

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP — MORNING

A mid-size sedan pulls into a strip mall in Pasco County, Florida. BRAD MILLER, white, 40's, insurance adjuster and MEREDITH his bi-racial thirteen year-old daughter, step out.

MEREDITH

You said moving to Florida would energize you.

BRAD

It has.

INT. COFFEE SHOP — MORNING

The shop is a small step up from Dunkin Donuts, BRAD and Meredith are second in a short line ordering breakfast.

MEREDITH

Blueberry, Dad. And OJ,... no, apple. Tell me you're not getting the same thing again? Just once?

BRAD

(a little smug)

Nope.

MEREDITH

Don't you ever get tired of skim latte and a bran muffin? How do you even know it's a different day if they all start the same?

At the front of the line, PRUDENCE, thirty-something, intense stare and ethereal manner, gets her order and turns. She stops and looks directly at Brad.

PRUDENCE

(smiling)

Thirty two. Keep it in mind. It'll be big for you.

BRAD

What?

PRUDENCE

(still smiling)

You heard me.

Prudence sits down at a table with her coffee and croissant.

Brad, a little muddled, steps up and places his order.  
Meredith nudges him.

MEREDITH  
Who's she?

BRAD  
I think she has an office down the  
strip from mine.

The sales clerk takes BRAD's money and rings up the sale. The register shows the change as 32 cents. Meredith sees the register and tugs on her dad's sleeve.

MEREDITH  
(half whispering)  
Look!

Brad receives the change and drops it into the tip cup.

BRAD  
A clever parlor trick. Heard you  
say the order, did the math.

Brad and Meredith collect their order and move to a side counter to eat standing. Brad checks his watch.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
We've gotta run.

Brad quickly finishes his muffin and heads to the exit clutching his coffee.

Meredith gulps her apple juice and rushes after her dad muffin in hand, leaving her almost empty juice cup behind.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - DAY

MEREDITH plays with her phone, BRAD tries to engage her.

BRAD  
What's on today?

MEREDITH  
Nothing. Researching my project.

BRAD  
On physics?

MEREDITH  
Cosmology and stuff.

BRAD  
Sounds cool.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Prudence dumps her trash and heads out. She stops where Brad and Meredith were, puts her palm over Meredith's abandoned cup and closes her eyes.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - DAY

Meredith gets out of the car, slings on her backpack.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Meredith sits at a desk with a computer. She slides her phone across the desk beyond the keyboard. The phone's home screen is an image of her deceased mother, Sherryl, an attractive black woman, late 30's. Meredith rummages in her backpack.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Prudence opens her eyes. Agitated, she makes a phone call.

INT. SCHOOL STAFF ROOM - DAY

TEACHERS finish their morning coffee. MS. MCKENNA, the school librarian, early 30's, demure, exits as her phone rings.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MS. MCKENNA answers her phone as she walks past STUDENTS heading to class. Shocked, she breaks into a run, pushing students aside as she rushes down the hallway.

INT. MARCUS TAYLOR'S TROPHY ANNEX - DAY

BRAD carrying an iPad in a faux-leather case trails MARCUS TAYLOR, a golf pro, through his wrecked trophy annex, a greenhouse-like addition to his McMansion. The glass dome and French doors are shattered. Golf trophies are strewn about broken. Marcus picks one up.

MARCUS  
(wistfully)  
Double eagle on the 14th. Now look  
at it!

BRAD  
FedEx cup semi-final at Quail  
Hollow?

Marcus nods.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
That 7 iron chip out of the sand  
trap – legendary.

MARCUS  
Thanks.

Brad glances at his iPad.

BRAD  
Hmmm, you have the replacement  
value as \$10,000. Gold plate and  
acrylic? That's not gonna fly.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY – DAY

Meredith's desk jolts, as if someone has bumped it. Her phone  
slides off the desk.

MEREDITH looks to see who has passed by but no one has. Her  
gaze reaches the door, MS. MCKENNA bursts in, phone to her  
ear. A terrified look on her face.

MS. MCKENNA  
(yelling)  
Get the hell out of here! Everyone!  
Run! Run!

A great RUMBLING wells up. Walls shake. CHILDREN run out. Ms.  
Mckenna turns and flees. Books fall from shelves.

INT. MARCUS TAYLOR'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

MARCUS and BRAD enter arguing. Local TV news plays in the  
background.

BRAD  
Totally with you about the hail.  
Even though the bulk of the storm  
passed six miles away, you somehow  
got hit.

MARCUS  
You guys don't let up!

BRAD  
(shrugs)  
Company policy to check. That's  
all.

MARCUS  
Those trophies are my life's work.  
Ruined!

BRAD  
Heartbreaking. I know. Material  
things seem priceless, but they're  
not. It's my job to...

The TV shows the outside of the Public School. It catches  
Brad's attention. He stops. Then steps closer.

ON TV

A LOCAL REPORTER by a slew of emergency vehicles.

BACK TO BRAD

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Shit... turn the volume up.

MARCUS moves a slider on a phone app.

ON TV

LOCAL REPORTER  
...And we've just received  
surveillance footage...

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY/SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV

Shaking, high-angle time-coded footage shows children running  
from the room. The floor opens up, rapidly swallowing its  
contents -- desks, chairs, computers, shelves and books  
tumble into a deep dark hole.

Brad flings his iPad away, pulls his phone out and calls.

It RINGS and RINGS. No answer.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER