

"SATED DAYS"

by

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EXT. STREET - EVENING

MILES, a 26 years old man, is walking on the street to his way home. His eyes glide over passersby and all those downtown New York City views are presenting. He sees a BOY with a red hunting hat running down the street. He notices a group of young girls filming lip-sync clips on their phone and gather together to review their footage. He despises them.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

Miles walks up to an apartment near the street and goes upstairs. He stands in front of his door and notices it has been taped shut. A paper note tucked under the door, but he just steps over it and pretends to ignore it. He tears off the tape and opens the door. Enters his apartment.

INT. MILES' STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

A small studio apartment. Under the dim sunlight, he turns on the yellow light. A huge poster of Che Guevara is hung at the most obvious part. Next to it hangs a calendar. Miles grab a dumbbell behind the door and walk toward the calendar. The date of November 24th is circled.

MILES

Day's coming.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MILES' STUDIO APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Miles making a phone call to a FEMALE VOICE while he is standing.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O. PHONE)

So, you want to schedule your
interview for your firearm
license on November 24th right?

MILES

Yes, for handguns.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O. PHONE)

I know, that's in your files.
Just remember to take your ID to
the interview on time, OK?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MILES' STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Miles is sitting on a chair under a Che Guevara poster. He squares himself off the chair and breathes deeply. He is preparing himself and practicing for the interview. So, we hear that Female Voice coming again.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O. PHONE)

Thanks for coming Miles, do you
want to tell us more about why
you requested the firearm
license?

MILES

Thank you for your consideration
firstly, I live in a dangerous
community, and I need to make
sure of my safety. All for my
self-defense.

Suddenly, a sound of UNLOCKING comes from the door. Nervously, Miles put down his dumbbell and searches his nightstand. He brings out a pistol from it and begins to load it. He slowly approaches the door and aims at head height at the doorway.

The door is then opened.

CUT TO:

Miles finds himself standing in front of the chair with his hands empty. The dumbbell is next to his feet. A middle-aged woman, his LANDLORD stands in front of him. She looks around the room and starts talking.

LANDLORD

Doing well here, are you?

Miles sits down.

LANDLORD

Are you finally getting a job somewhere? I am really generous to you, but I am not having no limit.

The Landlord just casually walks toward the nightstand and opens it. Not any pistol inside, but a book, *The Catcher in the Rye*.

LANDLORD

Fucking lazy asshole, I now know exactly why your parents hate you. Nothing to say?

MILES

No, I'm good.

LANDLORD

No you are not, because my lawyer is coming next week and you should be planning to take your shit out of this place. I was too kind to people, especially you who are so good at begging. Maybe go begging, at least they will pity you.

MILES

I don't need no pity.

LANDLORD

What you say?

Silence for them.

MILES

No, nothing. I am just feeling sorry.

LANDLORD

Uh, can't stand you people, being
so ass just killing me.

She exits the place while talking.

Miles walks to the bed and lays over it. Looking at his phone with cracked screen, viewing all the pistols for sale. Each of them for hundreds of dollars. He looks toward the Che Guevara poster.

INT. TRASH ROOM - MORNING

Miles is in the trash room of a building, and lucky he finds a bicycle that isn't too broken.

EXT. STREET- MORNING

Miles turns on a food delivery program on his phone, on his bike at the street cross.

MONTAGE begins as Miles riding his bike through different restaurants to residents, workplaces. He brings all the different foods to different doorsteps and takes a photo of it. He rides past a homeless sitting by a street who is begging. His vision flies over the golden skyscrapers in Manhattan, and he rides within. END MONTAGE.

He looks at his account and looks at his saving. For a few hundred dollars.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

Miles holds a bag of food biking to an alley, he stops next to the street. A woman at 20 years old in a bath robe, LILY is smoking outside a condo, with a cute purse in her arms.

LILY

For Lily?

MILES

Yes, here you are.

Miles passes the bag to her.

LILY

Thank you very much!

Lily checks the name on the bag. Miles tries to leave while looking at his phone. A burly MAN (34) opens the door.

MAN

It's good to have you, sweetie.

The man holds Lily's head and kisses her in an intimate way.

LILY

You left the money somewhere?

The man releases Lily and walks toward the curb.

MAN

Yes. But I can't come back as frequently. I'm sucked out [flirting laughter].

Miles turns his head back; the man walks pass Miles' shoulder. Miles notices Lily waving hands to the man, while the man steps onto the driver seat of a taxi. Miles' eyes are frozen, with a resigned look at Lily: he recognizes Lily is a sex worker.

The taxi departs.

LILY

You alright?

MILES

Hum?

LILY

How's your day been? Everything alright?

MILES

I hope they could be alright.

LILY

Sure they will.

MILES

You live here?

LILY

Yes, just to breathe out here.

MILES

To smell the sweet air, to see
the world corrupt.

Lily smiles.

LILY

What can we do? God thrown us
here.

MILES

Maybe we at least have a choice.

LILY

You do, days will get better.
Maybe you could work in the Wall
Street one day.

Miles laughs.

MILES

No difference than begging for
money. Don't you want a better
life, a life of your own?

Lily smiles.

LILY

I just stand here every evening,
days just go.

Miles' voice shakes.

MILES

I know. I know. I am just...
feeling sorry.

Lily pats him on his shoulder.

LILY

You are special.

MILES

Will you place an order tomorrow?

LILY

Can you still catch it?

MILES

Like to be the catcher.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

The next day. Miles takes two bags of food to Lily's place. He knocks on the door, and Lily invites him inside.

INT. LILY'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - EVENING

Lily's place is a condo next to the alley. But we rarely see any appliances in this house.

They put the food on the table. Miles looks at Lily while she is unpacking.

MILES

Nice place, but don't you need TV or a fridge?

LILY

Used to be, they were gone long ago.

MILES

So, you bought it after? Never consider putting a TV?

LILY

Do you watch TV?

MILES

No, haven't for a long time.

LILY

You see?

Miles looks around and notices all those empty spaces. Lily opens her purse and brings out a lighter and a cigarette, we see needles in the purse. She holds the lighter and cigarette in hands.

MILES

But you have so much space just there for appliances. What happened?

Lily leaves the lighter and cigarette on the table.

LILY

About the house is that the owner was a nice man who adopted me when I was young. I can't remember those things but, I used to be in a suburban family. I don't remember how I came to New York.

MILES

Where are your families, don't you want to see them?

LILY

I don't even have them in my memory.

MILES

What happened to that nice man?

LILY

He never came back after one day. I don't know what happened to him. The courthouse people said he's dead, and sold all applicants in this house to pay for his debt.

MILES

Don't you miss him? To live by yourself could be lonely. I know that feeling.

LILY

I don't. He loved me, but I don't know how to describe that love. It is a very strange love and, I don't know how to say. I miss my family. I do miss them.

Lily is sad, she starts sobbing.

LILY

What about you, how did you come to New York?

MILES

My parents don't like me. They love my brother more. Because that repulsive phony got in college. So they said 'Aw Miles look at you, can you be more than a vampire living with our blood?'

LILY

Sounds very rude.

MILES

I don't like college students, their faces are disgustingly fake. They think they are elites. But just their parents got money to educate them. Money, money, all about that. Those riches are born to live a different life than us. This world is corrupted. Where do I see this country having a dream? America is dying.

Miles pauses and then looks into Lily's eyes.

MILES

This world is sick, people are sick and they don't know this fact. They treat people like cattle and trample us underfoot

and we don't even have a choice.
We need to change.

LILY
What's your plan?

MILES
We need to do something, revenge
on those who are blocking our
throats. We must do something.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

After finishing his dinner with Lily, he comes back home.
Seeing his Landlord is throwing everything out of his
apartment. He rushes to Landlord.

MILES
Hey what you think you are doing?

Landlord doesn't stop.

LANDLORD
You didn't keep your promise, so
I am politely inviting you to
leave. You see what I am doing,
you don't need my answer.

Miles is very anxious.

MILES
Ok, ok ma'am, I have money, I can
give you, I have a couple hundred
dollars ok? Just please at least
after a few weeks, after my
interview.

Miles is taking out his phone, as he talks, he glances
around and sees the house in shambles. He sees that book *The
Catcher in the Rye* is thrown on the floor, he sees the Che
Guevara poster half torn off and the calendar on the floor.
Miles is pissed. He is way more than angry.

MILES
You fucking shameless dog!

He kicks the Landlord to the ground and pulls his pistol out of his jacket aiming at her.

MILES

Do you have a brain? Do you have a thought? You vampire living with my blood!

CUT TO:

Landlord slapping Miles' face.

LANDLORD

You vampire living with my blood!

She keeps slapping.

LANDLORD

Hey, hey, you listening? Are you deaf?

Miles just standing, looking at the apartment in chaos. Tears come down Miles' face.

MILES

I am sorry, I am sorry! I have money, I can give you. I will transfer you right now! Here! Right here!

Miles takes out his phone and transfers all the money he earned the past week and a half.

LANDLORD

You didn't pay three months ago. This little isn't a quarter enough.

INT. MILES' STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

She leaves, and Miles walks into the apartment. That Che Guevara poster is half torn off, and a corner of that poster shows its barcode and price.

"Che Guevara - Classic Poster Print. \$14.99".

Miles tries to put the corner back up, but the glue of that corner is no longer sticky. It falls again.

The calendar is on the floor, and the date is three days from now. Today is November 21st.

MONTAGE:

INT. RANGE - AFTERNOON

Miles is shooting at the range, and he aims for the target's body, the head. As the gun goes off, shell casings fall.

His ears ring with the female voice of the interview. While he is shooting in the range.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

We have reviewed your application, and I will need to make sure you are using your firearms for good reasons.

MILES (V.O.)

