

ACCIDENTALLY

Episode #2

"Purposefully"

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EPISODE TWO - "PURPOSEFULLY"

TEASER

EXT. BALCONY - DAY - PARALLEL UNIVERSE #???

Birds are chirping. Sun is bright. It's a beautiful day. CONST is standing outside --- enjoying it all. She breathes in.

CAMERA PANS TOWARDS THE SUN AND THE LIGHT BLINDS US ---

FADE TO:

INT. MAJLIS - NIGHT - PARALLEL UNIVERSE #1

CONST is on the table, we see from her eyes but it's too blurry to see anything. We hear someone talking. Sounds like a doctor. We hear hospital noises.

CUT TO:

INTRO

ACT ONE

INT. MAJLIS - DAY - PARALLEL UNIVERSE #1

CONST wakes up slowly. She tries to get up but she is tied to the table. Her gunshot wound is gone.

SUDDENLY, someone enters. It's a nurse - he/she is very peppy.

NURSE

Oh, great! You're up! How are you feeling?

CONST

I've been better. Why am I-

NURSE

I'll tell the doctor. BRB!

CONST

Wa- umm, okay.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

CONST is noticeably annoyed.

CONST (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Where is that-

THE DOCTOR ENTERS

He/she looks exactly like the nurse but in different clothing.

DOCTOR
 Wow! You're up early. How is my favorite patient?

CONST
 Ummm...fine. Why am I tied to the table?...and where am I?

DOCTOR
 Oh, silly, silly, patient. Those details are under the "Doctor/Patient" confidentiality agreement!

CONST
 What?

The doctor PULLS out a syringe.

DOCTOR
 Just rest your head. It'll be okay. NURSE!

No one replies.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Okay! But hurry!

Const is flabbergasted.

CONST
 Wait, who are you? Who are you talking to? Where am I? Why am I here? And what is in that syringe?!?!

CONST is panicking slightly. The DOCTOR remains SILENT and just smiles. Menacingly. He/She proceeds to STICK the syringe into Const's arm so quickly Const couldn't even react.

CONST (CONT'D)
(Full panic)
HEY!! WHAT'D YOU JUST PUT IN ME?!?!

DOCTOR
Tsk, tsk, you ask too many
questions.
(The doctor's voice seemed
to be in slow motion now)
Just..... go..... to.....
sleep....please....we....have....to
.....talk.....

CONST is losing consciousness. Her vision blurs. As this is
happening, Const hazily sees Hanz standing RIGHT THERE.

CONST
...IT'S.....YOU.....

Const goes under.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MAJLIS - DAY - PARALLEL UNIVERSE #???

SHOT OPENS UP WITH A SLOW ZOOM IN AN EMPTY MAJLIS THAT'S SUNNY AND BRIGHT. A VERY HAPPY ATMOSPHERE.

SUDDENLY, CONST, WALKS INTO VIEW, LOOKING DIFFERENT THAN USUAL, LOOKS AT THE CAMERA, AND GIVES A HUGE HAPPY SMILE (AKA K-POP SMILE).

A MONTAGE OF CONST DOING HOUSEHOLD ACTIVITIES PLAY.

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

INT. MAJLIS - NIGHT - PARALLEL UNIVERSE #2

CONST IS BACK WHERE SHE WAS AT THE END OF EPISODE #1. ON THE FLOOR. IN PAIN. SHE IS CONFUSED. SHE CRAWLS TO A MEDICINE BOX (OR WHATEVER) AND PULLS OUT SOME THINGS TO STOP THE BLEEDING AND TAKES A COUPLE OF PAIN-KILLERS. SHE SITS UP AGAINST THE WALL, AND RELAXES A BIT. HER MIND IS SPAGHETTI.

SHE THINKS SHE NOTICES SOMETHING AT THE END OF THE ROOM. SHE SQUINTS AND MOVES HER HEAD CLOSER TO GET A BETTER LOOK. CAMERA FOCUSES ON WHAT SHE'S LOOKING AT.

