

HACK

by

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EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

It's late night New York in all it's glory.
Trendy and expensively dressed clubbers walk in groups.
Tourist families take in the sights.
Locals smoke and chat it up in the doorways of bars.
Traffic bustles.
There are more taxi cabs on the street than regular cars.
The cabs dart in and out of traffic to make pickups.
Various types hail cabs and hop in and out of them.
A drunken man wearing a suit pulls himself into a cab.
Nobody pays attention to this common occurrence.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Three young twenty something locals exit the eatery.
The man and woman hug the third woman then she enters a taxi.
The cab's off duty light goes off as it pulls away.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

The young blonde woman watches her friends from the window.
Meet Clio Sands. She's 23 with a street smart innocence.

DRIVER
(middle eastern accent)
Where you go?

Clio sees a tinted bullet proof partition.
A small pay slot in the glass allows her to see the meter.
She tries to see through the partition then gives up.

CLIO
Ninth avenue and 56th street.

DRIVER
No problem.

The doors lock suddenly. The meter starts as he pulls away.
The pay slot opening closes.
Clio pulls out a smart phone, dials ,and waits...

CLIO
 (into phone)
 Its me... I'll be there in twenty
 minutes.
 (listens)
 It's two in the morning. Where am I
 going to get tacos now?
 (listens))
 Aright already. I'll find your
 punk-ass something to feed on.
 (listens))
 If you want a guarantee buy it
 yourself. My phone is dying.

She hangs up in annoyance.

DRIVER
 (from intercom)
 Boyfriend?

Clio looks forward. She cannot see the driver.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 Boyfriend?

She spots a small intercom speaker built into the partition.

CLIO
 (to intercom)
 No. My sister.

EXT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

The cab pulls onto tenth avenue heading north.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

All the driver's dialogue comes through the intercom.

DRIVER
 Sorry. You very pretty girl. I
 figure boyfriend.

CLIO
 Thanks. You can see me through
 there?

DRIVER
 Yes. I see you. Is for safety.
 Bullet proof. People crazy in city.
 Rob me three time.

She eyes a license taped to the other side of the partition.

CLIO
 Abir?

DRIVER

First to say name right. You live with your sister?

CLIO

(suspicious)

Hey? Is this one of those shows?

DRIVER

What talking about?

CLIO

The shows where people talk about their business and they put it on tv.

DRIVER

No show. I never heard of show.

CLIO

Reality tv? Forget it.

(beat)

Well my sister is staying with me.

DRIVER

Nice girl. You take care of sister.

CLIO

Some advice Abir, if you're college freshman sister asks to stay over for the summer, say NOPE.

DRIVER

(accent)

Nope?

CLIO

It's generation Z for la-zy language. No as in no. Hope as in never. That's nope.

Abir doesn't get it.

DRIVER

Nope. Nope?

It hits him.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Nope! You put word together!

CLIO

It's my sibling's only gift to me. Bless her little heart. Make sure you pop the P for distinction.

The cab stops at a light. Late night riffraff pass by.

DRIVER
You hot? I turn on air conditioner.

We hear a small motor hum to life.

CLIO
I'm fine.
(to herself)
But you already turned it on.

DRIVER
So. What kind of guys you like?

CLIO
I knew we were on television. I
hate reality tv and I'm not signing
any waivers.

She looks around the cab expectantly.

DRIVER
(angry and scary)
We're not on TV.!

Clio loses her enthusiasm. The mood swings to tension.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Ask simple question! What kind of
guys do you like?

CLIO
I don't want to talk anymore.

DRIVER
I sorry for yelling. Is just I
never date very pretty girl before.
I just want to know what they like.
Maybe one day I find someone as
pretty as you.

She's flattered into sympathy.

CLIO
I like tall, handsome, humorous
guys that make me laugh.

DRIVER
Okay give me real answer.

CLIO
That's as real as you're going to
get.

DRIVER
You give p.c. bullshit answer.

CLIO
Why are you talking like that?

DRIVER
I know what girls like.

CLIO
Oh yeah. What do girls like?

DRIVER
Big money and big you know what.

CLIO
(amused)
Then why is Kim Kardashian twice divorced?

She stumped him into an awkward silence.

DRIVER
(recovering)
Will you have dinner with me?

CLIO
Sorry I don't think so.

DRIVER
What if I was rich?

CLIO
Then you'd be married to a model.

DRIVER
What if I dedicated my time and life only to you?

CLIO
What if I told you I have a fiance?

Clio rubs her eyes. She looks tired now.

DRIVER
What if I told you I am not really a cab driver and I painted this car to look like one?

CLIO
Then you'd be going to jail.

Clio takes a long deep yawn.

DRIVER
What if I told you...

CLIO
What if I told you I don't want to talk anymore?

DRIVER
Okay one more and I stop.

CLIO
 (visibly very tired)
 Knock yourself out.

DRIVER
 (no accent and deadly
 serious)
 What if I told you that the sound
 you are hearing is not an air
 conditioner. It is actually
 Etorphine gas. A powerful tasteless
 and odorless sedative in aerosol
 form quickly filling the passenger
 cabin?

Clio looks around fearfully.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 What if I told you you'll be
 unconscious in less than 3 minutes?

CLIO
 This is not funny, what happened to
 your voice?

Clio's eyes are blood shot red and she looks very groggy.

DRIVER
 What if I told you we're not going
 to the upper west side?

CLIO LOOKS OUTSIDE. THE TAXI HEADS SOUTH INSTEAD OF NORTH!

CLIO
 Stop the cab now!

She yankss the door locks but they won't budge.

Clio appears drowsy yet frantic.

DRIVER
 What if I told you, you won't make
 it home tonight?

Clio pulls out her phone and dials.

It beeps. The battery logo blinks.

CLIO
 What if I told you I'm calling the
 police, asshole!

She fights to shake the sleep off. She cannot focus.

CLIO (CONT'D)
 (groggy)
 Hello.

OPERATOR V.O.
Hello 911 emergency.

CLIO
Please. I'm in a cab.

The low battery alert sounds on her smartphone.

OPERATOR V.O.
What's your emergency?

CLIO
(hysterical)
I'm in a cab and he won't...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What's your emergency?
Where are you?

CLIO
I'm on the...

The line cuts off as the cab moves through a tunnel!

CLIO (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Please don't please help me!

She's going fast. Clio gives up on the phone.

Now she panics and screams to signal drivers passing by.

She moves to the rear passenger side window waving wildly.

CLIO (CONT'D)
Help!

She bangs on the glass.

INT. FRONTSEAT - NIGHT

The driver's left hand moves to a panel on the door.

He flips a switch.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

The rear cab windows instantly blacken to a limousine tint!

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

DRIVER
What if I told you no one can see
you?

The cab comes to a stop at a light.

A car pulls along side.

The driver of the other car looks ahead.

Clio bangs on the windows to signal him.

CLIO

Help me! Help me! Somebody!

The driver of the other car looks directly at the cab.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

The rear windows are no longer transparent.

The light changes and traffic moves.

The other car moves ahead not noticing her as well.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

Clio looks dumbstruck. How can they not notice her.

DRIVER

Electric Smart Glass. Conference rooms, hospital nurseries, and ambulances usually have them. Special adhesive polymers. It goes from translucent to clear in one hundredth of a second.

Clio struggles with the locks and maintaining continuousness.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Did you know dozens of people in Australia just turn up missing every day?

CLIO

Please please stop the car. Please!

DRIVER

You have two choices. You can hold your breath and pass out. Or you can scream your head off and inhale even more gas making it all the more inevitable.

Clio leans in the seat and kicks the passenger window!

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Polycarbonate layer adds strength to glass. Bullet resistant also.

She dials 911 again.

The phone rings for what seems to be an eternity.

Finally a pick up!

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello.

SHE EXHALES AND BREATHES HARD TAKING IN GAS.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello. Hello.

Clio drops the phone. She can barely reach for it.

DRIVER

What if I told you once I get you
home, I will kill you and then
dispose of you?

She holds her breath. Tears stream down her face.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What would you do if I told you I
do this all the time?

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

FRONTSEAT

The driver's hand shuts off the fake meter.

DRIVER

What could you do to save your
life?

BACKSEAT

Clio sits unconscious.

A string of saliva hangs from her lip.

DRIVER

Absolutely nothing.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The cab cruises down a quiet tree lined suburban block.

It slows then stops at a brick house.

The automatic garage opens and it drives in.

The garage door closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT

A dimly lit and large room.

A washer and dryer sit in a corner.

A staircase leading upstairs.

A door labeled BOILER looms on the right.

A large painting of the Last Supper hangs on the wall.

CLIO

Clio lays on a single bed.

SHE SUDDENLY AWAKES!

She looks around and fright overcomes her.

She lays in a cage!

CAGE

A toilet and sink are against the cage's only wall.

A few feet down a shower head protrudes from this wall.

It hangs over a drain in the cage's floor.

The remaining sides and ceiling are iron bars.

In the corner sits a neat stack of women's clothes.

Clio stands and turns around.

She sees...

A figure wearing a silk balaclava and tinted eyeglasses.

He sits in a wooden folding chair.

Terror overtakes her.

DRIVER

Don't scream. If I wanted you dead,
you would be.

Clio moves to the cage's back wall in fear.

CLIO

Where am I! Why are you doing this!

DRIVER

Don't raise your voice. Or do you
want me to take the mask off?

Clio doesn't know how to reply.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

If I take my mask off then you see
my face. If you see my face, I have
to kill you.

He withdraws a large butcher's knife.

CLIO
Don't take it off.

DRIVER
What amazes me is no matter how
many so called God fearing people I
grab. It's the crying.
(fiddling with blade)
If they believe in him
(looking up)
Then why do they cry when facing
possible death. Utter hypocrisy.

He moves his chair a little closer and sits.

Clio tries to contain the urge to scream.

Clio slumps down slowly.

CLIO
(quivering)
Please don't rape me.

DRIVER
I didn't hear that.

CLIO
Police always catch people that do
things like this. I haven't seen
your face. It's not too late to...

