

LIFTED

Written by

Walon Costello

wmcostello@outlook.com

FADE IN:

**INT. AIRPLANE - DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (LANDING) - DAY**

Fuselage trembles. Outside a porthole window, the airplane's wing dips, rises as it hurtles towards the earth.

Rear wheels hit the tarmac - BANG!

Cabin shakes violently. Passengers collectively GASP.

ELIZABETH "LIZ" BAKER (30) ignores the window beside her, the palpable anxiety around her. Appears meditative, eyes closed.

Fashionably dressed by Anne Taylor Loft. Latest iPhone rests on her thigh. Knock-off duffel briefcase at her feet.

Wind RUSHES over the wings, drop flaps catching air.

Front wheels touch down, SCREECH. Momentum yanks passengers from their seats before releasing them simultaneously.

Landing turns to taxiing. Elizabeth's eyes open.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
(over the loud speaker)  
Welcome to Denver. Please feel free  
to use your cellular devices but we  
ask that you remain--

Elizabeth turns her cellphone over, screen on--

Flood of notifications, including the text--

JERRY  
(text on screen)  
Call me when you land!

Ended with a KISSING EMOJI.

Elizabeth slides past Jerry's text, the other notifications on her lock screen with little to no hesitation--

To an ANONYMOUS MESSENGER APPLICATION hidden on her phone--

The name MAJOR HUNGUS looms over a man's neck down selfie. He tugs at the waist of his shorts, shows off his pubic stubble.

Surrounding passengers spy the explicit shot.

Elizabeth presses REPLY, oblivious to her audience--

Fingers type feverishly. Calls attention to her WEDDING RING.

**I/E. MAIN TERMINAL - DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

Travelers flow between gates, the usual airport fare--

Elizabeth slides into the crowd, the flow of humanity with her roller bag at her heels. Face lit by her cellphone--

Thumb navigates the prompts to a RIDESHARE APPLICATION that currently shows a fifteen-minute wait time for pickup.

She passes the baggage claim, through sliding doors--

Elizabeth pauses at the curb for ARRIVALS PICKUP--

Stares across the stagnant taxi line to a packed sidewalk, the horde of travelers waiting for their Ubers and Lyft's.

Elizabeth veers away from the crowd, onto--

**INT. DOUBLETREE HOTEL SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS**

Elizabeth boards with familiarity, as if she's called this audible before, calm and casual playing hotel patron--

Until a nearly filled luggage rack greets her. The last empty space just above eye level, on the top row--

Elizabeth bends to hoist her roller bag up, but it's a bit too heavy and she's a bit too weak...

Other passengers remain seated, watch her struggle.

The driver finally springs up to help.

Elizabeth gives a thankful nod, turns to spot an open seat at the very back, beside a woman and her young daughter--

On approach, the shuttle lurches forward--

Nearly topples Elizabeth into the mother's lap. She controls her fall, slides into the open seat. She takes a moment to gather herself, blinks rapidly to fight off her fatigue.

Elizabeth pulls her cellphone from her duffel briefcase--

Her thumb slides across the screen just as an incoming call from JERRY appears... She inadvertently answered it...

ELIZABETH

(under her breath)

Shit...

(phone to her ear)

Jerry...? Yeah, I just did...

The shuttle weaves aggressively through traffic--

Elizabeth does her best to concede space to the woman beside her even as they slide with every jerking lane change, turn.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Some hotel shuttle... Just landed  
as in fifteen minutes ago.

Elizabeth catches the daughter staring at her. She returns a smile to the girl until the mother corrects her gaze forward.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
I know you can see me... It's a bit  
creepy, Jerry... Why's it matter?

Elizabeth lowers her cellphone. She rubs her eyes as if to adjust to the brightness of the screen. Opens--

The MESSENGER APPLICATION, most recent message--

MAJOR HUNGUS  
(message on screen)  
Art Hotel. Meet you in the bar!

Elizabeth snickers momentarily at the misuse of "meat"--

ELIZABETH  
(into her phone)  
What's this about, Jerry?  
(rubs her brow)  
I saw it. It's all pretty straight  
forward, pretty boilerplate. Just  
go ask your lawyer to... Fine...  
(sighs)  
Jerry, just hold on a second.

Elizabeth places the cellphone in her lap, digs in the front pocket of her briefcase. Pulls out earbuds, slides them in.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me, Jerry?

JERRY, from the other end of the call--

JERRY  
Perfect. Where again?

ELIZABETH  
Denver--

JERRY  
I know that... What kind of husband  
would I be if I didn't know that?

ELIZABETH

One that's separated from his wife.

JERRY

I'm also staring at your pale blue dot leaving the airport so--

ELIZABETH

Did you hear me? Where I am isn't your business anymore--

JERRY

What hotel?

ELIZABETH

What does it matter?

JERRY

Maybe I want to return this crap today, to where you are--

ELIZABETH

I'll be home tomorrow. Sign it and send it to the house, Jerry.

JERRY

Or I could drop it off...?

(beat)

Let me at least guess. Is it a Motel Six or a Holiday Inn?

ELIZABETH

(sighs)

It's the Art Hotel.

JERRY

Art Hotel? Art, like, the name or like the concept--?

ELIZABETH

What's this have to do with the paperwork, Jerry?

JERRY

Staying at fancy places like this, maybe we should talk alimony. Four dollar signs, Lizzie...

(beat)

You didn't call when you landed?

ELIZABETH

I don't have to anymore. And even if I did, I didn't see your text until a few minutes ago.

JERRY  
Somebody gouge your eyes out?

ELIZABETH  
What the fuck?

Mother glares at Elizabeth for the swear word--

Elizabeth mouths "sorry" to the mother and her daughter.

JERRY  
Did someone gouge out your eyes?  
(no answer)  
You JUST saw my text? Fifteen or so  
minutes after landing--

ELIZABETH  
Get to the point, Jerry.

JERRY  
Just, I always thought gouging your  
eyeballs out would be the only way  
to keep you from that damn thing--

ELIZABETH  
Can you save that line for court?

JERRY  
You'd probably still look at it out  
of habit, muscle memory.

Elizabeth yawns, covers her mouth.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What act of God could've kept you,  
Elizabeth Baker, from checking your  
Facebook for fifteen WHOLE minutes,  
and that's after a two hour flight?

ELIZABETH  
It's been acting weird--

JERRY  
You...?

She moves her head as if trying to shake off the drowsiness.

ELIZABETH  
IT. My phone. Not as weird as this  
conversation but weird.

JERRY  
What's weird about it?

ELIZABETH

We're done, Jerry. You can't call like this, asking questions of me like it's some sort of--

JERRY

Interrogation...?

(Elizabeth hums)

I'm just taking an interest, Liz. Taking an interest in my wife--

ELIZABETH

EX... Ex.

JERRY

You wear the ring still. Hell, I bet you're wearing it right now--

ELIZABETH

Cause I'm used to it, and I forget it's there sometimes, but that--

JERRY

Do you miss me?

ELIZABETH

Jerry, if you feel the need to take an interest in something, go get a fucking hobby and leave me alone.

Mother again glares at Elizabeth, now oblivious to the look.

JERRY

You should be nicer to me. All I want is to talk. So, can we just talk like we used to?

(beat)

How was the flight? Did you do the Lizzie special for it?

(no answer)

Bet you did. I don't mean to sound like a broken record, but you keep taking that shit for short flights, you'll develop a tolerance.

ELIZABETH

The landing woke me up.

JERRY

Otherwise, what? You'd be coming to somewhere over Kansas...?

ELIZABETH

I'm still a bit tired.

Elizabeth navigates the RIDESHARE APPLICATION, calls for a pickup at the shuttle's destination.

JERRY

You want to pick this back up at your hotel room?

(no answer)

I can call you back on the landline then. That would be fun. Maybe you won't be as tired, hallucinating--

ELIZABETH

You think I'm hallucinating?

JERRY

You're supposed to sleep for a full night on that crap you take or they say you could end up seeing things.

(beat)

Maybe you're hallucinating now?

ELIZABETH

Out of all the places in the world my brain decides to take me, I end up on some packed hotel shuttle...?

JERRY

Packed hotel shuttle talking on the phone with your husband--

ELIZABETH

EX. Christ, Jerry. EX-husband.

JERRY

You're serious about this?

Elizabeth freezes upon seeing a pile up of notifications on her cellphone's home screen--

FACEBOOK. INSTAGRAM. LINKEDIN. Phone calls. Texts.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Lizzie--?

ELIZABETH

What the fuck's going on?

Mother hugs her daughter to guard her ears.

JERRY

I'm not proud of this.

ELIZABETH

Proud of, what?

**EXT. DOUBLETREE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

The SHUTTLE parks at the roundabout out front of the lobby.

Across the street sits a smoke gray TOYOTA PRIUS, facing the hotel. Male silhouette inside wipes down the dashboard.

The shuttle door folds in. Passengers file out--

Elizabeth exits last. Struggles with her roller bag and phone in her free hand. Briefcase hangs from the crux of her arm.

The SHUTTLE pulls away. Elizabeth is all alone.

ELIZABETH

What the fuck is it, Jerry? Mom called like twenty times.

The PRIUS's silhouette watches Elizabeth.

JERRY

Your mom's fine. Trust me--

ELIZABETH

What aren't you proud of?

JERRY

Look at your notices.

ELIZABETH

Which should I--?

JERRY

Any of them.

Elizabeth slides her thumb across a FACEBOOK notification--

The screen slowly loads. Elizabeth anxiously waits.

The PRIUS turns on, idles at the curb.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Are you still there, Liz?

Elizabeth stares at her cellphone, mouth agape at--

Herself, staring back from the glowing screen. Captured in an explicit full body selfie. Completely naked. Seductive pose.

The FACEBOOK interface borders the photo, out there for the entire world to see, tagged for her loved ones.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you see, well, YOU.

Random numbers text Elizabeth. Popup notifications stream in just above her photo. Grotesque language.

The photo is posted under Elizabeth's profile.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
You look beautiful in it...

Elizabeth tries to log onto her FACEBOOK.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Sexy. I always said how photogenic you can be... I can pick that tit mole out of a lineup--

ELIZABETH  
It's on Facebook...

The PRIUS pulls from the curb, rolls to the roundabout only to linger behind Elizabeth, oblivious to the vehicle.

An error message in response to her login...

Another attempt, another failure--

JERRY  
It's everywhere. Everywhere I could get into. I changed everything.

ELIZABETH  
You fucking bastard.

JERRY  
I'm not proud of this, Liz--

ELIZABETH  
Then take it down! Take it down...

JERRY  
I'm not proud of it, but I have to do it... I have to do it--

ELIZABETH  
Jerry. Take them down. We can talk about this, okay? We can take some more time to figure this--

JERRY  
Don't lie to me! I know what you're doing in Denver. You want to cut me out of your life, it's gonna take a lot more than paperwork, you whore.  
(beat)  
You couldn't wait to say it's over.

ELIZABETH

Please, take it down--

JERRY

You shaved your pussy for him.

(beat)

You hadn't shaved her for me since, shit, all the way back to when we started dating... When you cared.

ELIZABETH

You have no right. I was faithful--

JERRY

HOW MANY DAYS?! How many before you were on the prowl again?!

(no answer)

You didn't fight for us. You didn't care to fight for us, Liz. You were lazy. Too lazy to shave, too lazy to fight. You couldn't wait to go.

(beat)

I bet you went back to the gym for him, too, huh? You did, right?

The PRIUS rolls forward, in front of Elizabeth. Trunk POPS.

