INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

JOHN and BRAD, two average-looking, clean cut white guys in their early twenties. Brad’s hair is a mess, face off-color, as he is very drunk. John drives, Brad sits in the front passenger seat.

They are in the middle of nowhere. Farms stretch out in all directions as they drive on a single lane road.

Brad rolls down the window, sticks his head out, and vomits. John rolls his eyes. Brad speaks with a drunken slur.

BRAD
Ughhhhh.

John shakes his head back and forth. Brad puts his head back in the car and wipes his mouth, and leans back.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Man, I whacked off like, four or five times today, so I’d last longer, ’cause I really wanted to pork this girl, Leah, tonight.

JOHN
Slut?

BRAD
Mmmmmmmm, given. And guess what happened?

JOHN
What, she wasn’t there?

BRAD
No, I porked her. But it lasted like, two minutes! If that. What the hell.

JOHN
Sucks.

Beat.

Brad suddenly grabs the wheel.

BRAD
Deer!

JOHN
Where?! Brad! Let go!
Brad lets go of the wheel. He sticks his head out and makes a loud noise towards the deer. They drive past the deer.

BRAD
Wait, John, stop! Stop! It was a girl!

JOHN
Girl deer?

BRAD
Girl person! Turn around!

JOHN
No.

BRAD
Pick her up! She might be hot!

JOHN
Brad, shut the fuck up.

Brad chants and bangs his fist on the dashboard in tune.

BRAD
Pick her up! Pick her up!

JOHN
Dude I’m gonna kill you.

Brad turns around, addresses the empty back seat, and continues to chant and bang his fist on the dashboard.

BRAD
Come on, everybody now! Pick her up! Pick her up! Pick her-

JOHN
ALRIGHT! Holy shit, man.

John stops the car and reverses down the road back to the girl.

EXT. ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

The girl puts her thumb up as the car gets closer to her.

The girl, MEL, is attractive, mid-twenties, wears skinny jeans, nice shirt, and has runny make-up on her face. She carries a small handbag. The car pulls up next to her and John rolls down the window.
JOHN
Need a ride?

INT./EXT. CAR
Mel sits in the back seat. Silence as they drive.
John looks back at Mel via rear view mirror.

JOHN
So..what’s your name?

MEL
Mel.

JOHN
Cool, I’m John. This is Brad.
Brad turns around towards Mel.

BRAD
Hello.

MEL
Hi...Thanks for picking me up.

JOHN
No problem. Where do you need to go?

MEL
Bridgewater, if you don’t mind.

JOHN
Yeah, no, no problem, let me just drop Brad off first, he lives right around the corner.

Mel nods, then looks out the window.

Brad and John whisper to each other in the front.

BRAD
She’s hot, man! You better slam her.

JOHN
Shhh!

BRAD
Dude, bone her! If you don’t, I will.
MEL
Oh yeah, I’m sure that’d be the best two minutes of my life.

Brad turns around sharply.

BRAD
How’d you know that?

MEL
What?

BRAD
Nothing. Why are you walking around out here?

MEL
I was the DD, but my friends got drunk and took my car.

JOHN
What?! No way! They stole it?!

MEL
Well, borrowed. Surprisingly not the first time.

JOHN
Wow, what shitty friends.

MEL
Yeah..

BRAD
John is my best friend.

JOHN
Not true.

Mel chuckles.

EXT. BRAD’S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Brad stumbles out of the car. John turns back to Mel.

JOHN
You can come up front if you want.

Mel gets out of the back seat and into the front passenger seat. She and John watch Brad stumble into his house, then look at each other and chuckle.
INT./EXT. CAR

John continues to drive in the middle of nowhere, farm land all around.

JOHN
That’s really messed up, what your friends did.

MEL
I don’t wanna talk about them.

JOHN
Right, yeah, no, I wouldn’t wanna either.

MEL
Can you slow down a little bit?

JOHN
Why?

Mel turns to John, heavy eye contact. She puts her hand on John’s thigh and slowly moves it towards his crotch.

MEL (CONT’D)
I wanna do something with you...that I haven’t done in a while..

JOHN
Seriously?

Mel takes off her seat belt and begins to zip open her handbag.

MEL
Seriously.

JOHN
Here?

MEL
Here is perfect.

John takes off his seat belt with a smile.

JOHN
Okay.

John puts his right arm around Mel’s seat headrest and leans back. The sound of a gun cocking is heard. Mel holds a gun at John’s lower ribs.
MEL
Get the fuck out of the car.

John freezes. He stares at the gun then up to steering wheel. He continues to stare in a daze. The car begins to drift into the opposite lane slowly.

