

RIDE SHARE

written by

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OVER BLACK:

Most of the following actually
happened.

FADE IN:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILL WESTBURGER--20s, a nondescript loser, lay half curled up on a disheveled couch---one dangling foot dragging the soda stained dime store rug below.

Asleep. Drool wets the plush dog toy he's using as a temporary pillow.

A smart phone DINGS. And DINGS again. Over and over.

Startled awake, Will pops up, checks his phone. An UBER APP displays a \$25 ride. After a long, strained sigh...Will finally accepts. DING! *Head south on Stewart Drive for point seven miles.*

Peeking his smashed face out of a corner bedroom, Will's morbidly obese pug BARKLEY BARKSDALE goes his typical berzerk: AARGH! AAAARRRGH!

WILL
SHUT UP!

Some soft whimpering.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Daddy loves you. But
shut the fuck up.

Will sets his feet to the floor, rubs his tired face.

More whimpering mixed with a stifled, nasaly growl.

WILL (CONT'D)
I don't care. Shit in the closet.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Will reaches into a near empty refrigerator. If not for three full six packs of RED BULL. He snags two.

Immediately cracks one and guzzles. A burp that rattles the dishes quickly follows.

At his feet, Barkley sniffs the filthy, crumb spattered tile. He's a fat little spud. A baked potato with feet.

With a whimpering whistle in his smashed little nose, he looks to Will for support.

WILL (CONT'D)
Barkley Avon Barksdale, you're
gettin' on my last nerve.

Barkley paws Will's kneecap.

WILL (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know. I don't have time
right now, bud. You have to go in
the corner. You know the drill.
Let's move.

Barkley trots off.

WILL (CONT'D)
And don't eat it. You eat it
again, I'm spanking your ass. I
mean it this time.

Will snags his keys from a simple hook on the wall, chucks his empty can in the way too full trash bin -- pushing other gnarly trash to the floor -- then cracks red bull number two as he heads out the door.

EXT. GOODWILL - DAY

A pair of three-foot dwarfs, JOHNNY and JOHNNY'S MOM, await curbside, the mother's hands full of shopping bags outweighing both her and Johnny combined.

Will's blue Nissan Sentra arrives. The passenger window quickly lowers. And Johnny's Mom isn't pleased as she checks her apple watch.

JOHNNY'S MOM
(to Will)
Well. We were just about to
cancel.

WILL
And to think. I would've missed
this.

Johnny and Johnny's Mom crawl in the backseat.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - DAY

Will checks the rearview mirror and notices Johnny is clearly not in his right mind.

A razor sharp focus in his eye as he takes in the bright and colorful variety of Will's busy dashboard.

Johnny's Mom attempts to set her bags in place as a restless Johnny starts making animal-like grunts.

WILL

We good back there?

JOHNNY'S MOM

He's fine. Just give us a minute, please. I need to put his belt on first. So, please don't move.

WILL

Yeah. Safety first.

Johnny's grunting grows in intensity. Without warning, he jerks up, reaches into the front seat...goes for Will's rearview mirror as if he's absolutely furious with it...attempts to yank it clean off.

WILL (CONT'D)

Whoa whoa!

Will grabs his chubby arm...

JOHNNY'S MOM

Stop it! Don't do that!

WILL

Sorry, but...

(beat)

Do something, would ya!

JOHNNY'S MOM

(to Will)

I wasn't talking to you! Okay?!

I'm sorry!

Johnny's Mom is having a helluva time as she can't quite find the seatbelt...lost somewhere in the vinyl.

JOHNNY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Just give us a sec! I'm looking for the belt!

WILL

It's in the same place it always is.

JOHNNY'S MOM

Yes, I understand that. It's stuck in the cushion.

Will sighs in utter exhaustion. Momentarily shuts his eyes, shakes his head. He's just getting started and already regretting his decision.

And Johnny's grunting starts up all over again. He's about to lose all control.

WILL
You need some help?

Meantime, Will watches closely in his mirror. Johnny fights the belt with all his might, angrily slaps Johnny's Mom in the face, head and back, as she continues to struggle.

JOHNNY
Noooo! Stop it! It too tight!

WILL
Look, maybe if you loosened it.

Mentally defeated, Johnny's Mom tosses the belt aside, slumps into her side of the backseat.

JOHNNY'S MOM
Okay, forget it. Just sit there.

And before Will knows what's happening...

Johnny grabs the driver's seatbelt.

WILL
Hey!

With great force, the belt is jerked back, tight around Will's neck as he's literally choking. He fights to unhook himself.

WILL (CONT'D)
What the...! Stop it!

JOHNNY'S MOM
(to Johnny)
Stop it! Sit down!

As she slaps the back of Johnny's head.

Someway, somehow, Will breaks free.

WILL
What...is going on?!

JOHNNY'S MOM
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. He won't do it again.

WILL

I can't have this in my car. I need you to get out. Or do something. Strap him in or give him his pill or whatever.

JOHNNY'S MOM

He just needs a minute to get acclimated. My son is a level three ASD with Tourette's.

WILL

No shit.

JOHNNY

Fffuck you!

JOHNNY'S MOM

Look. Just give us a moment. Please.

(to Johnny)

And watch your mouth.

JOHNNY

You're a bitch!

Johnny's Mom finally clicks Johnny's seatbelt, fastens it as tight as she can get it.

JOHNNY'S MOM

He's in. I'm so sorry. We're good.

Johnny's face is flushed red as he fixes his angry gaze on Will's image in the rearview mirror.

WILL

You sure? Because he don't look good.

JOHNNY'S MOM

Yes. Please. Let's just...go please. He's fine.

Will attempts a quick sip of his redbull--

Johnny kicks the shit out of the driver's seat--

JOHNNY

Drive!

Redbull spills everywhere.

WILL
Thank you. Thanks for that.

AARON (V.O.)
You got choked out by a midget with autism?

EXT. GAS AND GO STATION - NIGHT

On the quieter side of the station's lot, Will stands with buddies AARON and CODY. Another pair of clueless, scruffy losers. Aaron in his red "Gas and Go" vest, gulping down a tallboy beer, and Cody squatting on a curb, donning the apron of a short order cook.

A WAFFLE HOUSE within walking distance.

AARON
Seriously. That's like a joke.
What are the odds of that?

CODY
Better than average, apparently.

AARON
You pick em up at the clinic or something?

WILL
No, I didn't pick them up at the clinic. What clinic?

AARON
No, seriously. They got a hospital down the road, behind the regular person hospital. It's like a special wing for midgets with anger issues and shit like that.

CODY
No cap?

Will can't believe his ears.

WILL
First off, there's no clinic for angry midgets. Second, you're a fuckin idiot. That's an ABA center for children on the spectrum, Aaron.

AARON
I shit you not. Ask Cody.

CODY
(to Will)
I got nothin, sorry.

WILL
(to Aaron)
I can't believe I'm having this
conversation.

CODY
Don't sell yourself short. We've
had much dumber conversations.

AARON
What is it with you picking up all
these dwarfs anyways? You're like
the midget whisperer.

WILL
Funny.

CODY
Guys, guys...

Will and Aaron turn to Cody.

CODY (CONT'D)
Dwarfs. Midgets. Little people.
It's Twenty Twenty Five here,
fellas. I believe the politically
correct term you're looking for is
retarded.

WILL
That's nice. Nice talk.

AARON
(to Cody)
The hell's a matter with you?

CODY
What?

Will rubs the inside of his collar.

WILL
Seriously. Look what this little
fire hydrant did to my neck.

Aaron gets a closer look.

AARON
Pretty raw.

CODY

Dude, you are red.

AARON

That ASD's no joke. Poor little dude was probably freakin out with all those lights flashing on and off. Like telling a kid in a candy store not to lick the lolly pop.

CODY

No cap. Plus the fact he's already retarded.

WILL

Can you stop with the retard shit? People are watching.

AARON

Yeah, no cap. We're in a public space here or whatever. Have a little tact.

Aaron rips an impressive belch. Customers crawling in their cars, walking inside...all turn and stare at this gross collection of idiots.

Will hides in the shadows.

WILL

You guys are a deal, you know that?

CODY

At least I ain't calling no poor down syndrome kid a fire hydrant.

AARON

Dude, seriously?

WILL

He doesn't have down syndrome. And he wasn't retarded. Okay, retard? So cool it.

AARON

(to Cody)

Yeah, Basic math. Don't you got some hash to sling or something?

Cody checks his phone.

CODY

Oh shit.

AARON

Yeah. Good job. Now get back in your cage.

Cody dusts himself off.

CODY

See you two butt queefs in an hour.

AARON

Yeah, we can't wait.

Cody humps it back to Waffle House.

Aaron dumps his beer in a trash bin, rests his hands on Will's shoulders.

AARON (CONT'D)

William. I know you're struggling. You're not making any money. Barely sleeping. You kinda look like shit. You ain't been laid in almost a year.

WILL

Let me know when the pep talk begins.

AARON

No, really. Seriously. I know things look pretty bleak. But no need to worry. You are now in what they call a transitional phase. Some big things are coming. Better things. I know they are. They have to.

WILL

Oh yeah? Why's that?

AARON

Because. Let's face it. They can't get any worse.

EXT. STOREFRONT SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Will sucks his teeth as he half-runs, half-trots toward an almost closed grocery store--just as the interior lights grow dim and the doors get locked.

WILL

No, no, no. Come on!

Will presses his nose against the glass, peers inside. He gives a quick knock.

A MANAGER casually walks passed the door and ignores the presence of anyone outside.

Will raps the glass. No response.

WILL (CONT'D)
I see you. I can literally see
you. How can you not hear me?

Will gives another knock. Nothing. And then busts the loudest most disgusting fast food fart ever heard by human ears.

WILL (CONT'D)
Come on. Not yet. Please.

Will gives up, spots a MCDONALD'S on the far end of the lot. The bright YELLOW ARCHES still shining loud and proud. He hurries back to his car.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

Will races his Sentra into the almost desolate lot. He spots KENDRA, a female employee, kiss her boyfriend good night as the car slowly pulls out..and off it goes.

Kendra stares at her phone, pretends to ignore Will, sort of half casually hurries for the door.

WILL
Y'all still open?

KENDRA
Yeah, we open. Drive thru's open
until One.

WILL
Awesome. Thank you, God. I
mean...wait!

Will rushes for the door. Meanwhile, Kendra shuts and locks the door in his face. The dining room seemingly closed a good while ago.

WILL (CONT'D)
No, no. Hey!

Will raps on the glass as Kendra disappears into the far reaches of the kitchen. As if she's completely vanished into thin air.

WILL (CONT'D)
Black ass bitch.

Will duck walks it back to his Sentra...busting little farts at regular intervals...now in a full blown panic as he's about to shit himself.

WILL (CONT'D)
(in a panicked, almost
lighting fast gibberish)
God, please. I didn't mean it. I
didn't mean it. I love black
people. I love my black brothers
and sisters. I love the gays,
trans. LGBT. QRSTUV. Whatever.

Will clumsily spills his keys on the pavement. Quickly, but ever so carefully, retrieves them.

WILL (CONT'D)
Just don't let me shit my pants,
please.

Will jumps in. And in a hot flash, he's out of there and back on the highway.

EXT. QUIET HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Will behind the wheel sweating like a sick animal. A town shrouded in darkness. All the normal people asleep. And everything closed or about to close.

WILL
Almost home. Almost home. You can
do this.

And Will spots the merciful green light ahead. A sigh of relief as he's home free.

WILL (CONT'D)
Yes. Yes, yes.

And then, just like that, it goes from yellow to an almost immediate red.

WILL (CONT'D)
No. No, no. Come on. I'm right
there. I'm right...there!

Will spots a COP CAR pull up to a FREE AIR and VACUUM STATION at the corner 711 across the street.

The COP steps out and immediately makes eye contact with Will as he sweats and panics, bouncing in his seat like a wind-up Jack-in-the-Box.

Will fixates on the stoplight, his face flushed as red as the light that won't change. Absolutely sick at this point. He waits for the green light.

And waits. And wait some more.

He checks left. Darkness. No cars.

And then right. No cars. Just a painful silence.

And then, finally...the unspeakable happens.

Will shuts his eyes, accepts his fate. No more bouncing in his seat. No more sweating. No more panic. Just a long, messy, and most shameful defecation.

WILL (CONT'D)
Please let it stop.

Will pops open his eyes. And the light is STILL RED.

Round two. Will shuts his eyes. Squeezes them shut, even harder and tighter than before. His ass lifted three full inches off his seat.

WILL (CONT'D)
Please God.