ELIZABETH

How's this gonna look when we're in court, Jerry? You motherfucker--

JERRY

Like I married a whore. I mean, do I know when exactly you started to send out pics of yourself? Solicit strangers for sex?

ELIZABETH

You fucking bastard--

JERRY

Maybe when we were still together?

(beat)

Now, you and your bald pussy are on the internet for everyone to enjoy.

(beat)

The further you get away from this, the better you may think it'll get, the less people will remember. Just know that they won't forget, and it won't get better. You spread eagle, that's gonna be what pops in folks' heads when they see or think of you no matter how far from this it is.

ELIZABETH

Jerry, take it down, please.

JERRY

But that's you, Elizabeth Baker.  
And that's gonna be you from now  
unto eternity.

(sniffling)

I loved you, you fucking bitch.

ELIZABETH

JERRY?! TAKE IT DOWN!

Silence from the other end.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Jerry...?! JERRY?!

Elizabeth looks down at a pitch black cellphone screen--

She's frozen in place, earbuds still in. Every bit of anger  
and confusion and sadness bleeds through her eyes.

Tears roll down her cheeks, crest her quivering upper lip.

Cellphone screen reignites, the latest notification - "YOUR  
LINKEDIN PROFILE HAS BEEN VIEWED 369 TIMES"--

Elizabeth breaks from her freeze, fires her cellphone into  
the asphalt - CRACK! But the device remains intact.

Instant regret consumes Elizabeth--

She squats to scoop the phone up off the sidewalk, assesses  
the damage. A spiderweb of cracks across the screen.

Shadows suddenly consume Elizabeth, still squatted--

DRIVER (O.S.)

Are you alright, ma'am?

The DRIVER (45) stands over Elizabeth--

Unassuming figure but for this angle. Dressed in flannel and  
Levis, an innocuous appearance. Aviator sunglasses.

Offers his hand. Elizabeth stares at his hairy knuckles.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Did you call for a pickup? Or are  
you just out here breaking phones  
for fun? I don't mean to be mean.

(accepts his hand)

Can I take your bag for you?

**INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - CONTINUOUS**

Gray fabric bleeds into tan vinyl. Dark window tint filters natural light, casts a further bleakness over the inside.

There is no reprieve from the monotony. No memorable element that makes this particular Prius stand out from the rest--

Even the Toyota logos have been covered or excised.

Elizabeth slides across the backseat, the duffle briefcase in her lap, to the far passenger side--

Her entrance is so quick, secondary in thought that she fails to clock any aspects of the car, color or make--

Not even a pause to confirm that this is her ride.

Elizabeth does notice a thin, tightly pulled layer of plastic shrouding the backseat. Runs her hand over it.

The driver's door SLAMS shut--

DRIVER

(to the rearview mirror)

I drive Fridays and Saturdays, and you have no idea how much easier--

(nods to the plastic)

--that makes a cleanup. God forbid they need to use it.

(beat)

Does it bother you?

Elizabeth ignores the question, presses her brow to the side window, clearly drowsy still. Her breath fogs the glass.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ma'am--?

ELIZABETH

It's fine. I mean, what the fuck can you do about the plastic now?

DRIVER

Fine, but what's your destination?

ELIZABETH

I thought... Goddamnit--

DRIVER

Where to?

Contemplative beat. Elizabeth stares off...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ma'am--?

ELIZABETH

The Art Hotel.

DRIVER

A-R-T, art?

(Elizabeth hums)

Is that downtown or--?

ELIZABETH

I've never been there or here so I hope you'd know better than me--

DRIVER

I'll look it up. We'll leave it to the almighty Google to sort out.

The Driver removes his sunglasses, types on his phone.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Art Hotel. Downtown. It's fancy.

The Driver mounts his cellphone to the vent, to the left of the steering wheel, shielded from Elizabeth's view.

The PRIUS pulls from the roundabout. The ride begins.

Elizabeth keeps her head pressed to the glass, eyes closed. Breath continues to fog the window, reveals--

Fingerprints, fist marks from previous rides.

The Driver glances between the road and the rearview mirror, watching Elizabeth in its reflection.

Dismounts his cellphone, holds it low in his lap--

Eyes glance between it and the road--

Thumb types at the screen.

Otherworldly--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You fucking slut... You fucking--

Elizabeth snaps awake, from the window.

The Driver watches her, blindly remounts his phone.

DRIVER

Ma'am? Are you alright?

Confusion consumes Elizabeth's scanning gaze.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ma'am?

VIBRATION, on the backseat beside Elizabeth--

Her cellphone glows with a fresh text message. Vitriol from some unknown numbers, most sexual, some shaming Elizabeth.

Among the text messages--

MOMMY

(text on screen)

Please CALL ME!!!

Elizabeth ignores the message. Turns off her screen.

DRIVER

Are you alright, ma'am?

(no answer)

You kind of shot up--

ELIZABETH

Can we not...? Please.

She catches the Driver's stare in the rearview mirror--

Until the Driver turns back to the road, coaxed by the light from his mounted cellphone screen off to the side--

Text messages from FLORIAN, HENRY and PHILLIP.

Navigates texts with his pointer finger--

FLORIAN

(text on screen)

Photo? More description?

Elizabeth continues to watch the Driver's profile. She leans slightly to try to get a view of his phone--

When the Driver looks up, Elizabeth's gaze darts away.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Know what you look like you need?

Elizabeth grabs at her pants bunched at her thigh--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You want me to give you a hint?

Chokes the fabric, shakes her head to the taunting MALE VOICE that only she can hear. Takes deep breaths to calm herself.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Goddamn, mama. I want to slide my  
 lips all over your body. Lick up  
 your sweat while I massage your--

Elizabeth closes her eyes, continues her focused breathing.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 The things I would do to you--

Eyes shoot open. She snatches up, opens her cellphone--

Elizabeth's fingers tremble, jam into the cracked screen as  
 they frantically navigate between applications--

FACEBOOK. INSTAGRAM. LINKEDIN. She attempts to log into each  
 of them one at a time, requesting forgotten passwords.

Each attempt kicks back an error message.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Imagine me on top of you.

The MALE VOICE captures the continued stream of texts from  
 unknown number popping up at the top of the screen--

Relentless as Elizabeth tries to unlock her life.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Want to see what I'm working with?

The MALE VOICE grows louder, more frequent so that its asides  
 blend into one another to become a constant RINGING.

Elizabeth CRIES. Her fingers bleed from the cracked screen as  
 it slices into her. Reality sets in - she's locked out.

The Driver watches Elizabeth's breakdown in the mirror.

Elizabeth pulls herself together just long enough to do the  
 last thing she can think of to silence the MALE VOICE--

Turns her phone to AIRPLANE MODE.

Ringling, endless verbal assault fall silent.

Elizabeth sinks into her seat, covers her face, CRYING.

DRIVER  
 I get you're not in a talking mood,  
 but you're crying in my backseat...  
 It's hard to ignore.

Elizabeth presses her brow back to the glass.

The PRIUS turns up a ramp to the highway--

Merges with the mid-day traffic, matching the pace of cars on a path towards the distant downtown Denver skyline.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Do you need water or...?

Elizabeth does not budge.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Tissue, maybe...?

Elizabeth turns from the window, spots--

The Driver offering a Kleenex box. Elizabeth pulls a tissue for her tears, snot and one to clean her cellphone screen.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
How about that water, huh?

Elizabeth pauses as she wipes up her blood--

A RANDOM NUMBER catches her eye. One that called multiple times and even left a voicemail.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Water...?

Elizabeth looks up, to the rearview mirror. Holds up her own half-drunk water bottle from the airport.

Her attention falls back to her cellphone, the RANDOM NUMBER.

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
You should try to look up every now and then... I've had my fair share of riders get sick staring at their phones for too long.

Elizabeth navigates the buildup of texts, finds the--

RANDOM NUMBER  
(text on screen)  
This is Adrien, your Lyft driver.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
You dumb fucking bitch...

She watches the Driver's profile for a beat...

Fingers blindly turn AIRPLANE MODE off--

Elizabeth calls the RANDOM NUMBER.

DIAL TONE.

The Driver does not move.

His phone does not ring or vibrate.

Further reiterates that he is not Adrien.

ELIZABETH  
 (phone to her ear)  
 You're my Lyft driver...?

The Driver turns to the mirror, Elizabeth on the phone--

She watches him right back with the phone pressed to the side of her face, expression flowing between confusion and fear.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 I'm in it right now... I'm in a  
 Lyft right now... Yeah...  
 (defensive)  
 I didn't cancel you... Really but  
 another Lyft... One second--  
 (to the Driver)  
 Excuse me...?  
 (no answer)  
 Hey?!

DRIVER  
 (to the mirror)  
 Are you talking to me?

ELIZABETH  
 Who was your pickup?

DRIVER  
 Is that a trick question--?

ELIZABETH  
 (into her phone)  
 Just hold on a goddamn minute!  
 (to the Driver)  
 Who was your passenger supposed to  
 be for this ride?

DRIVER  
 You mean... YOU...?

ELIZABETH  
 What did the app say?

The Driver and Elizabeth in a stare down...

He turns to his cellphone, feigns a look for the name.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 (into her phone)  
 He's looking right now.

DRIVER  
 Cheryl.  
 (Elizabeth sighs)  
 YOU are Cheryl, right?  
 (no answer)  
 Fuck. You're not, are you?

ELIZABETH  
 (into her phone)  
 I'm in the wrong Lyft... Hello?

The call dropped, screen turns dark.

Elizabeth punches the front passenger seat.

The Driver watches her massage her raw fist after.

DRIVER  
 So... You're not Cheryl...?

ELIZABETH  
 I wish I was--

DRIVER  
 But you're not...?  
 (shakes her head)  
 So, you weren't supposed to get  
 into my car, right?

ELIZABETH  
 Or maybe you weren't supposed to  
 pick me up... Maybe...?

DRIVER  
 Toe-MAY-toe, toe-MA-toe.

Silence hangs heavy, awkward between them. The Driver pays more attention to the mirror than the road at this point.

Elizabeth stares off into her lap...

ELIZABETH  
 What happens now?

DRIVER  
 You think this happens to me all  
 the time or something?  
 (no answer)  
 I have no idea. How bout you?

ELIZABETH

(shakes her head)

I've never climbed into the wrong one before. I was just hoping you might have experience--

DRIVER

Are you trying to insult me?

ELIZABETH

Give me a break... I'm having kind of a rough go right now--

DRIVER

You think it's easy up here?

Elizabeth stares into her lap like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar, sulking in disappointment.

ELIZABETH

So...?

DRIVER

The options...?

(Elizabeth nods)

They're pretty clear to me.

ELIZABETH

Guessing one doesn't have me making it to the hotel...?

(no answer)

Boot my ass to the curb--

DRIVER

There's not much of a curb to boot your ass to out here.

ELIZABETH

Isn't Cheryl expecting you?

DRIVER

She wouldn't be the first woman I disappointed, or the last.

(checks his phone)

She already canceled me. I'm sure I'll be getting a nice five stars for that one. But what's a rating anyway?

ELIZABETH

I'm just making a habit of fucking things up today.

(beat)

I'm... I'm sorry...

The Driver watches Elizabeth in the rearview mirror--

DRIVER

And who is it that's sorry?  
(no answer)  
I know you're not Cheryl...

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth.

DRIVER

And, more, importantly, are you a  
crazy person, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

Are you fucking serious right now?

DRIVER

I didn't mean to offend you--

ELIZABETH

That's what you did.

DRIVER

You hopped into an Uber that wasn't  
yours, and that's right after you  
played speed pitch against the  
sidewalk with your iPhone--

ELIZABETH

It sounds like your mind's already  
made up about me then.