DRIVER
There is one thing you forgot to
plead for.

Clio tries to understand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(searching himself)
Where is it?

He pulls out a small rectangular cardboard box.

Clio cries harder. An opened pregnancy test kit.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
According to this pregnancy test...
congratulations.

CLIO
Please don't...

DRIVER
You know another thing about me?
(whisper)
I always wanted a kid.

Clio stops crying and stares at him.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
It's really hard to find a mate
that agrees to my lifestyle. It
makes starting a family very
impossible.

Clio looks on in utter horror.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I need someone to give em hell when
I'm gone also. Pun intended.

CLIO
Oh my...

The driver stands.

DRIVER
Don't even think about saying it.

The driver admires his knife's size.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
In nine months you will give birth
, I get the kid, and then I release
you back into society. One thing
though. You get sick and can't
deliver, I stab you repeatedly. For
some chance you lose the kid, I
stab you repeatedly. Basically if
anything happens preventing you
from giving birth, they will have
to open a forensic academy just to
prove if what is left of YOU is or
was actually a human being.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

CAGE

Clio sits against the back wall of the cage.

She looks clearly petrified.

We hear a loud unlocking noise and she stands up.

A heavy thud as a door closes. Footsteps descending stairs.

STAIRWAY

The masked driver appears holding a food tray.

DRIVER
Turn around and face the wall.

Clio obeys.

He moves to the cage.

He then slips the tray through a small space specifically designed for this between the bars and basement floor.

He places a glass of orange juice between the bars.

Clio doesn't move. The driver sits.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You can turn around now.

Clio does.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Eat!

She moves to the tray.

A display of eggs, bacon, ham, pancakes, and toast.

She nibbles a piece of toast.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

My basement door is the type found in banking environments. It's half a foot thick and weighs 500 pounds.

Clio tries to eat but appears way to shaken. She tries.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It can only be opened with a combination that I only know.

(beat)

Therefore if anything happens to me in here or up there, you're dead. Dehydration and starvation.

(beat)

You are receiving a privilege never given to anyone unfortunate enough to see this room.

Clio stops eating.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You are eating for two remember.

She quickly picks up a some eggs and crams it in.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

There are more than 13,000 taxi cabs operating in a city of roughly 22 miles. Nobody notices the lower class.

He stands in preparation to leave.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

In case you're hopes go up for some reason...

CUT TO:

EXT. FDR DRIVE - DAY

We see THE taxi rolling up the 42nd street exit.

It then stops at first avenue.

DRIVER V.O.

I am not a cabbie any longer. But have driven them to put myself through school. Taxis are operated in three basic ways. Owner operators. Those are guys who own the cabs and drive them also.

THE taxi pulls into the intersection and traffic engulfs it.

Most of which are taxis.

DRIVER V.O. (CONT'D)

Fleet Drivers: These are the men who pay the company just to drive the cab for a shift.

Another taxi picks up a young business man then pulls away.

DRIVER V.O. (CONT'D)

And last but not least, the Lease driver or Agent. He leases his taxi for a few months. And here's the best part...

A cab stops then picks up a tourist family of four.

They are wearing New York T-shirts.

DRIVER V.O. (CONT'D)

The agent can lend the car out to an unspecified driver for other shifts. Half of cabs are driven by agents. Agents can lend the cab to their buddies to bring in money.

(beat)

That means you never know who is really behind the wheel.

THE taxi appears to be the only cab with a lit off duty sign.

The shark-like sign moves through the sea of traffic.

It slowly moves past a man with his arm extended.

The man shows annoyance. Another cab picks him up.

EXT. STREET (WEST SIDE MANHATTAN) - DAY

An old woman extends her arm.

THE taxi slowly drives past her.

The old woman notices it's empty backseat and shows disgust.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

An 18 year old blonde student wearing a tank top hails a cab.

THE taxi changes lanes abruptly cutting off other cars.

It's half a block away and heads towards her fast.

Another cab backs up and steals the pickup. Lucky girl.

EXT. MANHATTAN FITNESS CLUB - AFTERNOON

THE taxi remains parked and the off duty sign glows.

It begins to pull away from the curb then...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hold on!

Driver's side Mirror:

An athletic brunette in her early twenties rushes to the cab.

WOMAN

She notices the off duty light and stops.

THE taxi stops. The off duty light shuts off.

Relieved, she hops in THE taxi and it slowly pulls away.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BACKSEAT

The woman sits in the backseat.

She immediately notices the tinted partition.

The pay slot opens.

DRIVER

(Arab accent)

Where to?

WOMAN

Tribeca. I have two stops to make.

DRIVER
(Arab accent)
No problem.

The car pulls away from the curb.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You are very unlucky woman?

WOMAN
Why do you say that?

DRIVER
Out of all the cabs in New York,
you picked the one driven by a
homicidal maniac who has perfected
the art of kidnapping.

The woman laughs. The doors lock. A hissing noise.

WOMAN
Air conditioner that works? Nice.

DRIVER
(no accent)
Not an air conditioner. And we aint
going to Tribecca. You dumb, bitch.

The woman looks out the window.

The taxi heads west.

WOMAN
What are you doing? Stop the car!

The pay slot CLOSES.

The driver speaks through the intercom.

DRIVER
What you are hearing is not an air
conditioner. It is a very potent
gas filling the passenger cabin.
You will be unconscious in a few
minutes.

WOMAN
(banging on partition)
I will call the police!

The taxi accelerates.

The woman takes out a cellular phone.

Her battery shows FULL capacity. She dials.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to own this company if
you don't stop this vehicle!

The phone rings and we hear a pick up.

OPERATOR
Emergency. How can we...

WOMAN
Please help me...

INT. TAXI - DAY

FRONTSEAT

The driver switches on the stereo. He turns the volume up.

BACKSEAT

WOMAN
I'm in a...

Bananarama's "Cruel Summer" blasts from...

Sub woofers embedded behind the rear passenger seats!

The loud sound causes the woman to clutch her ears.

The woman tries to use the cellular again.

She can't hear. She covers her other ear with her free hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hello! Help me!

911 OPERATOR
Ms. could you please turn down the
radio.

WOMAN
Help me!!

911 OPERATOR
Ms. are you there?

FRONTSEAT

He turns the stereo volume up louder.

The bass shakes the windows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The semi tinted taxi drives past parked cars.

As it drives by, the tremendous bass triggers car alarms.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BACKSEAT

The woman gives up on the phone and tries the windows.

The woman looms near losing consciousness.

She sees something that gives her a ray of hope.

EXT. TAXI - DAY

A police car cruises up ahead .

THE taxi moves too fast to slow down.

It blows past the police cruiser with music blasting.

The cruiser's lights go flashing all strobes.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BACKSEAT

The woman shows elation.

She presses her face against the glass.

The music stops.

THE taxi and Police cruiser drive side by side.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The police look over at the taxi. The off duty light goes on.

COP
(to partner)
Rag heads.

The cops let down the windows and take a look at the driver.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BACKSEAT

The woman sees the police cruiser's windows roll down.

The cruiser's lights go off and it accelerates.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

COP
Wow. An American cabbie.

COP 2
We need more like em.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BACKSEAT

The woman watches hope driving away.

She slips out of consciousness.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

CLIO
(crying)
Help!

She feels painfully hoarse from yelling all morning.

CLIO (CONT'D)
(looking up)
What did I do?

The basement door unlocks. She moves to the rear of the cage.

The door thuds closed and heavy footsteps are heard.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Turn around.

Clio turns facing the wall.

The masked and spectacled driver appears.

He carries the bound and gagged unconscious woman.

He rests the new guest on the floor in a sitting position.

Then stretches as he turns to face, Clio.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(looking around)
Enjoyed you're breakfast I see.

He bends down and slaps the bound woman.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Most important meal of the day.

The woman begins to regain consciousness.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Naloxone usually brings them back.

He gives the woman another vicious slap.

She moves her head.

CLIO
(facing the wall)
Can I have something to drink?

DRIVER
(looking around)
Didn't I leave you a beverage?

He sees the empty food tray and no glass.

CLIO
No. You didn't.

He walks to the cage, slides out the tray and looks around.

CLIO (CONT'D)
Please, I'm thirsty.

DRIVER
(angry)
Okay. Orange juice?

CLIO
Allergic. Can I have some tea.
Please.

DRIVER
(suspicious and angry)
Allergic?

The driver stands there staring at Clio's back.

CLIO
(thinking fast)
Smart kids always have allergies.

She has convinced him.

He spits at the bound woman then exits with the tray.

The door closes with a thud.

WOMAN

Spit runs down her face.

The woman suddenly opens her eyes.

She sees Clio standing in the cage and tries to scream.

Muffled noises only come out.

She retches.

Filament tape binds her hands, mouth, and ankles.

CLIO (CONT'D)
(whisper)
If you want to live, listen to me.

The woman settles down.

Clio reveals a shard of broken glass.

The woman nods.

CLIO (CONT'D)
Can you get your hands in front?

The athletic woman lays down on her side.

She slips her wrists around her rear and over her legs.

Then quickly pulls out her gag.

WOMAN
Oh my god. Oh my god.

CLIO
What's your name?

WOMAN
Amy.

She tries to undo her feet.

AMY
(crying)
It's too tight.

CLIO
(whisper)
Amy!

INT. KITCHEN

STOVE

The driver's hands place a glass kettle on a stove.

INT. BASEMENT

CLIO
(Whisper)
Its the only-piece-I-have.

They focus.

CLIO (CONT'D)
On three.
(Clio crosses herself)
On three okay.

Amy extends her wrapped wrists.

CLIO (CONT'D)
One.

The two women focus all their mental energy.

CLIO (CONT'D)
Two... Three.

Clio lobs the shard of glass and Amy reaches.

The glass sails through the air.

Amy looks as if she will catch it.

The glass bounces off the woman's palm and flips upward...

The shard lands in Amy's cleavage! The women share a moment.

CLIO (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Hurry!

Amy starts cutting at the filament tape around her ankles.

INT. KITCHEN

COUNTER TOP

The driver's hands places a mug and drops in a tea bag.