SUDDENLY, LIKE OUT OF THIN AIR, ANOTHER CONST SHOWS UP THEN DISAPPEARS JUST AS QUICK.

CONST IS TAKEN ABACK.

CONST
...I'm going crazy.

CONST CHECKS IN HER POCKETS AND IS RELIEVED AND SURPRISED TO FIND A MOBILE PHONE. SHE DIALS 911 IMMEDIATELY, PUTS THE PHONE TO HER EAR AND WAITS...AND WAITS...AND WAITS...

CONST (CONT'D)
Why aren't they answering?!

LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT, CONST GETS AN UNBELIEVABLY PAINFUL MIGRAINE. SHE DROPS THE PHONE AND HOLDS HER HEAD IN PAIN.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HER EYES SO CLOSE, THEN THE PAIN STOPS:

FADE OUT TO:

INT. MAJLIS - DAY - PARALLEL UNIVERSE #1

WE ZOOM OUT TO FIND THAT CONST IS SITTING ON A SOFA. THE SAME ONE FROM THE VERY BEGINNING. HANZ IS IN THE SAME PLACE, DRINKING OR EATING SOMETHING. CONST SEEMS TO BE UNABLE TO MOVE, BUT IS ABLE TO SEE HANZ AND SHE GETS ANGRY/KINDA SCARED. HOWEVER, SHE NOTICES THERE'S NO GUNSHOT WOUND.

HANZ

(Noticing Const woke up)

Ah! Good. You're up! You've been under for a long time. I wanted to wake you but the doctor said no, so... sorry about that. Yes, yes, I know. You'd like to know how long you've been under... I'm afraid it's been... just an hour. Now, you can't move at the moment, that's the syringe that the doctor gave you, it was basically some kind of sedative/truth serum that didn't work on you for some reason. I'm not exactly sure on the details, me not being a doctor and all that, but I needed you up because we had to speak. Or, rather, I had to speak and you had to listen. Anyway...

HANZ TAKES A BITE OR A SIP OR WHATEVER.

HANZ (CONT'D)

... now that you're up, you need to know a few things: Firstly, I actually work... sorry, WORKED, for Mr. Green. Yes, the guy that you thought recommended you to me. He said not to tell you anything but it doesn't matter anymore because he's dead. Second, there is no contract and I do not want anyone dead. Except you now. So, there's that. Mr. Green just wanted something from you. Now, that thing is, let's say, very valuable. Mr. Green hired me to get it from you and then to give it to him.

(MORE)

HANZ (CONT'D)

You must be wondering why Mr. Green didn't do it himself, well, it's because he didn't want you to know that he's willing to kill you, as he really liked you, and Mr. Green didn't want his associates to know he's got it. Now...

HANZ TAKES ANOTHER BITE OR SIP OR WHATEVER.

HANZ (CONT'D)

(Talking about the food)

That's real good. Anyway, I don't want to waste anymore time, I'm not exactly sure how you feel right now, but I'm sure it's not good. So, since you probably want this whole thing over with as well, I'm gonna ask you straightforward and, since you seem like a smart one, I expect a straightforward answer.

HANZ LOOKS AT CONST STRAIGHT IN THE EYES.

HANZ (CONT'D)

Where's the bag?

CONST SEEMS CONFUSED.

HANZ (CONT'D)

Okay, I know you can speak, the doctor said you can, so tell me: Where. Is. The. Bag?

CONST LOOKS LIKE SHE JUST WOKE UP FROM A 24 HOUR NAP.

CONST

Umm...what bag?

HANZ

Hmm. Listen. I'm not going to beat around the bush. I could easily find the bag without you, but it'll just take slightly longer. I just want to save time. So, you either tell me now and make things easier for me, or you're useless to me and I'll kill you. So, which is it?