DRIVER

Just a simple yes or no. Are you a  
psycho? Do you boil rabbits alive,  
or finger paint in your poop? Have  
you ever killed a person--?

ELIZABETH

What do you think?

DRIVER

You kill Uber drivers...?  
(no answer)  
Is this your gimmick? Your move?

ELIZABETH

I've never killed anyone.

The Driver assesses her answer, current state...

DRIVER

Alright.

ELIZABETH  
Alright, what?

DRIVER  
That's a good start.

Elizabeth waits for another question. It never comes.

ELIZABETH  
So, we know I'm not Cheryl and  
you're not Adrien--

DRIVER  
Who's Adrien?

ELIZABETH  
The person who was supposed to pick  
me up. The person you were supposed  
to be... Who just reminded me what  
a dumb fucking bitch I am--

DRIVER  
That doesn't sound like me.

The PRIUS pushes seventy miles per hour, keeps up with the  
flow of surrounding traffic.

ELIZABETH  
So, what do we do now?

DRIVER  
I told you, there's some clear  
options to consider--

ELIZABETH  
And which is your favorite?

Elizabeth anxiously awaits the Driver's verdict.

DRIVER  
I'm not gonna leave you out here on  
the shoulder. That's not my style.  
(beat)  
It's the Art Hotel then...?

ELIZABETH  
Really? You're serious?

DRIVER  
You don't want to--?

ELIZABETH  
No, just... Thanks.

Relief washes over Elizabeth, sinks into her seat.

DRIVER  
You're surprised...?

ELIZABETH  
That's a break from the kind of day  
I've been having... Maybe I thought  
you'd be so pissed--

DRIVER  
It happens. I mean, it hadn't ever  
happened to me until you showed up,  
but I imagine it does happen.

ELIZABETH  
Thank you.

DRIVER  
Do you have cash?

ELIZABETH  
No, not on me.

DRIVER  
Venmo?

ELIZABETH  
Yeah.

DRIVER  
Remember your fare quote?

ELIZABETH  
Like, six bucks...  
(beat)  
That's a joke. Sarcasm--

DRIVER  
Probably the wrong time for it.

ELIZABETH  
Um, twenty-eight something.

DRIVER  
That sounds more right... Then you  
can pay me twenty-eight something  
when we get there. Maybe a tip.

Elizabeth stops herself from crying. The Driver continues to watch her in the mirror, her near breakdown. He smirks.

ELIZABETH  
You know me. What about you?

DRIVER

Am I a crazy person?

ELIZABETH

How bout your name first?

DRIVER

Sure, if that's your priority.

(beat)

It's David.

ELIZABETH

And now, are you a psycho, David?

DAVID

Only if you're asking my exes.

David and Elizabeth share a smile in the mirror.

His focus returns to the road. Elizabeth sinks back into her seat, stewing in silent thought until she can't help herself--

Elizabeth grabs her cellphone from the neighboring seat--

Thumb slides across the screen, crack slices it--

Elizabeth winces, sucks on the wound--

ELIZABETH

(finger in her mouth)

Do you mind if I make a call?

DAVID

Do what you want. It's not like I can give you a bad review for it.

(beat)

Just so you know, I'm pretty damn shitty at tuning people out.

ELIZABETH

You listening wouldn't be the worst invasion of my privacy today.

Elizabeth finds the sought after contact, earbuds in.

From the other end of the phone call--

SALLY

Martin Dunn's office.

ELIZABETH

Sally, it's Liz...

(beat)

Is Marty in?

David watches Elizabeth in the mirror--

Slyly dismounts his cellphone. Opens the CAMERA APPLICATION.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Sal, you there--?

SALLY  
Liz, who? I'm sorry--

ELIZABETH  
Liz... Elizabeth Baker... Sally?

SALLY  
OH, Liz. I'm so sorry I didn't recognize your voice.

David holds his cellphone in his lap--

Turns the camera towards the backseat. Focuses on Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH  
It's fine. Is Marty around?

SALLY  
You sound so different--

ELIZABETH  
Is he available?  
(no answer)  
It'll only take a minute...

Flash across the backseat--

David neglected to turn the flash function off. He drops the phone between his thighs, acts casual as if it didn't happen.

Elizabeth blinks, rubs her eyes from the sudden flare up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
(to David)  
Sorry, can you put the visor down?

David pulls the passenger side visor down.

SALLY  
Liz...?  
(Elizabeth hums)  
Marty's dealing with some very, very pressing matters--

ELIZABETH  
Does it have to do with me?

SALLY  
I can pass along a message--

ELIZABETH  
Sally, is it about me?  
(no answer)  
Did he see it?

SALLY  
I can have him return--

ELIZABETH  
Did he see it?!

David snaps more photos of Elizabeth, flash off this time.

SALLY  
He saw THEM.  
(beat)  
Everyone saw them.  
(beat)  
Christ, I really shouldn't--

ELIZABETH  
I didn't send it, Sally.

SALLY  
Them--

ELIZABETH  
Them. See, I don't even know how  
many went out, so how could I be  
the one that sent it...them?

David texts the photos, remounts his phone.

SALLY  
They're from your work account.

Elizabeth covers her face in embarrassment, shock.

ELIZABETH  
May I talk to Marty?  
(no answer)  
Please let me talk to Marty.

SALLY  
I'm so sorry.

ELIZABETH  
FUCK your sorry. Put me through to  
him, you FUCKING BITCH!

The call drops. Elizabeth punches the front passenger seat.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 You like being naughty, huh, you  
 dirty little slut.

Elizabeth sinks back into her seat, gradually calming--

ELIZABETH  
 I'm sorry.

DAVID  
 You didn't punch me. You want to  
 apologize to someone, you should  
 probably apologize to my seat.  
 (watches the mirror)  
 Rough day?  
 (no answer, snickers)  
 I'm just messing around. I can see  
 that, obviously. I'm not blind or  
 deaf. Just trying to break up--

ELIZABETH  
 I have another call to make.

Elizabeth glares at the mirror until David nods.

She navigates her phone, slices herself again on the screen--

Elizabeth sucks on the fresh wound. Carefully resumes moving  
 through her contacts until she settles on MARTY CELL--

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Come on... Come on, please...

David checks his cellphone, recent text from--

PHILLIP  
 (text on screen)  
 Nice. How much \$\$\$ alive?

Voicemail box picks up Elizabeth's call--

AUTOMATION  
 ...you are trying to reach--

MARTY  
 Martin Dunn.

AUTOMATION  
 --is not available. Please leave  
 your name, number and a brief  
 message after the tone...

David responds to PHILLIP's text.

BEEP--

ELIZABETH

Marty, it's Liz. Elizabeth. Sally's not letting me through on your line so... I thought I'd try this but it looks like you're avoiding me so...  
(sighs)

Just know, I didn't send it or THEM or however many... I couldn't have, but you know that... You know I was thirty thousand feet in the--

AUTOMATION

If you'd like to re-record--

Elizabeth tosses her cellphone across the backseat, yanks the earbuds out, lets them drop to the floor.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You know what you need?

(no answer)

You look like you need some fat black cock in that tight, wet--

Elizabeth BANGS her head into the side window--

Breath fogs the glass again exposing the unnoticed marks.

MOMMY (V.O.)

You need to call me Elizabeth!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You around L.A.? I'd love to give that juicy pussy a pounding--

MOMMY (V.O.)

Call me! I need to know--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

My dick in your ass--

ELIZABETH

Shut the FUCK UP!

Silence, confusion as the cabin gradually calms...

DAVID

Sorry...?

Elizabeth finds herself back in reality, the voices in her head - texts and posts come to life - dissipate for now.

Awkward silence persists between Elizabeth and David.

ELIZABETH

Did you, um--?

DAVID

Just asked if you need water.

ELIZABETH

I didn't mean to... I'm just...

Elizabeth covers her face, shakes her head--

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I may need to rethink my answer to that crazy question. I'm not trying to break your window or anything--

DAVID

You couldn't if you tried.

ELIZABETH

I'm just going through some shit today. Some terrible shit and--

DAVID

You don't need to explain.

ELIZABETH

I'm a fucking mess.

DAVID

We're all entitled to those days.

ELIZABETH

I wish it was a spilt coffee on myself, broke a shoelace thing--

DAVID

You exploded at me for offering you water. I imagine it's probably much worse than a rough morning.

(beat)

You're not my worst fare if that makes you feel any better.

ELIZABETH

Not your worst today...?

DAVID

Ever.

ELIZABETH

I'm not even a fare. I'm some stowaway you didn't ask for.

DAVID

It's fine.

(beat)

You're sure you don't want water?

Elizabeth does not answer, presses her brow to the glass.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Guess I should shut up then...?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You look like you could use a nice  
cock to suck, you little--

ELIZABETH

You're shitty at tuning things out.  
I'm bad at ignoring people. So you  
can talk, I'll probably listen.

Text message on David's cellphone from--

ADAM

(text on screen)

Looks no more than fifteen but  
willing to negotiate.

David smiles to himself, giddy.

DAVID

Where are you coming from?

(no answer)

I don't mean to--

ELIZABETH

How much further to the hotel?

DAVID

Fifteen, twenty minutes.

Cellphone VIBRATES against the door on the far side.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You want me to cum on those--

ELIZABETH

Nashville... I'm from Nashville.

Elizabeth stretches for her phone. Fingertips graze its base.

DAVID

You like it there?

ELIZABETH

It's nothing special.

Elizabeth finally manages to grab the phone, straightens.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
It's all country music and  
bachelorette parties--

DAVID  
That doesn't sound too bad.

She navigates to the hidden MESSENGER APPLICATION--

MAJOR HUNGUS  
(message on screen)  
CLOSE?! Ready to explode!

Ended with an EGGPLANT, EXPLOSION EMOJIS.

DAVID  
Are you big into guns?

Elizabeth closes her phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Nashville is still considered part  
of the south, right?

ELIZABETH  
It's a bit of an outlier.

DAVID  
You're not some Southern Belle that  
gets off shooting AR-15's?

ELIZABETH  
I grew up around guns, but no.  
(beat)  
I'm not that girl anymore.

DAVID  
What's it like? Nashville?

ELIZABETH  
It's like plopping Seattle in the  
heart of Dixie.

Elizabeth spots a road sign for an upcoming exit to DOWNTOWN.

DAVID  
I think that, if I were you, I'd  
still keep a pistol on me at all  
times. Even if I was over guns.

ELIZABETH  
If you were me...?

DAVID

A woman. In a new place and on her own. That's frightening.

ELIZABETH

Tell me about it. And you think a gun would help that feeling?

DAVID

At least pepper spray or a taser.

The PRIUS keeps to the left as the exit signs direct traffic to the right for DOWNTOWN. It maintains its current speed.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You keep either on you?

ELIZABETH

I can't imagine I'd be able to get either on a plane, let alone a gun.

DAVID

Maybe. But, word of advice, someone asks you that question again--

ELIZABETH

Someone like you...?

DAVID

Sure. In the future, someone asks you that, you tell them you do.

(beat)

Like right now. I know your name, you say you're not crazy. But I'm gonna tell you straight up that I have a can of mace up here--

David pulls a matte black can with an intense looking trigger at the top from under his seat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If this isn't here, I'd bluff.

Slides the pepper spray cannister back under his seat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know it's there, but thinking it's there is just as powerful.

Elizabeth watches the DOWNTOWN exit pass.

ELIZABETH

Are you following Google Maps or just winging this route?

DAVID  
Are you in the music industry?