A sigh of relief. It's finally over. Will relaxes his ass, slowly, carefully, back on the seat. He pops open his eyes. The light now glowing a most beautiful and most glorious bright GREEN.

HONK!

The car behind him flashes its brights.

Will looks across the way. The vacuum and air fill station sits vacant.

He passes through the light. The damage done.

Will checks his mirror. The Cop Car nowhere to be found.

He guns it. Then makes an almost dangerous left turn as he approaches his street. A COP CAR coming in the opposite lane lays on the HORN.

He LIGHTS UP...chases after Will.

EXT. CRANE'S ROOST APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Will uses a full roll of paper towels to wipe down the brown soupy residue left in the driver's seat. The UNIFORM COP behind him spotlights the pool of filth with his large maglite.

Will's various NEIGHBORS stand on their porches in bathrobes, boxer shorts, observing the most embarrassing moment of Will's entire life.

Will literally in tears.

AARON (V.O.)
How can you shit yourself?

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will feeds Barkley his dinner as the little anxious potato practically flips over his bowl. Meanwhile, Will has Aaron on speaker phone.

WILL
It wasn't like a conscious
decision. Like oh, there's plenty
of places to stop. But I think
I'll just casually crap my pants.
Cause that's easier or whatever.
(beat)
Everything was closed. The whole
town closes by Eight-Thirty.
Open shit up.

AARON (V.O.)
Yeah, I get it but...I mean...how
did you...get to that point? Why
don't you take a break, bro?

Will enters the

LIVING ROOM

Where he paces the carpet like a restless soul who can't take a single moment to relax.

WILL
Because. Sometimes you can't stop.
Like you're halfway dropping
someone off and you get another
ding for Twenty, Twenty Two
Dollars. You take it. You don't
think about it. You take it.
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
Whether you gotta piss or you're
hungry or tired or whatever.

AARON (V.O.)
Yeah but...what if you gotta take a
dump?

Will gives up, collapses on the couch.

WILL
Yeah, I get it. You don't have to
explain it to me. I get it now.
Lesson learned.

AARON (V.O.)
I'm sorry but...it's funny.
(beat)
It's not funny?

WILL
Yeah, it's hilarious. Real funny.
Like, what am I gonna do? Go back
out? Now? How do you recover from
that? The midget with the seatbelt
was bad enough.

AARON (V.O.)
Little person.

WILL
Little person. Right.

AARON (V.O.)
Does it stink?

WILL
I don't know. I'm not the best at
smelling my own brand. Probably.
That, plus half my night's gone.

AARON (V.O.)
It's just not a good time for
whatever reason. So drink a beer.
Chill for a minute. Maybe go back
out in an hour or two. All the
bars will be cleaning out. Get
some good tips.

Will sighs.

WILL
Yeah. I guess.

AARON (V.O.)
Relax, bro. Fuck. I'm heading out
the door. Hit me up later if you
want.

WILL
Yeah.

AARON (V.O.)
Try not to poop yourself.

Will hangs up. Arms behind his head. His eyes shut. And
just as he's about to drift off...

DING. DING. DING.

Will pops open his eyes. The Uber App offering a \$35 two-
stop. With trepidation, Will accepts.

WILL
Don't make me regret this.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Will cruises a thin, dimly lit street in what you might call
the wrong side of town.

Delapidated homes. Boarded windows. Children's playsets and
toys litter uncut lawns.

A chained-in basketball court.

Will slows to a halt. UBER: *You've arrived at your
destination!* He messages his passenger: I'm here.

Without warning, a bright pair of HEADLIGHTS blind Will to
the point of covering his eyes.

And the headlights are coming from the driveway of his latest
customer. A tall, slender female figure leans in close to
the open driver's side window of what looks like an early
2000s Camaro SS. But Will can't quite make it out as the
lights are too bright.

The female figure steps closer and closer. Her skin tight
outfit hugs her finely tuned curves. But her face and
identity shrouded in darkness.

Will's passenger opens the rear car door. Crawls in. This
is KITTY MUNROE (30s), a rough featured but strangely
attractive, ultra sexy lady of the evening. She is clearly
wearing a wig. Giant red curls dangling onto her half
exposed breasts.

KITTY
One-One-Eight-Seven-Five-Five.

But Will is frozen. Staring back at her.

KITTY (CONT'D)
You good up there?

WILL
Huh?

KITTY
My passcode. One one eight seven
five five.

WILL
Oh. Yeah.

Will types in her code. He spots the tall figure of a large BLACK MAN standing on Kitty's lawn. A pistol stuffed into the front of his pants.

WILL (CONT'D)
Umm. Are we good?

KITTY
You mean Jordy? Don't worry about
him. He's all show. Does this to
everyone.

The Black Man heads back inside. Will still in shock.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I'd like to get there tonight,
please.

WILL
Yes ma'am.

Will starts the Uber. They head off.

EXT. QUIET HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Will's Sentra is just one of a few cars left on this mostly desolate stretch. If not for the usual late night crowd of bar hoppers and drunks.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - NIGHT

Will watches Kitty do her makeup in a compact mirror while snapping some gum.

Her gum spills from her mouth...right into the crack of her breasts. Kitty looks to see if Will's watching. He is.

WILL

So. Where are we headed? Big plans tonight?

KITTY

Cute. Very subtle.

WILL

Not that it matters or anything. I work a lot of late hours. I've pretty much seen it all.

KITTY

Really? Like what? Do tell.

Will hesitates. Kitty watches him in the mirror. Practically on the edge of her seat.

WILL

Well. It's not important. None of my business, really. People do what they do. Not my concern or problem.

Will nervously clears his throat. Kitty grins.

KITTY

Good answer. I like to keep a low profile. My clients expect the same. So does my manager. You remember him. Back there.

WILL

Hey. Your secret's safe with me. We all gotta do what we gotta do, right?

KITTY

That we do. How long have you been driving?

WILL

Oh. Just shy of eight months now. I think.

KITTY

You live around here?

WILL

Yeah. Just off Nineteen.

KITTY

So you work around here mostly?

WILL

Yeah, I guess. For the most part. I do a couple runs to the airport here and there. I guess I haven't really branched out yet. Still swimming in the shallow end.

KITTY

Yeah, I hear ya. My brother drove for Lyft. Don't get sucked into those long trips. You'll waste half your day in traffic and the tips are lousy. You're better off staying local. Building up a clientele. People you know won't stiff you or give you the run around.

WILL

Oh yeah?

Kitty sparks up a smoke.

KITTY

These clowns rolling around in an Uber at Two AM are looking to get ripped, laid or in trouble. And trouble costs money. They may seem broke but they got cash. No car. No license and no brains, but they have money. If they're desperate enough they'll spend it. Not like they have work in the morning like most people. That's your customer base in a nutshell.

WILL

Unfortunately, I never know what I'm gonna get. I mean, it's not like anyone can just pick up the phone and call me direct.

KITTY

Yeah? Why not?

WILL

Because if anyone found out I was taking rides on the side I'd get kicked off the service. It's not really worth it.

KITTY
So go into business for yourself.

WILL
I guess it depends on how much cash
flow we're talking about.

Will checks his mirror, awaits Kitty's response. She smiles
back at him.

KITTY
I could rattle off at least ten
names right now that could triple
your business and put about half
the miles on your car. Spend some
quality time with your girl. Have
an actual life. You look tired.

And Will ponders this. He ponders it a good few seconds.
And then comes to his senses.

WILL
No offence but I can't afford
another legal infraction on my
record. At least not for a while.
But like I said. No offence.

KITTY
You just get out or something?

WILL
No, not really. Just probation.
Community service. Nothing big.
Not like...well...

KITTY
Like prostitution?

WILL
I didn't say it.

KITTY
You didn't have to.

Will keeps his eyes on the road. Kitty grins.

KITTY (CONT'D)
It's the next left, by the way.

WILL
Yeah, right. Thanks.

Will gets into a turning lane...pulls into a respectable
subdivision.

EXT. KITTY'S IN-LAWS HOUSE - NIGHT

Will pulls into the sloping driveway. Keeps the engine running.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - NIGHT

Kitty sucks in a breath. Almost a bit nervous. Her usual confidence a bit shaken. Will notices.

KITTY
I'll try to be quick.

WILL
Hey. Take your time. We all have bills to pay.

KITTY
It's not like that.

WILL
Oh.

Kitty steps out. She's met at the door by her soon to be ex MOTHER-IN-LAW.

MOTHER-IN-LAW
She's not here. Even if she were, you can't see her.

KITTY
Where is she? I just talked to her. Literally, like twenty minutes ago.

MOTHER-IN-LAW
He picked her up already. On their way back home. You can get her tomorrow. And not dressed like a street harlot, please and thank you. She's still my granddaughter.

Mother-in-law spots Will behind the wheel.

MOTHER-IN-LAW (CONT'D)
And who's this one? This the new boyfriend? Real cute.

Mother-in-law moves closer to Will's car, peers inside the driver's side window.

MOTHER-IN-LAW (CONT'D)

(to Will)

Get off my property! Take your
whore with you! Come back and I
call the police!

WILL

Yikes.

Will puts up his window. Kitty gives up, pouts and curses as she humps it back to the Sentra. She crawls in the back, slams the door shut.

WILL (CONT'D)

Everything good?

KITTY

No. Not really. I just talked to
my fucking daughter less than
fifteen minutes ago and she's not
fucking here. They did it on
purpose. And this isn't the first
time.

WILL

Your daughter? I'm confused.

KITTY

About what? We're here to pick her
up and my douche bag ex husband
took her first. Got it? You up to
speed??

WILL

Yeah. I got it.

KITTY

Good. Now let's go.

With reluctance, Will starts the next trip on his phone.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - NIGHT

Will's Sentra arrives at the front roundabout. The interior lights of the check-in desk shining bright. He throws it in park but keeps the engine running.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - NIGHT

In his rearview mirror, Will watches Kitty rub her tired, sore temples.

WILL

Well. We're here. Is there a specific room or is it a surprise?

KITTY

I know what you're thinking.

WILL

What's that?

KITTY

No good whore takes her daughter to meet a trick in the middle of the night. What a prize. A real mother of the year.

WILL

I didn't say anything. But now that you mention it...

KITTY

Well you don't know anything. Okay, Mister Morals. So save it.

WILL

Yeah. Okay. Your date's waiting.

Kitty shakes her head in disgust, swings open her door.

KITTY

You know, I live here, asshole. I was gonna spend the night with my little girl. And now I can't. Instead I get a lecture from my bitch ass mother in law, whose son, if he wasn't such an abusive drunk, deadbeat prick, I wouldn't have to do this shit.

Will wilts in defeat.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Now I gotta deal with your stupid little judgmental stare. Have that image stuck in my brain all night.

WILL

Hey. Like I said, I didn't say anything. It's none of my business.

KITTY

You're right. It's not.

Kitty holds up a hundred dollar bill.

KITTY (CONT'D)
See this?

WILL
What's that?

KITTY
What's this? This was your cut.
Now say goodbye.

Kitty rips it in half.

WILL
Whoa. Did you really do that?

Kitty lets the torn bill fall onto the floorboard.

KITTY
Keep the change.

Kitty storms out. Will rolls down his passenger window,
pops his head out--

WILL
Hey, can we talk?!

Kitty flips him the bird as she enters the front lobby and
disappears inside.

WILL (CONT'D)
Guess not.

INT. GAS AND SIP - LATE NIGHT

Standing in the snack aisle, Aaron uses a mark down label gun
on a stack of old candy bars and other junk food.

AARON
So she just ripped it in half like
it was nothing?

Meanwhile, Will stands at the front counter and uses a roll
of scotch tape to fix his hundred dollar bill.

WILL
This is still good, right? If I
tape it?

AARON

I don't know. You're acting like
I've seen a hundred dollar bill
before.

A CUSTOMER dips inside, heads straight for the beverage coolers.

AARON (CONT'D)

Welcome to Gas and Go!
(whispers)
Now get your gas and go.

Will holds up his bill to the light. Flips it over, checks the other side. As good as new.

WILL

You think she was serious?

AARON

About what?

The Customer rests his energy drink on a self-serve pay scale, throws in his debit card.

Will gives him some space, joins Aaron in the snack aisle.

WILL

About hooking me up with a job.

AARON

A job? Doing what?

WILL

I don't know. If I had to guess,
driving around some of her friends.
Taking them to meet their tricks.

Will turns, spots the customer eavesdropping. Will smiles, faces Aaron. And with a quieter tone...

WILL (CONT'D)

I mean, what else could she have
been talking about?

