

"CONVICTION"

by

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OVER BLACK: "BASED ON TRUE EVENTS"

FADE IN:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - ESTABLISHING

A bustling shopping mall in middle-class suburbia.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Festive holiday music can be HEARD as an attractive WOMAN (30s), hurries to her car with shopping bags in tow. She unlocks the car, places the bags in the trunk, opens the driver's side door.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The woman inserts the key in the ignition, closes the door, reaches for her seat belt. As she crosses from left to right to buckle up -- WHAM! There's an OLD LADY (80s), sitting in the passenger's seat. The startled woman SHRIEKS!

The stoic old lady sits calmly, staring straight ahead. The panic-stricken woman struggles to unbuckle her seat belt and remove the key from the ignition. She exits the vehicle as fast as she can.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The woman slams the door, places her hand over her heart. She tries to regain her breath as her mind swirls. Her fear turns to confusion.

From a safe distance, the woman peeks into the car to get a better look at the uninvited passenger. Her defenses lower slightly as she realizes it's a frail old lady. She cautiously opens the door, bends down to communicate.

WOMAN

Miss?

The old lady says nothing.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

How did you get in my car? I know
for a fact I locked it.

The old lady slowly turns her head to face the woman.

OLD LADY

Would you be a dear and give me a
ride?

The woman furrows her brows.

WOMAN

I don't even know you. And you didn't answer my question. How did you --

OLD LADY

(through pleading eyes)

Please, dear. I have an emergency. It's only five minutes away.

The woman looks at her watch, grapples with the dilemma.

WOMAN

Uh...

OLD LADY

Oh, please. It's the season of giving. I have nobody.

The woman appears defeated. She sighs.

WOMAN

My husband is expecting me home at a certain time, and I'm already running late. Let me just call him so that he doesn't worry and then I'll give you a ride, okay?

The old lady cracks a weak smile.

OLD LADY

Bless you, dear. Thank you ever so much.

The woman digs around in her purse.

WOMAN

Oh, shoot. I think I left my phone in the mall. I'll be right back.

The woman closes the door, walks away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

The woman stands alongside a POLICE OFFICER (40s), a few feet away from her car. The officer takes notes.

POLICE OFFICER

... And you're sure you locked it?

WOMAN

Positive.

The officer moseys over to the passenger side, taps on the window with his baton.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am?

The old lady stares straight ahead -- no response.

WOMAN

(to officer)

It's unlocked.

The officer opens the passenger side door, bends over.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, I'm gonna need you to step
out of the vehicle.

The old lady turns to face the officer.

OLD LADY

That won't be necessary, officer.
This nice lady offered to give me a
ride.

POLICE OFFICER

Step out of the car, please.

OLD LADY

She said she would. It's just five
minutes away.

The officer grows increasingly agitated.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, I've asked you nicely. Step
out of the car, or I'm gonna have to
remove you by force.

A few moments pass -- the old lady fails to comply. The officer grabs the old lady by the arm and tugs. The old lady resists. The officer tugs harder. The old lady resists further.

A struggle ensues. The old lady clenches her legs together.

OLD LADY

(deeper voice)

You're hurting me.

The officer's suspicions set in. He forcefully yanks the old lady out of the car. A machete falls to the ground from the crease of the old lady's dress.

The woman gasps! The officer grabs the old lady by the hair, pulls off her wig -- it's a MAN! The officer bends the man over the trunk and proceeds to cuff him.

POLICE OFFICER

You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can and will be
used...

The officer's voice fades out as the woman watches on in disbelief. She locks eyes with her would-be assailant.

OLD LADY / MAN

(masculine voice)

It's a good thing you called the
cops. I was going to kill you.

The woman covers her mouth with her hand as tears well up in her eyes.

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER."

INT. CAR - DAY

A YOUNG GIRL (18), is stopped at a red light. She turns down the radio.

YOUNG GIRL

You said a left on Hoover?

The young girl looks to the passenger side. The OLD LADY responds:

OLD LADY

Oh, yes, dear. It's just five minutes
away.

The light turns green. The vehicle drives off.

FADE OUT.