David watches Elizabeth in the mirror, turned in her seat to watch the exit they missed.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Being from Nashville, it's either music or healthcare, am I right?

ELIZABETH  
That's some pretty specific details for a place you've never been.

DAVID  
You're not the first person from Nashville I've driven.

Elizabeth opens her cellphone--

Navigates the cracked screen, held low and out of sight. She winces every so often when it slices into her.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
So, which is it?

Elizabeth catches David's focus in the rearview mirror.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Your job...?

ELIZABETH  
I'm in finance.

Elizabeth opens the MAPS APPLICATION--

Types "Art Hotel" in the search bar. Directions slowly load.

DAVID  
Why Nashville then?

Pin drops. The Art Hotel is clearly downtown.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(into the mirror)  
Why Nashville?  
(no answer)  
I'll shut up if you want.

Elizabeth looks up, to the mirror--

ELIZABETH  
I grew up there.

Elizabeth looks back down at her cellphone, watches her pale blue dot travel away from the dropped pin.

DAVID

What about your parents--?

ELIZABETH

You really care?

DAVID

I meant, were they in the music industry or just from there?

ELIZABETH

My dad worked as a hired gun for some studio bands.

DAVID

Country music?

ELIZABETH

Did we miss an exit--?

DAVID

I bet your dad has some stories.

ELIZABETH

Had. None that he ever told me.

DAVID

Not proper for a lady...?

ELIZABETH

Not proper for his daughter.

Elizabeth presses "START" on the MAPS APPLICATION--

SIRI

(phone speaker)

Starting route to--

Smothers the cellphone against her inner thigh. Muffles the remainder of SIRI's initial direction.

Elizabeth closes her eyes, holds her breath in embarrassment.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You dumb fucking bitch...

Silent, palpable embarrassment.

DAVID

I don't charge by the mile.

Elizabeth's eyes open to David's glare in the mirror--

DAVID (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I don't charge by the mile and what you just did is the absolute shittiest of all the shitty things riders can do. It's the absolute worst. What you just did is the biggest goddamn insult to our integrity.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry--

DAVID

Why in the fuck would you do it?  
(no answer)  
WHY do it--?!

ELIZABETH

The Art Hotel's downtown...  
(beat)  
The Art Hotel's downtown, and we just passed the downtown exit--

DAVID

About a mile back, right?  
(no answer)  
That wasn't our exit to take. That exit drops you on the south side of downtown. Your hotel's on the north side and traffic running from south to north is notoriously bad. It can be a goddamn outright nightmare.  
(beat)  
But you wouldn't know that because you're not from here. Like you said earlier, if anyone knows better, it should be me, not you.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You dumb fucking whore.

ELIZABETH

Just kick me out...

DAVID

Sorry--?

ELIZABETH

Kick me out.

David shakes his head, relaxes.

DAVID

There's an exit off the seventy-six  
that'll put us where we need to be.

(into the mirror)

Is that okay with you?

ELIZABETH

You can just kick me out--

DAVID

I'm NOT! I'm not kicking you out.  
You're nervous and I get that. So,  
I'm not gonna kick you out on the  
fucking highway.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

Elizabeth cowers from David's gaze in the mirror.

DAVID

See, your luck's turning around.  
You could've gotten into a Lyft  
with a real vindictive asshole.

(Elizabeth nods)

How long are you here for?

ELIZABETH

Just until tomorrow.

DAVID

That's quick.

ELIZABETH

It's a business trip.

DAVID

Finance...?

ELIZABETH

Finance.

DAVID

And is there any finance business  
going on tonight?

Elizabeth glances at the still open MAPS APPLICATION--

The directions run in silence. Pale blue dot misses moves.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Are you meeting anyone tonight?

Elizabeth looks up from the cracked screen, nods.

ELIZABETH  
I'm supposed to be...

DAVID  
But...?

ELIZABETH  
I don't know if I'm in the mood.

DAVID  
Take a night off. Call in sick.  
Order some room service--

ELIZABETH  
How much longer?

DAVID  
What does Siri say?  
(smirks)  
I'm kidding.

David checks his mounted cellphone.

Elizabeth carefully, inconspicuously types out--

ELIZABETH  
(text on screen)  
Please hack me.

To MOMMY. The cellphone's gradually diminishing functionality causes frequent typos in Elizabeth's texts.

DAVID  
Maybe fifteen more minutes.

Elizabeth's phone VIBRATES, ignites--

MOMMY  
(text on screen)  
What do you mean hack you?!  
(next text)  
CALL ME PLEASE!!!

DAVID  
Let me know if I should start  
breaking traffic laws.

ELIZABETH  
(text on screen)  
Can't talk. TRACK my location.

DAVID  
I can get aggressive if the need  
arises. Just let me know.

MOMMY  
 (text on screen)  
 How the hell do I do that?!

Elizabeth opens the FIND MY FRIENDS APPLICATION--

Winces as the crack slices into her again, making it tough to navigate the application's prompts.

Elizabeth tries to invite MOMMY to follow her location--

An error message. Another try, another error.

DAVID  
 Are you alright back there?

Elizabeth looks up, to the mirror--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 These Colorado highways can forget  
 the meaning of the word straight.

MOMMY  
 (text on screen)  
 What's going on?!?!?!?

DAVID  
 You let me know if you start to  
 feel sick, okay?

MOMMY  
 (text on screen)  
 Should I call the cops?!?!?!?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
 Tell me what the fuck you want! All  
 I want to do is make you feel good.

DAVID  
 But you're feeling alright now?

David glances between the mirror and his cellphone, typing.

ELIZABETH  
 (text on screen)  
 In a lift. Driver sacking wired.

DAVID  
 Elizabeth?  
 (Elizabeth looks up)  
 I asked if you're alright...?

ELIZABETH  
 I'm fine.

David continues to watch Elizabeth in the rearview mirror, clocks her attempt to inconspicuously text.

DAVID

Let me know if that changes.

MOMMY

(text on screen)

What kind of car is it? Color?

Elizabeth thinks for a moment, fails to conjure any inkling of a mental image of the car she climbed into--

Presses her face into the side window. Point blank breath again fogs the glass, exposes fingerprints and fist marks.

She continues to press into the surface, trying to catch a glimpse of the car's color or any signs of its model--

The tint is too dark, angle is too great.

Elizabeth tries the window control--

The glass does not budge.

ELIZABETH

(mouthed, to herself)

God-fucking-damnit...

Long, drawn out silence follows. Elizabeth deep in thought as if the car's details or the answer to what's next will come.

David drives, glances from the road to the mirror and back.

Elizabeth picks her next angle to attack--

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I always wanted one of these...

(louder)

I always wanted one of THESE--

DAVID

One of, what?

ELIZABETH

Um, this type of car...

DAVID

You're being serious?

ELIZABETH

It's a nice car.

David LAUGHS harder than needed.

DAVID

You do comedy in Nashville?

ELIZABETH

I meant it. I meant, it's nice in an economical sort of way. It's a smart car to have nowadays.

(beat)

What's the name of these--?

DAVID

They're nothing special.

Elizabeth gives up trying to pry out the make and model from David. Eyes dart about the cabin for any evidence--

DAVID (CONT'D)

Why do you care so much?

ELIZABETH

Just trying to make conversation.

Her focus falls on the lever to her door.

DAVID

I'm not much into cars so I don't know how in-depth that would be.

Elizabeth watches the mirror, David in the reflection. Waits for his focus on her to drift. She grips her door's lever--

DAVID (CONT'D)

Should we talk about the weather?

Gently tugs on the lever... The door does not budge.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Or the traffic maybe?

Elizabeth tries again, applying pressure with her shoulder to the door, trying to force it open as if it's stuck.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Never politics.

Again, the door does not open.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's a slippery slope and it never ends well. Trust me.

Elizabeth now looks to the lock plunger--

The phallic plastic that manually locks, unlocks the door.

The lock plunger is broken, its top separated from the base and what remains filed down below its chamber.

Elizabeth tries to dig at the plunger with her nails--

The attempts are of no use. She cannot grasp what's under the surface. She cannot manually unlock the door.

Contemplative silence... Lingerin...

ELIZABETH

I'm meeting with someone tonight.

David meets Elizabeth's gaze in the rearview mirror.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

They're expecting me really soon.

DAVID

Is that right? At the Art?

ELIZABETH

At the Art. And then I'm flying back first thing in the morning.

DAVID

That is a quick trip.

ELIZABETH

Lots of people to see. Lots of them expecting to see me. It's a very tight schedule to keep.

DAVID

You want me to speed up?  
(no answer)  
Just say the word...

Elizabeth's pale blue dot continues past suggested moves and readjusted courses. She reopens the text with MOMMY--

ELIZABETH

(text on screen)  
Coat member the mate or dollar.  
(under her breath)  
Fucking shit--

DAVID

You alright back there?

ELIZABETH

(text on screen)  
Can't remember the make or model.

The PRIUS speeds towards a sign for INTERSTATE 76.

David checks on a recent text message. Slides through his phone without pulling it from its mount.

Elizabeth spots the first sign for the interstate as they pass it. Anxiety builds within her. Eyes peeled.

David watches her, notes Elizabeth's focus outside--

CLICK-CLICK. CLICK-CLICK, turn signal--

The PRIUS takes the next lane to the right, closer to the lanes that are identified to move towards INTERSTATE 76.

Another sign. Interstate's three quarters of a mile away.

CLICK-CLICK. CLICK-CLICK--

Another lane taken. The PRIUS runs alongside the first lane to exit towards the interstate.

Another sign. Interstate's half a mile away.

David lets off the gas slightly. The car slows, runs next to the queue of exiting vehicles already backed up.

He looks over, feigns an attempt to change into the lane.

Elizabeth watches him, anxiety now at a fever pitch. Leans to the left for a clear view out of the windshield--

Sees the rapidly approaching split in the lanes.

The dividing line turns solid before it branches to the right and left. Right to the 76, left to stay on the same road.

The PRIUS keeps to the left, unable to make the exit.

Elizabeth's silent anxiety turns to panic--

DAVID

Goddamn traffic. This place isn't big enough to deserve traffic like this crap, you know what I mean.

Elizabeth turns in her seat--

Watches the exit dissolve into the background.

David clocks her focus, her knowledge of the missed move.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We'll turn around up ahead.

Elizabeth feels the VIBRATION against her inner thigh--

MOMMY

(text on screen)

Can anyone else track you?!

Mouths "shit" to herself knowing who she has to reach out to.

David continues to watch Elizabeth, the color leave her face, pursed lips as she contemplates her options--

Until his cellphone lights up, catches his attention.

Elizabeth opens the text chain to JERRY--

JERRY

(text on screen)

Call me when you land!

Ended with the KISSING EMOJI.

Her fingers hover over the keyboard...

DAVID

Mind if I ask you something?

(Elizabeth looks up)

It's gonna sound out of the blue so  
I'm asking if I can before, cause I  
don't want to offend you again...

Elizabeth places the cellphone between her thighs. She pulls her duffle briefcase to the seat beside her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Fuck it. My wife's birthday is not  
too far away and I want to get her  
something that's not cheap jewelry  
for once, maybe a dress.

Elizabeth keeps her eyes on the mirror, David as she slyly opens the briefcase, feigns a look inside--

In reality, she uses the open briefcase as cover to stretch across the backseat to the opposite door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't want to spoil whatever I'm  
planning to get her. The problem's  
I don't know her size.

Fingers graze, press the controls to the opposite door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

She's about your build...

The opposite controls do not work, nor does the door's lever.

Elizabeth slinks back into her seat. Eyes meet David's focus in the rearview mirror. She zips up her duffle briefcase.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You kind of look like her--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
With those cute little titties and  
tight wet pussy you got.