CONST IS ABLE TO SHUFFLE AROUND A BIT AND IS ABLE TO FACE HANZ AND SIT-UP, SOMEWHAT STRAIGHT.

CONST

Since we're being so frank, what's going to happen to me if I tell you?

HANZ

(sighs like she's annoyed)
Well, I'm definitely going to kill you, but you'll be alive long enough for me to confirm whether the bag is where you actually tell me it is. So, during that time, you'll have a while to think of a pointless escape plan or whatever that'll give you a sense of hope. But, if you don't tell me where that bag is or try to be smart and give me the wrong address, I'm pretty sure you know what's going to happen. I could spew out exaggerated threats like "I'll cut you open, string a fiddle with your guts and make you play it while I dance" or whatever, but that'll just make me seem like a typical psycho. I don't want that. I already got the long monologue trait. Now, you look smart. I'm sure you'll make the right choice. Where's the bag?

CONST

(Still dead tired)
Okay... It's in my car. Downstairs.

HANZ

(sighs)
Really? That's funny. Because I remember purposefully tearing your car apart.

CONST

Did you check inside the spare tire in the trunk?

HANZ

Inside the tire? Clever.

HANZ TAKES ONE MORE SIP/BITE AND LEAVES THE HOUSE. CONST IMMEDIATELY MOVES HER EYES FRANTICALLY LOOKING AROUND THE ROOM FOR ANYTHING HELPFUL. SHE TRIES HER BEST TO SHUFFLE AROUND TO GAIN AS MUCH CONTROL OF HER BODY AS SHE CAN, AND EVENTUALLY MANAGES TO LAND ON THE FLOOR.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NOW

HANZ CLICKS THE ELEVATOR BUTTON AND WAITS.

INT. MAJLIS - NOW

CONST EYES THE PHONE AND STARTS CRAWLING TOWARDS IT. KNOWING FULL WELL THAT IT'S PROBABLY DISCONNECTED, BUT HAVING SOME GLIMMER OF HOPE.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NOW

HANZ ENTERS THE ELEVATOR AND PRESSES THE G FLOOR. THE DOOR CLOSES.

INT. MAJLIS - NOW

WITH WHATEVER STRENGTH SHE HAS, CONST PICKS UP THE PHONE AND HEARS...NOTHING. IT'S DEAD. AS EXPECTED. CONST DISAPPOINTINGLY HANGS UP.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NOW

HANZ IS LOOKING PRETTY SMUG. SHE REACHES THE GROUND FLOOR AND HEADS FOR THE PARKING. .

NOTE: FOR BUDGET RESTRICTIONS WE COULD JUST SHOW THE ELEVATOR DOOR WHILE SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE CAR THAT IS TOTALLY THERE.

INT. MAJLIS - NOW

CONST FRANTICALLY LOOKS AROUND FOR ANYTHING. SHE GAZES OUT THE BALCONY/WINDOW. THINKING IF SHE SHOULD TRY IT.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NOW

HANZ WALKS BACK TO THE ELEVATOR. OBVIOUSLY ANGRY. SHE PRESSES THE BUTTON. THE DOORS CLOSE.

INT. MAJLIS - NOW

CONST TRIES TO STAND UP. SHE MANAGES TO, BUT HER LEGS ARE SHAKING LIKE SHE HAS EPELEGSY (HA). SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE BALCONY/WINDOW. WITH THE LOOK OF DREAD ON HER FACE.

SUDDENLY! SHE GETS THAT SAME MIGRAINE FROM BEFORE.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NOW

HANZ REACHES THE FLOOR WHERE HER APARTMENT IS. THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE AND SHE STORMS OUT. HEADING STRAIGHT TO THE APARTMENT DOOR.

INT. MAJLIS - NOW

THE CAMERA SHOWS THE FRONT DOOR. HANZ BURSTS IN.
SHOCKED.

CUT TO: BLACK

END OF EPISODE TWO