The kettle water heats up quickly.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Amy cuts at the tape.

She cuts herself. Blood stains the tape.

AMY

Come on. Come on.

She begins to cut through the thick tape.

CLIO

Hurry.

INT. KITCHEN

GLASS KETTLE

The water inside the kettle grows hotter.

It looks unstable but not boiling.

INT. BASEMENT

Amy has cut halfway through the tape.

She cuts herself again. The blood drips but she doesn't stop.

INT. KITCHEN

GLASS KETTLE

The water heats rapidly but still doesn't boil.

Then...

One lone bubble forms and rises to the surface!

INT. BASEMENT

Amy still cuts.

INT. KITCHEN

GLASS KETTLE

Another bubble rises to the surface. Then another.

The bubbles rise three at a time and increase.

INT. BASEMENT

Amy madly cuts almost through the tape.

She SLICES the thumb on her left hand!

INT. KITCHEN

The glass kettle begins to whistle.

Driver's hand shuts off the burner. Pours water in mug.

Adds sugar stirs and places the cup on a tray.

INT. BASEMENT

Amy watches in shock as blood sprays from her thumb!

CLIO

(whisper)

Don't stop!

Amy cuts like a mad woman.

INT. KITCHEN

The masked driver exits the kitchen.

He moves to the basement door.

Driver reaches to open the lock then...

DRIVER

Milk.

He heads back to the kitchen.

INT. BASEMENT

Amy cuts through the tape. Blood drops from her hand.

Amy now full of adrenaline holds the shard of glass.

CLIO

Cut the son of a bitch. You scream bloody murder all the way. All the way. Then run like...

AMY

Hell.

INT. KITCHEN

The masked driver holds the fridge open staring at the milk.

INT. APARTMENT (FLASHBACK)

A small studio apartment decorated in 80's modern style.

A young man stands in front of a refrigerator.

He reads a missing person description on a milk carton.

He opens the fridge exposing the severed head of a woman.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN

DRIVER

Those were the days.

He pours some milk in the tea.

INT. BASEMENT

BASEMENT DOOR

Amy stands behind the door breathing heavy.

Her hand bleeds heavily.

INT. HALLWAY

BASEMENT DOOR

The masked driver enters the combination!

He pulls the door open.

Amy shoves the heavy door inward into the driver.

He falls spilling tea everywhere.

Amy hops over him. She doesn't scream.

She runs and sees the back door just ahead.

SHE SPEEDS UP AND SUDDENLY SLIPS ON HER OWN BLOOD!

Amy stands...

INT. BASEMENT

Clio has her hands clasped in the midst of prayer.

We hear a hideously loud thump from above.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Clio cowers in the cage crying.

The masked driver carries Amy's body.

He unlocks the Boiler room and takes amy inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Subtitles:

Two days later.

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

Clio wakes in the same clothes and moves to the cage's rear.

The door unlocks and thuds closed.

Footsteps descending stairs are heard.

The masked and spectacled driver carries a food tray.

Clio stands against the back wall facing it.

The driver rests the tray down and sits.

DRIVER

I provided clothing.

CLIO

I like my clothes.

DRIVER

Turn around.

Clio turns around.

He holds a shotgun and a set of keys.

She crouches beside the bed.

CLIO

You promised you wouldn't...

DRIVER

What are you getting back to anyway? Some shit job you'll hate in five years.

CLIO

I just want to go home.

DRIVER

(briefly looking up)

He's the one that woke you up that faithful morning and put every event into place which put you into a taxi. All knowing all seeing.

CLIO

I'm sorry.

He walks to the cage and unlocks it. Clio moves back.

DRIVER

I give people what religions do not; Choice. You can die right here right now or see what is behind door number one.

CLIO

Please.

The driver pulls shells from his pocket, loads and cocks it.

He aims at Clio's face.

INT. BOILER ROOM

A full sized pizza oven looms in the far back of the room.

In the center of the room, a table covered with a tarp and a boiler can be seen in the back corner. A stand alone freezer takes up the other corner.

The masked driver points a shotgun with an infrared sight.

DRIVER

Pull the cover off.

Clio slowly walks over to the tarp and removes it.

Amy's naked body lays on a slab.

Clio covers her mouth to keep from screaming.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(monotone)

I drive the best. I fuck the best.

I wear the best.

(beat)

So... I EAT THE BEST.

Clio stares at him in shock.

CLIO
But you said the occult doesn't
rape and drink blood and...

DRIVER
Drinking is one thing. Eating is
another.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Your punishment will be to prepare
this person to be fit for
consumption.

CLIO
I I can't I can't.

DRIVER
So you are saying you are willing
to die for a complete stranger. A
complete stranger who won't even be
here to attend your very CLOSED
casket funeral?

Clio shakes unnaturally. Driver aims and tenses the trigger.

DISSOLVE TO:.

INT. BOILER ROOM - LATER

Clio stands beside the table clearly shaken.

DRIVER
Humans are not bred for meat and
are prone to an array of diseases.
A human woman in the early twenties
is optimal. They tend to be tender
and it is the larger than males in
size. It is vital to deprive the
pig of food for two days. But give
plenty of fluids. This flushes the
system of toxins.

The masked driver checks his watch.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Yeah. About 48 hours. Now for the
fun part; the BLEEDING.

He driver moves to the wall and flips a switch.

A mechanical hum sounds as a hook lowers from the ceiling.

The hook hangs at the end of a steel chain.

The driver releases the switch.

The hook sways suspended four feet above Amy's body.

Clio stares at the knife in her palm.

Clio stands clueless and clearly terrified.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Place the ropes over the hook! Arms
and then legs!

Clio snaps out of it and follows orders.

The hook raises amy's body off of the slab.

Amy hangs suspended above the slab.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

There is a basin under the table
place it under her.

Clio finds the large plastic basin, and places it under Amy.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

To bleed, you must nip the internal
and external carotid arteries.

Amy shakes.

AMY

I don't know where...

The gun's infrared dot appears on Clio's head.

The dot moves from Clio's forehead and onto amy's throat.

AMY (CONT'D)

I I I...

The infrared dot moves back to Clio's face.

She slowly moves to amy's body.

She moves forward shaking and sweating.

Clio places the blade on amy's throat.

We move up away from amy and focus on Clio's face.

The infrared dot moves to Clio's eye.

Clio presses her eyes closed and begins cutting.

Blood gushes and soaks her face.

AMY'S BODY SUDDENLY JERKS. SHE IS STILL ALIVE!

Clio stumbles back. Amy gags and retches.

She stares at Clio who screams her head off!

Amy dies.

Blood pours into the basin in a steady heavy stream.

DRIVER
You're first homicide.

CLIO
(horrified)
You said she was dead!
I didn't kill her!

INT. BOILER ROOM - LATER

Clio sits against the wall in a trance like state.

DRIVER
We'll skip the Next step. The
skinning. There is a science to it.
I'll handle that later.

Clio sits frozen with shock.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You now go to the evisceration of
the carcass or gutting as the
McDonald's Corporation calls it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT

SHELF

Large pickle jar with the label Amy containing ORGANS.

We move to Clio standing over Amy's body again.

DRIVER (O.S.)
We now go to quartering the body.
(Serious)
Pick up the saw.

Clio places the hacksaw blade on dead Amy's shoulder.

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Shiv into the armpit straight
through to the shoulder.

She stalls for a second then gathers herself.

Her back obscures us from getting a full view.

The hideous sound of cutting bone can now be heard.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

CAGE

Clio lays on the bed in the fetal position.
She trembles in shock and stares at something.
Clio's POV The portrait of the Last Supper.
The masked driver sits in his folded chair.

DRIVER V.O.

The final and most important step
is the clean up.

INT. BATHROOM

Hands pour the basin of blood into the sink.

DRIVER V.O.

Excess flesh is cooked, ground,
then discarded.

INT. KITCHEN

Hands run pieces of flesh through a meat grinder.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A figure drops a bag into a Chinese restaurant's dumpster.

DRIVER V.O.

Cooked human flesh looks like any
thrown away food.

INT. BOILER ROOM

Gloved hands pull a roasted human skull out A PIZZA OVEN.

DRIVER V.O.

All that's left are the bones.
Place them in a plastic bag.

INT. KITCHEN

A male arm raises a large hammer and swings downward.

INT. BATHROOM

We see the powdery bone emptied into the toilet.
The toilet flushes and everything goes down the drain.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT

The Last Supper painting hangs on the wall.

The masked driver stands admiring the painting.

He turns.

He then grabs the hacksaw.

CAGE

Clio hangs CHOKING TO DEATH!

Clio's body hits the cage floor along with bits of cement.

A torn blouse wrapped around her neck.

An apparent suicide attempt.

She gasps then passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

CAGE

Clio wakes. She looks awful.

DRIVER (O.S.)

So you are not a hypocrite.

She runs to the back wall and slams into it as if programmed.

Clio falls and stands facing the wall.

THE MASKED DRIVER STANDS CLOSE TO THE CAGE'S BARS.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You want to die?

CLIO

I can't remember.

DRIVER

What do you remember?

CLIO

I remember I was cutting up a woman. I cut her all

(crying)

All to pieces. And...

DRIVER

Why were you cutting her?

CLIO

So... You could eat it.

DRIVER

I'm going to forget it. Only because the local missing persons report they broadcast about you three days ago said you had no prior history of mental illness or emotional issues.

Clio stays quiet.

The world she once knew feels millions of miles away.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Raising children is very expensive. Civilization has lots of hard working people that carry pin numbers around in their pointed little heads. College fund time.

The driver stands and leaves. The basement thuds closed.

Clio remains kneeling facing the wall.

She sits. We hear footsteps. Clio stands.

The driver places a small all in one dvd-tv onto the chair.

He flips the channels and leaves it on PBS.

He leaves. The door thuds closed.

Clio watches tv sucking in much needed mental stimulation.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST SIDE MANHATTAN- AFTERNOON

THE taxi moves through manhattan with it's off duty sign on.

A stunningly attractive young woman hails a ride.

THE taxi stops in front of her.

She grabs the door.