DAVID  
Or she looks like you. And I know  
it's impolite to ask but I'm kind  
of desperate and it's not like we  
aren't already talking. And it's  
not like you can rate me shitty.

ELIZABETH  
That's true, I guess.

DAVID  
Do you mind saying it then?

ELIZABETH  
Normally, yeah.

DAVID  
I get that... It's fine--

ELIZABETH  
But this isn't normal for me... We  
can make a deal, one that benefits  
us both. An even trade.  
(beat)  
You unlock my window, roll it down,  
and I'll let you know my size. Both  
of us get what we want.

David watches Elizabeth watching him in the mirror.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
I get air, you get her size.  
(beat)  
What do you say--?

DAVID  
I wish... I wish I could do that  
but, the window's broken.  
(beat)  
I can get you air if you need it.

David turns a knob. Cold air THUNDERS from the vents.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Better?!  
 (no answer)  
 Is that any better?!

Elizabeth nods, slinks into her seat in defeat.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 You need more water?!

VIBRATION, light again draws Elizabeth to her phone--

MOMMY  
 (text on screen)  
 CALL ME PLEASE!

Elizabeth stares at the glowing notification. Contemplates a call to her mother, even hearing--

MOMMY (V.O.)  
 Please... Please, Elizabeth, we  
 need to talk about this...

Elizabeth shakes her head as if responding to Mommy--

MOMMY (V.O.)  
 Why would you do such a stupid  
 fucking thing?!

David turns the air down, to talk normally--

DAVID  
 So, how bout that size?

Elizabeth watches another exit pass.

ELIZABETH  
 How about that exit?

DAVID  
 It's coming up... Size--?

ELIZABETH  
 What's the name of it?

DAVID  
 Of my wife?

ELIZABETH  
 The exit. What's the name?

DAVID  
 I can't remember. It's just one of  
 those things, like, muscle memory.

Elizabeth glances down at her phone, opens a text to JERRY--  
 Thumb hovers over the keyboard. She tries to think of what to  
 type, whether to beg or give into her anger...

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Your size, sweetheart...?  
 (Elizabeth looks up)  
 I gave you air. What's your size?

Elizabeth stares off for an extended beat, into the ether...

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Do you not remember your--?

ELIZABETH  
 Six. Your wife's a six.

DAVID  
 In more ways than one.  
 (smirks)  
 I'm kidding.

David slides open his cellphone, types while he steers.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 One woman can only take so much  
 Pandora jewelry, you know.  
 (text sends)  
 My wife thanks you immensely.

Elizabeth stares at the blinking cursor. The last text that  
 Jerry had sent. The kissy face emoji, blowing out a heart.

Another exit passes, draws Elizabeth's gaze, anxiety.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 There's no on ramp going back from  
 that exit, so...

David watches Elizabeth, face lit by her phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 I know I sound like, like a fucking  
 salesman or something. I don't work  
 for Evian or Fiji or Arrowhead, but  
 you should drink some water. It'll  
 make you feel better.  
 (holds up a bottle)  
 I mean, water is seventy percent of  
 everything. Our bodies. The planet.  
 Everything... That's power.

Another exit passes. The PRIUS makes no attempt to make it.

ELIZABETH

Where are you from again?

DAVID

I don't think I ever said.

ELIZABETH

You asked me earlier, and I'm just realizing that I never asked you...

(beat)

I never took an interest.

DAVID

It's fine--

ELIZABETH

I don't mean to come off like some self-centered bitch who just wants to talk about herself.

DAVID

You didn't. It's just the natural order of things in an Uber.

(beat)

I mean, wouldn't it be weird if you got into my car and just started to ask me questions about myself--

ELIZABETH

It'd feel sinister, wouldn't it?

DAVID

Something like that...

David and Elizabeth in a stare down via the mirror.

ELIZABETH

But you asked me already so...

(beat)

I'm asking you. Where are you from?

DAVID

You said it earlier. It was a bit unbelievable, small world-ish when you did but I didn't want to be the guy to say so...

ELIZABETH

Where did I say? Nashville?

DAVID

Yeah. I'm from the Nashville of the Pacific Northwest. Catch my drift?

ELIZABETH  
Seattle...?

DAVID  
Bingo-bango. That's it.

ELIZABETH  
And what kind of work do you do?

David again just watches Elizabeth watching him--

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
What kind of work brings you all  
the way out to Denver--?

DAVID  
Are you interrogating me?

ELIZABETH  
This is us having a conversation.

DAVID  
It doesn't feel like that--

ELIZABETH  
You asked me earlier, so I'm asking  
you now. What kind of work?

DAVID  
Other than driving an Uber...?

ELIZABETH  
Yeah, other than this.

David blindly slides open his cellphone, reads a text out of  
the corner of his eye.

DAVID  
I'm a trader. Import. Export.

ELIZABETH  
And what do you trade?

DAVID  
A lot of things--

ELIZABETH  
In particular... I bet there's one  
thing you mostly trade, right?

DAVID  
Recycled plastic. I work for some  
Chinese company and they mostly  
deal in it here and abroad.

ELIZABETH  
Sounds lucrative.

DAVID  
Well, I'm still driving an Uber...  
I do this to supplement it. Between  
private school tuition for the kids  
and my wife's Amazon habit, there's  
not much leftover.

Elizabeth holds her cellphone low, types--

ELIZABETH  
(text on screen)  
Names David. From Sea Tattle.  
(next text)  
Seattle.

Sends the text messages to MOMMY.

DAVID  
What else do you want to know?  
(no answer)  
Hey, you alright back there?

Elizabeth's eyes dart up from her cellphone--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I thought this was us having a  
conversation...?

ELIZABETH  
Sorry, I just--

DAVID  
I can take a hint.

ELIZABETH  
When did you move here?

DAVID  
To Denver? A few years ago.

Elizabeth's eye catches the controls to the front passenger  
door, down her side. Seemingly within touching distance.

ELIZABETH  
Why? Why move to Denver?

DAVID  
The industry kind of changed up  
there. It got a bit tougher for  
people in my niche. The market,  
rules around it evolved.

Elizabeth stretches along the passenger side--

Passes the front seat, fingertips dragging her arm forward as far as it can go without making the attempt obvious--

Her fingertips graze the door control buttons.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You probably know that, given your line of work. The market crashes. Regulations start to spring up and pretty soon your business evolves.

Elizabeth's left hand crosses her lap, holds the door lever.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The important thing is that you evolve with it, unless you look forward to extinction.

ELIZABETH

You mean unemployment...?

DAVID

Yeah, unemployment...

(nods)

That's exactly what I meant.

Right hand presses the unlock button, left pulls the lever--

Nothing. Another press and pull... Nothing, again...

Door doesn't budge. Button doesn't sound--

DAVID (CONT'D)

That doesn't work either.

Elizabeth meets David's stare.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The back doors and front passenger don't work...

ELIZABETH

Why not?

DAVID

You think I don't see you--?

ELIZABETH

Why don't they work?

DAVID

Cause they don't.

ELIZABETH  
Did you disable them?

DAVID  
This car's old and things break,  
things that aren't worth fixing.  
(beat)  
But don't worry. My controls work  
just fine so...  
(beat)  
What were you trying to do?

ELIZABETH  
I'm just, um--

DAVID  
What's opening that door gonna end  
up accomplishing?  
(no answer)  
You think you're gonna jump out on  
the goddamn highway going seventy?  
(beat)  
How you think that'll turn out?

ELIZABETH  
I don't know--

DAVID  
Of course you don't.

ELIZABETH  
I keep seeing these exits pass and  
I'm nervous. Like you said earlier,  
you understood me being nervous--

DAVID  
I thought we were past it.

Elizabeth feels a VIBRATION on her thigh, from her phone--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Are you gonna answer that or...?

Elizabeth sinks back into her seat, under David's glare.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You can't seem to help yourself.

ELIZABETH  
You don't know me--

DAVID  
I know enough.

Elizabeth opens the phone, keeps it low--

MOMMY

(text on screen)

Tell him to pull over!

(next text)

Get him to stop!

(next text)

ELIZABETH?!

DAVID

Are you texting for help?

Elizabeth zeroes in on the text--

MOMMY

(text on screen)

Tell him to pull over!

DAVID

God, you are, you fucking bitch.

(shakes his head)

What're you trying to--?

ELIZABETH

I feel sick...

(grabs her stomach)

Like I'm gonna throw up or...

(swallows, sighs)

Can we pull over? Please?

DAVID

We're on the highway--

ELIZABETH

Anywhere. I don't care just--

(feigns nausea)

Just pull over.

David keeps on driving, ignores Elizabeth's plea--

DAVID

I'm about to turn around.

ELIZABETH

I don't care. PULL OVER!

Continues to ignore her. The PRIUS barrels down the highway.

DAVID

I think you're a fucking fake.

(shakes his head)

You think you can get out of paying me or some bullshit?

ELIZABETH

I'm gonna puke in here--

DAVID

Take advantage of my kindness? My fucking kindness to overlook your fuck up, get you where you need to go and this is how you treat me?

ELIZABETH

I'm gonna puke... I'm gonna puke all over this piece of shit car--

DAVID

Sit back. Drink some water.

ELIZABETH

Shut the fuck up about the water!

DAVID

I don't think you're sick!

ELIZABETH

I am sick--!

DAVID

You're a fucking faker!

ELIZABETH

I know I'm gonna puke! I'm gonna puke! I've got all this goddamn--  
(spits in the car)  
--saliva on my tongue--

DAVID

Don't spit in my fucking car!

Elizabeth spits again, loads up as much saliva as she can.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You dumb fucking cunt!

ELIZABETH

Make me stop! Make me stop!

David reaches back for her, arm swinging wildly--

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Oh, look at you! What're you gonna hit me, you tough motherfucker?!  
(dodges his strikes)  
Make me stop! Pull over and--  
(spits again)  
--make me stop!

DAVID  
You're only making it harder...

ELIZABETH  
(calmly)  
Making what harder?

David meets Elizabeth's gaze with a sinister smile.

Elizabeth POUNDS her side window with her elbow - BANG!

DAVID  
Jesus! FUCK!

ELIZABETH  
HELP! HELP ME PLEASE!

BANG! The window vibrates but does not crack--

DAVID  
What the fuck, lady?!

The PRIUS swerves as David tries to steer the car and subdue Elizabeth at the same time--

Passing cars HONK to its erratic movement.

David fires one of his water bottles at her back--

Elizabeth, undeterred, persists - BANG! BANG! Glass holds--

Elizabeth slides onto her back, SLAMS her feet into the side window with all her strength - BANG!

Still nothing--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You're not gonna break it!

Elizabeth climbs towards the back window--

David pulls at the back of her shirt, trying to tug her into her seat as she flails, tries to wave down other cars.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
They can't FUCKING see you! The tint's too dark!

Elizabeth slides back in her seat, eyes dart wildly, PANTING.

ELIZABETH  
What're you planning to do to me?

David meets Elizabeth's terrified expression in the mirror.

DAVID

Well, I was planning to drop you off until two minutes ago. Now I want to punch you in the face.

ELIZABETH

Did Jerry send you? Did he?!

DAVID

Who the fuck is--?

ELIZABETH

Did he send you to pick me up?!

DAVID

I don't know Jerry--

ELIZABETH

Did he send you to fuck with me?!

DAVID

I don't know a Jerry, you crazy dumb fucking bitch!

ELIZABETH

DID HE SEND YOU?!

Elizabeth reaches into her duffle briefcase, front pocket--

DAVID

You're out of your fucking mind.

