks up and sees Maya taking a sip of her milk.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh, okay.

Ian opens the freezer and grabs a frozen breakfast sandwich, then puts it on a plate.

IAN (CONT'D)
(putting plate in the
microwave)
Can you go the liquor store and
grab some milk sometime today?

Maya squints at Ian, confused.

MAYA
Aren't you the one who wants it?

IAN
Yeah but I don't have time before
work.

MAYA
Then just get it after. It's my
only day off and I'm gonna enjoy
it.

Ian walks to the kitchen window and opens it, momentarily blinding Maya with the light. Outside the window, a liquor store sits on a street corner.

IAN (CONT'D)
It'll take you all of a couple
minutes.

MAYA
One whole a day week is too much to
ask then?

IAN
You'll just be on your phone.

Maya ignores him and eats her toast, watching her phone.

IAN (CONT'D)
(shaking his head)
You're just being lazy.

Maya slams her phone on the table and shoots out of her chair. Clutching her glass of milk, she stomps over to the sink and sips the milk right in front of Ian before pouring the rest down the sink.

Ian stares at her, shaking his head.

She strides to her room and walks back out while putting on sweats and pocketing her wallet.

MAYA

Wake me up and tell me what to do,
right sir?

On her way to the door, she grabs a piece of toast, her phone, and her keys.

IAN

This doesn't need to a whole thing!

Maya slams the door.

Ian stares at the door.

The microwave beeps. Ian scoffs and opens it, unwrapping his sandwich near the window, watching Maya walk across the street to the liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Maya walks in, noticing a group of THREE YOUNG MEN in the corner of the store, murmuring amongst themselves. Maya heads straight to the milk, grabs a gallon, and gets in line for the CASHIER behind TWO MEN.

While waiting, another group of THREE YOUNG MEN walk in and stop in the doorway, staring at the other group, who notice and return the stare.

CASHIER

That will be \$8.67.

The first customer pays.

After a while, GRANT, M/23, a member of the group in the corner, taps his friend's shoulder and hesitantly walks right through the line to confront the group at the door.

After paying, the first customer steps to the side to collect his change, clearly avoiding the need to use the front exit, and the second steps up to the cashier.

Grant walks up to JARED, M/23, from the other group, in front of his two partners at the door.

JARED

Hey Grant, what you up to?

He offers a fist bump and Grant reciprocates.

GRANT

We're countin' what those over in-

JARED
Counting? Like how high?

Grant recoils, confused.

Jared steps closer near Grant's face.

JARED (CONT'D)
How high can you count, Grant?
Like... to fifteen hundred?

Grant takes a step back and puts up his hands.

GRANT
Hey man, I did two fifty a month
for four months and we got you-

JARED
(head cocked)
Multiplying?! Damn. I got a
challenge for you: multiply all
that by another one point five.

GRANT
(scoffs)
What is this? Some self-proclaimed
interest shit?

JARED
It ain't self-proclaimed. Things
change when you're a part of a big
family. And the answer is five
hundred?

Jared lifts up his jacket to reveal a gun as the rest of
Jared's friends put their hands in their jackets as well.

Disturbed by the commotion, Maya pulls out her phone and
texts Ian: "Come down, people are fighting". The customer in
front finishes paying, and he too steps to the side by the
other.

Maya steps up.

Jared pushes Grant.

JARED (CONT'D)
What? The math not add up?

Grant's friends walk up and put their hands in their jackets
too.

Maya puts her milk on the counter.

GRANT
I ain't paying that bullshit
interest!

JARED
I know that wallet got at least a
couple hundred.

Maya gets a text back from Ian: "Just keep your distance,
you'll be fine".

Grant pushes Jared back.

GRANT
It ain't for you!

CASHIER
Excuse me! Can you boys take this
outside?

Both groups ignore him as Grant and Jared stare each other
down.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Hey! Don't be doing this in-

Jared's glare snaps at the cashier.

JARED
HEY!

Grant pushes Jared again.

GRANT
We done?!

Jared puts his hand in his jacket.

JARED
Hell no.

Grant puts his hand in his jacket.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ian takes the last bite of his breakfast sandwich when he's
startled by GUNSHOTS. He instantly freezes, then jumps out
of his chair and runs to the window, where he sees two young
men pressed up against the sides of the liquor store's
entrance.

There's another gunshot. Ian ducks instinctively and grabs
his phone off the table.

Running to the door, he dials 911 while he frantically looks around and finds his pocket knife, grabs it, and runs out the door.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - MORNING

Ian runs down the stairs as 911 picks up.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
911, what's your emergency?

IAN
(running)
There's been gunshots at the liquor store on the corner of my street.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Has anyone been hurt?

IAN
I don't know, I'm not there but my girlfriend is.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Okay, we got your location. Is it the one off Meribel Drive?

IAN
Yes, yes!

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Okay, we are dispatching a unit right now, do not approach the store.

Ian's phone vibrates in his hand, causing him to look. It's a text from Maya: "Help, I don't know what to do".

OPERATOR (O.S) (CONT'D)
Hello? Sir. Do not approach the store!

IAN
Hurry up then!