TENNIS SHOES

He notices her run-down tennis shoes.

THE taxi suddenly pulls away leaving the woman irate.

THE taxi moves down second avenue.

A Well dressed man with a nice watch hails a taxi.

THE taxi slows down.

The driver notices the man's cheap watch.

THE taxi passes by ignoring the well dressed man.

THE taxi pulls up to a cab stand in front of a luxury hotel.
It sits and waits.

Another yellow taxi pulls in the space in front of THE taxi.
The driver of that cab gets out and speaks with the doorman.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Clio bends on her knees and clenches her fist.

She closes her eyes deep in prayer.

The words "Marcie was here" can be seen etched on the wall.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - EVENING

An upscale couple exit the hotel.

They then make their way towards THE taxi.

THE taxi's off duty light goes off.

The couple enters THE taxi.

INT. TAXI - EVENING

BACKSEAT

DRIVER (O.S.)

Where to?

We look through the rear passenger window and see the other
cabbie staring towards us.

He flicks his cigarette and begins briskly walking over.

THE taxi begins to pull away.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

The cabbie stands in front of the taxi forcing it to stop.

CABBIE

(African accent)

Hey my friend. Hey my friend.

THE taxi's driver side window lowers.

The other cabbie moves to the driver door pointing to it.

DRIVER

Snooze you lose...

CABBIE

How come number is same?

Both taxis' doors share the same numeric licence number.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

How come same?

INT. TAXI - EVENING

FRONTSEAT

DRIVER

(to couple)

Get out!

MAN

What is this about?

DRIVER

Get out now, cock sucker!

The couple QUICKLY exits the taxi.

CABBIE (O.S.)

How come same!

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - EVENING

THE parked Taxi tries to pull off.

The cabbie runs in front of the cab cutting him off.

CABBIE

Where going?!

The taxi accelerates hitting the cabbie.

The taxi lifts off the street as it rolls over the cabbie!

We hear screams. People try and record on phones.

The hotel's doorman comes to the injured cabbie's aid.

The doorman pulls his cellular phone and calls the police.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

THE taxi waits stuck at the light in gridlock traffic.

A woman among the witnesses points to a uniformed man.

His baton swings on his hip.

WITNESS

(pointing)

A cop!

The man turns revealing Security on his jacket.

THE taxi inches forward impatiently.

The light shows red.

The light changes to green and the taxi speeds off.

INT. TAXI - EVENING

REARVIEW MIRROR

An ambulance arrives at the hotel. Witnesses point.

EXT. FDR DRIVE - EVENING

THE taxi hits the FDR heading south.

There are no cars behind it.

Suddenly unmarked police cars pull onto the FDR.

They have strobes only in the wind shield.

THE taxi accelerates and the cops are gaining fast.

The police see THE taxi's rear lights due to light traffic.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - EVENING

COP 1

Why do they always run.

COP 2

They think God is on their side.
Don't they know they can't out run
the...

EXT. HELIPAD - EVENING

A police helicopter lifts off.

EXT. FDR DRIVE - EVENING

THE taxi speeds and the police are getting close.

The cops hit the sirens full blast.

INT. TAXI - EVENING

REARVIEW

The cops are gaining.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Clio sits against the back wall.

A show plays on the tv but she pays no attention.

The door unlocks and opens. Footsteps. The door thuds closed.

The driver wears a surgical mask with out his eye disguise.

He holds a very large HATCHET.

Clio stands but doesn't look afraid.

The driver pulls out his keys.

CLIO

What did I do? What did I do!

DRIVER

What are the chances that it would have the same number?. One in a hundred thousand?

He moves to the cage to unlock it.

Clio rushes over. He swipes the blade at her.

He places the key into the lock! This is it!

Clio shoves the box spring and mattress against the cage door preventing it from opening inward.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It had to be something more than odds!

He opens the cage. Clio shoves it back.

The driver uses brute force and the door moves inward.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Just like those bastards at the hospital. After surgery, they thank the Doctor. If it wasn't for us anesthesiologists, they would die foaming at the mouth in pain.

Clio retreats.

The driver moves the mattress inward!

She crouches in the space between the cage's bed and wall.

Clio braces the bed with her legs using the wall as leverage.

She uses all her strength and pushes!

The driver begins moving back!

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(demented)

One must first receive a Bachelor's Degree from a four year college or university, and then a Medical Degree from an accredited medical school. After graduation from medical school, a doctor will typically apply for a residency in a specialty such as surgery, pediatrics, or anesthesiology.

The driver pushes the door inward. He overpowers Clio.

CLIO
You're going to hurt the baby!

DRIVER
(pushing the cage door)
A residency in anesthesiology requires four additional years of training, with the option for further sub-specialization through a fellowship of one to three years.

Clio takes the opportunity to push as he rambles.

She moves the door outward. She almost has her legs locked.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
They thank the Doctor.
(ice cold)
I took their pain away.

Clio locks her legs and closes the cage door.

Now no matter how hard he pushes the door won't open.

The driver suddenly gives up.

He unplugs the television and exits.

We hear the door thud closed.

Clio sits in the space afraid to move.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

CAGE

Clio awakes still sitting in the space.

She feels the numbness of poor circulation pain.

Clio eyes the time on the washing machine's digital clock.

It reads eight thirty.

CLIO
Why didn't he just shoot me?
(beat)
No breakfast.

Clio stands, stretches, and quickly gets back to position.

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

CLIO
No lunch.

She takes a drink of water from the sink.

It hits her. Suddenly, she spits the water out.

CLIO (CONT'D)
He's gong to eat me.
Bullets would taint the flesh.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Clio sits in the small space.

Subtitles: 24 hours

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Clio looks weak and dazed.

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Clio looks desperate and dehydrated.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Clio sits there staring at the painting angrily.

CLIO
(to herself)
I'll have to do it myself. No one's
going to help. No one is coming.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Subtitles: 49 hours.

Clio sits in the space between the bed and wall.

The sound of the door unlocking.

The door thuds closed and footsteps descend the stairs.

Clio braces her legs against the bed.

The masked driver appears carrying a breakfast tray.

On the tray sits the usual immaculate breakfast and a dvd.
 The driver places the tray in the food slot.
 He slides the dvr disk in. and plugs in the television.
 Clio stares at the food.

DRIVER

Your eating for two remember.

Clio doesn't hesitate and grabs some eggs.

She gulps orange juice thankfully.

The driver watches the dvd holding a remote.

TELEVISION

The television screen shows a news report in progress.

ANCHOR MAN

Police are still looking for the person responsible for a fatal hit and run accident involving a taxi cab. The accident occurred at the corner of 60th street and Columbus circle Broadway shortly after midnight. The taxi led police on a high speed chase along the F.D.R. Drive before eluding capture. With the help of the yellow cab company, authorities are trying to recover the taxi involved.

(beat))

Investigators must then find out who leased the vehicle. But without the taxi in question. It is unlikely they will be able to locate the driver.

He pauses the video.

DRIVER (O.S.)

(handling remote control)

Isn't God great.

The tape fast forwards and stops.

ON SCREEN

The broadcast has gone to live footage of the hotel.

A police officer speaks to several live news reporters.

POLICE OFFICER

The cab hit another driver supposedly after an argument. And

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)
then fled the scene. We pursued the
cab and decided not to apprehend.

REPORTER
Why did you call off the chase?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. FDR DRIVE - EVENING

The same night of the chase.

The taxi speeds ahead.

A few moments later two unmarked cruisers speed after it.

INT. TAXI - EVENING

The driver goes to the switch panel on the door.

He hesitates and pushes a red button.

We hear the loud burst of nitrous oxide gas.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - EVENING

VIEW THROUGH WINDSHEILD

The taxi accelerates ahead at an unholy speed!

In seconds the police are left behind.

COP 2
Jesus Christ.

EXT. FDR DRIVE - EVENING

The police chopper's spotlight appears from above.

The chopper hangs above the police cruisers.

INT. POLICE CHOPPER - EVENING

PILOT
(through headset
microphone)
What did you say to look for?
(he listens)
Your joking right?

EXT. MANHATTAN - EVENING

A bird's eye view of the lower east side.

Dozens of taxis mixed among evening traffic.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

TV SCREEN

The cop live at the hit and run scene with reporters.

POLICE OFFICER
(bull shitting)
We decided not to apprehend because
of potential safety issues.

The tape fast forwards again. It runs through commercials.

The tape stops and plays in mid broadcast again.

ANCHORMAN
Urgent appeals were landed for two
people who have vanished from the
midtown area.

Clio stops chewing.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
Concerns are growing for the safety
of Clio Sands. Age twenty three.

Her face brightens with hope.

A picture of Clio appears next to the anchorman's head.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)
A local woman from the east side.
She has been missing for a week.
Last seen in front of Spaco's
restaurant by friends before
getting into a cab at 2.20 AM
Thursday the twelfth. The woman's
sister reported her missing at five
am. Two hours after her planned
arrival. Police say Clio might have
stopped to pick up tacos as a
favor to her sister. Clio is
described as five feet nine inches.
She has a thin build with long
blonde hair. She was last seen
wearing a white blouse, pants, and
matching bag.

The picture of Amy replaces Clio's.

ANCHORMAN
A married woman Amy Preston has
been missing for six days. The
twenty seven year old is described
as five feet eleven inches.
Athletic build with blue eyes and
(MORE)

ANCHORMAN (cont'd)
 black hair. She was wearing a jogging suit. Shortly after the disappearance of both women calls were made to police emergency numbers from cell phones belonging to them. One call was cut short before emergency personnel could reply. The other which lasted a few seconds is severely distorted due to background noise. Police are approaching the cases as foul play.

The video pauses.

DRIVER (O.S.)
 It's easy to tell if police are close or not. It all happens at the end.
 (beat)
 If that man asks for the public's help in finding someone, it's over. Most hope is gone in being found. Well being found ALIVE anyway.
 (beat)
 You feeling lucky?

The video resumes.

ANCHORMAN
 Police are asking the public's help. If anyone has any information concerning the whereabouts of CLio Sands or Amy Preston, please contact...

The video stops.