ELIZABETH

You need to pull over, now--

DAVID

Or what? Huh?

She returns with an eyebrow pencil.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do?

Elizabeth pops the cap off, reveals a sharpened tip--

DAVID (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you gonna do?!

Elizabeth springs up from her seat, brandishing the eyebrow pencil like a shiv. She swings for David's throat--

Steady stream of pepper spray greets, halts her attack.

Ensuing cloud of burning air pollutes the Prius.

**I/E. TOYOTA PRIUS - OUTSIDE THE ART HOTEL - LATER**

The PRIUS rolls to the front of the Art Hotel lobby, greeted by a VALET in a white dress shirt, black slacks and bow tie.

The Valet opens the back passenger door--

Elizabeth immediately collapses to the pavement, as if she'd been propped up by the door.

Plume of pepper spray escapes with her--

Causes the Valet to double over in agony, COUGHING out his lungs as he stumbles backwards from the vile air.

David keeps his head out his open side window. Sunglasses on and the collar of his shirt pulled over his nose and mouth.

Elizabeth crawls back to the car--

Grabs the water bottle thrown at her by David--

DAVID

Oh, now you want my water.

Lays on her back and uses it to douse, flush her eyeballs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm charging you for it. The water  
and the fucking clean up and pain  
and suffering you caused.

David cranks the air conditioning, tries to use the vents to push out the burning air from the cabin.

VALET

What the hell is that?!

Elizabeth chugs the remainder of David's water.

DAVID

(over the air)  
That's mace!

VALET

What?!

DAVID

I maced her stupid ass!

VALET

(to Elizabeth)  
Ma'am, should I call the cops?!

DAVID

You're gonna call the cops, you  
call the cops on her! She came at  
my ass with a fucking--  
(mimes stabbing)  
--thing! A fucking thing to stab me  
with while we're speeding down the  
goddamn highway! She nearly killed  
us both!

David spits across the roof of his car, at Elizabeth.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So I maced her ass. I saved us.

David leans back inside--

Flings Elizabeth's duffle briefcase from the backseat. It  
CRASHES to the pavement, spills out across the roundabout.

Elizabeth crawls to gather the contents. Spots, shoves the  
eyebrow pencil into her ass pocket.

VALET

Sir, I need you to move--

ELIZABETH

What about my bag?!

VALET

There are people waiting--

DAVID

Did you not hear when I said this  
bitch tried to fucking kill me?!

ELIZABETH

I want my bag! I want it!

DAVID

Pay me. Pay me what I'm owed and  
I'll pop the trunk.  
(beat)  
Come on! Pay me my fucking money  
and I'll open the trunk!

Elizabeth grabs her phone from inside, COUGHS from the burn.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And it's a hundred now. A hundred  
or I can call the fucking cops  
about your murder attempt.  
(beat)  
Pay me and get your shit.

**INT. LOBBY / BAR - THE ART HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Elizabeth staggers into the revolving entrance--

The door pinches on her roller bag, trailing behind her. The revolving chamber SQUEALS to a stop.

The patrons, employees in the lobby play audience to--

Elizabeth struggling to yank her bag free. She pushes into the glass with her shoulder, tugs simultaneously.

Like the shuttle, no one moves to help her.

After further struggle, the bag finally pulls from the pinch sending Elizabeth head first into the glass.

Dazed, Elizabeth struggles to keep up with the revolution, trips as she exits the chamber.

Elizabeth stops just inside, rubbing her still burning eyes while the rest of the lobby continues to watch her.

She scans, spots the bar to the left--

MAJOR HUNGUS (35) sits at the bar with a whiskey something in front of him and an empty stool at his side.

He wears a gray suit with a white button up underneath, its collar undone. Brown shoes and a belt accent the outfit.

Major watches Elizabeth approach, nearly chokes on his drink--

ELIZABETH

Major...?

Major catches his breath, wipes his mouth--

MAJOR HUNGUS

Bella...?

(Elizabeth hums)

You look a--

ELIZABETH

Mess...?

(no answer)

I know. Don't worry. I know.

(points to his drink)

Is this...?

MAJOR HUNGUS

Um, whiskey and--

Elizabeth picks up the drink, downs it in one go.

MAJOR HUNGUS (CONT'D)

Jesus.

ELIZABETH

Don't judge me...

(puts empty glass down)

You don't what I've been through.

MAJOR HUNGUS

I'm not judging--

ELIZABETH

And I don't usually come off this crazy but--

MAJOR HUNGUS

It's not crazy... TOO crazy--

ELIZABETH

I just got pepper sprayed by my Lyft driver, who wasn't really my Lyft driver cause I got into the wrong car... His fuck up, I think.

(points to the glass)

You gonna get another one--

MAJOR HUNGUS

(to the bartender)

Can I get another whiskey-soda.

ELIZABETH

I'm pretty positive he wanted to turn me into a lamp shade--

MAJOR HUNGUS

That's terrifying.

ELIZABETH

Or he's just very bad at following directions, I don't know.

MAJOR HUNGUS

Are you okay?

ELIZABETH

I don't know... No...?

MAJOR HUNGUS

Cause if you're not--

ELIZABETH

I don't think I'll ever be okay, not again... But I'm good enough.

MAJOR HUNGUS

This is--

ELIZABETH

A lot, I know. Probably not what  
you expected Bella to be like...

(beat)

Name's not Bella, by the way.

MAJOR HUNGUS

Yeah, I'm not really a Major.

ELIZABETH

But you're still hung.

MAJOR HUNGUS

Sort of, yeah.

(beat)

Should we reschedule this or, maybe  
you just want to suck--?

ELIZABETH

You have the room key?

MAJOR HUNGUS

I do--

ELIZABETH

Then we're fine...

MAJOR HUNGUS

Are you sure?

ELIZABETH

Positive.

(shrugs)

Well, I'm not positive, but this  
day can't get any worse so...

(beat)

Are you sure you're into this?

Major nods enthusiastically, more a show than the truth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Cause you seem--

MAJOR HUNGUS

Oh, I'm into it.

(still nodding)

Crazy's good, right? Better?

ELIZABETH

Sure.

MAJOR HUNGUS  
This will be--

The whiskey-soda lands on the bar counter--

Major tosses cash beside the drink, picks it up and takes a long chug. Elizabeth watches the liquor disappear.

ELIZABETH  
Uh-oh.

The drink returns to the counter. Major wipes his mouth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
How many drinks before I look like  
what you expected?

MAJOR HUNGUS  
You're better than I expected...

ELIZABETH  
Sure. So, the room key...?

Major slides a key card across the bar, towards Elizabeth.

MAJOR HUNGUS  
Shall we--?

ELIZABETH  
What's the number?

MAJOR HUNGUS  
Three sixty-nine.

Elizabeth grabs the card, pockets it.

ELIZABETH  
Meet me up there, alright?

MAJOR HUNGUS  
I can walk you--

ELIZABETH  
Finish your drink... Or get another  
one probably. Give me, like, twenty  
minutes to gather myself, okay?

Major nods. Elizabeth turns to the lobby.

Another man in a suit, MIGUEL (30), sits perpendicular at the turn in the bar. He watches Elizabeth exit.

Major shakes his head, finishes the remainder of his whiskey.

**INT. ROOM 369 - THE ART HOTEL**

BEEP-BEEP--

Door opens to the hallway, Elizabeth's silhouette.

Light turns on. Reveals her still red eyes, blood collected and dried to her inner nostril.

She tosses the roller bag inside. Door SLAMS behind her.

The room is hipster chic, metal and wood.

She walks into the BATHROOM--

Light turns on--

Elizabeth splashes water into her eyes. She looks up into her reflection and the bags persisting over her cheeks.

**INT. BAR - THE ART HOTEL**

Miguel pushes back from the counter, approaches Major Hungus, just served another drink. Takes the vacant seat beside him--

MIGUEL

I don't mean to pry but she seemed like a handful, huh?

MAJOR HUNGUS

At least a handful.  
(sips)  
Pussy's pussy though, right?

MIGUEL

Pussy's pussy.

Miguel looks Major over, up and down. Major notices--

MAJOR HUNGUS

I'm not into that shit--

MIGUEL

I'm not asking if you are. Let me buy you another drink--

MAJOR HUNGUS

I'm fine.

MIGUEL

Let me, please.  
(pulls out his wallet)  
You're probably gonna need it.

**INT. ROOM 369 - THE ART HOTEL**

Elizabeth still stands over the sink, flushing her eyes.

ELIZABETH  
Come on... Come on...

Nothing seems to work in stopping the persistent burn. Water only dulls the sensation slightly--

Splashing, and splashing, and splashing...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
You look like you could use a cock  
you fucking bitch--

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)  
You little whore--

Elizabeth stares into her reflection, watches the water run down her cheeks before it begins to morph--

Her reflection turns to liquid. Slowly drips down the wall as if mimicking what it catches. Distorts Elizabeth's worn face.

THIRD VOICE (V.O.)  
Show us your pussy!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Show your pussy!

Elizabeth closes her eyes... Deep breathes.

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)  
Fucking pussy!

THIRD VOICE (V.O.)  
Spread it, you fucking whore!

ELIZABETH  
FUCK YOU!

Elizabeth's eyes open, the reflection back to solid.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
You're fine... You're--

A hand grabs Elizabeth back the back of her head, jams her face into the mirror, keeping it pinned there--

Jerry, only a mouth and stern chin, leans in to whisper--

JERRY  
I loved you, you fucking bitch.

Elizabeth's PANTED breaths fog up the glass, reveal bloody fingerprints and fist marks over her reflection.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What're you gonna do about it?

Elizabeth finds a ceramic soap dish on the sink--

Grabs, blindly flings it - CRACK!

Shatters on the wall.

Elizabeth, now released from her pinned position, collapses at the sink, scanning the room for Jerry...

She's alone. Elizabeth tries to stand, falls to her knees.

**QUICK CUT: EXT. THE ART HOTEL**

The empty water bottle from David's Prius rolls to the curb by the valet stand. The image races through Elizabeth's head.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Elizabeth grips the edge of the sink--

Tries to pull herself up but collapses again.

BEEP-BEEP, the knob CLICKS unlocked, door CREAKS open.

ELIZABETH

Major...?

(no answer)

Major, help me...

FOOTSTEPS enter.

Bedroom light shut off.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Major, call the police or...

FOOTSTEPS close in on the bathroom--

Elizabeth looks up as Miguel turns the corner--

Miguel slides his sports coat off, lays it on the bed.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Wait. Who are--?

Miguel rushes Elizabeth, swings - THWACK!

**OVER BLACK.**

Engine REVS. Axel SQUEALS. Tires POUND through potholes.

FADE IN:

**INT. TRUNK - UNKNOWN VEHICLE - LATER**

Blackness becomes a RED LIGHT illuminating the compartment--

Catches Elizabeth's slumbering complexion, blood dried to her upper lip. She lays on her belly across the trunk.

From the car's cabin, muffled, unseen--

DAVID (O.S.)

You had to sock her, huh?

MIGUEL (O.S.)

You didn't see her in the bar. The bitch was fucking mental--

DAVID (O.S.)

Cause I saw her in the fucking car when she tried to stab me in the goddamn throat. I handled it.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

You just about burned her eyeballs out of her skull. Probably burned some of her brain cells, too.

(beat)

I wouldn't have had to sock her if you dosed her like I said.

DAVID (O.S.)

If I dosed her like you said, we'd have a dead girl in the trunk.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

You can get paid for a dead girl.

BUMP in the road jars Elizabeth awake, into confusion.

MIGUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You can make quite a bit of money selling dead girls--

DAVID (O.S.)

Not to this guy... This kind of guy may fucking kill us for that bloody nose. That's who he is, that's the kind of guy we're dealing with.

Another BUMP knocks Elizabeth face first into the side--

She CRIES, squints through the pain coursing through her face from the impact. Sets off further bleeding from her nose.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

I'm sure he's seen worse.

Elizabeth cranes her head, rolls back and forth...

Feels the zip ties digging into her wrists...

Realizes where she is, starts to PANT...

JERRY (O.S.)

Lizzie...?

Elizabeth rolls over to face the darkness to one end of the trunk, cabin side. Stares into the abyss...

JERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look at you, Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

Jerry...? Jerry... Help--

Jerry SHUSHES Elizabeth.

JERRY (O.S.)

Look at you without me, Lizzie.

The ride smooths out, feel of floating.

JERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

On your way to God knows where, for God knows what purpose...

ELIZABETH

Why can't I see you? Please?

His hand brushes Elizabeth's hair behind her ear.

JERRY (O.S.)

But we're done, Elizabeth... And what's left of you now?

(no answer)

You're lost. Confused. Exposed.

(beat)

That's what you are without me.

Elizabeth spits into the darkness--

ELIZABETH

Fuck you!

Hand smothers Elizabeth's mouth--

She squirms, BANGS against the sides of the compartment, some black form moving with her, clung to her back.

JERRY

Look at you without ME!

Elizabeth GASPS for air, Flails, swings at nothing--

There is no one else inside the compartment. No one choking her. She suffers all by herself from what brews within her.

Elizabeth finally catches her breath--

Full body exhale into a SCREAM--

ELIZABETH

FUCK! YOU!

BANG! BANG! BANG! On the backseat, echoes through the trunk.

DAVID (O.S.)

Shut the fuck up back there!

Elizabeth settles on her back, tries to catch her breath.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

I thought you gave her more of that  
shit to knock her out--

DAVID (O.S.)

I did! The bitch is immune.

Elizabeth feels the zip ties digging into her wrists.

Bound hands move along her ass pockets, still dressed in the outfit David picked here up in--

Feels the bulge of the eyebrow pencil at her left cheek.

Elizabeth tries to yank her hands apart--

The zip ties dig further into her skin, slices into the tops of her wrists until she bleeds.

Elizabeth rolls around, blindly feeling for anything--

The RED LIGHT is only apparent to the viewer. To Elizabeth, the trunk is pitch black and she is blind to everything.

Finally stops struggling, settles on her back...

Elizabeth gets a feel for the zip ties.

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
How much further is it?

DAVID (O.S.)  
I'm sick of that fucking question.  
When we need to turn, I'll tell you  
to fucking turn.

Elizabeth slides her bound hands down her backside, along her thighs and past her butt until the stretch turns to a strain.

She drags her knees to her chest, keeps her arms extended as far as they can go behind her. Face shows pain in the move.

Presses her zip tied hands further down her legs, tries to pull them past her feet so her hands slide out in front.

The zip tie catches on her heel, as far as she can go.

Elizabeth breaths rapidly, deeply... And then--

CRACK! Elizabeth SCREAMS in pain--

BANG! BANG! BANG!

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
SHUT UP! GOD-DAMNIT! FUCKING BITCH!

Elizabeth buries her face in the floor of the trunk, SOBBING.

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
What the hell is she doing?

DAVID (O.S.)  
You want to know? Go back there and  
find out. Be my guest.

Elizabeth catches her breath again, keeps her face buried--

Continues to pull on her arms using her feet until--

CRACK! Again, for the other shoulder.

Elizabeth can't help but to SCREAM in agony. She keeps her outburst aimed at the floor to muffle it.

She remains in the bent, almost prayerful position--

Both shoulders dislocated from their sockets.

Elizabeth PANTS until she calms...

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
Is she trying to kill herself?

Elizabeth pushes again on the zip tie with her feet--

Forces her bound hands down her feet until they slide out free in front of her, hung loose from dislocated shoulders.

Elizabeth CRIES from joy at the sight of her hands.

Brakes SQUEAL, violently jar Elizabeth--

Nearly sends her head first into the back of the compartment. She uses the trunk siding to pop her shoulders back in.

Doors open, SLAM shut soon after.

MIGUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Should we check on her?

DAVID (O.S.)  
You can if you want, but I'm in no hurry and we're late as is. Let's make this fucking deal then she's not our problem anymore.

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
Where are they?

DAVID (O.S.)  
Inside. I'm gonna make contact and then I'm gonna text you when it's all done. You'll bring her out.

Elizabeth stares at the crease in the trunk lid--

Can barely make out a sliver of artificial light from the outside. Cranes towards it, trying to bask in it.

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
And she's--?

DAVID (O.S.)  
Cuffed, you pussy. Even if she's awake, she's cuffed. She starts getting too loud, open the trunk and give her another sock.  
(beat)  
You have experience with that.

FOOTSTEPS, pass the vehicle, trunk--

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
Make it quick, please.

They trail off, disappear.

The trunk's weight suddenly shifts, light covered up by--

Miguel, now seated on the trunk lid, dressed in the same suit from the Art Hotel.

The trunk belongs to a black LINCOLN TOWN CAR parked in the hollow insides of an ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE--

Metal structure with a rotten wood shell. Huge industrial lights, sparse but powerful, hang from the rafters.

Moonlight penetrates holes in the wood siding.

Miguel pulls a cigarette from a carton using his mouth, when he notices a small blood stain on the cuff of his shirt--

Major Hungus's blood most likely.

Miguel tugs his coat sleeve over the stain, proceeds to light his cigarette. Long, smoky exhale follows.

Watches huge barely ajar double doors fifty yards away--

They lead to the massive neighboring loading dock--

**INT. LOADING DOCK 2 - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

As with the previous loading dock, this area is cavernous and completely empty but for a pair of cars at the center--

A DODGE NEON and SPRINTER VAN with its headlights on--

Ignite a frail female frame, shivering, backlit by the van's beams. Hands bound behind her back. Pillow case on her head.

The first SELLER shuts the truck to the NEON--

Steps into the headlights revealing himself as a smaller, tan fellow with a stout build. Tattooed sleeves up either arm.

Artwork disappears behind a skin tight Under Armour shirt.

SELLER

It looks good... Real good.

ADAM (35) wanders into the headlights from the darkness--

Chiseled chin shaved completely smooth. Heavy brown jacket on over an expensive flannel. Designer jeans. Desert boots.

He looks like a Disney prince but for his profession.

The Seller appears meek in Adam's presence.

ADAM

It more than looks good...

Adam runs the back of his hand down the bound and blindfolded girl's arm. Causes her to further shiver, flinch.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It is good... Your merch--

SELLER

Nice, right?

Adam pushes the bound woman's arm away, feigns disgust--

ADAM

Stepped on. That's why you're getting what you're getting.

David sticks to the darkness, watching.

SELLER

If that bitch were any fresher, I'd have snagged her out of a fucking convent, she's so untouched--

ADAM

But a middle school will do...?  
(no answer)  
Kids bring heat. Unnecessary heat in comparison to some broad no one really cares about that disappears.

SELLER

It's a shitty public school in a shitty neighborhood--

ADAM

So...?

SELLER

So, I'm sure her parents won't even realize she's gone for a few days.

ADAM

Even so, you don't sell this shit to me again or I'm gonna penalize you for wasting my fucking time.

SELLER

Alright--

ADAM

You understand?

SELLER

Yeah, I understand...

ADAM

Good. Now, fuck off. I've got more people to meet, merchandise to see.

Adam grabs the bound and blindfolded girl--

Holds her arm tightly around her bicep. His other hand digs into his pocket, pulls out a taser--

SELLER

One last thing!

Adam pauses, rolls his eyes, turns--

The Seller lingers in the van's headlights--

SELLER (CONT'D)

My wife, she bought this bed set when we first got married... The most expensive, highest thread count type--

ADAM

That usually goes hand in hand.

SELLER

Yeah--

ADAM

So get to the fucking point.

SELLER

She would kill me if that pillow case didn't make it back home.

Adam glances to the bound woman, pillow case over her head.

SELLER (CONT'D)

It's part of the set, and the set's kind of... Kind of fucked without it, you know--

ADAM

You can buy a whole trailer's worth of pillow cases with the chunk of change I just gave you...

(tugs on the case)

This one's mine. I paid for it.

SELLER

Alright... You paid for it.

ADAM

I know I paid for it and I know  
you're not leaving here with it.

The Seller throws his hands up, conceding--

Heads back to, disappears inside his DODGE NEON.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Send the wife my best!

The car rolls to exit the warehouse--

Its headlights catch David waiting in the darkness--

ADAM (CONT'D)

There he is. It's the guy I've been  
waiting for with the girl I've been  
dreaming about.

David steps into the Sprinter Van's headlights, awkward body  
posture with his hands shoved in his pockets.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Will you give me one second?

Adam again grabs the bound girl by her bicep--

ZAPS the crux of her neck and shoulder with the taser until  
she drops, unconscious, to the cold warehouse concrete.

Adam drags her limp body to the back of the van with ease.

ADAM (CONT'D)

So, how was it today? Tough?

DAVID

It wasn't easy.

The double doors to the van open--

Adam hoists the unconscious girl up, into the back. He steps  
up into the trunk with her. Voice echoes from inside.

ADAM (O.S.)

She sounds like a fighter!

DAVID

A bit of one...

Adam steps out, SLAMS the double doors shut.

ADAM

Alright... Let's talk.

**I/E. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

Miguel tosses a dwindling butt to a growing pile of spent cigarettes at the car's bumper.

His cellphone rests on the trunk lid beside him.

Miguel pulls the last cigarette from the pack, lights it. His leg bounces on his toe pressed into the bumper as he smokes.

Phone VIBRATES, nearly slides off the trunk lid.

**TRUNK - LINCOLN TOWN CAR**

Elizabeth ducks upon hearing the VIBRATION against the lid, as if the sound is meant to strike her down.

She reaches behind herself, feels the bulge of the eyebrow pencil at her left ass cheek. Fingers dig it out.

**INT. LOADING DOCK 2 - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

David shuts off his cellphone, pockets it--

ADAM

So...?

DAVID

It's on its way.

ADAM

SHE.

DAVID

She's on HER way.

ADAM

Just want to make sure, be clear  
I'm expecting a fish and not  
getting eel, you know.

DAVID

She's as advertised.

ADAM

You know?

DAVID

I snuck a peek.

ADAM

Dirty dog.

**I/E. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

The key dangles from Miguel's fist--

Shoves it into the trunk lock. Turns the key--

POP! The trunk flings open to reveal--

Elizabeth laid out on her side, hands clasped in front of her in a prayer-like pose. Her eyes closed.

Miguel presses her ribs with his finger. Nothing.

He leans into the trunk, picks Elizabeth up to hoist her onto his shoulder. Her arms dangle out in front of him--

Miguel goes to adjust her arms, thinks for a beat...

MIGUEL

What the--?

Elizabeth stiffens with life, opens her hands to reveal--

The sharpened point of the eyebrow pencil. She jams the shiv into Miguel's throat - THWACK!

Miguel collapses. Elizabeth falls with him--

She rolls over, yanks out the pencil stuck into his throat to strike again, and again, and again--

Until the pencil is blunted, still penetrates the raw flesh now giving way along Miguel's neck.

Miguel flails, twitches, GARGLES on his own blood.

Elizabeth crawls away, drenched in red, to the back bumper where she watches Miguel finally go still, silent.

VIBRATION... Miguel's cellphone on the floor...