AARON

I don't know. I wasn't there.

Aaron spots the customer looking very confused by the self-serve machine. Something isn't right.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to Customer)
That don't work.

The customer sighs, frustrated. He moves for the front counter. But Aaron pays him no mind.

AARON (CONT'D)
(to Will)
What did she say?

WILL
Not much. Just tripping my
nightly take home in about half the
time. Staying here in town. Not
having to drive all over creation.

AARON
You're actually thinking about
this?

CUSTOMER
(angry)
Can I get some help or what's the
deal?

AARON
It's your lucky night, my friend.
It's on the house.

CUSTOMER
Can I get some smokes?

AARON
(whispers to Will)
Wonderful. Give me a minute.

Aaron tends to the customer. Will joins them at the front counter, holds up his hundred dollar bill with two hands, as if to show Aaron. Something scribbled on the back.

WILL
See that? That's her number. Her
personal phone number. Now why
would she leave her number if she
never wants to see me again?
That's a job offer.

Aaron slaps down a pack of Marlboros.

AARON
One way to find out.

WILL
(to Customer)
What do you think? Should I call
her?

CUSTOMER
Look at it this way. When was the
last time a female gave you money?
Of any kind? Let alone a C note.

Will nods in agreement.

WILL
(to Aaron)
I'm calling her.

Will heads out.

AARON
Yeah. Oh, before I forget...

Will turns back--

AARON (CONT'D)
Don't poop yourself.

Will lets it go, books it out the door. Aaron belly laughs.

INT. KITTY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kitty opens her door. Will on the other side. He gets
himself a nice eyeful as Kitty's barely covered in an
oversized t shirt. Her natural hair tied up in pigtails
and most of her makeup gone.

KITTY
Back so soon?

WILL
Yeah, well. This couldn't really
wait. I figured you'd still be up
anyways so...

Kitty backs away from the door.

KITTY
Come on.

Will steps inside. Immediately notices four separate stacks
of cash piled up on an unmade bed. Along with four separate
envelopes with different colors.

WILL
Busy few nights?

Kitty grins.

KITTY
Always.

Kitty squats back on the mattress, continues to separate the bills into different piles.

WILL
Why did you leave your number like that?

KITTY
Because. Any fool can see you need a lifeline. That, and I actually need your help with something.

WILL
Doing what exactly? Rides? A personal chauffeur? What?

KITTY
Rides. Pick-ups. Deliveries. A little bit of collecting. If needed.

WILL
And what about your friend? What's his face?

KITTY
Jordy? Lost his license for two years. Plus he's on parole. If he's even seen rubbing elbows with some of these guys, he's headed back inside for another five. Can't afford the risk.

Kitty observes Will. As if to examine him head to toe for the first time.

KITTY (CONT'D)
No one's gonna suspect your vanilla ass of doing anything more than delivering groceries or some poor old fart's medication.

WILL
You said collecting?

KITTY

Yeah.

WILL

Collecting what?

KITTY

Stuff.

WILL

Stuff. Cash? Drugs?

KITTY

Yeah, sure.

Will left confused. Kitty drags her cigarette.

WILL

Which is it? What am I looking at here exactly?

KITTY

What you're looking at is Three Hundred a night. No more than four, maybe five hours of work at the absolute most. You keep your phone charged and you answer it. If it rings more than three times and you don't answer, I call another driver.

WILL

And no money?

KITTY

And no money. Correct. Are you in or out?

Will observes the mounds of loose cash getting taller by the second. He quickly caves, nods in agreement.

WILL

Okay. So when do I start?

Kitty stuffs a thick wad of cash into an envelope, wraps a rubber band around it...holds it out to Will.

He reluctantly steps closer.

WILL (CONT'D)

What's that?

KITTY

A thousand. Your down payment.
Just in case you start getting cold
feet. Or...you can hang out with
your buddies back at the gas
station. Fighting every night for
a reason not to throw yourself into
traffic.

Will accepts the envelope. A giant grin.

Kitty returns his smile.

And before he knows what's happening...

A crew of VICE COPS burst open the door and quickly put Will
flat on his belly.

VICE COP #1

Arms flat on the carpet!

WILL

Okay, okay.

Will has both arms extended, palms flat. Kitty hides safely
in the corner, arms folded, quiet, playing the innocent
victim angle while the crew of cops observe the stacks of
bills on the mattress.

VICE COP #2

Boy, you just fucked up, son.

WILL

Yes, sir, I see that.

And into the room struts DETECTIVE ROB LACEY--40s, veteran
street cop with gray hairs creeping out from under his
fitted baseball cap but with a boyish, youthful charm. And
always with the same stupid grin.

LACEY

Well well. Mister Westburger. We
meet again.

Will gives up, shuts his eyes.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Will sits defeated on the other side of a simple white table.
Lacey stands off to the side, arms folded, quietly observing
the pitiful young man. Meanwhile, his partner SGT.

DETECTIVE JEB WHEELER--50s, slovenly but strong as a horse, sits across from Will, his disgusting belly practically plopped onto the table's surface.

WHEELER

Son, do you even understand what's going on out there? You been watching the news?

WILL

I don't have time to watch the news. I'm too busy.

WHEELER

Well. I'll give you the short version. Some girls around here have been disappearing. I know you've heard about it. Read about it. Give us that much.

WILL

Yeah, so maybe I heard. A couple of girls got dumped on the expressway.

(to Lacey)

Prostitutes, right?

Lacey checks with his partner. Wheeler hesitates. Followed by a tired sigh.

WHEELER

What all do you know about it?

WILL

I don't. I guess maybe I heard bits and pieces. A couple of girls got dumped in a parking lot someplace.

WHEELER

Three girls. Total.

LACEY

Two on the expressway. One on the Four Twenty-Nine, northbound. One off of the Four Fourteen, northbound. One about twenty minutes from here out on Forty Six. Headed West.

(beat)

You know what they all had in common, Will?

WILL

No idea.

LACEY

Besides the fact they were beaten to a pulp, making identification damn near impossible. They were all killed late Saturday evening and dumped on church grounds sometime during the wee hours. Just in time for the Sunday morning crowd. Nice, huh?

WILL

Sorry to hear that.

LACEY

Yeah, real cute, huh? But he doesn't stop there.

WILL

No?

LACEY

No. Then he dumps whatever loose cash he happens to dig off the victims and sprinkles it over their bodies. We're not talking chump change or gas money here. We're talking a few hundred easy.

WILL

Wow. That's...interesting. And?

LACEY

So we start putting together this guy's MO. Can't be an angry john. Not if he's leaving all that cash behind.

WILL

I guess not.

LACEY

It's almost as if he's so disgusted by these girls, and so disgusted with himself...he won't touch a dime of their sleazy money. And on church grounds. As if he's offering it back to God as some sort of...sacrificial offering.

Will nods but he's still lost.

WILL

You're losing me here, fellas. I still don't get what this has to do with me.

WHEELER

What were you doing at Miss Munroe's motel room at One in the morning?

WILL

She offered me a job. She left me her number, I called and she invited me over.

WHEELER

Pretty late for a job interview.

WILL

I keep late hours. I suspected she did too. I figured she was up and she was.

LACEY

She offered you a job. Doing what?

Will swallows his grin. And simply shakes his head at these two bumbling cops.

WILL

You should know. You were watching from the other room.

Wheeler throws Lacey the "busted" look as he leans further back in his fragile, crackling seat.

LACEY

Okay, fair enough. Let's backtrack. Say, about nine months ago. You catch your girl in bed with her new boyfriend, our very own Officer Burkette from the Sheriff's Office.

WHEELER

Ouch. That one had to hurt.

LACEY

You pop her a real good one and tuck tail before Burkette can so much as get his pants back on.

Will's knees bounce in a mini-tantrum. He's starting to boil over with pent up rage.

WHEELER

So, on top of losing your job and your girlfriend, you're stuck driving around drunks and dickheads just to keep the lights on. All day, all night, you're cruising around trying to shake the image of your old lady grinding a pole and flashing that pretty little meow meow of hers to a bunch of truck stop low-lives.

Will pouts, looks away from Wheeler, kicks out his feet.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Let's face business. That kind of image don't go away overnight.

WILL

You guys are sick.

LACEY

And then, like a light switch, you went dark. You blew a fuse. Decided you'd finally take out some of that pent up aggression and show these selfish whores what you really think about em.

WILL

What whores would that be?

LACEY

You know which girls. The same stable of hookers you've been driving around in the back of your car for the last eight months. Which happens to coincide with the time we found our first victim.

Will squints his eyes. As if something doesn't add up. Lacey and Wheeler notice.

WILL

Wait a minute. You know about my old lady and Burkette? He put you up to this?

Lacey and Wheeler are strangely quiet.

WILL (CONT'D)

That's it, isn't it? You guys don't have shit. You know what? I'm kind of tired.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
Unless you're charging me with
something, I'd like to go home now.
(beat)
Okay, fellas?

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - STAIRS - NIGHT

Will turns a corner, about to head down the steps. Lacey half rushes after him, eventually catches up.

LACEY
Westburger.

Will stops.

WILL
What is it? I'm tired.

LACEY
You're right. We don't have shit.

Will nods, smirks with amusement.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Your name just happened to get
thrown into the mix. Probably for
all the wrong reasons and I
apologize. But I do think our guy
is most definitely a driver. A
local one at that. So don't take
any of this personally.

WILL
Local.

LACEY
We know he keeps late hours. And
the when and where these bodies
keep turning up is definitely
interesting. This guy knows his
terrain. And he don't like
witnesses.

Will grows noticeably concerned.

WILL
So, you guys found one of the
bodies off the Four Twenty Nine,
huh?

LACEY
I know what you're thinking. Cat
Tails was one of our first stops.
(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

We already questioned your old lady's boss. All his girls are present and accounted for. At least for the time being.

WILL

Okay then. I guess that's that.

Will heads down the steps. Lacey watches him.

LACEY

Hey, Westburger.

Will stops, looks up--

Lacey hangs over the railing, hands Will a personalized business card.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Do me a favor and keep your eyes and ears open. Maybe see if any of your regulars had any weird experiences lately.

WILL

Like what?

LACEY

Like a sketchy Uber. A driver that rubbed em the wrong way. Anything that can help would be greatly appreciated. You do that and me and you are square. Fair enough?

Will thinks it over. A simple nod.

WILL

Yeah. Okay. I can do that.

LACEY

Good. Go get some rest. You look like hell.

Lacey humps it back to the squad room. Will smiles, continues down the stairs.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

An exhausted Will is elbows down at the counter. He's barely upright at this point. Cody refills his mug.

CODY

So this guy's beating them to death? The world just keeps getting nicer, don't it?

WILL

Tell me about it. There's three so far.

CODY

Three? That's almost like a serial killer or something, right?

WILL

It's not like a serial killer. That is a serial killer.

CODY

So, three is a serial killer. You sure? I thought it had to be like multiple victims or whatever.

WILL

How did you even graduate high school?

CODY

What? It's a legit question.

WILL

Okay, hash browns. Lesson time.

Will points two fingers at his own eyes. Cody squints, leans in nice and close.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look at me. Focus. One is one. Two is a pair. And three is...what?

Cody's stumped.

WILL (CONT'D)

I literally just said the word three second ago.

Cody grins as it suddenly comes to him.

CODY

A series?

WILL

Good job. Can I get a coffee to go, please?

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

Be sure to use the pretty green handle. The glass part is hot.

Cody snags a styrofoam cup from under the counter, fills it almost to the brim. Will looks nervous for Cody as he never makes use of his free hand.

CODY

Why am I just now hearing about this?

WILL

Number of reasons. One, you're stupid and you don't pay attention...

Cody nods.

WILL (CONT'D)

Or two, you're like me and maybe you heard but too busy to care.

CODY

And he actually thought you were the guy?

WILL

The cops got this whole sting set up the motel. Scaring us all off. At least trying to anyways. Just in case one of us actually is the guy.

CODY

Scaring who off?

WILL

Drivers. Uber.

CODY

As if to tell you we know what you're doing, now stop.

WILL

Exactly. They're weeding all of us out. All the local drivers. If this guy actually kills again...they'll know it wasn't us.

Cody nods as he pieces it together.

CODY

Meaning it's someone outside the city.

WILL

Correct.

(sighs)

I have to talk to her again.

CODY

Yeah, man. Definitely gotta talk to her again.

Cody reaches for his coffee, about to take a sip, but stops. A dumb, frozen look.

CODY (CONT'D)

Talk to who?

WILL

Kitty. The escort. The prostitute that set me up. Who else?