Clio has lost her appetite. She looks on teary eyed.

DRIVER (O.S.)
 Missing persons cases are not CRIMINAL cases.
 (beat)
 Many cases are left unsolved to make time for the many new ones.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MONTAGE

A detective sits at a desk talking on the phone.

A female cop adds case file folders to a stack on his desk.

Detective in a file room adds case folders to boxes.

There are dozens of boxes marked OPEN.

END MONTAGE

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Clio stares blankly. All hope seems gone.

The driver removes his dvd and leaves.

The door thuds shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Clio struggles in the cage trying to do pushups.

CLIO

No one cares.

She struggles and completes one pushup.

Clio goes down and strains to come up.

She goes down sweating and panting.

Clio takes a breath and tries for the pushup again.

Clio strains then completes the pushup.

She crumples to the floor from exhaustion.

Apparently her nice physique came from diet not exercise.

CLIO (CONT'D)

I have to get...

Clio suddenly runs to the toilet and vomits.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The driver descends the stairs wearing painting clothes.

He wears a nose mask and goggles.

He deposits the food tray and exits. The door thuds shut.

Clio then vomits in the sink.

Clio washes her face and grabs a piece of chicken breast.

She then goes into pushup position.

INT. BASEMENT

Subtitles: Two Weeks Later.

Clio'S arms look toned as she does female pushups.

CLIO
He likes them soft.

She rises sweaty and confident.

Clio lifts her shirt examining her stomach.

She still looks normal.

EXT. HOUSE -EVENING

The garage door opens slowly.

THE taxi rolls out ominously.

The id numbers on the doors are now different.

The off duty light flickers on.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIBECCA - NIGHT

THE taxi moves slowly through the empty streets.

It passes by dining patrons sitting at outside cafes.

The streets are quiet and no one seems to need a cab.

EXT. TRIBECCA - LATER

An affluent couple strolls down the street.

The man wears a cowboy hat.

We will call them Cowboy and Cowgirl.

They are clearly not native New Yorkers.

The couple holds hands and his Cartier watch can be seen.

THE taxi stalks them from a safe undetectable distance.

It then pulls next to them.

It drives at their pace.

The couple stops, embraces, and shares a kiss.

THE taxi stops and blows it's horn. They ignore him.

THE taxi blows the horn again.

This time they wave the taxi off very annoyed.

THE taxi idles there inappropriately.

DRIVER
(through half opened
window)
You want a ride!

COWBOY
(texas accent)
No thanks, buddy. We're good.

DRIVER
I can get you to your hotel fast.
And then you can really have a good
time.

COWBOY
I can handle things myself.

The couple walks and THE taxi paces with them.

COWBOY (CONT'D)
(to taxi)
Hey son what's the deal?

DRIVER
I wasn't supposed to talk, but
We're filming a reality show and
you both are television material.

COWGIRL
No shit?

COWBOY
What show?

DRIVER
We bringing back that taxi show
where people get in the back and
say crazy shit or make out.

COWBOY
(to driver)
Are you serious?

DRIVER
You bet.

COWBOY
But we're only four blocks away
from...

DRIVER
We can drive around in circles. We
do it all the time.

The couple looks at each other.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

Cowgirl sits and the cowboy holds the door open.

COWBOY

If we're gonna do this, I need the windows open.

DRIVER

(concerned)

Why?

COWBOY

I can't bullshit unless I can smoke. Smoking looks cool on camera.

DRIVER

I can't I...

COWBOY

(getting out)

Fuck it, we're walking.

DRIVER

But you can be on television.

COWBOY

Why be on TV if you can't look cool. I seen people smoke on that show, what's the problem?

An electronic hum sounds as the rear passenger window opens.

The cowboy gets back in and closes the door.

COWGIRL

Where are the cameras?

DRIVER

Can't say. If you know, you'll look and it won't feel real.

THE taxi pulls off.

COWGIRL

Aren't you going to ask any questions?

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

FRONTSEAT

The couple can be seen clearly through the partition.

The driver's hand moves to a button panel labeled WINDOW.

The cowboy pulls out a cigar.

He lights up, and hangs his cigar out the window to breathe.

The driver notices. His hand moves away from the panel.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

COWGIRL
(adjusting her
appearance)
Just tell us when you're ready.

The taxi drives along.

DRIVER
So what do you do?

COWBOY
(smoking and hamming it
up)
I own a bunch of truck stops.

DRIVER
Is that your wife?

COWBOY
Maybe.

DRIVER
You're not from around here, I can
tell. Vacation?

COWGIRL
Sort of.

COWBOY
And we wanted to see the new towers
they built.

DRIVER
Can I ask you something?

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Does your cowgirl scream loud?

COWBOY
(amused)
You mean during sex?

DRIVER
In general.

COWGIRL
No. I'm more of a panting and
moaning type.

They all laugh it up.

DRIVER

Good.

(beat)

You got any more cigars?

COWBOY

Now you're talkin.

The cowboy pulls a cigar out of his blazer pocket.

He reaches through the pay slot to hand it to the driver.

THE DRIVER CLOSES THE SLOT ON COWBOY'S HAND!

COWBOY

What the hell are you doing?

DRIVER

What if I told you, you aint never
seeing Texas again?

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

FRONTSEAT

THE DRIVER INJECTS THE COWBOY'S HAND WITH A HYPODERMIC
NEEDLE

THEN PUMPS SOMETHING INTO IT! THE COWBOY YELLS!

COWBOY

What the fuck are you doing!

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

BACKSEAT

The cowboy struggles to get his hand free.

Cowgirl tries to help.

DRIVER(O.S.)

What if I told you, you should be
unconscious in...

The cowboy loses consciousness. Cowgirl panics.

She tries to shake him awake.

Cowboy hunches over unconscious.

COWGIRL

(shaking and slapping)

Honey. Baby! Honey!

What did you do to him!

Cowgirl tries the doors but they are locked.

She goes for the open window next to cowboy.

The power windows begin closing!

Cowgirl reaches out and the windows trap her hand!

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

THE tinted Taxi passes with a moving hand wedged in the window.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAFE - NIGHT

The taxi pulls to a stop across the street from the cafe.

People stop chatting and look on in concern.

INT. TAXI - BACKSEAT

The door opens and the cowgirl yells.

She's stuck spread across the cowboy's lap.

She struggles to free her hand.

The driver lifts her skirt exposing a thonged rear end.

HE INJECTS HER IN THE LEFT BUTTOCK.

SHE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS IN SECONDS. He then exits the car.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Across the street, sitting cafe patrons look on concerned.

The driver exits. He lowers the back window.

He then shoves Cowgirl's limp arm back inside.

DRIVER

(bearded and wearing
shades)

Too much drink. They're from
BOSTON. Tourists.

The haughty cafe patrons go on chatting.

The driver casually gets into THE taxi and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

Clio preps in position to do a man's pushup.

Her arms tense.

CLIO
How hard can it be?

Clio goes down and strains to push herself up.
She then crumples to the ground. It's too much for her.

CLIO (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
What did I do!

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Clio lies in bed within the cage.
She suddenly sits up clutching her stomach.
Morning sickness again.
She heads for the toilet then stops.
Clio pukes on the floor instead!
Clio gets down and goes back to pushup position.
She looks down, stares at the vomit, and winces at the odor.
Clio huffs and huffs then goes down for the pushup.
Her face gets close enough to taste it.
She pushes herself up with the help of the repugnant odor.
Clio completes one MAN'S pushup!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

CAGE

Clio hears moans wails coming through the BOILER ROOM door.

INT. BOILER ROOM

The cowboy and cowgirl are bound to chairs.
The masked driver looms over them.

DRIVER
Quiet!

The couple settles down.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Pin numbers and withdrawal limits.

The couple is reluctant but afraid.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Castration. Female circumcision.

The couple begins spitting out numbers at the same time.

INT. BASEMENT - WEEK LATER

CAGE

Clio lays on the bed.

Horrible moans escape from the boiler room.

She tries to cover her ears then winces from sore arms.

She can only lay there and absorb the misery.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

A man with a cap obscuring full view of his face enters.

AISLE

The man walks with his back to us.

He throws expensive toys of all types into a cart.

A perky 18 year old sales girl follows at his beck and call.

The name Morgan shows on the back of her staff tee shirt.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A luxury sedan pulls up and stops in front.

An attractive teen girl walks to the car and hops in.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

We see the young sales girl Morgan from the toy store.

A SOFT HAND places a wad of money onto the dashboard.

She wants to say no. She then slowly takes the money.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Thanks. We really need a baby
sitter.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Subtitles: One week later.

CAGE

Clio uses the cage's barred ceiling to do pull ups.
Her arms and shoulders show defined muscle definition.
She lets go and lands on her feet breathing heavily.
She has a look of now or never.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

CAGE

Clio lays on the bed parallel to the cage entrance.
We hear the basement door unlock and open. It thuds closed.
Footsteps descending steps.
Clio pretends to sleep with her back turned.

DRIVER

Good morning.

She doesn't move.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Breakfast.

Still she doesn't move.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Wake up!

She lays still sleeping but we know it's all a ruse.
The masked driver walks over to the cage and kicks the bars.
Clio doesn't move.
The driver lowers the tray slowly and stares into the cage.
Her face cannot be seen.
He withdraws a large knife from a leather ankle holster.
He approaches the cage and Clio clenches her fist.
THE BOILER ROOM DOOR BURSTS OPEN!

THE COWBOY STANDS THERE HOLDING HIS BLOOD STAINED CROTCH.

He rushes the driver and tackles him.

The knife falls to the floor.

The cowboy pummels him with rapid punches to the head.

The driver can barely fight back.

COWBOY

YOU SUNUVABITCH!

(wailing on driver)

The next time you tie up a good ole boy, make sure you find one that aint grow up on a ranch.

(punches the driver))

You call that a knot. You piece of shit!

CLIO (O.S.)

Don't kill him! Don't!

The cowboy stops hitting him.

CLIO (CONT'D)

Mister If you kill him, we can't get out of here! He has the combination. The door can't be opened from inside without it!

