**MAJOR ISSUES**

- **Minors**
- Inserts everywhere - text messages/photos etc.
- **SOUND** - almost no dialogue!
- Lots of street work - addt'l b.g.?
- Lots of exteriors @ end of busy day
  time of year?
  depending on location - day? night?
- Complex scene - Electronics store/newsstand
- Mark's Blaq: - how to shoot apartment windows?
- Lots of photos - some at unscripted locations
  & last scene: photo critiqued!

**ICU**

by

Richard Guay

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A completely deserted staircase. A sign reads:

Be cool - you're on camera!

In the corner of the stairwell, a video surveillance camera stares down benignly.

A bell rings, there's a sound of surging energy about to erupt and then...

Classroom doors burst open, kids flying out. The end of the day. We're caught in the rush following the exodus down the stairs and out a set of double steel doors.

EXT. STREET - CITY HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Students pour out. Some board yellow school buses, others disperse into small packs spreading in different directions.

MARK, 17, a good looking kid hidden within a nerdy shy exterior, walks out alone. He's looking for something, we're not sure what.

EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - DAY

Mark's pov: a quick scan of the intersection as he comes up to it. He spots FRANNE, 17, like him a loner, stylish somehow, in thrift store chic, as she crosses to the opposite side of the street. A brief moment of recognition on her part. Mark's not sure if it's positive or negative but at least she noticed. He averts her look, then turns slowly back to see which way she's going.

His pov: Frannie heads down the street.

Suddenly, blackness... How? out to black? cover? lens?

SOUNDS of howling and hooting over black.

MARK

What the...?

(at least one = principal)

Three WISE-GUY KIDS surround Mark wrapping a sweaty gym towel around his head. He struggles to pull it off as girls GIGGLE in the background. Mark gets turned around, trips and falls into a trash can which ramps up the laughter.

Mark finally gets the towel off only to find one of the wise-guy kids offering a hand up. He doesn't bite. He pulls himself up. The kids laugh and head off - probably to torture someone else.

Mark wipes the crud from his jacket. It leaves a nasty stain.
MARK (CONT'D)

Damn...

Then he remembers what he was doing and looks around quickly trying to find Frannie.

A quick series of shots - plenty of people but not her. He shakes his head, picks up his book bag and starts to walk away.

BEEP. His phone goes off indicating a text message: Byby 4 now towel boy.

A slight smile crosses his face - maybe it was worth it.
EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mark watches as the man stops at a newsstand and scans the covers of various magazines. Mark, walks past him, casually stopping to look in an electronics store window.

There, on a big plasma screen connected to a camera that peers out at the street. 

On the screen is a wide view of Mark, the street behind him the newsstand and the man.

CLICK: Mark snaps a picture of the screen.

We see the photo that results - an interesting inverted tight shot of our BUSINESSMAN buying his newspaper for the ride home.

CLICK: the sound of another photo being taken - we’re not sure where or of what...

In the store television: the man walks away passing Mark and swings around a corner. Mark waits a beat, turns and follows.

We pull back to a wide high angle shot as Mark dashes after him. The camera hangs there a moment, panning left to follow, then zooming in, the focus slightly behind, as if it’s lost it’s target then found it again. The view is odd and somewhat disorienting.

ECU: Mark’s face.

Mark sees his target boarding a city bus and races to catch up.

INT. CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS DAY

In his rush he climbs on just as the door closes and inadvertently bumps the Man. So much for being discreet.

MARK

Sorry...

The man nods a pleasant “ok”, looking Mark dead in the face. Mark’s shoulders slump. Another chase ruined, Mark tries to play it off by looking around, a little too casual. He spots a sign:

You may be under video surveillance.

He cranks his head, “May”?

CU: MARK
The bus slugs through traffic as Mark hits the "Request Stop" button.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

CU: a computer screen image of MRS. BIRNBAUM preparing dinner. Stocky, in her 70's and totally oblivious to the fact that she's being watched.