Cody nods.

WILL (CONT'D)

Are you telling me every driver she's tried to rope into going to that motel actually agreed? If the cops are really smart, they'd be looking at the ones who didn't.

(sighs)

Know what I mean?

Cody thinks it all over.

CODY

No. Not really.

Will sits dumbstruck by Cody's ignorance.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Will lay flat on his back.

The sun's piercing rays spill through the cracks of his cheap venetian blinds. They're like little laser beams aimed straight for his face as he squints and squeezes his eyes shut.

He rolls on his side, away from the windows. A digital alarm clock reads 9:35 AM. Will anxiously yanks the sheets and covers over his head. The bright sun still bouncing off the thick comforter. Will forces his eyes shut. But there's no forcing it. He pops his eyes open, fixated on the clock: 9:36 AM.

LATER THAT DAY

The room has grown pitch dark. The clock reads 7:00 PM. A most loud, obnoxious ALARM startles Will out of his deep, coma-like sleep.

LIVING ROOM

Perched on a recliner, Barkley growls and barks out an open window as a strong breeze cools the room.

BEDROOM

Will quickly slaps the alarm. No dice. He gives it another good slap. And then...frustratingly, furiously...the bed sheets. Hard.

WILL

I don't wanna do this. You're gonna fail. It's what you do.

Barkley continues his rage.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to Barkley)

Knock it off! I'm coming!

Will's smart phone RINGS. He checks caller ID: Aaron

He picks up--

WILL (CONT'D)

Yo.

AARON (V.O.)

Yo. You still alive? I text you like thirty times.

Will checks his messages.

WILL

Three times. You text three times.

AARON (V.O.)

Whatever. Hell's going on out there, William? I gotta hear from dick cheese that you got pinched by the cops?

WILL

I didn't get pinched. I didn't do anything.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
It's a long, stupid story and I'm too out of it to get into it right now. What're you doing?

AARON (V.O.)
Bad news, broheem. Tomorrow's festivities have been postponed indefinitely.

Will grins.

WILL
What did you do now?

AARON (V.O.)
I didn't do anything. Heidi's friend? She's scared, bro.

Will quickly sits up.

WILL
About what? I haven't even met her yet. How can she be scared?

AARON (V.O.)
About you getting picked up by the cops for one. Some shit's getting around. Your name keeps getting dropped and it ain't good.

Will rests his elbows, along with his phone, on the mattress.
Aaron now on speaker.

WILL
How? I literally just got back from the police station less than twelve hours ago. Unless you two had my name in y'all's mouth. Did Cody say something?

Barkley still growling up a storm.

WILL (CONT'D)
Barkley! The closet!

AARON (V.O.)
Come on, man. Who do you think?

WILL
Charlene. And her dickhead cop. I guess that figures.

AARON (V.O.)

First you get nailed popping her in the mouth, now you're getting picked up for questioning in this other thing. Her friends are legit scared, bro.

WILL

And did you tell Heidi's friends it was an accident? That she literally ran into my elbow while I'm fishing for my keys?

Aaron sighs.

WILL (CONT'D)

Of course not. Cause that's not a juicy enough story. Ya know, everytime Cody picks his nose, he loses IQ points.

AARON (V.O.)

Hey, man. I'm just delivering the message. Tomorrow ain't happenin'.

WILL

Okay. Well I gotta go to work. Any more good news you'd like to share?

AARON (V.O.)

No. That about sums it up.

WILL

Okay then. You have yourself a great night.

Will hangs up.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - NIGHT

Will crawls in, grimaces uncomfortably. With his right arm, he digs his wallet from the rear of his slacks.

Before cranking the engine, he stops...flips open the wallet to find Lacey's official police business card. He pulls it out...takes a closer look...and then at his own image in the rearview mirror.

With a newfound purpose, Will grins, cranks the engine and off he goes.

INT. OFFICE DEPOT - NIGHT

Will waits behind a single CUSTOMER at the copy center. The Customer collects her manila envelope of documents and heads for the door. A clean cut young clerk named BRIAN stands behind the counter.

BRIAN
Next in line.

Will steps to the counter with Lacey's card in hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Just lettting you know, we close in
about twenty five minutes.

WILL
Oh. Okay. So, do you guys do like
copies here?

Beat.

BRIAN
It's the copy center.

With a dumb grin, Will nods.

WILL
Yeah, right. I mean like business
cards. Like if I wanted to make
duplicates.

Brian snags Lacey's card, takes a look.

BRIAN
How many are you needing?

WILL
Good question. I guess maybe...
fifty at most.

BRIAN
You know, impersonating an officer
is a felony.

WILL
Well aware of that. So how much?

BRIAN
About a buck a card. Thirty eight
point stock. Will run you Forty
Nine Ninety Nine.

WILL
That much?

BRIAN
Yeah. Or...you could get a couple hundred on cheaper stock and will run you about half. Depends on what kind of quality you're looking for.

WILL
Well why can't you just get me fifty on the cheap stuff and I give you like ten bucks?

Brian forces a smartass grin.

BRIAN
Because I can't.

WILL
Well. That don't make a whole lot of sense, Brian.

BRIAN
Sorry.

Will slaps a wrinkled fifty on the counter.

WILL
Gimme the good stuff.

EXT. ALE HOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Will's Sentra arrives near the front entrance. A uniformed WAITRESS named GIGI steps from Will's backseat.

Will pops his head out. One of Lacey's cards in hand.

WILL
Remember. You tell Detective Lacey everything you told me. Every detail. It's important.

GIGI
It's not that big of a deal. He was just...kinda weird. Kinda of a rapey vibe. But you're all kind of weird. No offense.

WILL
No, I get it.

Gigi keeps staring back at the restaurant.

GIGI
Sorry. I'm running late.

WILL
Yeah. No problem.

Gigi attempts to stuff the card in her purse but misses entirely--

The card goes flying under Will's undercarriage.

GIGI
Oh crap.

Gigi cracks a fake, embarrassed smile.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Anyways. Thank you. I have to
run. I'm sooo late.

And Gigi ducks away quickly, no card.

WILL
Can I text you the number?! Wait!

Gigi swings open the front door, gets lost in a full crowd of patrons pouring inside. One after the next.

Will sighs.

EXT. STRIP MALL NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Will's Sentra parked in the street, before the ultra-busy karaoke club and bar, hands a card to a pair of already inebriated YOUNG CLUB GIRLS, dressed in as little as possible.

Cars behind him HONK.

WILL
You get any more weirdos, you call
that number. Any time. Don't
forget to leave your name and
number.

YOUNG CLUB GIRL #1
Oh wow. Okay.

A GIRL IN LINE interrupts their convo.

GIRL IN LINE

Hey. You're not supposed to do that. You can't do that.

WILL

Do what? I'm handing them a business card.

GIRL IN LINE

Taking rides on the side. Asking passengers for their personal information. You're not supposed to do that. You're gonna get reported and then fired. Just saying.

The two club girls give up, rush to the rear of the congested line before getting any longer.

WILL

You take a lot of Ubers, do you?

GIRL IN LINE

Just don't, okay? Don't start with me. You don't wanna go there.

Will slides out a handful of cards from his portable index filing box. He reaches them out the window.

WILL

Here. You take one too. Hand em out to your friends. Tell them there's a nut running around out here. I'm counting on you to be my voice.

GIRL IN LINE

Oh, yeah. Okay. Goodbye, weirdo.

She rolls her eyes, shakes her head.

HONK!

Will grows irritable. Enough is enough.

WILL

Look. Take the damn cards.

GIRL IN LINE

Excuse me? There's cars behind you.

HONK-HONK!

DRIVER (O.S.)
Park the car or move!

Will tosses a few cards out the window, scattering all over the sidewalk and striking our girl right in the leg.

GIRL IN LINE
Fuck is your deal?

Will gives up, stomps the gas. He's out of there.

Out of sheer curiosity, the Girl in line picks up a card, gives it a closer look. Her whole demeanor switches to a more concerned, almost frightened vibe.

EXT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Will's Sentra cuts through the creepy darkness. A pair of headlights stop before a short staircase that leads to the second level.

WILL (V.O.)
Like I said. Start writing stuff down. Keep a record. Anything unusual.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - NIGHT

A super quiet, short-haired EMO GIRL in an awful sweater and afflicted with a severe form of social anxiety disorder practically hides in the corner, eyes and two thumbs glued to her sparkly, blinged out iphone.

WILL
And stay away from mini-vans and cars with blacked out windows. It's important, ya know? Cops are counting on your support if they have a chance of finding this guy.

Emo Girl couldn't care less. She's locked into her little Candy Crush game or whatever.

WILL (CONT'D)
Oh. Before I forget.

Will snags a card from his index file. But before he can so much as turn or reach over the seat--

EMO GIRL
(barely audible)
Thanks.

Emo Girl bolts from the car...eyes never once leaving her phone as she half hurries up a set of dirty steps.

With a card still in hand, Will watches her disappear around a corner wall...quickly followed by the sound of a door SLAMMING shut.

Dogs bark. Will slumps in defeat.

EXT. WINTER GARDEN VILLAGE MALL - NIGHT

With a new stack of business cards in hand, Will roams the overstuffed sidewalks of this overpriced, severe tourist trap of an outlet mall. YOUNG FEMALES in their TEENS and TWENTIES gather curbside with shopping bags.

Will approaches some of them.

WILL
Y'all waiting on Uber?

TEEN GIRL
We're good, thanks.

WILL
You from around here by any chance?

Will interrupts their convo.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Will greets one young female after the next...some of them standing alone...some in larger groups, including high school aged boys...all waiting curbside for their rides or otherwise looming around the sidewalks.

FEMALE TOURIST
Are you Greg? We're waiting for Greg.

WILL
No, not really.

FEMALE TOURIST
(to her Mother, O.S.)
Mom! Greg's here!

In front of Bealls.

FEMALE TOURIST #2
Our Mom's coming, thanks.

In front of Marshalls.

FEMALE TOURIST #3
Our Mom's coming.

In front of TJ Maxx.

FEMALE TOURIST #4
We don't care. Go away.

In front of Tommy Bahama Marlin Bar.

FEMALE TOURIST #5
No, we're not. Her brother's
actually picking us up.

In front of Target.

FEMALE TOURIST #6
My boyfriend's coming. Like any
second. So, you might wanna go.
Just fair warning.

WILL
Got it.

In front of Best Buy.

FEMALE TOURIST #7
Wow. I didn't know I looked like a
hooker. But thanks. Maybe you'd
like to meet my boyfriend. He's
walking this way.

A strapping, dump truck of a man glides their direction.

WILL
Umm. I'm good, thanks.

In front of Ross.

FEMALE TOURIST #8
Wow. No, I didn't know anything
about that. That's really messed
up.

Stares at her phone--

FEMALE TOURIST #8 (CONT'D)
Our driver's almost here. But good
luck with that. I hope they find
you soon. I mean...him. Sorry.
You know what I mean.

FEMALE TOURIST #9
(giggles)
Yeah, good luck.

Will watches the two friends scurry off, almost in a hurry to get away from him. Giggling under their breath. They wait curbside, arm in arm as their UBER finally arrives.

It's a WHITE MINIBUS with tinted windows.

Will takes a quick snapshot.

WILL
Yeah, go get killed, bubbleheads.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - NIGHT

Will cruises the outside skirts of the outlet mall...watching various GIRLS crawl into their Ubers and taking snapshots of all the makes and models.

STONED PUERTO RICAN (V.O.)
Hey, bro, you look like you're
tired, bro. You good?

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - MOVING - NIGHT

Will behind the wheel, bloodshot eyes, half asleep. His STONED PUERTO RICAN passenger in the back.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
You look baked, bro. Shit.

WILL
It's just the contact high. But
I'm good, man. Thanks.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
Heard that. Hey, man. Can we make
a stop up here at the Dollar store
if I'm quick? I just wanna get a
drink real quick. If you want,
man, I can throw you a couple bucks
or whatever.

Will isn't exactly enthused but nods just the same.

STONED PUERTO RICAN (CONT'D)
I mean, I don't have it with me,
but I can hook you up later. Like,
the tip or whatever.

Will considers it. He finally agrees.

WILL
Yeah, whatever. It's cool.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
Cool, man. Thanks.

EXT. DOLLAR GENERAL - NIGHT

Will drops off his passenger.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
Yo. Be right back. I won't be long.

WILL
Tell you what. I'm getting gas next door quick and I'll swing by to get you in a minute.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
Heard.