The cowboy runs up the stairs and tries door to no avail.

He races back down.

The driver stumbles dizzily trying to stand.

The cowboy lifts and bear hugs him.

Cowboy locks the driver's arms in tight.

COWBOY

(squeezing)

How do I open the door!

CLIO

Mister, Get me out of here! The key for the cage! Mister!

The driver can't move his arms. The cowboy squeezes harder.

COWBOY

(to driver)

How do I open the door!

THE DRIVER BITES THE COWBOY'S ADAM'S APPLE.

HE TEARS IT OUT OF HIS NECK!

Clio watches as blood gushes from the cowboy's neck.

The cowboy drops dead!

Blood dribbles down the driver's blood soaked chin.

Clio stands catatonic in shock.

The driver recovers his knife.

Clio backs up in the cage terrified.

CLIO

(crying)

It's been more than two days. Why
did you keep him alive?

The driver stops his advancement.

Clio moves to the cage's corner.

DRIVER

You think you know me.

She drops to her knees apologetically.

CLIO

(groveling)

You are my master! I am nothing! I
have nothing!

The driver calms.

He deposits Clio's food tray into the cage's slot.

He moves the tv into the boiler room and returns without it.

DRIVER

(demented)

Next time I have to wake you up;
you won't wake up.

(smelling)

Morning sickness?

CLIO

I'm fine. It... It comes and goes.

The driver leaves. We hear the basement door's closing thud.

Clio stares at the blood stained food and dead cowboy.

Suddenly she lets out a loud long and primal scream.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

THE taxi cruises the streets with it's off duty light on.
People hail cabs while others go about usual activity.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Clio stares at the painting of the Last Supper.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

THE taxi drives slowly past a group of catholic school girls.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Clio focuses on something in the painting.

PAINTING

A close up of Judas.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Clio wears a t shirt and tight jeans.

She sits on the bed inside the cage.

We hear the basement door open and close.

Footsteps descending.

The masked driver brings the usual chicken dinner on a tray.

He goes to slide the tray in. Clio doesn't move.

DRIVER

You know the drill.

CLIO

Can I ask you a question?

DRIVER

You just did.

CLIO

Hypothetical?

DRIVER

Why not?

CLIO

Why did you start... killing?

DRIVER
 (suspiciously angry)
 You trying to get in my head?

CLIO
 I'm sorry forget it...

DRIVER
 Like was I tampered with as a child
 or never hugged enough? Society
 always wants an explanation for
 anyone who chooses their own way.
 (sitting))
 I had a good childhood and was
 quite popular. Why can't I just be
 crazy?

He laughs.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 I was driving a taxi. Money is
 tight because I was in school. I
 was living foot to mouth.
 Definitely thankful for my job and
 every penny I earned. I had faith
 in my fellow man for the most part.
 Until that night.

Clio listens attentively.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 It's late and I'm about finished
 with my shift. It's raining and I
 see this guy waving me down. He's
 carrying two big black plastic
 bags. I get to the light and he
 grabs the rear passenger door
 handle. He says his wife just put
 him out and he needs a ride to his
 mother's. Unfortunately his mother
 lived way up in Yonkers.
 (beat)

He had no place to go and no cabs
 were stopping for him because of
 his appearance. He was a dark
 skinned Latino. I told him it's a
 sixty dollar ride and he accepts
 gratefully. He put his bags in the
 trunk and we were off. Anyway I
 give him the ride and he confides
 in me about his wife the whole
 time. We get to the house and his
 face lights up. He goes in his
 pocket and pulls out his wallet.
 Turns out the shrew emptied it
 while he slept. So he tells me to
 wait outside, I mean I had all the

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 man's worldly possessions in the trunk. He goes up stairs and I wait for his return. I honk I wait and a half hour passes. So I get out the car very upset and check the trunk. I open the bags and what do I find. Two garbage bags filled with... garbage. My fellow man just fucked a poor kid, who has to eat tuna for dinner out of much needed money. I never cried because I grew up poor. I never cried when I fought and lost, I cried that night. I cried like a baby. The gas money came out of my ass and I couldn't eat for a week. I promised if I saw the bastard again I would kill him and guess what...

CLIO
 You saw him again.

DRIVER
 Well guess that was this guy's way of sticking it to the world. Not paying for cab rides. I never heard about him because it's the type of thing cabbies don't admit to. Well he pulls the bit so much that when I pick him up again he doesn't even recognize me. He gives the same story about the wife and all. But this time his mother lives in Queens. I let him put the bags in the trunk and give him a ride
 (beat)
 I pull over and tell him I have to urinate.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A cab sits parked on an quiet empty city street.

A dark Latino man sits waiting impatiently in the backseat.

Meet, Manny.

MANNY
 (talking out of window)
 Hey, choo got to turn off meter. I no pay for you to use bathroom.

We hear footsteps move to the rear of the taxi.

The trunk opens and closes.

The rear passenger door opens.

Manny takes a blow to the head from a crowbar!

The hit leaves a hideous dent in his scalp.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING (PRESENT)

DRIVER

After I beat him... his skull
looked like a deflated basketball.

Clio fights back fear.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Drove him to the Bronx and buried
him along with his two hefty bags
full of dirty diapers. Dispatch
didn't care about the blood. Back
then people urinated, bled, and
vomited in taxi cabs quite allot.

(beat)

There's only one feeling that can
describe how it felt to kill. Sex.
Not sex itself. The moment
immediately following orgasm. That
window of time right after the
satisfaction is gone and the next
sexual urge arrives. It can be
minutes or it can be a few hours.
Total uninhibited clarity.

CLIO

The restaurant. The reason I was at
the restaraunt that night.

(Clio stares coldly)

I was engaged as you know. The
reason I got engaged is because he
got me...

DRIVER

Pregnant.

CLIO

After he proposed. My parents felt
I was too young but I didn't
listen. They have to love me. Lance
doesn't. That's what real love is.
They'll get over it. We moved in
together.

(angrier)

One day I make the mistake of
leaving work early for a Doctor's
appointment. I get home in time to
find him naked with his tongue in
some intern's ass.

DRIVER

You wanted to kill him?

CLIO

Yes. My friends took me out to give me the "at least he wasn't gay dinner" to calm me down. We discussed many things that night. Breaking up, forgiving him
(beat)
Abortion.

DRIVER

So what did you decide to do?

CLIO

Forgive him.

DRIVER

What did you want to do?

Clio remains silent.

The driver slides the tray into the food slot.

Clio shoves it back out!

The driver stares in disbelief.

He withdraws his knife from his ankle holster.

CLIO

(cold)

I don't want that.

The driver looks puzzled.

CLIO (CONT'D)

I want to eat... like you.

He doesn't get it.

CLIO (CONT'D)

Give me what you eat.

DRIVER

That is what I eat...
(her real implication strikes him)
You think this is a game?

CLIO

Where's God? Certainly not here. Where are my friends? Not here! Life is eating, fucking, and sleeping. I been sleeping and I certainly been fucking.

The driver stands speechless.

CLIO (CONT'D)

Who's the hypocrite now?

She has struck a nerve.

DRIVER
(insulted beyond
containment)
Tonight I'll go out and...

CLIO
(panicked)
No. What about the cowboy and the
girl?

DRIVER
I haven't...

CLIO
They are already dead. What are you
waiting for?

DRIVER
(intrigued and serious)
What am I waiting for?

CLIO
I want the cowboy.

DRIVER
Too tough. Females are much more...

CLIO
I want to eat a man.

The driver becomes very intrigued.

He places the knife back into the ankle holster.

CLIO (CONT'D)
What kind of a host are you? Aren't
you going to ask how I want it?

DRIVER
How will you like it?

CLIO
The leg is too much for me. What
about the...

DRIVER
Wing.

The driver lifts the tray and stares at Clio intrigued.

He backs up watching her as he leaves.

He turns to climb the stairs.

CLIO (O.S.)
Leave the bones in.

He pauses, absorbs the request, and leaves.

The door thuds closed.

Clio stands in the cage with a demented look about her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

CAGE.

Clio paces the cage agitated.

We hear the door unlock. Clio sits trying to look calm..

The door thuds closed. Footsteps descending stairs.

The masked driver holds a silver covered serving tray.

He walks over to Clio and stares at her.

He lifts the cover.

On the tray are two plates.

FIRST PLATE

Two roasted handless forearms.

The driver slips the plate into Clio's cage.

Clio stares at the human meat.

DRIVER

Enough for a family of... three.

The driver sits at his folding chair and uncovers his plate.

On the plate lays a thick round cooked steak.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(looking UP))

It's just like communion.

Clio picks up the plate and takes the forearm.

She take a bite and chews slowly.

She looks as if she wants to retch.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Admit it. It's glorious. Every lie
ever told to you feel it melting
away.

Clio chews and tries to maintain composure.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Feel the power of taking control of
you're own mind.

Clio takes another bite and chews more naturally.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Aren't you tired of the lies. Buy
this car as if it's a vast
improvement over last year's model.
Last year it was supposedly the
best. This year it's even better.

Clio chews faster.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fish is healthy this year, it's bad
for you the next. They want you to
eat everything, Because they sell
everything!

Clio takes another big mouthful.

She chews as grease trickles out of her mouth.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Politicians are looking out for
your best interests.

(beat)

Men are interested in committed
relationships.

With that... Clio takes a big swallow.

She pauses anticipating bodily damage. Nothing.

She eats with intensity.

The driver chews slowly with the mask rolled up to his nose.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

A plate containing ONE large bone and nothing else.

A hand shoves the plate.

The masked driver hasn't finished his serving.

The driver reaches for the plate and looks at Clio.

Clio grabs the bone from the plate and sucks on it.

She finishes and tosses the bone onto the plate.

He looks at her in quiet admiration.

Clio licks the grease off of her fingers.

She creates an emotional and physical arousal in the driver.

He leaves. As soon as the door thuds closed...

Clio forces herself to vomit ensuring nothing was digested.

She cradles her pregnant belly protectively.

Clio flushes the toilet then...

Pulls a long greasy bone that was hidden under her clothes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

THE taxi idles with it's off duty signal on.