I have people I want to protect, for myself and my love. For justice and equality. [Pause] Let me ask you this ma'am. Do you agree that 'all men are created equal'? The world needs you and it needs me.

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

We see Miles doing push-ups and sit-ups in his apartment. He punches in the air, like fighting an imaginary enemy.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. LILY'S HOUSE DOOR - EVENING

Miles rides up to Lily's doorstep with his bag of food. But Lily isn't standing out there. He sees the taxi parks at the same place. He gets closer to the front door and hears what sounds like a struggle. He raps heavily on the door.

INT. LILY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

In the bedroom, the naked burly man is holding Lily by the neck with one hand and covering her mouth with the other.

The man hears the rapping and looks around alertly, his eyes falling first on Lily's purse and then in the direction of the door. Lily keeps slapping the man's arm, but the man just chokes Lily harder.

EXT. LILY'S HOUSE DOOR - EVENING

Miles is outside the door when he hears what he thinks is a rapping sound inside. He physically slams the door, and, when it doesn't open, he pulls out a pistol and fires two accurate shots toward the door hinge. The door is then opened.

INT. LILY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Miles rushes into the bedroom, he sees the man is choking Lily who is almost losing consciousness. He points the gun at the man.

MILES

Let her go!

The man looks at the pistol and he is a little nervous. The man let Lily go, pretends to hold his hands up high. While Miles is still aiming at the man, sweating, the man move slowly off the bed.

The man gets an ornate hairpin from the dresser and rushes toward Miles, who holds his breath and shoots the man in the shoulder.

The man doesn't stop and goes crazy, sticking the hairpin in Mile's neck. Miles shoots the man three times in the heart as he closes in. The man finally stops moving.

Miles pushes the man off his body, but his neck blood vessel has been punctured. Miles is dying. He turns to Lily, smiling.

MILES

Let's go.

Lily rushes over to Miles, stroking his cheek, crying.

LILY

Why.

CUT TO:

EXT. LILY'S HOUSE DOOR - EVENING

Miles stands in front of the front door, which is locked. The house is completely silent. He was in his fantasy again.

INT. LILY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Inside the house, the man drops Lily, who was just choking to death.

INT. LILY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

He walks silently into the kitchen, and pulls a knife out of it.

INT. LILY'S HOUSE DOOR - EVENING

He holds it up close to the peephole of the front door. He peeks into it, he sees Miles, standing outside frozen.

The man is nervous, his hand is shacking with the knife. He stares at the car eye.

EXT. LILY'S HOUSE DOOR - EVENING

Miles stands, for a while. He puts the bag of food on the doorstep, and leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE LILY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Early the next morning, TIKTOKER (20) is walking in front of Lily's house, filming the cordoned-off house.

TikToker is standing outside the cordon, filming into the area.

TIKTOKER

I don't know what's happening,
I'm on my way to work and this
crazy thing just pop up like, a
crime scene.

TikToker's camera filming into the other side of the cordon.

Miles pushes his bicycle and stand in TikToker's camera,
staring in disbelief at Lily's house. A POLICE OFFICER 1
(32) notices him and walks over.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Hello sir, do you know anything
about this incident?

MILES

What happened?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Well, a woman who lives here, got
murdered, we are still
investigating. Do you know
anything?

MILES

Lily is dead?

POLICE OFFICER 1

May I have your name sir?

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Police Officer 1 and Police Officer 2 are watching at the
surveillance camera footage in the alley next to Lily's
House. They see Miles with a bag of food comes, knocking the
door, and stands for a few minutes, then leaves.

POLICE OFFICER 2

It doesn't seem like he knows
anything. You want to ask?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Bro, I haven't got my breakfast yet, I searched the scene this morning.

INT. POLICE STATION ROOM - MORNING

Police Officer 2 comes in with a notebook. And Police Officer 1 comes in a few seconds later. Miles is sitting behind the table, looking at the dead white table hopelessly.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Ok, uh, Mr. Miles Field. Our forensic specialist told us the victim was dead last night around 7PM. A miss who was walking her dog this morning witnessed the body and reported this incident. We firstly assume this is an intended murder since we found the victim's wallet has some fingerprints. The murderer could be committing this crime for the victim's money.

The Police Officer 1's voice is becoming more and more blurry in Miles' brain. He can't focus on the Officer's line.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Do you know anything about the victim?

MILES

Dead.

The Police Officer 1 and 2 looks at each other's face feeling strange.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Miles pushes his bike to the street down his apartment. He throws the bike into the garbage and goes upstairs.

INT. MILES' STUDIO APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Miles opens the door, walks into the apartment. Looks over the Che Guevara poster that had been half torn off, and the calendar that he had put back on the table. The date marked on the calendar is tomorrow. Today is November 23rd.

He takes a pistol out from the nightstand and lays on the bed. He aims it at his head, and closes his eyes tightly. He pulls the trigger.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT INTO:

Miles laying on his bed, with no emotion. He sits up, and search for the nightstand. Only the book *The Catcher in the Rye* inside.

THE END