He steps out, continues inside. Will throws it in reverse, then slowly cruises into the gas pump area at the not so glamorous service station next door.

EXT. AMOCO STATION - NIGHT

Will at the pump, filling her up, fighting off the mosquitos. A freshly cracked redbull on his rooftop.

His smart phone RINGS. Will answers:

WILL
Yeah, talk to me.

LACEY (V.O.)
Why are you giving my number out to a bunch of drunks stumbling out of last call? You didn't think that would pose a problem?

Will checks over his shoulder, back at the Dollar General next door. No sign of his stoned passenger.

LACEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

WILL

What problem? You said you wanted my help. I'm helping.

LACEY (V.O.)

Telling every female you pick up the doer's a driver ain't helping. Now they're gonna suspect every dirtball with sticky floorboards and stinky armpits. Even for lookin at em sideways.

WILL

Exactly. Wasn't that the whole point? Trying to hone in on this guy?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LACEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lacey hunched over on a center island. A fresh beer before him as he rubs his weary eyes.

LACEY

Why do I get the feeling you're trying to pull this investigation into an entirely other direction? As in one that completely clears your name.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Will chugs the rest of his redbull, chucks the can into a trash bin as he hangs up the gas pump.

WILL

Of course. I know I'm just a loser ride share driver who ain't been laid in eight months but I'm not completely stupid and blind. Obviously I have a stake in this, ya know? Thanks to you fine people.

LACEY (V.O.)

Take it easy now...

Once again, Will checks Dollar General. No sign of his guy. The lights inside slowly shutting down, aisle by aisle.

WILL

What can I say? I don't like being accused of murder. Especially when I'm out here already going crazy, trying to look for work, in between getting a solid three hours of sleep every night. Breaking my ass, driving all over the damn world, constipated, exhausted, damn near shittin and pissin myself on the interstate cause of traffic. And now I gotta worry about getting harrassed by the cops. Call me sensitive.

Will coughs uncontrollably, spits a nice, fat hocker on the oily, gas spattered pavement.

LACEY (V.O.)

You're wired. How long have you been out?

WILL

I don't know. Since dark. What do you care?

LACEY (V.O.)

Look. I know I asked for your help. You helped. I appreciate it. Now consider yourself cut loose. Okay, Westburger? Go home. Get off the road and get some rest before you kill yourself or, even worse, someone else.

Will angrily slaps his own rooftop.

LACEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You hear me, Will? Get some sleep.

Will hangs up, and with little care, tosses his phone on the passenger seat. He takes a moment, rests his hands on the roof and sucks in some fresh air. As if fighting off an impending panic attack.

WILL

You're welcome.

And for the last time, Will checks Dollar General. His guy is nowhere to be found.

Will gives up, jumps in his car. With a quick crank of his engine, he heads for the exit. But it's surprisingly busy traffic coming his direction.

It's not crazy, non-stop but there's enough cars to keep him from sliding safely into traffic.

WILL (CONT'D)
Come on, already.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
Hey!

Will checks his side-view mirror and spots his passenger, now in a pissed off rage, storming towards him.

WILL
Oh shit.

STONED PUERTO RICAN
What the fuck, bro?

Will checks the traffic. And here come a few more cars. And here comes his stoned passenger...moments from ripping the rear door off its hinges.

Will throws caution to the wind and guns it.

SCREEEEEECCCHHHHH!

Tires burn the pavement as he jumps into heavy traffic and barely avoids a deadly collision.

STONED PUERTO RICAN (CONT'D)
Mama Bicho Punta! Perra Culona!
Motherfucker!

But Will's Sentra is a distant memory.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

On the living room floor, Will lay flat on his belly, no signs of life as Barkley desperately sniffs his face.

A KNOCK at the door.

CHARLENE (20s), Will's former exotic dancer girlfriend, pushes open the already ajar front door.

CHARLENE
Hello? Are you alive in there?

Will barely cracks open his eyes as Charlene makes her way into the living room. A pack of cheap smokes and a small, plastic lighter in her grip. She stares down at Will with utter disgust and contempt.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Your door's wide open, genius.

Will half rolls over, stares up at his ex--

WILL
Charlie. You slide under the
crack?

CHARLENE
No, smartass. I just said. You
left the door wide open.

And something nasty finds its way up Charlene's nose as she
almost loses her breakfast.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
God it stinks in here. Smells like
dog crap.

Will finally gets upright. And Charlene gets herself a whiff
of something even fouler.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Eww. Or is that you?

Will steals her pack of smokes.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Yeah. Have a cigarette. Nice to
see you too.

Will pops in a smoke, snags the bic lighter right out of
Charlene's palm and straight into his recliner he falls.
Just like the lump of shit he is.

WILL
So. The suspense is almost more
than I can take. What do you want,
Charlie?

CHARLENE
I told you already. Charlie's a
guy's name.

Will sparks up. A nice, long drag.

WILL
Okay. Charlene. What do you want?

CHARLENE
Your friends sent me. You remember
them? Maybe you don't.
(MORE)

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

You haven't returned any of their calls or texts in almost four days. Everyone thought you got locked up again.

WILL

Well I didn't. I'm here. So now you can leave.

Charlene nervously packs her smokes, pulls one, about to light up but stops a moment...paces the carpet.

CHARLENE

I know you're still super mad. But I just wanted to say what Danny and them did to you wasn't called for. It's not what I wanted.

WILL

You mean the part where you told Burkette I was a serial rapist and kidnapper of women?

CHARLENE

You wouldn't leave me alone. With the calls and shit. Showing up at Cat Tails and bothering everyone with questions about me and Burkette. He was just trying to scare you off. It went too far and I'm sorry.

WILL

And now here you are. Bothering me. The irony.

CHARLENE

Okay, Aaron and them didn't send me. I'm here because some of the girls at work have some concerns.

WILL

Really?

CHARLENE

Yeah. They know the cops are looking at you and they're scared. You're hanging around the parking lot, acting sketchy as fuck. Asking everyone questions about who they been riding with.

WILL

It's a fair question. Given the circumstances and all. I am the one being accused.

CHARLENE

Truth is, you're freaking everyone out. It's to the point they're too scared to get into a car with you, Will. I know what you're trying to do, but all you're doing is bringing attention to yourself.

WILL

Good. They should be scared and on edge. They should be too scared to get into a car with anyone. That's kinda the point.

CHARLENE

It's not that easy.

WILL

Why not?

CHARLENE

Boss man's rules. Nine times out of ten, the girls are too blitzed or too tired to get behind the wheel. So he calls them an Uber. Keeps them safe and him out of trouble with the cops.

WILL

Wow. Good to know they have such a curteous pimp.

Charlene sparks up her smoke--waves the thick smoke across the room as she blankets the shit stink.

CHARLENE

Don't take it out on me but I'm supposed to tell you you're no longer welcome on the property. Come back again, you're getting tresspassed. Do with that information what you will.

WILL

Is that it?

Charlene sighs with disgust as she takes in the cluttered disaster of Will's apartment.

CHARLENE

What's happening with you, Will?

Will slumps forward, puffs away at his cigarette, stares blankly at the carpet.

Charlene hovers over him...awaits some sort of response.

WILL

I don't know.

CHARLENE

You don't know. Okay then. Well
I'll see myself out.

Will nods. No fight left inside.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Might wanna clean it up in here.
It stinks.

WILL

Get right on that.

Charlene stroms out, slams the door behind her. Will calmly finishes his smoke in peace. As if he's slowly losing all feeling and sense of emotion.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - MOVING - LATE NIGHT

Will has cleaned himself up a tad. A nice, clean shave. The whites of his eyes clearly visible. He seems well rested and a bit calmer than usual.

A dark, quiet, carless highway before him. A thicket of trees align both sides.

WILL

Where the hell am I going?

Uber App: *In a quarter mile...make a u turn and head south on Highway 19 for .7 miles.*

WILL (CONT'D)

Be nice if I could see.

It's sooo dark that Will completely misses the almost non-existent merging lane.

Long gone.

WILL (CONT'D)

Shit! Come on, man!

So much for a calmer Will. It's gonna be another one of those nights.

No other turning lanes anywhere in the foreseeable future. Only a long, grassy median that goes on forever.

Uber App: *Make a u turn. Then head south on Highway 19 for half a mile.*

WILL (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah.

Uber App: *Make a u turn.*

WILL (CONT'D)
Shut up.

Uber App: *Make a u turn. Then head south on Highway 19 for less than a mile.*

WILL (CONT'D)
Shut your whore mouth! You fuckin slut!

Uber App: *Make a u turn...*

EXT. HIGHWAY 19 - NIGHT

Will finally, and most aggressively, snaps, bolts across the grassy median and stomps the gas.

Some tire left on the asphalt. He's well over the limit as he's now losing time and, most importantly, his patience and overall sanity.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - MOVING - NIGHT

Will sucks in a breath, calms himself.

WILL
Alright, where am I going? This isn't funny anymore.

Uber App: *Head south on Highway 19 for one quarter mile and turn right on Dixie Road.*

Will checks his phone. He's still 8 minutes out.

WILL (CONT'D)
Gotta be kidding me.

Uber App: *Turn right on Dixie Road.*

WILL (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Will cuts a hard right as he's now traveling some extremely dark and creepy, back country roads. He's immediately presented with a cluster of delapidated, barely functional trailer homes. Some of them barely visible and off the beaten path.

Uber App: *Continue on Dixie Road for half a mile and make a left on Meyer Lane.*

Will squints, visibly grows nervous as he's having a helluva time seeing much of anything. The road before him seems to grow narrower by the minute and there's no street lamps of any kind anywhere.

WILL (CONT'D)
How can I still not see? My high beams are on!

Uber App: *In two hundred feet, make a left on Meyer Lane.*

WILL (CONT'D)
I don't even see a road!

Uber App: *Turn left on Meyer Lane.*

Will pumps the brakes. Then checks his sideview mirror as he barely makes out a clearing in the trees. Throws it in reverse and crawls down the even darker, creepier road. And this road is barely paved and not found on most maps.

Will's tires crackle over the uneven, broken up pavement until it's nothing more than a straight dirt path as he fights to keep from getting stuck.

WILL (CONT'D)
Come on. I'm not getting stuck out here.

Various trailer homes align both sides of the road. Their porch lights shining bright.

Uber App: *In a quarter mile, make a right on Anderson Way.*

WILL (CONT'D)
Where am I going?!

Will reaches Anderson Way and cuts a right.

And this road grows even tighter, if that's possible. And the dirt path even thicker.

Will grows visibly anxious.

Uber App: *In two hundred feet, make a left.*

And then...suddenly...the Uber App loses a signal. Will's destination no longer visible. He's on his own.

WILL (CONT'D)
Come on. Talk to me.

Still no signal.

Will reaches the end of Anderson. He makes his left hand turn, only to discover what appears to be a set of train tracks in the near distance.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Will's Sentra reaches the tracks. A few private country homes sit in these woods. A few pick-ups with rebel flags parked in dirt driveways.

Will is literally facing the tracks. Nowhere else to go. He's reached the end of the line.

He makes a quick three point turn as the residents of these private, backwoods homes step outside. None looking too pleased with Will.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - MOVING - NIGHT

Will notices the natives getting restless.

WILL
Wonderful. Get me outta here.

Will punches the gas as a whirlwind of dirt gets kicked into the air. And he's out of there.

As Will heads back toward Anderson Way...

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM somewhere in the trees snags his attention. It clicks ON and OFF, in a tight circle, as if he's being summoned toward the light.

WILL (CONT'D)
Well this isn't good. Not good at all.

Will checks his Uber App. Still no signal. With trepidation, he continues toward the light.

As he crawls closer and closer...the light disappears. No more light. And no signs of human life anywhere.

WILL (CONT'D)
What the hell...

Will slows as he reaches where he believes was his passenger's stop. But there's no one.

And out of nowhere...Will catches a glimpse of a dark figure in his sideview mirror. A tall, slender man carries what appears to be a shotgun. It's long black barrel stroking the side of his left leg.

WILL (CONT'D)
Shit!

Will GUNS IT. And he's out of there.

With no real sense of direction or purpose, Will drives and drives. And continues driving. One random turn after the next until he reaches some sort of pavement.

He follows this road until he reaches yet another DEAD END. A giant sign hanging on a locked chain-link gate says ANDERSON PARK. A children's playground, tennis and basketball court for the local youth.

Will pumps the brakes. He turns his car around...facing the dark and endless road before him. Completely lost and far too scared to move at this point.

He fights to catch his breath.

With the high beams still spotlighting the woods before him...a DIRT BIKE bursts through the trees.

