

I.T. GIRL

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

OVER BLACK

CROWD (O.S.)
10! 9! 8!

FLICK. FLICK. FLICK.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

ALLISON, 28, tries to light the cigarette sitting between her lips. She wears an open-back cocktail dress and goosebumps. Her long red hair blows in the wind.

VOICES (O.S.)
7!

ALLISON
Damn it.

Suddenly, a pair of hands cup the air around her lighter.

VOICES (O.S.)
6!

The cigarette lights. Allison inhales and looks up to uncover her hero, JACK, a 30-something, classic guys guy with sun-kissed skin and messy, dirty blonde hair.

ALLISON
Thanks.

His button-down is comfortably unbuttoned. He flashes a smile.

VOICES (O.S.)
5!

JACK
No problem.

Allison turns back to the city skyline. Inside the house, the countdown grows louder.

VOICES (O.S.)
4!

Palm trees sway in the breeze. Moonlight bounces off the hills. Waves crash in the distance.

VOICES (CONT'D)
3!

BRO, a 2-dimensional carbon copy of Jack, stumbles outside.

BRO (O.S.)
Dude! Come on, you're going to miss
it.

Bro pulls Jack inside, who can't help but take one more
glance at Allison.

VOICES (O.S.)
2! 1!

The crowd cheers. Allison takes one more inhale and tosses
her cigarette on the ground, smooshing it with her heel.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Fireworks burst above Allison as she strolls down the street.
She stops, pulling off her heels and wrapping them around her
finger.

JACK (O.S.)
Hey! Wait up!

Allison doesn't turn her head. Jack runs to catch up with
her.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey.

Allison doesn't react.

JACK (CONT'D)
I didn't catch your name.

Allison hesitates, then—

ALLISON
Jenny.

Jack squints his eyes at her.

JACK
Jenny? Jenny, nice to meet you. I
haven't seen you around. What
brings you to the city of angels?

ALLISON
And yours?

JACK
What?

ALLISON
You didn't tell me your name?

JACK

Oh. Jack.

ALLISON

Well, Jack. You wouldn't want to keep your friends waiting, would you?

JACK

I wouldn't want a pretty girl like yourself walking home alone.

Jack immediately regrets the words that just came out of his mouth.

ALLISON

I think I'll be just fine.

JACK

Sorry. That was super cringy. I don't mansplain. I swear.

Allison finally cracks a smile and laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Those guys won't even notice I'm gone. If you couldn't tell... they're kinda assholes.

ALLISON

Why are you friends with them?

JACK

We all met in college. Some of us grew up.

ALLISON

So you're afraid to be alone.

JACK

You got that from that?

Allison raises her eyebrows in his direction.

ALLISON

It's easier to have fake friends than to look in the mirror.

JACK

What do you mean?

ALLISON

When you weed out all the noise,
you make space to truly see
yourself. When you truly see
yourself, you can let go of the
past.

Jack watches her, intrigued.

JACK

You hungry?

ALLISON

Umm—

JACK

I know this great 24-hour spot.

ALLISON

I barely know you.

JACK

You'll get to know me. Ima waffle
kinda guy.

Allison thinks.

JACK (CONT'D)

Come on. Strangers are just new
friends waiting to happen.

ALLISON

You should know I don't like
breakfast food.

JACK

You're kidding?

Allison shakes her head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maybe you just haven't done it
right.

ALLISON

You can do it wrong?

JACK

Absolutely. If you haven't tried a
Croque Madame, you are missing out.
Tell me you like sandwiches.

ALLISON

I do.

JACK

Jenny, your taste buds are about to embark on a mouth-watering experience.

Allison stops. Her smile fades as she stares past Jack. He follows her gaze.

ALLISON

This is me.

They stand outside a barren modern house. The front door is open.

Allison walks toward it, firmly gripping the heels in her hand.

Jack grabs her arm—

JACK

Wait here. I'll check it out.

ALLISON

Jack, go home. I'll call you.

JACK

But I didn't give you my—

Allison disappears through the door.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Allison enters slowly.

RUSTLING comes from the other room.

She slides against the wall and peaks around the corner.

Her living room is turned upside down.

ALLISON

What the fuck?

A MAN in a black ski mask stands amongst the chaos. Allison gulps as she stares down the barrel of his gun.

Suddenly, her heel flies across the room, colliding with the man's skull and pinning him against an armoire.

JACK (O.S.)

Jenny! Watch out!

Just then, an arm wraps around Allison's neck. She gasps for air as their clutch tightens.

With one quick motion, Allison jams her elbow backward, releasing her from the choke hold. She swings around to face the figure, ANOTHER MAN in a ski mask.

She runs, jumps, and launches her leg into their chest.

CRASH

Another man has busted through the glass coffee table.

SILENCE

Jack stands in the doorway, shook.

Allison collects the gun and searches the two men for any other weapons.

ALLISON

We gotta get out of here.

Just then, Allison pulls off her red wig revealing a short black bob.

JACK

Who the hell are you?

She steps over the dead bodies and b-lines for the door.

ALLISON

Are you coming or not?

TO BE CONTINUED.