

RED LIGHT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. TAXI - DAY

A MAN , and a WOMAN, both mid-40s, jump into a taxi from opposite sides. The man looks out into space. His hands are shaking, sweat dripping down his forehead. The woman puts her hand over the man's hand, an effort to comfort him. The man smiles towards the woman and then directs his gaze to the TAXI DRIVER.

The TAXI DRIVER, an older man, with a foreign accent, is on the phone talking. On the radio we can hear people talking in a foreign language.

The man pulls out a slip from his back pocket and hands the slip to the taxi driver.

MAN

We're going to this address.

The taxi driver nods. We see a GPS on the front dashboard, but the taxi driver starts driving without inputting the address.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The woman peeps out her window as the taxi crawls its way forward, passing between tall skyscrapers, and newly built buildings. A crowd of people walking on the sidewalks. They all look the same--business attire, briefcase in their hands, either texting or talking on their phones.

The woman jumps in her seat, a Starbucks shop! The letters on the sign are foreign, but still recognizable. She turns to the man, who now, has his face buried in his hands. She shrugs.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

The inside of the taxi dims down, as if someone just turned off a light switch. They enter an alley. It's so tight, the taxi barely fits between the two walls.

Several people squeeze their way past the taxi. The people look almost identical-- wearing what looks like old garments. Some carrying baskets with beans and strange powders.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The woman grabs the man, shaking him softly.

WOMAN

Honey, I don't think we're going
the right way.

The light switch comes back on, they are out of the alley. The man looks up for the first time. He looks at his arm watch. His face turns red.

MAN

(Screaming)

We should have been at the hotel
fifteen minutes ago!

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

A beaming red light in our way. The taxi comes to a stop. The taxi driver inputs the address into the GPS.

INT. TAXI - DAY

MAN

(To the taxi driver)

You trying to rip us off?

The men start to argue, getting right in each others faces. The woman buries herself deep into the car seat, taking deep breaths. One... Two...Three...

A loud knock on the woman's car window. Consuming silence.

The WOMAN looks up. Her eyes meet the eyes of a BOY (7). He's wearing only a pair of ripped shorts. He reaches out his hand as a sign for money.

EXT. - TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

The woman's and the boy's eyes are locked, like a staring game, neither one blinking. She looses, looks away manically, and searches for her wallet. In the background, the taxi driver is laughing. She pulls out two bills.

INT. TAXI - DAY

TAXI DRIVER

If you give boy money, he will buy
cigarettes.

She slowly rolls down the car window, locking eyes again. The boy softly takes the money and gallops away.

The WOMAN's eyes follows the boy. The car starts moving.

INT. TAXI - DAY

There is complete silence in the taxi now. Only the sound of a foreign upbeat song playing from the radio.

The taxi driver gazes the WOMAN through his rearview window and shakes his head.

TAXI DRIVER

That's how they get you. They pretend they poor, but really it's business.

The woman closes her eyes, the taxi driver's rambling tuning her out. Everything turns white.

Eyes wide open. The woman is awakened by the man's yelling.

MAN

Are we driving in circles?

EXT. - ALLEY - DAY

Light switch off again. The taxi squeezes through the same dim alley from earlier.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

Red beaming light. The taxi stops.

By the traffic light pole, stands the boy who we saw earlier. He is holding something in his hand. The woman squints with her eyes, trying to make out what he's holding. The taxi driver squints as well.

In the boy's hand, a loaf of bread. A sly smile on the woman's face.

Beaming green light. The taxi stands still. All three are watching the boy skipping away, passing through the people, into the dim alley. In his hand, the loaf of bread.

FADE OUT:

THE END