WILL (CONT'D)
Shit!

The pilot kicks the brakes and spins in a three sixty. A cloud of brown dust fills the night air. His face covered in some sort of dark mask.

Will fights to make out his identity. And then...the man on the bike flashes Will with a few flicks of his FLASHLIGHT.

Will sits frozen.

And after a few moments...the man on the bike bolts out of there. Somewhere. But it's far too dark out to make out where and how exactly. But he's gone.

Will sighs in relief.

EXT. ANDERSON PARK - MORNING

Will's Sentra still in the same spot. Hours later.

An unmarked POLICE SEDAN arrives, parks in front of the gate next to an exhausted Will.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - MORNING

Will, still on edge, cowering down in his seat, peaks out his window, spots Wheeler watching him closely from the comfort of his car. And Lacey stepping out of the passenger side, walking his direction.

LACEY

Good morning, sunshine.

Lacey pats his hood with a soft tap of the wrist.

WILL

Yeah. Took you long enough. It's been over two hours.

LACEY

Well we don't keep those later hours like you do. Gotta get up. Throw on some pants. Get the coffee on. Contact NASA to help find this place.

Wheeler snickers with disgust. Will notices.

WILL

Yeah. Sorry about that. I should've warned you. GPS got you driving in circles out here.

WHEELER

We noticed.

LACEY

So we're here. You said you had something for us. This better be good.

WILL

Yeah, I got something. Like I said on the phone, this guy came after me with a shotgun. Followed me all the way out here to the playground.

LACEY

A shotgun, huh?

WILL

That's right. Chased me all the way out here on his dirt bike. Even hit me with the flashlight again just for good measure.

WHEELER

Who chased you, and why?

WILL

Obviously, it's a set up.

WHEELER

Obviously.

WILL

He knows I've been asking around about him. Who else could it be?

Lacey grins, a tired groan, not convinced.

LACEY

Why don't you step out. Stretch your legs. We got you a coffee.

Wheeler hands Lacey a third cup of coffee. Will sighs and steps out. His back tight as he readjusts himself and grimaces in pain.

Lacey hands him his coffee.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Here. Drink up.

Will takes his coffee, leans on his car.

LACEY (CONT'D)

So just so we understand this correctly. This guy came out of the woods with a shotgun?

WILL

No no. He was standing in the woods with a flashlight. He starts blinking it at me. As if to call me over. So I'm thinking this guy's my Uber. Finally. I go over there and he's gone. Like, nowhere to be found anywhere...

Lacey checks with Wheeler. Will is so wired, he's lost all sense of reality.

WILL (CONT'D)

So I stop a second. Maybe I passed the road again or whatever. That's when I saw him in my mirror. Walking up on me with a shotgun. Like, down by his side, like he's trying to hide it.

WHEELER

You sure you saw a shotgun?

WILL

I used to duck hunt with my granddad. You want the make and model? It was a sawed off shotgun, double barrel, all day or I'll eat this cup.

WHEELER

A long, black shotgun then.
(to Lacey)
Whadd'ya think, partner?

Wheeler pops the trunk. Lacey takes his cue and walks to the rear of the car, opens...

Will watches.

Lacey yanks out a long, black weapon of sorts--aims it straight for Will's face...

Will almost jumps out of his socks. But collects himself as he realizes it's only a large maglite flashlight.

Lacey flips it over with the bulb facing Will...flicks the beam on and off.

LACEY

It look anything like this?

Wheeler steps out, grabs some fresh air.

WILL

Yeah, that's funny. Real funny. But what about him chasing me into the park? I mean, who does that? What was the point at that? You guys are the cops. Tell me.

WHEELER

I'll tell you why. This is high volume production out here for crystal meth. They're cookin out here twenty four seven.

(MORE)

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Here you are, driving all over
their property in the middle of the
night like you're lost or lookin
for trouble.

LACEY

He's right. The guy on the bike
was probably just scaring you off.

WILL

Yeah. With his big, black
flashlight.

Wheeler sighs out loud. Just loud enough for Will to take
the hint.

WHEELER

We about done here, partner?

LACEY

Tell you what, partner. Why don't
you get on. Go ahead back to the
station and we can hook up later.
I think it's time me and Westburger
here had us some quiet time.

Wheeler sighs.

WHEELER

Whatever you say.

Wheeler crawls back in the squad car, cranks the engine.
Lacey gives him the nod. And he's out of there.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Don't get lost out here!

Wheeler heads out. Around some trees and out of sight.

LACEY

Come on. Let's get some breakfast.
I'll drive.

Lacey slaps an unsure Will in the shoulder.

Defeated, unwilling to put up a fight, Will drags his feet to
the passenger side...

Lacey crawls behind the wheel.

INT. THE MASON JAR - DAY

Will sits elbows down on his side of the booth as he takes mini sips of his piping hot coffee. Lacey sits across from him, pouring cream into his mug, quietly observing the strain in Will's eyes.

LACEY

When was the last time you ate? I mean, like a meal, with real meat. Vegetables. A starch.

WILL

I eat.

Will's eyes are practically swollen shut. A walking zombie with pale white skin.

LACEY

Yeah, I bet. Peanut butter cups and slim jims in between rides ain't eatin. All that pent up anxiety already got your stomach jacked up. Add in three or four redbulls a night and you can forget sleeping.

WILL

Sound like my old man.

LACEY

You treat your body like a garbage can, garbage will come out. And from what I'm seeing, your can's overflowing, son.

WILL

Thanks.

LACEY

Look. I know you been through it these last few. With your girl and losing your job. You're running yourself ragged, trying to stay afloat.

Will yawns, pours himself a new cup from a pint sized carafe of diner coffee.

LACEY (CONT'D)

You get so tired you can't sleep. You're either too jacked up on caffeine or your conscience won't let you.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, you don't get a moment to yourself, just to unwind. To taste that beer, not just pour it down your neck. To not have to think about anything.

Will leans his head back, ready to pass out...right then and there but he forces his eyes open.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Believe me. I get it. I get it all too well.

WILL

You think I'm losing it? That what you're saying?

LACEY

I'm not saying you're losing it. I'm saying you already lost it.

Will faintly laughs.

LACEY (CONT'D)

I'm a cop, remember? We're the original OG stress machines. I've taken a lot worse to bed with me.

WILL

Why are we here? I mean, first you set me up with a call girl. You threaten to bring charges against me. Now you're treating me to pancakes. What am I missing?

LACEY

Alright. I'll tell you. This thing with these girls. This isn't just another case for me. It's like my second chance. My last chance, if you really wanna know the truth of the matter.

WILL

Last chance for what?

LACEY

I'm nineteen years in and still staking out perverts and hookers. I all but expected some light at the end of the rainbow or something. A promotion. Some big case to come my way. I mean, it's what every cop wants, right?

Will reads Lacey's troubled eyes and sits at attention. As if he's somehow, magically been infused with energy. It's his turn to listen.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Wife finally had enough of my leaving the house at all hours and coming home, unloading all my bullshit. All the complaining. The drinking. Blasting the TV at Three AM while the kids are in bed trying to sleep. All of it.

The Waitress interrupts as Lacey puffs his chest, reigns in his obvious vulnerability.

WAITRESS

You guys doing okay here?

LACEY

Yeah, fine. Just the check. And a couple of to go cups, please.

WAITRESS

Got it. Be right back with some fresh coffees.

WILL

(to Waitress)

Thanks.

The Waitress smiles, heads to the kitchen.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to Lacey)

You were saying...?

LACEY

Long story short? She got tired of what I'd become. What I'll never be.

WILL

She left?

LACEY

Threw me out. Filed for divorce. Took the kids, the whole nine. So there I am. Stuck with the shit job. Now I'm sleeping even less. Up all hours of the night. Not eating. Power drinking. Fighting for a reason to go on.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sound familiar?

WILL

So how'd you learn to deal with it?

LACEY

Poured myself into my work. Keep telling myself...any day now that one case will come along. That career defining case. I'll finally be a cop. Not just a cop, but a hero. A legend. Then maybe, just maybe, it will all somehow be worth it.

WILL

All of what will be worth it?

LACEY

Losing my wife and family. All the stress of the job. The toll it's taken on me. Physically, mentally. It all has to be for a reason. I mean, it has to be. Otherwise, what's the point of it all?

WILL

I don't know, Detective. Sounds to me like you were the one that needs someone to talk to.

LACEY

Yeah, maybe. Maybe you're right. Or maybe I thought you'd be a sympathetic ear. Considering your current situation.

The Waitress brings them their bill. Lacey hands her a couple of twenties.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Keep the change.

WAITRESS

Thank you. You gentleman have a wonderful rest of your day.

LACEY

You bet.

Lacey offers her a warm smile. She leaves them to it.

LACEY (CONT'D)
(to Will)
Come on. I got something I wanna
show you.

Lacey slides out of the booth. Will follows.

INT. WILL'S SENTRA - MOVING - DAY

Will enjoys the passing scenery of State Road 46 as he and Lacey enter the official city limits of Sorrento, FL. A secluded hole in the earth with tight, winding roads, roadside biker bars and country stores.

WILL
The heck are we going? We've been
driving almost an hour.

LACEY
We're almost there. Relax. Take a
nap or something.

Lacey cuts a right on a thin dirt road. One with no real road sign or any other signs of identification.

A thicket of dense live oaks on both left and right sides. They veer right...onto another dirt trail that twists and turns further into the woods.

Will observes a trio of very plain, very nondescript single story homes plotted inside a wall of unkempt grass that nearly eclipses them.

On the outskirts of the property sits a canvas tent built over a collection of knocked over lawn chairs and actual church pews.

A fire pit full of burnt timber and another circle of lounging chairs.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Look familiar yet?

Will looks unsure.

WILL
Yeah. A little bit.

Lacey comes to a halt. They step out.

EXT. PATHWAY HOUSE - DAY

Lacey stays by the car while Will casually strolls the once thriving property. Will takes in the fire pit, tent, and then the homes. All resting comfortably in the middle of nowhere. Nothing but dense woods at every angle.

WILL

I've definitely been here before.
A few times. It's been a while.

LACEY

Yeah, I'm sure you have. A lot of
ride shares end up out here.

WILL

What is this place?

LACEY

Was. It was called Pathway House.

WILL

Pathway House. And what's that?

Lacey joins Will as they walk the property.

LACEY

It was a rehab center for wayward
girls. More like a sober living
facility. About six months ago,
this place was packed. Full of
like-minded young females. All
looking to get clean and straighten
themselves out. Most of them
homeless. No license or car. If
you drove for Uber, you could park
here and make your entire night.
Easily.

Will stops a moment, stares back at the winding dirt road that led to this spot. He listens to the cars passing on the outside road.

WILL

Yeah. I remember. I remember
missing the turn, more than a
couple times. I didn't realize
this place was shut down. Explains
why I haven't been here in a
minute.

LACEY

It got shut down alright.
Surprised you didn't hear the
story.

WILL

What story?

Lacey keeps walking. Will fights to catch up. They move
closer and closer toward the actual homes.

LACEY

The guy who ran this place. Kevin
Hartmann. He owned and operated a
whole chain of these facilities.
Sober homes. Turns out these girls
weren't getting the kind of
treatment they signed up for.

WILL

Oh no? How's that?

LACEY

In fact, this guy Hartmann
threatened to put em back on the
street unless they agreed to
some...shall we say...questionable
terms.

WILL

I don't get it.

Will and Lacey step between two of the sober home facilities.
The windows boarded up.

LACEY

He was turning them out. Business
as usual during the day, keeping up
appearances for all the right
people. Then putting them back on
the street at night to earn their
keep.

Will smirks.

WILL

You're kidding.

LACEY

No I am not. Hartmann and company
get their cut. In exchange, the
girls get free junk. And a roof
over their heads, of course.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

Piece of shit was keeping them good and high. Strung out, paranoid. Just like good little slaves.

WILL

I don't understand. I thought this was a drug rehab. How do you get away with that? Wouldn't the government know something was up?

Will and Lacey make it around to the other side of the building where two picnic tables await them.

Lacey brushes off some wet moss, leaves and other tree droppings, pops himself a squat.

Will stands before him.

LACEY

They were doctoring the blood and urine samples. The staff all in on it, of course.

WILL

You're kidding.

LACEY

Where do you think they got the samples? You haven't heard the best part.

WILL

What?

LACEY

Hartmann's sober homes were getting five grand a pop from the insurance companies to cover all the drug screens. Hartmann was personally pocketing Twenty Five Hundred for every patient that passed through here. Nice, huh?