MEL (CONT’D)
Are you stupid?! Let’s go! Get out!

John quickly accelerates. The car engine roars.

MEL (CONT’D)
What are you doing!? Stop! Are you kidding me!?

John continues to accelerate.

JOHN
If you shoot me I’m flipping the car!

MEL
Stop the car and get out so I don’t have to fucking shoot you, you stupid cunt!

JOHN
I’ll stop when my tank runs out you fucking bitch!

MEL
Go ahead! I’m taking this car.

JOHN
Well, we’re gonna be here a while then.

The gas tank is full.

ONE HOUR LATER.

INT./EXT. CAR

The gas tank is 3/4 full. John drives at the speed limit now. Silence. Mel stares out the window, but still has the gun aimed at John’s ribcage.

JOHN
So at this point you might as well put the gun away.

Mel sneers and turns to John.
MEL
Please, I’m not some stupid cunt.

JOHN
You sure like the word cunt.

MEL
Yeah...

JOHN
That is easily my favorite word of all time.

MEL
Congrats...

JOHN
Don’t you think women should do with cunt, what black people did with the N word?

MEL
You can say cunt, but can’t say nigga?

Mel and John chuckle.

MEL (CONT’D)
Continue, I wanna see where you’re going with this.

JOHN
Like, they took a word that people used oppressively towards them, and made it cool and exclusive. And now only black people can say it.

MEL
But then that’d suck for you. Because only women would be able to say cunt.

JOHN
Shit..you’re right.

Mel smiles and looks back out the window. John looks at the gas tank gauge.

ONE HOUR LATER.
INT./EXT. CAR

The gas tank is half full.

    JOHN (CONT’D)
    So do you do this a lot?

    MEL
    What? Fail at stealing cars?

Mel and John chuckle.

    MEL (CONT’D)
    No, I usually take them successfully. Most people are scared of guns.

    JOHN
    What can I say...

    MEL
    So tough. But yeah, I started basically as soon as I graduated college. Theater majors don’t get jobs. I don’t know why my parents let me major in that.

    JOHN
    Right?! I’ve always thought the same thing.

    MEL
    You studied acting?

    JOHN
    No, accounting. So I’m good. But sucks for you.

Mel rolls her eyes with a smile.

    JOHN (CONT’D)
    I’m kidding, I studied creative writing. So I deliver pizza and freelance for some websites.

    MEL
    Good luck keeping that first job...

    JOHN
    Dick.
MEL
My parents think I’ve been in LA on a film shoot for almost two years now.

JOHN
Wow.

John turns on the radio.

ONE HOUR LATER.

INT./EXT. CAR

The radio plays, commercial advertisements. The gas tank is very, very low.

MEL
Okay seriously, I can’t take anymore of that. Can we listen to something else?

JOHN
Yeah, it’s like all ads anyway.

John puts a cd in the cd player. Music begins.

MEL
This sounds familiar.

JOHN
You wouldn’t know them, it’s my friends band.

MEL
Who?

JOHN
Ghostmouth.

MEL
What!?

JOHN
What?

MEL
Your friend is in Ghostmouth?! I love them!
JOHN
Yeah my best friend is the lead singer...how do you know them?

MEL
No way! That is insane! I found them online a few years ago.

JOHN
Well, this album doesn’t come out for like two months, so, you’re welcome.

MEL
Is there any chance I can have this cd?

John looks down at the gun still loosely pointed at his rib cage and up at Mel.

MEL (CONT’D)
Oh. Yeah. Didn’t really need to ask...

John and Mel laugh.

30 MINUTES LATER.

INT. CAR

The gas tank is empty. Ghostmouth still plays. Mel bobs her head to the music. The car drags and stops as John steers to the side of the road.

Mel and John look at the gas gauge and back at each other. John turns the music down.

MEL
Alright, we’ll it’s been surprisingly pleasant, J-

JOHN
Mel, hold on. I really enjoyed our conversations and I know this is kinda insane, but would you wanna go o-

Mel shoots John dead in the head mid-sentence. She takes her smartphone out of her hand bag, looks up her location using its gps, then calls her back-up.
MEL
(talks on phone)
Hey. Yeah, I’m in...

Mel looks at the smartphone map again.

MEL (CONT’D)
(talks on phone)
Skillman. Dutchtown-Zion Road... No
I’m fine... I’ll definitely need
Jimmy to come clean it up though...
No, I’m good to drive. Just have
him bring some gas... Yeah, long
story... Alright, see you soon.
Love you too... Bye.

Mel hangs up the phone.

CUT BLACK.