

Easter Egg

By

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INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Darkness. The sound of heavy breathing. Sharp whispers.

Light flickers

BLAKE, 35, is slouched on a chair. Wrists tied. Head low. Breaths heavy. Sweat dripping from his temple. His fingers are bloodied and chipped. A strip of masking tape seals his lips.

TWO BLURRY FIGURES appear ahead of him. Bloodied tuxedos. With rabbit masks.

The WHITE RABBIT approaches Blake, slowly peeling the tape from his mouth.

Blake winces. Gasps.

The Blue Rabbit cuts the tape from his wrists.

The White Rabbit presses a phone in Blake's freed hand.

White Rabbit gestures: *make a call*.

BLAKE  
(sluggish)  
What do you want from me?

The rabbit reveals a black and white photo- A man and woman, holding a suitcase.

WHITE RABBIT  
Those you're protecting-they've  
moved off grid.

The Blue Rabbit cuts the tape off Blake's hands. Blake stares, processing.

WHITE RABBIT  
We can't trace them unless the call  
comes from you.

BLAKE  
And, or, you could be lying. How do  
I know you have a trace? Even I  
don't know where they are.

White Rabbit drops eye level and slams a punch in Blake's gut. He gasps for air.

Blue rabbit steps in. Lifts a tablet. A map's on the screen.

BLUE RABBIT  
We already have a partial fix on  
their location.

Blake's breath is choppy as he regains air.

WHITE RABBIT  
Once call from your number, and  
we'll have them. Put in your  
passcode.

BLUE RABBIT picks up bat, and presses it against Blake's  
sweaty temple. He shivers.

BLAKE  
(shivers)  
I'm not calling them.

White Rabbit gently grips Blake's hand. Mocking a handshake.

WHITE RABBIT  
I admire your zeal... Well done.

SNAP! White rabbit wrenches Blake's fingers back, nearly  
tearing them off their socket. Blake screams and cries!

WHITE RABBIT  
But you don't have a choice.

BLAKE  
Ahhhh fuck! Okay! OKAY!!

The White Rabbit shoves the phone against his lips, forcing  
him to speak.

The Blue Rabbit swings the bat back, threatening to bash  
Blake's skull.

BLAKE  
(muffling against the metal  
phone pressed to his lips)  
Alright!...Alright...(Blake  
cries)...Jesus Christ.

Blake's hand trembles as he grabs the phone. Dialing with  
his shaky fingers. The phone RINGS...

A MAN picks up the phone...

MAN'S VOICE  
Blake? Where are you?

White Rabbit hits a timer: 30 seconds.

He raises a finger to his lips: "shhhh"

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Blake...are you there?

Blue Rabbit presses the bat harder on Blake's temple.

WOMAN VOICE  
Blake?

On the watch: 10 seconds...9...8.

MAN'S VOICE  
(distant)  
Is it someone else?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Blake are you okay. Please just  
answer us. Please.

Timer hits ZERO

White Rabbit reaches for the phone.

BLAKE  
GET OUT, THEY'RE COME FOR YOU GET  
OUT-

CLICK. White Rabbit ends the call. Backhands Blake face. The blow snapping his head back-brutal.

The White Rabbit clamps his paw in around Blake's throat.

BLAKE  
(struggling, wheezing)  
I'm sorry...I'm--

White rabbit studies Blakes. Tilts its head. Releases  
Blake collapses forward, gasping.

White Rabbit takes Blake's phone to the back table.

BLAKE  
(breathing heavy, words  
choppy)  
You don't...have to...hurt them.

BLUE RABBIT  
Should've never got them involved  
with the wrong crowd then.

The Blue Rabbit holds a photo. It's the suitcase.

BLUE RABBIT  
Where is it?

BLAKE  
I- I don't know where it is.

BLUE RABBIT  
You could make this easier or  
harder. Where is it?

The White Rabbit presses the photo to Blake's face. Yanks his hair.

BLAKE  
(screaming)  
If I knew I would tell you. I could  
find help if you'd like.

Blue Rabbit grips his throat. Inches from his face.

BLAKE  
I...don't-

Blake's eyes flick, sees an opportunity-

WHAM. Blake punches the Blue Rabbit's gut. The bat clatters.

Blake grabs it. Crawls to the garage door.

White rabbit snatches Blake's ankles. Yanks him back.

Both rabbits swarm him- kicking, stomping.

Blake curls into a ball. Groaning.

They drag him upright to the chair.

Blake's a mess. Bloodied. Breath ragged.

The White Rabbit grabs a tablet. Taps the screen.

BLUE RABBIT  
Got it?

WHITE RABBIT  
It's triangulated.

The White Rabbit shows Blake the screen.

--A LIVE FEED: The man and woman. Frantic. Calling Blake.

Blake's phone rings. Same call.

BLAKE

Just let me answer my him.

The Blue rabbit flashes the suitcase photo.

BLAKE

I don't know where it is.

The White Rabbit dials.

PHONE VOICE (MALE)

Yes Sir.

WHITE RABBIT

Got the location?

PHONE VOICE

Yes sir

WHITE

You're clear.

PHONE VOICE

Moving in.

Blake processes.

BLAKE

Okay, okay... just let me call and  
find out for you. Okay? Let me call  
and-

LIVE FEED--THREE SUITED RABBITS burst through the door, Bats  
raised.

THWACKS! SCREAMS. Bodies hit the floor.

The Rabbits tear through the house. One finds a suitcase.

He holds it up to the camera - thumbs up.

INT. GARAGE

The White and Blue Rabbit give thumbs up back.

Blake clutches the tablet. Tears fall.

White Rabbit PULLS A SYRINGE and injects Blake's arm.

They pack up. And Exit. But White Rabbit lingers.

One final look at Blake--

Blake's limp. Hallow. Barely Breathing.

The White rabbit exits.

End.