WILL

I'm surprised these girls made it out of here alive.

LACEY

So, anyways, he's currently doing twenty five for insurance and health care fraud. Along with a long laundry list of other charges. Including orchestrating a state wide human trafficking operation.

Will faces the trio of abandoned buildings.

WILL

I don't get it. Why are you
showing me this place?

LACEY

There was a guy on staff here.
Wayne Robert Seavers. Ex addict.
Born again, church going type.
Worked with a lot of these girls.
Got a lot of them clean. Developed
some pretty strong feelings for
some of them. Or so the story
goes. Three young ladies that they
knew of.

Will ponders it all. A realization hits him.

LACEY (CONT'D)

When he found out what they were
doing at all hours of the night, he
didn't take it so well.

WILL

What he do?

LACEY

Did something nobody saw coming.
Became a snitch for the FBI. Set
up cameras on the inside, got em
all on tape. Audio. Visual. The
whole bit.

WILL

This guy took down their whole
operation.

LACEY

He definitely got the ball rolling.
After that, Hartmann's little
empire started to crumble. One
facility at a time. But
apparently, Seavers didn't stop
there. Nope. He still wasn't
satisfied.

WILL

What he do?

Lacey slumps forward, rubs his hands together. As if the
news is still too hard to handle.

LACEY

Well. We got the unofficial word from Homicide early this morning. Seavers is the doer. Killed those three girls from Pathway House.

WILL

No way. So they identified them? For sure?

Still seemingly unsure, Lacey shrugs his shoulders, but nods just the same.

LACEY

Yes and no. They're working on it. Building a case.

WILL

But they found him. They found the guy. So where is he?

Lacey steps down, walks the property, picks up a few rocks, chucks them deep into the trees.

LACEY

Out there. Somewhere. That's how they wanna keep it for now. Meanwhile, he'll get comfortable. Slip up somewhere along the way. That's when they'll nail him.

WILL

You think he's still here?

LACEY

Doubtful. Not if I were him. I'd be long gone.

Will keeps a careful eye on the surrounding woods. He's clearly on edge and with large amounts of caffeine still coursing through his veins.

WILL

It's creepy here. Knowing all of that. And what happened here. It's really sad.

LACEY

Ya know something, Will, I should be happy for those girls. That they found him. But there's this other part of me that wants it to go on. Not forever. Just long enough so I can sniff this guy out.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

So I can be the one to finally
catch the bad guy.

Lacey snickers with disgust.

WILL

Yeah, I get it. I totally get it.
You paid your dues. You and
Wheeler put a lot into this one.

LACEY

I mean, why not? They don't have
families. Someone waiting for an
answer. Just us. The public. And
what does the public want? We want
blood. Chaos. Headlines.

Will seems put off by Lacey's obsessive vibe. And the real
strange look in his eye. He very casually steps back a
pace or two. But not obvious enough to notice.

LACEY (CONT'D)

And that's not good. That's
selfish to think that way.
That's...I don't know what to call
it. Obsession? Recognition.
Justification for...twenty years of
staking out junkies and low level
dealers. For what? It never added
up to shit. Sure as hell didn't
help these girls.

(beat)

But we have to let it go. Let the
real cops handle it from here. I
guess. Right?

Lacey's on the verge of a mental breakdown.

WILL

You are a real cop. And I'm sure
you helped plenty. Don't sell
yourself short.

LACEY

Yeah. Sure.

Lacey chucks a couple rocks into the trees as a true
exhaustion comes over him.

Will quietly observes.

WILL

You okay?

LACEY

Yeah. Let's get out of here.

AARON (V.O.)

I don't get it.

Lacey leads the way. Will follows. But all the while keeps a close eye on his surroundings. Something feels off about this little impromptu visit.

EXT. GAS AND GO STATION - DUSK

Will, Aaron and Cody back in their usual spots. Aaron with a tallboy beer and Cody squatted on the sidewalk curb hitting a vape pen.

AARON

How come they ain't mentioned this guy on the news?

WILL

Because. If he's still here, and they flash him all over the news, they'll scare him off.

AARON

Exactly. Maybe save some poor skank from getting her throat slit. I thought that was a good thing.

CODY

Yeah, no cap.

WILL

Hey. That's just what I was told. At least I'm off the hook. Isn't that what really matters?

AARON

Yeah, man. It does. Definitely.

Cody blows a stream of vape smoke as Aaron waves off the disgusting stink cloud.

CODY

To be honest, we were a little worried about you for a second there.

AARON

(to Cody)

Dude.

CODY
Just saying.

WILL
What?

Aaron tilts his head back, too tired for this.

WILL (CONT'D)
Just saying what?

AARON
You were acting a little crazy.
Not all the way crazy. But kinda
crazy.

CODY
Like maybe you really were the guy.
You know. The killer.

AARON
(to Cody)
Bro. Stop helping. I got this.

WILL
(to Cody)
Bullshit.

CODY
Swear to God. Ask Aaron.

Will shifts focus to Aaron. And Aaron quietly but firmly
flips Cody the bird.

AARON
We really didn't think you were the
guy. But it maybe crossed our
minds. Maybe. For a split second.
A half a second. Micro second.

WILL
Well then. On that note, I think
I'll go home. I'll try not to beat
any girls to death along the way.
But I appreciate the honesty.

Will heads to his car. Aaron and Cody share a collective
sigh of regret.

AARON
Come on, Will. Don't be that way.

CODY
(to Aaron)
Come on, man. Leave him alone.
He's tired.

AARON
(to Cody)
Biscuits and gravy! Mind your
business!

Cody flips him off.

Aaron watches Will crawl in, crank his engine.

AARON (CONT'D)
Hey! Give me a ring later!
Impromptu party at Heidi's tonight!
We're gonna celebrate! Celebrate
you not being a killer! Celebrate
your newfound freedom! Whatever!

Will rolls down his window, pokes his head out.

WILL
I know I'll regret asking this.
But does she know I'm coming?

AARON
Does she know? Of course she does.
I mean, she will. Now that we know
you haven't killed anyone. I'm
sure she'll at least be relieved.
It's a start.

Will laughs, shakes his head.

AARON (CONT'D)
Bro, she likes you. Always has.
I'll fix it. I promise. Just get
your ass to that party.

Will halfheartedly nods as he bolts out of there.

AARON (CONT'D)
Seriously! Be there! No excuses!

WILL (V.O.)
(to Aaron)
My keys are gone.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will has an entire closet full of dirty laundry mounds pulled and scattered across the carpet. As if angrily strewn about. All of his pants pockets turned inside out.

AARON (V.O.)
Whadd'ya mean your keys are gone?
Gone where?

WILL
If I knew where, I wouldn't be on
the phone with you, now would I?

AARON (V.O.)
I see your point.

Will steps into the--

LIVING ROOM

where his couch cushions have been flipped and tossed aside. Will takes a moment, observes his mess.

WILL
I've ripped this whole place apart
three times. You have to come get
me.

AARON (V.O.)
I can't. I'm still setting up.

WILL
Setting up what?

Barkley crawls atop one of the flipped cushions, makes himself comfortable.

AARON (V.O.)
Who do you think's DJing this
thing?

Will sighs.

AARON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Look, I'm at least another half
hour here and it's another hour and
some change round trip if I come
get your ass. You're gonna have to
Uber.

WILL
And my keys will still be missing
when I get back.

AARON (V.O.)
Yeah, well you shouldn't be driving
anyways cause we're getting shitty
tonight.

Will spots Barkley watching him.

WILL
I got the dog here.

AARON (V.O.)
Where else would he be? Come on.
You earned a night off.

WILL
Alright alright. Be there when I
get there.

Will hangs up.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to Barkley)
Sorry, bud.

EXT. WILL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Will squats on a parking marker, phone in hand as his Uber
finally arrives. An older model Kia Sorento but clean and
crisp and still in excellent condition.

Will waves hello, crawls in the backseat.

INT. KIA SORENTO - NIGHT

Will gets situated, digs out his seatbelt. Meanwhile, the
driver--BOBBY (20s), a more clean cut Jeffrey Dahmer with
good hair, locks eyes with Will. But Will is too busy
playing with his phone to notice.

WILL
Hey, how you doing tonight?

BOBBY
Very well. And yourself?

Will sighs.

WILL
Ready for a few drinks.

BOBBY
Oh yeah? Long week?

Bobby pulls out of the complex, back on the road. And they're off to the party.

WILL
You don't know the half of it,
brother. You have no idea.

Bobby grins.

BOBBY
Well. The worst is over I hope.

WILL
You could say that. It's kind of a
long story. I wouldn't bore you
with it. Important thing is it's
over. All that matters.

Bobby shares equal time staring at the road before him and back at Will in his rearview mirror. Will is visibly put off by his creepy vibe.

WILL (CONT'D)
We good up there?

BOBBY
Oh yeah. Thought I recognized you.
You're that guy.

Will grins.

WILL
Narrows down that list. I'm the
guy. That I am.

BOBBY
No no. You're the one the cops
brought in for questioning. I knew
I'd seen you before.

Will loses his grin. An annoyed, strained look in his eye.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I see a face once...and it stays
with me. How are things going with
that?

WILL
You seem to know a whole lot about
me, my friend. I have to say, it's
kind of creeping me out. No
offense.

BOBBY

How's the search for those car keys going?

Will sits upright. Visibly scared.

WILL

What would you know about that?

BOBBY

It's my job to know. I know everything there is to know about you, Will Westburger. You're the one who's been taking credit for my work.

Will quietly reaches for the door handle. He attempts to flee the car but no dice. It's locked.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I got the safety locks on. Sorry, Will, but you're stuck with me.

With a firm grip, Bobby rests his Kimber nine and right hand on the dash, just below the mirror.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You might wanna take your hand away from that belt and keep em flat on those seats. Where I can see them.

WILL

Bobby. Robert Seavers I presume. Or is it Wayne?

BOBBY

Well done. Took you long enough. You've only been studying my face on that laptop of yours for the last three hours. So. Tell me. Read anything interesting?

WILL

No, not really. What is this?

BOBBY

It's story time. I need to know if you're ready to listen. Not judge. Not stare at me like some kind of sick, one note killer you see on TV. But actually listen. And try to understand who it is that I am.

WILL
And then what?

Bobby is a safe driver as he signals from lane to lane, and never exceeding the speed limit. Will watches the passing traffic, as if help is just a car length away.

WILL (CONT'D)
Tinted windows. I guess screaming for help is out of the question.

BOBBY
Get comfortable, Will. We got a ways to go yet.

WILL
Where's that?

Bobby ignores him. And finally...breaks his silence.

BOBBY
I held up my end of the deal. Gave everything I had. Stayed clean. Opened myself up to the possibility of trusting a woman again.

Bobby smirks with disgust.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Trusting people in general. Most people have zero idea what it takes to stay sober after you've reached rock bottom. Lost everything. It takes a special kind of support system to build you back up. Like minded people who understand what it is you've sacrificed. And continue to sacrifice...

WILL
I don't understand.

BOBBY
I'm trying to tell you something. Don't interrupt again.

WILL
Sorry.

BOBBY
What I'm saying is...I held up my end. I opened up. I shared. I trusted. And they betrayed that trust at every turn. And lied.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And cheated. Made a fool of me and everything I stand for. When you're already at rock bottom, it doesn't leave a lot of wiggle room for forgiveness. You got nowhere left to go but even further down. So I broke.

WILL

And you killed them. For what? Because they lied to you? Disappointed you? They were a lot worse off in life than you. Obviously.

BOBBY

They lied to themselves. And spat in the faces of everyone who tried to help them fix their shitty, insignificant lives. I released them. From themselves. Gave them back to God. Since He's made it crystal clear I'm no longer of any use to them, or Him.

WILL

Well, Bobby. Wayne. Sounds to me like you're upset that you failed.

BOBBY

Yeah. In part. I guess I am.

Will smirks.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Did you know there's one sin that considered unforgiveable in the face of God?

WILL

Yeah. Murder.

BOBBY

The blind and wilfull rejection of God. His mercy. His love. His purpose for our lives. We can either accept it or...go another direction. They were already dead. They just didn't know it yet.

WILL

Or maybe they weren't done healing yet. Ever think of that?

BOBBY

They weren't interested in healing.
Or changing. Just the easy way
out. Just like the rest of their
lives. Taking the easy way out at
every turn. No heart. No will
power. Weak and faithless.

(beat)

I know it may be hard for you to
understand this, Will. But I saved
them.

WILL

You're right. I don't understand.

BOBBY

I brought them face to face with
Him. I gave them that choice.
Before it was too late. Before
there was no hope.

