

THE PREMONITION

Written by

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EXT. GRUBER UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

FRANK (50), a jovial doorman, guides a DELIVERY TRUCK as it backs out the drive.

FRANK
(over beeping)
Little more...Little more...

As we track up the building,

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Little more...

We hear the off-screen sound of a CRASH and GLASS SHATTERING.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, Shit, man. Shit. Sorry.

INT. GRUBER'S APARTMENT/LEXI'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

We glide over framed photographs of infant Lexi, toddler Lexi, adolescent Lexi, past a bookshelf lined with Classics of Child Literature, and settle on a canopy bed where:

LEXI GRUBER (25), writhes in fitful slumber. We close in on a face that could be attractive were it not always clenched with worry, like it is now, as she thrashes around the bed.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Lexi lies in a coffin, serene in a grey sheath dress. She opens her eyes, panics, and jerks upright only to smack her head on the lid, made of glass.

INT. LEXI'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

Lexi wakes up on the floor, twisted up in sweaty bedclothes. She lets out the softest of whimpers, grips the bedside table and pulls herself upright, only to confront a tower of books:

Excel for Dummies, Social Media Engagement for Dummies.

She reaches for the top book-- *You are a BadAss: How to Stop Doubting your Greatness and Start Living an Awesome Life*-- then sets it down again.

She turns to see her grey sheath dress laid out on a chair.

Off Lexi, looking nauseous.

INT. GRUBER'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

A piece of Salmon is plunked down in front of Lexi. She looks up questioningly at MRS. GRUBER (70) who smiles intensely.

MRS. GRUBER
Brain food!

LEXI
I can't go.

MRS. GRUBER
Of course you can.

LEXI
No. I've had a premonition. There was a coffin.

MRS. GRUBER
Christ, Lexi. This again?

LEXI
I have a sense of foreboding.

MRS. GRUBER
You always do!

LEXI
This time it's for real. Dad?

Lexi turns towards MR. GRUBER (72) for support, but he remains silent behind an open Wall Street Journal.

LEXI (CONT'D)
The tone of my premonition-- it was macabre.

MRS. GRUBER
How did Citi secretarial work prepare you for the assistant position here at HTT Play?

Lexi turns pleading eyes back to her mother, who thrusts a laminated resume at her.

MRS. GRUBER (CONT'D)
They might ask you that.

Lexi glumly takes hold of the resume, scans her profile.

LEXI
But I didn't go to Harvard, Mom.

MRS. GRUBER
HOW DID CITI PREPARE YOU?

LEXI
Well...I think...answering one
phone is probably the same as
answering any phone?

MRS. GRUBER
NO. Don't say that. It taught me
leadership. Write it down.

Lexi opens her notebook. Beneath *You are a BadAss*, she writes
Leadership, then rests her forehead on the table.

MRS. GRUBER (CONT'D)
Now, why did you leave Citi?

LEXI
Because I spilled coffee all over
Dad's computer.

MRS. GRUBER
DON'T SAY THAT.

MR. GRUBER (O.S.)
Dad's NEW computer.

LEXI
And he got mad and fired me.

MRS. GRUBER
Say: to grow. Why aren't you
wearing the grey dress I laid out?

LEXI
It's bad luck.

MRS. GRUBER
Says the premonition?

LEXI
Yes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Lexi adjusts her grey dress as Mrs. Gruber stares up at the
descending numbers.

MRS. GRUBER
You'll be great.

LEXI
My stomach hurts.

MRS. GRUBER
It's all in your head.

LEXI
I'm not ready.

MRS. GRUBER
What's the worst that can happen?

LEXI
I could--

MRS. GRUBER
Never mind! Don't answer that.

The elevator doors open. Lexi moves not a muscle.

INT. GRUBER APARTMENT BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

Mrs. Gruber drags Lexi across the Marble floors.

LEXI
I could find myself physically
unable to speak, I could stand up
to shake his hand and faint, I
could lose control of my nether
regions and wet myself.

EXT. GRUBER APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Frank watches Mrs. Gruber push Lexi out into the street.

LEXI
There are so many ways to fail!

MRS. GRUBER
Help, Frank. She's catastrophizing.

FRANK
Lexi...They'd be lucky to have you!

MRS. GRUBER
Listen to Frank. Write that down.

Below *Leadership*, Lexi writes *Lucky to Have Me*.

FRANK
Do you want the job, Lexi?

LEXI

Yes?

MRS. GRUBER

YES!

LEXI

Yes, I mean. Yes. Gainful employment is the first step towards independence.

FRANK

You'll get it, then! I'm always right. The glass is half full, Lexi.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Lexi sits wedged in a corner seat, poring over her journal:
You are a BadAss, Leadership, Lucky to Have Me.

Her hand shakes, words blur. She sits back, closes her eyes, then jerks up as a DISHEVELED MAN burst in, mid-sermon.

DISHEVELED MAN

WE ARE ALL SINNERS. WE ARE ALL GOING TO HELL. YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE THE FLOOD. TIMES SQUARE USED TO BE A NICE PLACE. THE WHOLE FAMILY COULD SMOKE CRACK TOGETHER. YOU!

LEXI

Me?

DISHEVELED MAN

YOU LIVE IN A GLASS HOUSE.

Off Lexi, contemplating this.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING/SOHO - DAY

Lexi slogs up to the entrance, sweaty from summer humidity.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/LOBBY - DAY

Lexi approaches the SECURITY GUARD, his feet up on the desk.

LEXI

Hi? Lexi Gruber? Here to interview at HTT Play? With Jason Dick?