The edges of the screen show a set of faded kitchen curtains dotted with teapots and a window box indicating that we are looking through her window.

EXT. MARK'S ROOM, WINDOW - SAME TIME / NIGHT

The shade to Mark's window is pulled all the way down. A small surveillance camera, rigged outside in the upper corner of the window takes in the scene in the rear courtyard. The camera starts to move as we hear:

A subtle electronic WHIRRING sound.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Back to the computer screen: The image becomes a dark blur of red brick, moving right until it settles on another window: this time it's MR. BIRNBAUM, in his boxers, sipping a Budweiser and watching the evening news.

Mark sits at his desk. He frowns at the image - not what he's looking for.

MARK
Hmmm... you should be home by now...

He hits the joystick.

WHIRR... the camera moves upward and over past several dark windows. It hovers on one for a moment - nothing going on. It starts to move away when the light in the room comes on. The camera quickly readjusts to find the door opening...

WHIRR... It's Frannie, dressed the same as we last saw her on the street. She comes in and drops a pile of library books on a desk. She takes off her coat, checks her watch and starts to unbutton her shirt. The camera zooms in ever so slightly. Greater anticipation...

A BEEP - another text. Mark tries to keep one eye on Frannie while glancing down at the phone. He sees:

(MARK'S CELL)

What R U Lookn @?

Alder Scenes

INT. MRS. B. KITCHEN - NIGHT 2/8 ps.

INT. MR. B. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1/8 ps.

INT. FRANNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT 6/8 ps.
Jolted, he drops the phone and looks at the screen as Frannie, stops unbuttoning and hurl's her cell phone onto the bed. She charges straight to the window - seemingly staring right at him - and pulls the curtain closed.

Mark stares down at the phone, then to his window.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MARK'S ROOM - DAYBREAK

CU of the digital clock reading 6:03. — INSERT

He tosses and turns. Gets up, goes to the window.

Daylight creeps into the courtyard. Peeking out he sees Frannie's window - closed, curtain drawn.

He lies back down - eyes wide open.

Finally, he gets up and starts to get dressed.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

A garbage truck hauls away trash. Mark exits his building, checking his watch - 6:38.

EXT. FRAN NIE'S BUILDING - DAY

He comes around the corner and looks at the entrance to Frannie's building. He steps down into a stairwell leading to the basement of the building. He waits.

A little while later, Frannie exits the building walking quickly away from Mark's surveillance perch. Mark steps out -

He takes a picture of her with his cell.

She sweeps around a corner. He breaks into a slight run to catch up and as he carefully peers round the corner...

SSSSSSSSST! A cloud of spray hits him in the eyes and mouth - Mace. He stops dead in his tracks, coughing and wheezing. Frannie kicks him in the groin and he hits the sidewalk hard.

FRAN NIE

You disgusting little creep! Stop following me!!

MARK

... I'm sorry... I wanted to...
FRANNIE
Leave me alone! And stop sending me those pictures!!

MARK

FRANNIE
Liar!

She pulls out her cell, hits a key and shows him: A series of photos of her through her bedroom window, on the street, at lunch... Mark wipes his eyes and looks at them.

MARK
I... I didn’t take...

FRANNIE
Stop lying and leave me alone before I go to the cops.

(FRANNIE’S PHONE)

She yanks the phone out of Mark’s hand and starts to walk away but is stopped by a BEEP — a text.

At the same moment Mark’s phone also BEEPS. He squints at the phone and his jaw drops.

On his phone is a picture of Frannie macing him — just moments ago.

Frannie walks back showing him her phone — the same picture.

The messages along with the pix are the same:

I C U

Mark and Frannie look at each other for a beat, then turn their heads searching for the photographer.

A camera shutter SOUND freezes the two teenagers in the frame.

NOTE: IF THIS FIRST IN A SERIES OF SHORTS THE POV OF THIS PHOTO IS CRITICAL — ONLY EVIDENCE OF WHERE THE "VOYEUR" IS AT THIS MOMENT!!