

MINE

Written by

ME

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR TRUNK - TRAVELING - NIGHT

MYSTERY P.O.V.

Pitch black. Zero visibility.

MUFFLED MUSIC is nearly drowned out by a reverberating CAR ENGINE. It's "The Sign" by Ace Of Base.

Strained BREATHING as we SHUFFLE about in the darkness. This continues for an uncomfortably long time, then--

A cellphone RINGS through the Bluetooth.

The SQUEAL of poorly maintained brakes, just before the ENGINE shuts off and MUSIC stops.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Yo, Jennifer! What's crackin'?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
(through the Bluetooth)
Hey, Logan. I'm so sorry to bother you on your trip.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Stop! It's all good! What's up?

We GROAN in the darkness.

A long beat passes.

LOGAN (O.S.)
Jen? Everything good?

Jennifer SIGHS O.S.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
(worried)
I'm really worried about Rodney. Have you heard from him in the past couple days?

More strained BREATHING in the dark.

LOGAN (O.S.)
No. No I haven't. Hold up. Are you saying you haven't seen and talked to Rod in a couple of days? What the hell's going on?

Jennifer's voice cracks as she fights back tears O.S.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I don't know. He's just gone.
Neither his boss or his parents
have seen him. His sister hasn't
heard from him either. Are you sure
he didn't say anything to you?

LOGAN (O.S.)

Nothing. I swear! I'd tell you,
Jen. You know that.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

(sniffles)

I know, I know... I'm just... God.
I'm scared, Logan.

Another GROAN in the darkness.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Yeah, I can only imagine. Look, I'm
gonna head back now, alright?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

No! Please! You're on vaca--

LOGAN (O.S.)

Jen. This isn't a debate. If Rod is
missing, I'm gonna come help you
find him. He'd come find me if it
were the other way around.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I'm sorry--

LOGAN (O.S.)

Stop, seriously. I can go on
vacation another time. The cabin
isn't going anywhere.

Another SIGH from Jennifer O.S.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Thank you, Logan. I really
appreciate you.

LOGAN (O.S.)

Yeah. Of course. Just, try not to
stress out. I'll be back there in a
couple of hours. Don't worry, Jen.
I'm sure he's okay.

A BEEP signals that the call has ended.

A car door OPENS and CLOSES.

FOOTSTEPS draw near.

A latch UNLOCKS, then the trunk lid is lifted up.

LOGAN, (30), stands tall over us, silhouetted by harsh moonlight behind him. He leans forward, close to us. A sly grin stretches across his face.

LOGAN
I've got bad news, buddy.

END P.O.V.

TIGHT SHOT of RODNEY, (28), beaten to a bloody pulp, stuffed awkwardly into the trunk.

His arms and legs have all been twisted and broken so that his body can fit into the tight space. Swollen eyes stare up at the man standing over the open trunk. His jaw is broken, hanging awkwardly to the side.

Rodney releases a pitiful moan.

RODNEY'S P.O.V.

Logan straightens up. His grin grows wider.

LOGAN
Jennifer's mine. Mine. She always
has been.

He pulls out a stiletto knife, flicks out the blade.

LOGAN
Now, I'd wanted to have a bit more
fun with you... But Jen is really
stressed out. She needs me. So...

With one swift motion, he reaches down and drags the knife just below our sightline.

Our vision BLURS as it FADES IN and OUT.

Logan leans back, smiles down at us as we CHOKE and GURGLE. He lifts his free hand, waves goodbye as we--

FADE TO BLACK.