

SMALL DETAIL

Written by

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INT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

There's a high security presence inside the lobby. Everyone coming in is searched, their bags emptied. Stern looking SECURITY GUARDS are taking no risks.

The CAMERA PANS to the entrance where AMELIA, in her early 30s, visibly pregnant, takes a deep breath and steps in. She's dressed professionally but comfortably, her face a mix of determination and nerves.

The security give her a look, but seeing that she's pregnant let her pass through.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Amelia approaches the RECEPTIONIST, a friendly woman with a warm smile.

AMELIA

Hi.

RECEPTIONIST

How can I help?

AMELIA

I'm here for a job interview.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, good luck. And don't let the security put you off. They're only here for a few more days.

AMELIA

Oh?

RECEPTIONIST

They've got some high profile president from a country I can't even pronounce here, apparently he's a wanted man.

AMELIA

Oh, cool.

RECEPTIONIST

No, not cool. I can't wait for him to leave. He's turned my easy job into a hard one.

Amelia smiles and chuckles.

AMELIA

An easy job, that's what I'm here  
for.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR - DAY

Amelia steps into the elevator, joining THREE OTHER CANDIDATES, all smartly dressed and clutching their resumes. There's an awkward silence as they all know they're competitors. The elevator doors close, and they begin their ascent.

Suddenly, a jolt. The lights flicker. The elevator comes to a grinding halt between floors. The candidates exchange worried glances.

AMELIA

Oh no, please not now...

One of the candidates, a TECH-SAVVY GUY in his 20s, springs into action.

TECH-SAVVY GUY

Everyone stay calm. No need to  
panic.

He presses the emergency button, but there's no response. The tension rises.

BUSINESSWOMAN

(trying to hide her panic)  
This can't be happening. I can't  
miss this interview!

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a suit sighs, trying to maintain composure.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

This is just perfect. I knew this  
day was going to turn out shit.

Amelia takes a deep breath.

AMELIA

I can't stay in here.

BUSINESSWOMAN

(snapping)  
None of us can.

Amelia places her two hands to her baby bump, caressing it.

AMELIA  
No, I really can't.

The other three in here with her share concerned glances.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The candidates are now seated on the floor, trying to stay calm. The businesswoman starts to breathe heavily, her eyes wide with fear.

BUSINESSWOMAN  
(gasping for air)  
Is it just me or is the air getting  
thin in here?

Amelia looks over at her with concern.

AMELIA  
Don't say things like that.

The TECH-SAVVY GUY checks his phone, looking for a signal.

TECH-SAVVY GUY  
No service...and god damn it's  
getting hot.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
This is such bullshit. I knew I  
should have just stayed in bed  
today.

Sweat beads on the foreheads of the candidates as they fan themselves with whatever they have—papers, handkerchiefs, even a laptop case.

TECH-SAVVY GUY  
(wiping his brow)  
It's like a sauna in here...

The BUSINESSWOMAN loosens her collar, her professional demeanour slipping in the heat.

BUSINESSWOMAN  
This is unbearable. How long can  
they leave us here? I feel like I  
literally can't breathe. I need  
fresh air.

Amelia, notices a small compartment on the wall, and she thinks she knows what it might be.

AMELIA

Look.

She opens the compartment, revealing a single oxygen mask. The group looks at it, then at each other, the unspoken question hanging in the air: Who gets to use it?

BUSINESSWOMAN

(breathing heavily)

I... I think I need it. I honestly think I'm going to pass out.

The TECH-SAVVY GUY nods.

TECH-SAVVY GUY

We can take it in turns. There will be enough for everybody.

The middle-aged man agrees reluctantly.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

You can go first if you need it so badly.

Amelia takes the mask and puts it on herself, ignoring the others. Her breathing easing as she inhales the fresh oxygen. The others watch, a mix of envy and relief in their eyes.

BUSINESSWOMAN

(anxious)

OK, it's my turn now.

Amelia shakes her head, continues to breathe deeply.

The air inside the elevator seems to only get less and less as the seconds tick by.

And the heat inside this metal box is becoming truly unbearable.

TECH-SAVVY GUY

(pleading with Amelia)

There's going to be plenty of air to go around, all we have to do is share.

Again Amelia answers with a firm shake of her head, enjoying the mask all for herself.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(annoyed)

Hey, pregnant or not you're sharing that mask with the rest of us.

Amelia stares defiantly back at him.

AMELIA  
I don't think so.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Look, you can share it or I can take it from you. If you want to be a bitch then fine, but I'm not in the mood for this today. Hand it over.

AMELIA  
No.

The businesswoman suddenly lunges, trying to snatch the mask off of Amelia

BUSINESSWOMAN  
Give it me now.

Amelia delivers a solid right hand punch to the side of the businesswoman's head, knocking her backwards.

The others can't believe what has just happened.

Amelia then lifts her top to reveal a large homemade bomb strapped to her waist. She's not pregnant at all.

AMELIA (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
If anyone else tries to take this mask from me, I'm setting this thing off early. And trust me, it'll wipe all of you out.

The passengers stop and stare, dumbfounded. Is the bomb real? It certainly looks like it is.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

The sound of metal prying and voices signal rescue is imminent. The elevator doors are pried open, revealing a RESCUE TEAM. Inside, the three passengers lie on the floor, gasping for air.

Amelia, still with the mask on is fine, fresh and smiling.

RESCUE WORKER  
(shouting)  
Is everyone okay?

Amelia, breathing easily, nods. She takes the mask off and steps forwards.

AMELIA  
(cheerfully)  
Just help me out of here.

The rescue workers first help Amelia out of the elevator then rushes to the others, who are still struggling to catch their breath.

TECH-SAVVY GUY  
(weakly)  
Help us.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Get us out of here.

BUSINESSWOMAN  
She's going to kill everyone.

The rescue workers glance back at Amelia.

AMELIA  
(beaming)  
Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a job interview to get to. And times a ticking.

FADE OUT.