Several young and attractive women walk past the taxi.

An old priest dressed in black exits a building.

The priest walks down the street.

THE taxi's off duty light goes off.

INT. TAXI - LATER

BACKSEAT

The taxi speeds while the old priest holds on for dear life.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Your "Way" is coming to an end
 Father! Can't you see it! All the
 hatred in the world! The world
 needs predators! The world no
 longer respects religion.

PRIEST

Please stop the car!

DRIVER (O.S.)

Predators are necessary for the
 world! They help man to be more
 human! Man has conquered all his
 predators. He gets more animal like
 by the second.

THE taxi SWERVES.

The priest flops to the other side of the cabin.

The pay slot opens.

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

During the 20th century, the global
 population grew from 1.6 billion
 in 1900 to over 6 billion. There is
 not enough of anything to satisfy
 (MORE)

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 all. This leads to antisocial
 behavior. Too much competition for
 limited resources.

PRIEST
 Please!

DRIVER
 Man needs a natural predator!

The taxi makes a sudden decrease in speed.

The priest lifts out of the seat and ends up on the floor.

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You eliminate predators and species
 are allowed to multiply beyond
 natural limits. This leads to
 destruction of habitat and
 environment. IT's self-destruction!
 The predator is man's true Savior!

PRIEST
 You are mad!

Pay slot

The pay slot closes. We hear the hiss of gas.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Clio crouches and uses the bone to scrape the wall.

The basement door unlocks. The door thuds shut.

Clio hides the bone under the mattress.

She shoves the bed against the wall covering the markings.

Footsteps are heard descending the stairs.

Clio stands facing the wall.

DRIVER
 Don't do that.

Clio turns to face him.

The masked driver carries the unconscious old priest.

Clio doesn't acknowledge the unconscious man.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Morning sickness?

CLIO
Not that much.

The driver carries the old priest into the boiler room.

The driver exits the boiler room with the tv and plugs it in.

He tosses the remote control inside to Clio.

The driver smiles at Clio and she smiles back.

He then goes back into the boiler room.

Clio tosses the remote in the cage's corner in disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM - LATER

The old priest lays strapped to the table.

He tries to talk but gags on rope.

The driver removes his mask. His face just out of view.

The old priest's eyes widen as he tries to speak.

DRIVER
You shouldn't have cast me out. I
was the trusted one. The church of
Baphomet's key to legitimacy. An
educated, law abiding, and
successful pillar of society.
(beat)
Now I must literally bite the hand
that fed me.

The old priest begs for his life. His gag muffles his words.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Who's the unstable one now? I have
a child on the way.
(beat)
I may have even found a soul mate.
Can you believe it? I said soul
mate. Life mate is more like it.
But that sounds very sapphic. But
you are of the occult, so that type
of stuff doesn't bother you right.

The old priest cries and tries to speak.

The driver's hands lift a hack saw into view.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you.

The driver moves to the stand alone freezer and opens it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It's turned a bit but it's mostly
still good.

The driver pulls up a naked dead woman from the freezer!

The woman's head hangs forward.

The unmasked but not fully shown driver pulls the hair back.

The dead woman is Cowgirl.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

She was supposed to be a dinner
guest.

(beat)

I'd rather force you to copulate
her instead. Look on the bright
side. Necrophile is more
respectable than pedophile.

The old occult priest's eyes widen in fright.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT- DAY

CAGE

Subtitles: Three weeks later.

Clio baby bump shows now. She wears a t shirt.

Her stomach bulges outward a bit.

Clio crouches between the bed and wall.

She scrapes the now spear shaped bone against the wall.

Sweat runs down her determined face.

She stops scraping and stands.

Clio takes pride in the weapon.

She tests her agility with stabbing motions.

She now has the stare of a person capable of killing.

Clio tucks the bone back under the mattress.

She moves the bed back into place.

SUDDENLY SHE CLUTCHES HER STOMACH IN PAIN!

ANOTHER SHARP PAIN HITS HER! SHE DOUBLES OVER ONTO HER SIDE.

CLIO
(in pain)
No please no. No no.

Clio crawls onto the bed clutching her belly in agony.

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

Subtitled: next day

Clio awakens in the cage bed.

She looks around. Suddenly she screams.

THE SHEETS ARE STAINED WITH BRIGHT RED BLOOD.

Clio struggles to stand.

She loses consciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Close up: Clio's face. Her eyes suddenly open.

INT. CAGE

Clio lays in bed. She tries to sit up.

She's tucked in tightly beneath different sheets.

Clio looks ahead.

A lone helium balloon with the words "Get Well Soon" floats.

Clio looks to her right...

The masked driver stands "INSIDE" the cage!

She gasps. The driver takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Clio looks weak and just too tired of being afraid.

DRIVER
I changed the sheets and your
clothes.

Clio lifts the sheets to examine her clothing.

She feels thankful, fearful, and, violated.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(smoking)
Forgot how good slow death feels.
(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(beat)
Miscarriage occurs in fifty percent
of pregnancies.

Clio tries to sit up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Didn't I say if anything should
happen preventing you from
conceiving, I would stab you
repeatedly?

CLIO
Well... What the fuck are you
waiting for?

The driver looks amused.

CLIO (CONT'D)
(weak and fed up)
Do it. Just do it. KILL ME.
(beat)
If there is an up there and I know
there is... I'll sell my soul and
find a way back to this shit world.
And I'm going to fucking kill you.
Just so we can go to hell together
and I can watch you suffer.

DRIVER
Kill you? Now how am I going to
find another woman who understands
me like you do? I mean a family
that prays together doesn't stay
together. They proved that.
(looking at painting)
I am going to stab you repeatedly
but I never said how.

Clio tries to understand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Some say sex is a weapon.

Clio reacts in a I knew it sort of way.

The driver tosses a dildo and it lands on Clio's chest.

He laughs it up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
But we have to wait at least a
week. Besides raising someone
else's kid is so how can I put
this... ghetto.

Clio doesn't show any reaction to the statement.

The driver leaves the cage and closes it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

In celebration of this occasion I planned a special dinner the world would never forget. You inspired me to do something no one else has. Since letting you go is no longer an option, How can I separate myself from the other lower life forms. Killing people and eating them is so nineties now. You inspired me to be different. So tonight I do something nobody has ever done.

The driver throws the folding chair in excitement.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You inspired me, my muse. You are in no condition to share my exuberance. But I thank you.

The driver leaves. The door closes with a thud.

Clio attempts to sit up.

Weakness causes her to fall back into bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

CAGE

Clio struggles in bed, then looks onto the washing machine.

The washer's small digital clock reads 5 p.m.

She lets her arm dangle over the edge of the bed.

Clio reaches between the mattress and box spring.

She sighs in disillusionment.

Too weak to even care, Clio closes her eyes.

She opens her eyes and looks at the quiet Boiler room.

CLIO

No cutting.

She sniffs the air.

CLIO (CONT'D)

No cooking.

She hardens as the answer washes over her.

CLIO (CONT'D)
He's going to EAT SOMEONE ALIVE.

Clio struggles. She manages to sit up.

She finds the strength to swing her legs over the bed side.

She breathes slowly.

She gathers herself and leans forward.

She rolls herself out of bed and hits the floor painfully.

Clio then gets to her knees and kneels beside the bed.

Clio lifts the mattress slightly and reaches under.

She feels around straining to hold up the mattress.

Nothing.

Clio lets the mattress go in defeat.

She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

She stretches under the mattress and feels around...

She pulls her hand out.

She holds the sharpened bone in her hand.

The painting of the Last Supper falls off the wall.

Clio turns startled.

She cannot comprehend what just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

A girl lays shackled upon a large antique dinner table.

The masked driver stands over the toy store employee,
Morgan.

She cries tugging at her handcuffs and shackles.

The driver leans down and rips the tape from Morgan's mouth.

She attempts to speak, he dazes her with a punch to the
face.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

CAGE

Clio sits on the edge of the bed.

She gets up slowly. Clio stands up straight.

Her legs clearly are not as strong as her arms right now.

INT. DINING ROOM

The dazed Morgan lays face down ON the dining room table.

The driver holds a large hypodermic needle.

He squirts solution for good measure then moves to Morgan.

The driver traces his left index finger along Morgan's spine.

He then applies rubbing alcohol to her back.

He cleans the region with alcohol and cotton.

Morgan raises her head.

He punches her in the head prolonging her dazed state.

INT. BASEMENT

Clio limps through the cage. Each step improves her movement.

CLIO

How am I going to get him to leave
the door open?

Clio stares at the television then sees something...

REMOTE CONTROL

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

We are focusing on Morgan via digital camera.

DIGITAL CAMERA P.O.V.

The shot shakes, steadies and focuses.

The masked driver plugs the digital camera into a laptop.

He carries the laptop out of view.

The driver returns into view holding the hypodermic needle.

He moves to Morgan and places a finger on her spine.

Morgan flinches!

HE HOLDS A 9MM PISTOL TO MORGAN'S HEAD.

DRIVER

Turn on your side. Fetal position.

Morgan turns onto her side and curls her legs.

This position causes Morgan's spine to show more defined.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You will feel no pain.

HE INJECTS MORGAN'S SPINE WITH ANESTHETIC.

Morgan cries softly.

DRIVER

See. No pain.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

Subtitles: 6:00 p.m.

Clio aims the remote and turns on the television.

Clio takes the helium balloon.

She unties it carefully, releasing the helium.

She finds her original outfit, and then puts it on.

Clio overturns the mattress.

She steps back.

The words "CLIO LEFT HERE" shows scraped into the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

DIGITAL CAMERA P.O.V.

Morgan's arms are strapped to the table.

She struggles to get free.

The driver wears the balaclava and a bath robe.

He faces the digital camera and removes the robe.

With his back to us, we see he stands NAKED.

DRIVER

(to camera)

What you are about to witness is not a hoax. This is not a snuff film. This is a resurrection of man's true primal origins.

MORGAN

You said you would let me go!