WILL

You made them beg for their lives.
Congratulations.

BOBBY

They were already dead. This year
or five years from now. Their fate
was already sealed. I changed
that. You understand that now they
have a chance. For true
forgiveness before Him. For
eternal peace. A peace that I
couldn't provide them here.

WILL

You think you're some kind of angel
of mercy? You're a sick, lonely
fuck. And where are we going?

BOBBY

We're taking a little detour. I
promise it won't take long. You'll
thank me later, Will. Maybe not at
first. But soon. You'll thank me.
Believe me.

WILL

Yeah, I can't wait.

EXT. PATHWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby's Sorento cuts through the almost pitch black woods. A familiar dirt road before it.

They park near a patch of trees. The engine cuts off but the headlights still on.

Bobby steps out, gun in hand. He walks to the rear passenger side door...opens for Will, who reluctantly steps out.

Will is shocked to discover...

CHARLENE...mouth gagged, hands bound and tied to a branching tree limb in the woods before him.

WILL

What is she doing here?

BOBBY

Sorry, Will. I see an opportunity and I take it. Prison just isn't an option.

Bobby reaches into his pants, yanks out a shiny set of BRASS KNUCKLES...chucks them onto the ground.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Go on. Pick em up. Try them on for size, Will. Or I'll do both of you right now.

WILL

I don't get it.

BOBBY

Yeah, I'm sure you don't.

Bobby draws down on Will. A red laser light aimed straight for his forehead.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I said pick em up! Do it!

Will bends down, snags the brass knuckles, slides them onto his fingers.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You got five minutes. Go on. Do what you been wanting to do for months now. Put her out of her misery.

Will slowly approaches Charlene as she twists and turns away, screams through her gag.

Will yanks out the gag.

CHARLENE

He's gonna kill you too, asshole!
It's a set up!

BOBBY

Are you gonna let her talk to you
like that, Will? She's garbage.
Look at her!

Will is hesitant, stuck--not knowing his next play here as he stares back and forth between Bobby's gun and a scared witless Charlene.

WILL

Not like this. If I'm doing this,
it's gonna be quick. Painless.

CHARLENE

(to Will)

Fuck are you talking about??? Run!
Get help! Do something!

Bobby reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a retractable knife, tosses it before Will.

BOBBY

Have it your way. The clock's
running out, Will. Do it or I'll
do you both.

Will carefully bends down as Bobby never lets his laser leave Will's forehead.

BANG!

And Bobby is struck in the back by a stray bullet as he falls face first onto the ground.

Dead.

Will still squatted near the dirt. Charlene's eyes strain as she fights to identify the shooter.

Lacey's tall, slender frame steps into the beaming headlights.

Will squints, confused.

WILL
Detective Lacey. Is that you? Say something.

LACEY
It's me, Will.

Lacey holsters his weapon.

Charlene still tied to the tree.

Will stares back at her.

WILL
(to Charlene)
Shit. I'm sorry.

Will quickly gets upright, begins cutting the complicated knot around Charlene's wrist. She's eventually cut free from her bondage, rubs her sore hands.

Charlene can't help but notice Lacey picking up Bobby's Kimber nine mil from the dirt, placing it back into Lacey's own ankle holster.

CHARLENE
Will, watch out!

Will quickly turns, faces Lacey, just as he adjusts his pants leg and steps closer to him and Charlene.

Will notices Bobby's gun is missing.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
His gun. He's got his gun. It's on his leg.

Charlene also notices a SECOND CAR just off to the side. Not just any car. It's Will's Sentra.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
Will, look.

Will spots his car. Confused, flustered, frightened, he and Charlene huddle closely together.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
What is this?

WILL
My girl asked you a question, cop.
What the hell's going on?

LACEY

Me rectifying a momentary lapse in judgement. Otherwise known as a slight change in plan. It would be good if you didn't ask any more questions, Will.

WILL

You were gonna let him kill me. Weren't you?

CHARLENE

He was setting you up, dumbass. He was setting you up this whole time.
(to Lacey)
Just tell him!

WILL

Is that right?

Lacey can't answer.

WILL (CONT'D)

I said is she right?!

LACEY

It's over now. Step away from the girl, Will. Let me take things from here.

Will stands between Lacey and Charlene. He notices Lacey pushing back his coat, tickling his pistol grip, about to throw down...

WILL

(to Charlene)

Get the fuck outta here. Run!

Charlene books it into the trees. And she's out of there.

INT. DENSE WOODS - NIGHT

Charlene is almost blind as she fights her way through the medusa of tree limbs, sharp branches and a slippery wet, bumpy terrain.

A couple of GUNSHOTS ring out behind her as the crackling echo travels the woods surrounding her.

EXT. FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Still panicked, Charlene stumbles out of the woods and down a steep and sloping hill that enters the outer parking area of First Christian Church.

No cars anywhere. Not for a few more hours.

Charlene stops a moment, fights to catch her breath. After a few moments, she chases across the lot.

Before she knows what's happening...a pair of BRIGHT HIGH BEAMS stop her in her tracks.

She blocks the blinding light with both arms. But the light gets brighter and brighter. Closer. Until the entire frame is covered in WHITE.

One last SCREAM.

CUT TO BLACK

LATER THAT MORNING

Charlene's body is covered in a simple white sheet while a HOMICIDE TEAM works the scene.

Standing over her is DETECTIVE CURTIS (50s), chief homicide cop and lead investigator on the Pathway murders. A Sheriff's Department windbreaker and gold badge dangling around his neck.

He watches the Sunday morning CHURCH CROWD gather in a large circle as a crew of UNIFORM DEPUTIES keep them at a respectable distance.

Cutting through the crowd are TWO LONG TIRE TRACKS burnt into the pavement. As if Charlene's killer fled the scene in a terrible hurry.

DEPUTY MYRON (20s), first on the scene, joins Detective Curtis.

DEPUTY MYRON

That's a no go on the security cams. Groundskeeper says they're just for show anyways. Quit using them years ago, as per Pastor's request. Whoever did this lucked out.

DETECTIVE CURTIS

Yeah, maybe. Maybe not. This guy left some serious tread on the pavement. Might as well stare straight into the camera and pose for a picture while you're at it.

DEPUTY MYRON

Yeah, no kidding.

Detective Curtis sighs, rubs his stubbled face.

DETECTIVE CURTIS

Okay. That's it. Let's get her out of here.

DEPUTY MYRON

Got it.

Deputy Myron goes about it. Detective Curtis turns, observes the two dark but explicitly detailed tire tracks as if this is his only key evidence. But strong evidence at that.

A knowing grin.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Will has the news of Charlene's passing blasting on his TV as he paces nervously on his carpet, restless, anxious, truly frightened.

FIELD REPORTER

Charlene Worley is now the fourth victim in what lead investigator Darrel Curtis and the Lake County Sheriff's Department has now labeled The Pathway House Murders. All four victims now confirmed to have been former residents of the now infamous sober living facility here in Sorrento. Which, of course, if you recall, made national news early last year for its connection to a local prostitution ring here in Central Florida...

The Field Reporter turns, faces the dense woods beyond the church parking lot.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)

The home in question, literally, less than a quarter mile beyond these woods behind me. Which makes this most recent murder that much more chilling and disturbing....

Will throws his hands behind his head. A sick to his gut look about him.

ON THE TV: A still photo taken from someone's smart phone. It's Charlene and the other three victims huddled together around a campfire. And parked in a lawn chair behind them all is Kitty Munroe...Will's mysterious passenger and undercover police snitch.

FIELD REPORTER (V.O.)

And if things weren't already disturbing enough, the image you see here was posted on the social media accounts of all four victims sometime late last night, early this morning. Uncovering the identity of whoever posted these pictures is obviously the police's highest priority as they believe it to be the person responsible for their murders. Someone who had access to these private accounts...

WILL

Kitty. It's you. What the fuck are you doing?

Will reaches down, touches Kitty's image on the television screen, as if to properly identify her.

On the Field Reporter back at the scene.

FIELD REPORTER

We have also received confirmation from Lake County Sheriff's Office, as well as the FBI, that although they have been looking at a number of suspects since early February, they have quote...significantly narrowed their search in the last few days and have promised that this investigation will most likely result in an arrest very soon.

The breaking news report goes to SPLIT SCREEN while a Male NEWS ANCHOR sits behind his desk.

NEWS ANCHOR

In other words, they found him.
They found the guy. Or haven't
they found him? Just so I
understand correctly.

FIELD REPORTER

As I said, Bill, nothing's been
confirmed, but is extremely likely
that they have narrowed down a key
suspect in these killings.

WILL

Just say it. Wayne Seavers. Come
on! Tell us something!

NEWS ANCHOR

Okay. Thank you Gretchen.
(to audience)
And thanks for watching, and, as
always, we'll try to keep you
informed as more and more
information continues to come in
regarding these terrible murders.
My God, that's terrible.

Will storms out.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Will flips the lid on his commode, pukes his guts out. He
rests his hands on his sink, stares back at his tired,
pale white face in the mirror.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Will is seemingly asleep. All of the sudden, he quickly
jumps into an upright position.

Lacey sits in a corner chair. Hidden in shadows and
darkness. He is quiet, still, calm.

Will struggles to make him out.

WILL

You.

LACEY

I see what's happening, Will.
You're not answering my calls.
Acting like this is all just some
kind of bad dream.

Lacey rests his gun on the armrest. Will notices.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Call it guilt. Call it...a burning itch to run to the cops and spill your guts. It seems like the right thing to do. But then there's this other side. A self preservation side. It's telling you to ride things out. That part of you is scared. It knows deep down inside...you don't have a choice in the matter.

Lacey leans forward in his chair.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Need I remind you, Will, that the tides have shifted significantly. Whatever you're feeling inside. Whatever your thinking. You forget about it. You bury it.

WILL

What now?

LACEY

Glad you asked. I wanna run down some scenarios for you. See what you think.

Will wraps his arms around his legs. As if to protect himself.

LACEY (CONT'D)

You go to my partner. Then Detective Curtis. Tell them everything you know. Everything that went down.

WILL

I was thinking about it.

LACEY

Yeah. I get that. But then they come to get my side, Will. The decorated cop. Including your getting busted in a motel room with Kitty Munroe. And how you used to pick her up at Pathway House at least five times a week or more. How she introduced you to your girlfriend Charlene over two years ago.

WILL

Bullshit.

LACEY

Bullshit, huh? Just ask her. She's ready to talk. Go on the record concerning you. Concerning your obsession with the girls at Pathway. She's got nothing to hide.

WILL

Just like a good whore. To hell with the truth. As long as the money's green.

LACEY

Don't be too hard on her. I didn't give her much of a choice either. But facts are, you're screwed, Will. You need to understand...right now...that I'm your best friend. Your only way out of this.

WILL

Okay. So what now?

LACEY

Bringing in Seavers is out of the question. Obviously. It's only a matter of time before Curtis comes asking me and my partner about you. Your tracks left at the scene. It isn't good, Will. You'll have to relocate. Indefinitely.

Will hangs his head, wilts in defeat.

LACEY (CONT'D)

I'm giving you a running start, Will. What happens after that is out of my hands.

WILL

Yeah, I bet. Until you run my tag, put out an APB and kick in my door at some motel two weeks from now. And you finally get to catch the bad guy. Huh, Lacey?

LACEY

I'm sorry it turned out this way.
But we have to play the cards we've
been dealt.

Lacey reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out a manila envelope of cash. And it's fairly thick. He stands to leave...

LACEY (CONT'D)

I'll leave this here. In case you
wanna take me up on my offer.

Lacey heads to the door...stops, faces Will...

LACEY (CONT'D)

Don't take too long. I'll just
assume you got cold feet. Get some
sleep, Will. You got work in the
morning.

Lacey finally leaves. Will left feeling hopeless and lost. He simply squeezes his legs in further, stares at the wall as he ponders it all.

A very tense, ominous beat changes into a more upbeat and playful tune as the music plays us out.

END TITLES:

After a massive internal investigation, Katherine "Kitty" Munroe turned states evidence and later testified against Detective Rob Lacey in federal court.

The remains of Wayne Robert Seavers have since been recovered and was named the chief and only suspect in The Pathway House Murders.

Although the heavier subject matters portrayed in this motion picture were inspired by actual events, they were widely exaggerated for dramatic effect.

However, Will Westburger's outlandish and often comical experiences as a ride share driver were not.

He has reportedly cut ties with Uber and now lives a mostly dull and uneventful life.

...And hasn't pooped himself since.

FADE OUT.

THE END