EXT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Ian runs out of the building and stares at the liquor store across the street, still with the two guys on both sides of the door.

The operator is still talking through the phone while Ian scans the liquor store for a way to help and notices the houses beside it, with a brick fence surrounding it. Ian hangs up the phone and sprints toward the house.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Maya puts down her phone as she is slouched in the fourth aisle from the front door, hyperventilating. The first customer is crouched in the third aisle, where one of Jared's friends lies, lifeless.

In front of the counter is one of Grant's friends and the second customer, both shot dead. The cashier ducked behind the counter.

Jared shouts from outside the store.

JARED

Yo stop being so fuckin' cheap and
just pay up the money man!

Jared's friend, RYAN, M/23, slightly peers into the doorway.

RYAN

Before the cops!

Grant is the second aisle, with a gunshot wound to his abdomen, holding it in pain as his friend, DANNY, M/24, crouches over him. Danny shoots at where Ryan is peering, hitting the wall.

The shot terrifies Maya.

DANNY

Just fuck off! Our deal is done
man!

JARED

Nah, that's not how this is ending!

EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - MORNING

Ian leaps over the fence of the house bordering the liquor store, jumping into their backyard as shouts are heard in the distance.

Ian quietly creeps along the wall between the house and the liquor store when a dog sees him and starts charging at him, barking.

Instantly, Ian jumps on top of the wall, the dog nipping at his heels, as he pulls himself over with a flop on the other side, behind the store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Maya peeks around the end of her aisle, seeing the first customer one aisle ahead of her doing the same, except he is ready to run.

Maya cautiously waves her hands, trying to just get his attention but can't.

Quickly, he jumps around the aisle and tackles Danny, both falling to the ground.

Jared looks into the doorway.

CUSTOMER

I got him down! Just get this over-

Danny shoots the customer on top of him and rolls out from under him.

Jared and Ryan run in as Danny turns and shoots chaotically toward them. Jared jumps away, but Ryan isn't as fast, taking the shots and falling to the ground.

Jared scurries behind the farthest aisle, where he finds Maya. She begins to let out a shriek, but Jared covers her mouth with his hand.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Startled again by gunshots, Ian runs to the back door and tries to open it. It's locked. He twists and pulls and pushes and yanks the handle with no luck.

IAN

Fuck!

Ian runs to the corner and peeks around not seeing anyone. Ian slowly creeps down the length of the store wall.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - FIRST AISLE - MORNING

Grant, laying in the aisle, snaps at Danny and gets his attention.

Grant points at himself, then at the end of the second aisle, points at Danny, then at the other end of the second aisle. Danny nods and quietly makes his way to the farther end. Grant pulls out his gun and crawls to the other.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Ian reaches the end of his wall and slowly peers around to the front of the store, expecting the two guys to be at the door, but they aren't. He slowly rounds the corner and approaches the door.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - SECOND AISLE - MORNING

Grant and Danny flank the second aisle. Jared isn't there.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - FOURTH AISLE - MORNING

Jared is panicking, overwhelmed, and constantly checking both sides of the aisle. He lets go of her mouth and puts his finger up to her lips to tell her to be quiet.

JARED
Okay okay fine! I'll take care of
it. We'll look past it.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - THIRD AISLE - MORNING

Grant and Danny flank the third aisle. Jared isn't there.

Danny looks back at Grant, ready for his go-ahead for the fourth aisle.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Ian reaches the front doors and takes a deep breath.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - THIRD AISLE - MORNING

Grant reaches the end of the aisle.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Ian slowly peers around the corner when Jared does the same, meeting Ian's glance.

Ian recoils but notices Grant about to round the aisle.

Jared sees something on the other side caught Ian's eye.

Grant gives the signal.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Jared takes a chance and leaps around the end of the aisle, shooting multiple rounds into Grant, who drops his gun, dead.

Danny rounds the corner and takes cover behind the aisle, instantly pointing his gun at Maya, shaking in the fetal position.

Jared stands back up, looks over the aisle, and aims at a distracted Danny.

Ian finally rounds the corner.

Jared and Danny both fire with a click, both out of ammo.

They all stand in a triangle, frozen in place.

Jared then glances down at Grant's gun, lying between Jared and Ian. Ian takes notice as well. They both look at each other.

Jared drops his empty gun as they both leap for Grant's. They both grab it and wrestle with each other for control over the gun.

Danny takes this opportunity to run out of the liquor store as sirens are heard in the distance.

Seeing Danny run out, Ian lets go of the gun, and Jared falls back. He quickly stands, but not fast enough to aim at Danny before he's out of sight.

Frustrated, he aims at Ian.

JARED
Who the fuck are you?

IAN
(hands up)
I'm not a part of this!

Jared's head explodes, falling on top of Ian.

The cashier now standing behind the counter with a gun in hand.

Everyone is silent and unmoving as the sirens get louder and louder. Ian frantically shoves the body off him, covered in blood.

Ian leans up looking around.

IAN
Maya!

Ian hears a faint, shaky murmur from behind the last aisle.

Ian crawls around the aisle, clambering to grab onto Maya as she bawls into his chest, Ian holding her close as the police cars pull up to the liquor store.

THE END.