DRIVER

(to camera)

The regional anaesthetic has taken effect and her legs are no longer useful to her. A common method used in child labor to prevent pain in the lower extremities.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(to camera)

She's green and has very good hygiene. A little CHLOROPROCAINE injection directly to the spine will sedate the pig enough to keep her awake and stop the pain in lower limbs.

Morgan screams.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(to camera)

If you are watching this on social media, please download and share quickly. The truth does not last long in a free society.

Morgan retches and screams.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Let's move along with what nature intended.

The driver turns to Morgan and raises her right leg.

MORGAN

Leave me alone!

DRIVER

(to camera)

It is best to remove all clothing. So feel free to unwrap your meal.

He leans over and undoes her jeans with his teeth.

She screams her head off.

The driver pulls her jeans down using his teeth.

He licks her right thigh. Morgan can only cry.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(to camera)

The young female is the most tender
and most abundant in the herd.

The driver sits down and holds Morgan's thigh.

He lifts her leg and opens his mouth...

The smoke alarm goes off!

Driver puts the robe back on and leaves view.

END DIGITAL CAMERA P.O.V.

INT. KITCHEN

The masked driver sees the smoke alarm going off.

He looks to the stove. Nothing cooks on the stove.

He sniffs the air and catches something.

BASEMENT DOOR

Smoke seeps out from beneath it!

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

Subtitles: 5 minutes ago.

Clio stands at the sink filling the empty balloon with
water.

She makes a canteloupe sized water balloon.

The television sits on the wooden folding chair.

Television

The water balloon hits the tv. It sparks and catches fire.

The television shorts out the basement lights as it burns.

The socket connected to the tv sparks an electrical fire.

BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY

BASEMENT DOOR

The masked driver stands looking at the door seeping smoke.

He pulls up the balaclava to his nose to breathe.

Suddenly the lights flicker.

He leaves our view and comes back with a fire extinguisher.

He then begins entering the combination.

DRIVER

(turning dial right)

Right One.

(turning dial left)

Left to Two.

(turning right again)

Right to Three.

We hear the lock open.

He opens the door and smoke pours out of the basement.

He enters but leaves the door OPEN to vent the smoke.

INT. BASEMENT

Smoke fills the air.

The burning chair and television illuminates the room.

CAGE

Clio coughs and screams.

The masked driver dashes down the stairs.

He spots the burning television and quickly sprays it.

The television sparks even more. The driver steps back.

CLIO

That extinguisher is water based!

It won't work! Let me out of here I
can't breathe!

The driver withdraws a 9mm pistol.

He thinks a second then gets out his keys.

He walks to the cage.

CLIO (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened! It must
have over heated.

CLIO (CONT'D)

(sincere)

It's the dominant males role to
protect it's female. You were right
all along.

The driver lowers his pistol.

He uses his key and unlocks then steps in the cage.
 He removes his mask and we see his face for the first time!
 CLIO STANDS IN SHOCK.

THE DRIVER IS A WOMAN!!

DRIVER
 (woman's voice)
 I know how to cook. I'm an
 anesthesiologist. I have access to
 hormones. I live alone. I lost a
 fight to a guy. Come on honey.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

The unmasked driver cooking breakfast for Clio.
 The driver teaching clio how to prepare Amy for eating.
 The unmasked driver writer a self prescription for hormones.
 The driver being manhandled by the cowboy.

DRIVER V.O.
 (female voice)
 It's really hard to find a mate
 that agrees to my "lifestyle". It
 makes starting a family very
 impossible.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT

CAGE

CLIO REALIZES THE CLUES AND TRIES TO COMPREHEND.
 THE FLAMES ILLUMINATES THE WALL FOR A FEW SECONDS.
 DRIVER SEES THE WORDS "CLIO LEFT HERE" ON THE WALL.
 The driver raises her gun.
 Clio rushes her and plunges the bone towards her chest.
 They roll around and bump the cage door closed.
 The driver knees Clio in the gut and she rolls off of her.
 Driver stands and aims. Clio can only wait for the
 kill-shot.

The driver lowers the pistol and empties the clip!
 She kicks the clip out of the cage.

DRIVER

(female voice)

Why do you want to go back to them!
 In my world the female is
 everything. The giver of life.
 Nurtures the young. Everything
 revolves around mating season.

(demented)

Up there, you're blamed for the
 downfall of mankind. Literally!
 Forced to live like second class
 citizens. Spend your entire life
 waiting for marriage to justify
 your existence.

Clio stands and holds the bone determined to kill.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(male voice)

Can't you see up there, there is no
 Queen of the jungle!

CLIO

I'd rather be a free fool than your
 slave.

DRIVER

(female)

Okay Baby killer come and get it.

The driver removes the bathrobe.

Only the burning chair and sparks light the basement.

We see glimpses of her muscular yet feminine form.

The driver places the cage key in her mouth.

She mocks her letting the keys dangle from her teeth.

They face each other and circle in preparation for combat.

Driver shakes her head dangling the keys.

Clio moves forward then clutches her stomach in pain.

She drops to one knee crying.

Driver moves in slow and then rushes Clio.

She stabs at Driver's chest...

DRIVER CATCHES THE BONE INCHES FROM HER CHEST!

THE DRIVER DROPS THE KEYS.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (female voice)
 You read the wrong bible story.
 Life is Noah's ark not David and
 Goliath. Beasts come first!

Clio gives up. Driver kneels over her.

The basement fills with smoke.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (female voice)
 Even he knew all good stories don't
 need happy endings.

Driver chokes Clio with toned muscular arms.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Heres to Adam and Eve!

Clio reaches in her waist and pulls another bone!

SHE PLUNGES IT INTO DRIVER'S STOMACH.

The driver rolls over in agony.

CLIO
 (getting keys and
 unlocking cage)
 A little bad education for you. The
 human forearm has TWO bones not
 one.

CLIO DASHES FOR THE STAIRS LEAVING THE KEYS IN THE CAGE
 DOOR.

WE HEAR A MOAN COMING FROM THE BOILER ROOM!

CLIO LOOKS BACK. THE DRIVER LIES IN THE CAGE IN UTTER PAIN.

CLIO GOES FOR THE STEPS.

THE FIRE ILLUMINATES THE FALLEN PAINTING OF THE LAST SUPPER.

CLIO TURNS BACK AND TRIES THE BOILER ROOM LOCK. IT'S OPEN.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM

The old priest stays low coughing from smoke.

A chain attached to his ankle traps him.

PRIEST
 Please! I beg you... Help me!

Clio goes over and tries to free him but can't.

She runs out of the room.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Please!

The priest tugs on his chains as smoke fills the room.

CLIO DASHES BACK IN AND TOSSES HIM THE DRIVER'S KEYS.

She doesn't wait around to be helpful.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Fire engulfs the basement ceiling.

It truly looks like HELL now. The driver stands in the cage!

Driver lets out an animalistic roar then turns to Clio.

CLIO DASHES TO THE STAIRS.

SHE PULLS THE BONE FROM HER STOMACH AND LIMPS AFTER CLIO!

EXT. BASEMENT DOOR

Clio exits the basement. She hears Morgan's screams.

She runs past the kitchen and into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

DIGITAL CAMERA P.O.V.

Clio unstraps Morgan's arms and pulls up her jeans.

MORGAN

(crying)

I can't move my legs. I can't move
my legs.

Clio lifts Morgan up effortlessly.

The pull-ups have paid off.

She carries Morgan through the hall and into the living room.

END DIGITAL CAMERA P.O.V.

INT. KITCHEN

The driver stands blocking the door holding a pistol!

Clio freezes.

SHE AIMS AND PULLS THE TRIGGER...

Clio drops Morgan and doubles over in pain.

Morgan hugs Clio who screams in pain.

MORGAN

Leave us alone!

INT. BASEMENT.

The basement ceiling burns.

Burning debris falls covering the bloody bone and painting.

INT. KITCHEN

The Driver aims at Clio's head...

THE OLD PRIEST STUMBLES IN.

THE DRIVER TURNS HER ATTENTION.

CLIO GRABS THE GLASS KETTLE FROM THE STOVE.

SHE SMASHES IT INTO DRIVER'S FACE BLINDING HER WITH GLASS.

THE DRIVER HOWLS IN PAIN.

SHE DROPS THE PISTOL.

CLIO, MORGAN, AND THE PRIEST EXIT THE HOUSE.

INT. GARAGE

THE Taxi sits parked in an immaculately kept garage.

Two heavy wheeled plastic garbage bins stand next to...

Oxygen and anesthetic gas tanks against a wall.

We move through the garage door and end up in the...

INT. KITCHEN.

Fire spreads across the walls and heads to the garage.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Smoke begins to fill the living room.

INT. GARAGE

The fire engulfs the ceiling and spreads along the walls!

INT. GARAGE

The fire moves along the walls and heats the tanks!

INT. GARAGE

The tanks are heating!

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Clio, Morgan, and the priest stumble out the house.

A huge explosion levels the garage.

The house goes up in a huge fire ball.

The collective are almost blown into the street.

They are rattled but okay.

Onlookers help while some record on phones.

The priest removes an occult pendant from his neck

He throws it into the flames then crosses himself.

He has found true faith again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Trough the open rear ambulance door, we see...

Clio lays on the gurney being tended to by paramedics.

THEY TRY TO PUT A MASK ON HER TO GIVE OXYGEN.

SHE SHOVES THE OXYGEN MASK AWAY...

THE EMT'S TEND TO HER WOUNDS.

From outside the reformed priest looks at her gratefully.

Clio has finally made it. Freedom.

A fireman appears in the rear door of the open ambulance.

FIREMAN

(eager to rescue)

Is there anyone still in the house?

CLIO

No... there may be an animal.

CUT TO

EXT: HOUSE - NIGHT

Fire fighters and trucks hose down the smoldering rubble.

Burning debris from the explosion lay strewn in the streets.

WE SLOWLY MOVE ACROSS THE STREET....

Past onlookers and fire officials containing the chaos.

Among the singed debris, we notice a overturned garbage bin.

The heavy duty bin looks strong enough to protect an ANIMAL.

We move closer and see an empty bin... no garbage bags.

FADE TO BLACK