

CHILI PEPPER 5

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DOWNTOWN PARKING STRUCTURE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

An attractive woman in smart casual business attire boards.

This is IVY (late 20s). Slender. Professional. Homeward bound.

The doors close. She scans the chart for a chili pepper.

Ivy presses the button beside 🍆/🍆 - LEVEL 5.

The ride begins. She checks her phone. Shoulders her purse.

Her gaze returns to the eggplant. Rolling her eyes, she also grips her keys between her fingers. Just in case.

The car lumbers along. Bossa nova from a dented speaker.

She takes a deep breath. Absently passes her thumb over the keyfob's panic button. Just in case.

The elevator dings as the car arrives and doors part.

INT. DOWNTOWN PARKING STRUCTURE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Disembarking, Ivy finds herself immediately lost -- surrounded by concrete pillars labeled only with eggplants.

Has she taken the wrong elevator?

A shuffling noise from behind. She spins around. Nothing.

But it's not nothing. Someone watches her from the upper level at the top of the ramp -- a PREDATOR (late 30s).

Ivy abandons the curiosity to search for her car, her smart casual slip-ons faintly brushing and tapping the pavement.

The predator watches her through dark, quiet cars. Raises his sweatshirt hood and stalks his prey, stall by stall.

Ivy. Going in circles through the eggplants. She finally stops. Clicks her keyfob and waits for the chirp. Nothing. She tries again, waving it around in the air. Nothing.

In the distance, she spots the first pillar displaying a chili pepper and heads that way. Finally, a ray of hope.

The predator appears in the b.g. Follows at a brisk pace.

Ivy senses his presence. Glances back over her shoulder.

Her pace quickens. As does his. Only seconds left to close the deal.

She speed-walks as fast as her shoes will allow.

He breaks into a run. Chases her down the aisle. Before she can adjust or react, he closes the distance and tackles her.

The contents of her bag sprawl across the lane when it hits the cement: lipstick, tampons, mints, bobby pins, and change.

Ivy can barely get her breath to scream. Her phone vanishes in the chaos. A styptic pencil skitters to within reach.

His hand. Already on her stockings. Runs along her thigh.

Desperate, Ivy grabs the pencil overhand and jams it behind his collarbone.

She kicks with her legs as he squeals, freeing herself from both attacker and slip-ons.

PREDATOR

Fucking BITCH!

(low growl)

Now you're really gonna get it.

IVY

Help! HELP!

Ivy scrambles to her feet. Restricted now only by her tight skirt, she dashes into the chili pepper section searching for a good place to hide or her vehicle, whichever comes first.

She rounds corner after corner. Where's that damned car? She still has her keys -- tries the panic button one last time.

It connects. The piercing alarm booms throughout the cavernous labyrinth -- yet such high volume also obscures its source.

Another turn ahead. Ivy takes it. Oops -- a dark, dead end.

Ivy quickly pivots but runs right into her attacker.

The predator ensnares her. Forces Ivy into the shadows.

No escape. The emergency alarm mutes her frantic screams.

He strips the keyfob from her grasp. Crushes it under his boot until the ear-splitting siren chirps to a stop.

Finally, the predator turns Ivy around. Pins her against the wall. Gags her with her own scarf. Just in case.

PREDATOR

Don't look at me.

He reaches up her skirt and rips her panties down. She wilts.

PREDATOR

DON'T LOOK AT ME!

Ivy looks away -- her only sign of compliance. Her only acceptance of the inevitable.

The predator lowers his pants zipper. Adjusts his stance.

In doing so, his foot comes off the smashed keyfob.

Which activates the sliding door on Ivy's Chrysler Pacifica.

Which releases two snarling GERMAN SHEPHERDS eager to find their beloved mother and address her fearful cries.

An instant later, only gnashing teeth, snapping jaws, and the foiled predator's stark terror echo throughout the otherwise vacant garage as they violently rip him apart.

FADE OUT.

THE END