**INT. LOADING DOCK 2 - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

David holds his cellphone to his ear, waiting--

DAVID

Come on... Come on... Pick up!

ADAM

Maybe you should go get her?

DAVID

Pick up the fucking phone!

**I/E. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

David's SCREAM echoes, until it reaches Elizabeth's ears.

Elizabeth looks up, directly overhead, spots--

The keys dangling from the trunk lock.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Miguel! Get her in here!

Elizabeth struggles to her feet, carefully shuts the trunk.

She pulls the keys from the lock, staggers to the driver's seat. Elizabeth loses track of the key--

Proceeds to shove them in, one by one.

**INT. LOADING DOCK 2 - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

David stares at his cellphone, shaking his head--

ADAM  
David... Stop being a lazy FUCKING  
ASSHOLE and go get her! PLEASE!

David pockets the phone, starts walking.

**INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

Elizabeth slides a key in - it fits... It turns!

The engine RUMBLES. The head and taillights turn on--

Just as David shows his face through the double doors. He looks down at what's left of Miguel, back to the Lincoln.

Elizabeth stares at David in the rearview mirror.

She throws the vehicle into reverse and jams on the gas--

The Lincoln tears away, going backwards and picking up speed as it SLAMS into David, frozen in stunned disbelief--

BANG! The car bursts through the doors but catches a beam causing it to fishtail to a stop against a metal pillar.

**INT. LOADING DOCK 2 - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

Adam stands by his van still, watching the aftermath of the Lincoln's crash. He does not move, only watches.



Adam looks down at the puddle of mush and blood that was once David's face, now a smear on the cement.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Yuck... Real yuck.

Adam approaches the Lincoln, now completely stopped. Unlikely to move again, smoke billowing from the engine--

The metal body crumpled in on itself.

As Adam closes in, the horn goes silent. The driver's side door opens and Elizabeth collapses out to the ground.

Adam begins to CLAP, echoing through the warehouse.

Elizabeth tries to crawl away, pulling with her forearms and elbows but MOANING in pain with every dragged inch.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Lady, do you know how much money  
you just saved me?  
(whistles)  
It's a lot... A lot.

Elizabeth rolls onto her back, tries to catch her breath.

Adam sits on the edge of the wreckage over her.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You were in a car accident. You  
killed a man...

Adam looks through the busted open doors, spots Miguel's bloody corpse on the ground--

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Two men. That's impressive.

Adam pulls a handkerchief from his ass pocket, uses it to wipe the blood up from her nose and brow.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
David said you were a fighter. He  
wasn't lying... You look like you  
want to tear me limb from limb.

Elizabeth settles, her breathing calms.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Rough day...?

ELIZABETH  
You have no idea.

Adam smiles so hard, he has to wipe a tear from his eye.

ADAM

Do you want to know how much you  
saved me? How much you're worth?  
(shakes her head)  
Twenty thousand dollars. That's a  
lot for you in the state you were  
in, let alone how you look now.  
(beat)  
You think you're worth twenty  
thousand dollars?  
(no answer)  
I hope you do...

ELIZABETH

You weren't here--

ADAM

I am.

ELIZABETH

You're not... You weren't here and  
your van wasn't here... The two men  
dragged me to this warehouse--

ADAM

For what? What's their motive--?

ELIZABETH

To rape me.

ADAM

You had a hotel room. They grabbed  
you from a hotel room.

ELIZABETH

It doesn't matter--

ADAM

It does... It does. Regardless of  
how fucking stupid they are...WERE,  
you think they'd have left a hotel  
room to rape you in this dingy ass  
building?

(no answer)

That's fucking retarded even for  
them. You understand?

ELIZABETH

They wanted to kill me...

ADAM

They're not killers.

ELIZABETH  
Then tell me...

ADAM  
Give you a way out...?

ELIZABETH  
Please.

ADAM  
That's not how this works.

ELIZABETH  
Just... I made it this far...

ADAM  
You have. You finished them off and  
you made it this far.  
(beat)  
But they were a couple peons. They  
were opportunists. Nobodies.  
(beat)  
But now, you find yourself at the  
feet of the big boss... That's me.  
And if there was ever somebody who  
wouldn't let you go, who wouldn't  
look the other way when you beg or  
grovel or cry, it's me.

ELIZABETH  
I didn't see you--

ADAM  
I appreciate that.

ELIZABETH  
I didn't...

ADAM  
But I was here. And they'll know I  
was here. And that's not gonna work  
for me, unfortunately. Sorry.

ELIZABETH  
What...?

ADAM  
You want out...?  
(Elizabeth nods)  
You pay me what you think you're  
worth and, shit, I'll drive your  
ass to the hospital...  
(beat)  
Tell me what you're worth.

**I/E. SPRINTER VAN - ABANDONED DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE**

The double doors open--

Fiery Lincoln crash in the background now igniting into a full blown inferno up the warehouse wall.

Elizabeth slung over Adam's shoulder in the foreground--

She swings an arm around, at Adam's throat--

The blunted eyebrow pencil falls from her grip, makes no impact on her captor. CLANKS to the ground.

ADAM

You got fight in you, kid.

Adam hip tosses Elizabeth into the back of the van.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You've been through a lot today,  
through more than I can imagine.

(beat)

I may be a villain, but I'm not an  
asshole, you know what I mean?

Elizabeth looks around, behind her--

Spots the bound girl from the Seller seated atop a built-in side bench. Hands clasped to metal grating behind her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

So, I'm gonna give you a choice to  
maybe avoid inflicting further pain  
for both our sakes...

(beat)

I can either tase you, which will  
not be pleasant. Or, you cooperate,  
sit down and let me cuff you.

ELIZABETH

(nods to the girl)

Who is she?

ADAM

Rival product. Not your concern.

(beat)

The latter is easy and I might even  
bind you loose. Spares you any more  
agony which I'm sure you'd like...

(steps up, into the van)

So, Elizabeth, what's it gonna be?

Looking in, through the windshield, an electrical flare.

Adam steps out of the van, shuts and locks the back doors.

As he approaches the driver's side, he pulls his cellphone from his pocket, presses it to his ear--

Adam proceeds to speak in a FOREIGN LANGUAGE, no subtitles, before shifting into English--

ADAM (CONT'D)

Serge, I've got one for you... The kind of girl that makes you praise God for Viagra... Cause you won't want to stop, Serge.

The door SLAMS shut behind him.

Adam settles into the driver's seat--

Backed by a sheet of material, solid but destructible like poster board, to keep the back from outside view.

The engine REVS to life. Adam shoves buds in both ears.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Can you hear me, Serge?

SERGE, heavy accented voice from the other end--

SERGE (V.O.)

Why are you calling ME--?

ADAM

In particular? Cause I know you're the kind of man who likes what I have but hates missing out on something I HAD even more.

The SPRINTER VAN rolls out of the warehouse, to the city streets that are lifeless at this time of night.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is a courtesy call, Serge. This is me doing a favor--

SERGE (V.O.)

You're doing me a favor...?

ADAM

Letting you know you'll regret not showing at the lodge tonight.

(Serge sighs)

Serge, you'll regret it until the day you die this time, I promise.

In the back--

WHIMPERING from beneath the shroud of a pillow case.

Elizabeth gradually comes to, her arms bound straight behind her to metal grating. Cuffed hands feel the connection--

Chains linked with a clasp. Her fingers massage the link to feel for a weakness. There's none that are apparent.

In the front--

Adam continues to drive, make calls--

ADAM (CONT'D)  
She's not too banged up, Jonas.

JONAS (V.O.)  
You said she was in a wreck...

ADAM  
(coughs)  
Two.

JONAS (V.O.)  
Two wrecks?!

ADAM  
Yeah, actually. Two.

In the back--

Elizabeth feels an edge on her wedding ring. Sharp to the touch and close enough to the link.

She maneuvers her finger around the clasp, begins to saw at the metal with her wedding ring.

In the front--

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I have two tonight, but one's kind of a wildcat. She killed the two guys that grabbed her--

LEAD GUARD, on the other end--

LEAD GUARD (V.O.)  
Two!

ADAM  
Two, before I subdued her. She may be fucking G.I. Jane so I could use some extra bodies getting her out.

In the back--

Elizabeth saws deeper into the link until she thins the metal wall enough to start pulling.

Her ring finger is raw, bloody and burned from the sawing.

Elizabeth proceeds to tug with all her strength.

In the front--

ADAM (CONT'D)

How much am I thinking? How much would I pay for her?

(thinks)

Fifty, at least. The older one, I don't know thirty maybe.

In the back--

Elizabeth tugs until her wrists bleed all down her arms. The pain creeps towards being too much when finally--

She throws her full body weight, momentum into a pull and--

SNAP! Elizabeth SLAMS into the opposite side, free.

In the front--

Adam feels a shift in weight, glances at his mirror--

ADAM (CONT'D)

These fucking potholes.

In the back--

Elizabeth steadies herself, holds back her agony.

Blood gushing from her wrists lubricates her hands so she can yank one of them loose from her cuffs. Frees both hands.

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The one girl is ripe. Like, really ripe but you'd have to show her the ropes no doubt... Think of her as a ball of clay and that ball of clay would be yours to mold... And fuck.

Elizabeth stares at the bound girl--

Pulls the pillow case off to reveal the twelve year-old girl beneath, terrified and still dressed in her school uniform.

Elizabeth puts her finger to her mouth, signals for quiet.

In the front--

ADAM (CONT'D)

They're gonna be there tonight. You better be, too. You may as well be a faggot missing out on these two.

In the back--

Elizabeth finds more metal grating separating the back from the front. She finds the screws binding one corner.

ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You should see what these girls can do, it'll astound you.

Elizabeth sucks her ring finger from the tip to the band--

Moisture allows the wedding ring to slide right off.

Elizabeth uses it to unscrew the grating.

In the front--

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm almost there. Ten minutes.

In the back--

The first screw falls - PLUNK - to the floor.

Elizabeth speeds up, one by one, as the little girl watches from the side, hope growing in her expression.

PLUNK, and another...

In the front--

ADAM (CONT'D)

She's a woman's woman. Like, you need somebody to beat up on that could probably defend themselves, make you feel dominant without being an asshole?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

That sounds pretty good.

ADAM

Pretty good...?

(voice hums)

Then this is your girl--

BANG!

Elizabeth bursts through the thin blackout backing to the driver's seat like the Kool-Aid Man!

Adam turns, terror in his eyes, as Elizabeth wraps her hands around his throat, drags herself closer to him--

She closes on him, bites into his left ear until she rips it from the side of his head.

Adam grabs, punches at her but she's too wild, too aggressive for the hits to knock her off balance.

Elizabeth jams her thumb into his right eye, presses until it pusses over her knuckle in a reddish mush.

Adam SCREAMS in agony, SLAPPING at Elizabeth--

He slams on the brakes in desperation--

Elizabeth hits the windshield.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You fucking bitch! You FUCK!

Adam regains his composure, reaches down for his seat belt--

But Elizabeth jumps him before he can free himself--

She SNAPS his fingers as they strike at her--

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You fucking whore! CUNT!

Elizabeth presses into the remaining eye until it liquefies.

Adam is a MOANING, writhing mess still strapped to his seat.

Elizabeth sinks her teeth into his nose, tears it from his face. His blood drenches her. She continues to strike him.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Please... Please...

Elizabeth pulls back, sees Adam now morphed into the image of another man... The man that brought her to this moment--

Jerry, eyes gouged out, hands up in a plea for mercy.

JERRY  
Please...

Elizabeth grins, blood dripping down her face. Undone.

FADE OUT.