

MARGARET and CHARLES

(c) 2018

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Cars, vans, and eighteen-wheelers fly past two hitchhikers, MARGARET (17), freckles, tank top, and CHARLES (20), sunburned face, undershirt.

Angry about something, Margaret waves a fist at him.

Charles shrugs, climbs over a barbed-wire fence along a field. As he urinates, Margaret turns back to the traffic.

An Audi passes, pulls to the shoulder ahead. Margaret runs to get in. Charles shouts at her from the field.

INT. AUDI - DAY

The driver, FELIX (38), gel-slick black hair, looks back at HOWIE (3), who's asleep in a car-seat.

FELIX

You're lucky a cop didn't catch you. Where you headed?

MARGARET

Somewheres. Maryland, I guess.

Felix glances at the tops of her breasts.

FELIX

I'm dropping Howie at his mom's.
Then we can keep going if you want.
I got money for...whatever.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Audi pulls over. Margaret gets out, slams the door. The car leaves, and she starts thumbing again.

A truck passes, then police car. It brakes, eases to a stop. A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (28), gray uniform, steps out.

PATROLMAN

Miss, you can't hitchhike here.
I'll take you to the next exit.

Margaret gets in the front, sees Charles in the back. He greets her with a smug smile. She rolls her eyes.

FADE OUT.