

CITY GIRL

By

Derek Achoy

BLACK SCREEN

A young woman's soft and chipper voice speaks.

LIZ (V.O.)
Dear Grandma -- I just love
the city!

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

A sterile looking metropolis filled with tall buildings,
busy streets, and swirly pollution.

Liz emerges from the front doors of a skyscraper, and
strolls down the crowded sidewalk in business wear.

LIZ (V.O.)
I love the huge bodies of
concrete... the heat of fresh
sewage in the air... the
transvestites with afros!

She tries to make eye contact with passers-by and hobos as
she walks. None return her looks.

LIZ (V.O.)
But y'know how back home
everyone knows each other?
Here you feel like a ghost.
Everyone just walks. Tower to
tower. Step to step.

Crowds of shoes hit the pavement going left, going right.

LIZ (V.O.)
Everyone's trying to be
somewhere else. No one
bothers to notice you.

A suspicious looking man is following Liz at a distance.

LIZ (V.O.)
Almost no one...

Liz turns a corner.

LIZ (V.O.)
It's a little spooky, but
that wasn't the hardest thing
to get used to. Something's
ALWAYS happening here! Cars
explode...

A car explodes in the background. Everyone marches on
casually.

LIZ (V.O.)
Buildings explode...

A building explodes in the background. Everyone marches on
casually.

LIZ (V.O.)
People explode...

A person explodes in the background. Everyone marches on
casually.

LIZ (V.O.)
Gosh, every morning you wake
up to the smell of burning
things. I didn't like it at
first, but it's really grown
on me! Sorta like coffee. Or
George Clooney!

The suspicious man is still following her.

LIZ (V.O.)
But I still hate Matt Damon.
He looks like a gremlin.

Liz turns into a deserted alley. The suspicious man
follows.

LIZ (V.O.)
Oh, anyway, you wouldn't
believe this -- someone tried
to mug me! It was so
exciting!

The man glares.

MAN

Hey!

Liz turns around and sees him. He brandishes a pocket knife and growls.

MAN

Gimmie all yer money... and
chewing gum!

Her stance doesn't change, but her mouth takes an O-shape. She daintily covers her mouth with her hand.

LIZ (V.O.)

But you don't have to worry
about me, Grandma. I'm a city
girl now; I can take care of
myself.

She coolly retrieves a sub-machinegun from her Gucci handbag and riddles the hoodlum with bullets. He topples over, lifeless and bleeding buckets.

Liz tucks away her weapon and marches on casually, rejoining a main street.

LIZ (V.O.)

Anyway, say hi to grandpa and
the book club for me, okay?
And remember to eat your bran
flakes!

She walks up to the front door of a building.

EXT. CITY - DAY

A postcard-like shot. Various structures are in flames.

LIZ (V.O.)

Wish you were here. Love,
Liz.

BLACK SCREEN

END