

MOTION SICKNESS

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DARKNESS

There's a *SLOW BUILDING, RHYTHMIC, ANXIETY INDUCING SOUND* -- (Our *SCORE*) -- Which plays over a few *QUICK OPENING CREDITS*.

Then, OUR TITLE: ***MOTION SICKNESS***

Once everything is said and done, the *SCORE CRESCENDOS*, and we suddenly --

SMASH IN ON:

INT. MILO'S SEDAN / IN THE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Sudden and jarring silence. We're looking out the driver's side window. There's a HOUSE. The lights are off. And then:

Sneaking out the front door, car keys in hand, trying to be as silent as possible, we meet our hero -- MILO (15, short).

He moves towards the car, stealthily, and opens up the door. Slinking himself into the driver's seat, his head is on a swivel, as he tries quietly to close the car door behind him.

His hands on the wheel, Milo takes a deep breath. He takes the car keys and plugs them into the ignition. And he waits.

This is going to be loud.

Then, like ripping off a Band-Aid, Milo turns the key and the engine comes to life. He winces and waits to see if anybody just heard that. Then: nothing. He lets out a sigh of relief.

And at his own pace, Milo puts the Sedan into *reverse*, and begins to back out of the driveway, slowly. There's a beat.

We might get a better view of our hero, and a conclusion can be made that Milo is way too young to be driving alone. Let alone at night. He can barely even see over the steering wheel.

Once out of the driveway, Milo turns onto the dark and empty road. The street lights cast an orange hue onto the Sedan...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

... The Sedan rolls to a stop at an INTERSECTION. The STOP LIGHT BLINKS RED.

INT. MILO'S SEDAN - SAME TIME

Milo is looking straight up ahead, where the Freeway opens up. He hesitates, thinking something over for a moment. Debates on taking the Freeway. Just stares at the entrance.

PUSH IN on Milo. He looks around -- *Trying to make a decision.* But before Milo can do so, the LIGHT turns GREEN.

In a quick motion, Milo flips his blinker on, and turns off onto another road, *making sure to skip the Freeway entirely.*

He'd rather just take the long way. *The Freeway is just that intimidating to him.*

He's terrified of it, for some weird reason. A new driver.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

IN THE DRIVE THRU: Milo's Sedan is parked at the window. There's an exchange of money. Soon enough Milo gets his food.

LATER, IN THE PARKING LOT. In a dark area of the lot, Milo has PARKED HIS SEDAN. The inside lights are on. We move in...

INT. MILO'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

... Milo is eating away at his food. The radio is BLASTING MUSIC. As he eats, there's some strange NOSIES that Milo *doesn't really hear. Seems to be coming from the restaurant.*

Things like GLASS SHATTERING. A DOOR SWINGING OPEN. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. A DISTANT YELL FROM THE RESTAURANT. MORE RUNNING.

Milo is completely oblivious to this, munching away at his hamburger, *listening to his music way too loud,* and then --

BAM! The BACK DOOR of the Sedan FLINGS OPEN --

Milo *definitely* heard that and whips around in his seat to see a **HANDGUN POINTED DIRECTLY AT HIS FACE FROM THE BACKSEAT!**

The Handgun is attached to an arm, which is attached to a MAN. The Man's face and identity are covered by a SKI MASK.

There's a silent beat. (Well, not *silent. Music is BLASTING.*)

SKI MASK

Don't say a word. Let's make this easy for the both of us, *alright --*

MILO

-- WHAT!?

Of course, Milo didn't hear that at all. (Again, *MUSIC* is still very *LOUD*.)

SKI MASK

(yelling over the music)

Let's try and make this easy for the both us! You're gonna drive --

MILO

WAIT, DUDE -- WHAT ARE YOU SAYING!?

SKI MASK

Let's try and -- Can you turn the music down!? You can't hear me --

MILO

MUSIC!?

SKI MASK

YES! TURN IT DOWN!

MILO (CONT'D)

(reaches for the knob)

WAIT, UP?

SKI MASK (CONT'D)

NO, KID, DOWN! TURN IT DOWN!!!

MILO (CONT'D)

OH. DOWN?

SKI MASK (CONT'D)

YES!!!

MILO

OH. ALRIGHT. NO PROBLEM.

Milo turns the music down. There's a long beat. Ski Mask sighs. Readjusts himself a bit and start his speech over.

SKI MASK

I said: Don't say a word. Let's try and make this easy for the both of us. You're gonna drive me into the city and I'll let you go, I won't hurt you. And if you don't want to, then I think you can use your imagination and know what I'm gonna do. You're not gonna look at my face and you're not gonna say a word. Just follow my instructions.

Milo takes in the gun for a moment. Realizes the situation. Then:

MILO

But, um...there's a problem with that, sir, because I...I can't really drive...Legally, that is. I only have a learners permit, I'm not even supposed to be driving right now, *I was sneaking out* --

SKI MASK

You got yourself here, didn't you?

MILO

Well, yes I did, but --

SKI MASK

Then you can get me to the city.
Now drive.

MILO

But, sir --

SKI MASK

Can you open up your sunroof real quick?

MILO

(confused)

Um. Sure. Yeah, hold on...

Milo presses a button and the sunroof OPENS. Ski Mask then immediately **FIRES HIS HANDGUN OUT THE TOP OF THE SUNROOF!!!**

There's dead air. Painfully quiet. Milo's ears ring as he covers them with his hands. Ski Mask leans in closer to Milo.

SKI MASK

GO.

Milo takes the cue, nods, and shifts the Sedan into reverse, *comically fast*, and backs out of the lot and onto the road.

INT. MILO'S SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Ski Mask jumps into the passenger seat, gun still trained on Milo. He throws a LARGE DUFFEL BAG into the backseat. Milo drives down the road, stealing glances at his keeper. Then:

MILO

You know that what I'm doing is very illegal, right? You know that. This is, like, never drive again kind of illegal. They could revoke my permit for something like this.

There's a beat. It's gonna be a bit of a drive, so Ski Mask relents.

SKI MASK

I'm the wrong person you should be talking to about moral and legal guidelines. And you were out here on your own before I came around...

MILO

Why do you need to go to the city? Seems like the worst place to go after...what? Committing a crime? I'd want to go south. Mexico maybe.

SKI MASK

You don't need to know my plans, so just shut up. Nothing is stopping me from shooting you right now...

There's a beat. Milo actually thinks about this for a moment.

MILO

Well, if you shoot me right now, we would crash, and you would either die or be seriously injured and you wouldn't be able to run from the cops.

SKI MASK

Shut up.

MILO

I'm sorry, I talk a lot when I'm nervous, I'm sorry -- I really don't want you to shoot me -- I've never been shot with a gun before -- And it seems painful -- So yeah --

SKI MASK

I won't shoot. Just drive the car.

Looking up ahead: They're nearing an ENTRANCE RAMP to the FREEWAY.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)

Take us up onto the Freeway.

On Milo. He hesitates for a moment. *He really doesn't want to do that.* So he tries to come up with an excuse on the spot --

MILO

You sure? A lot of people can see us on the Freeway.

(MORE)

MILO (CONT'D)
Police take the Freeway. We could
just take the feeder --

SKI MASK
No, I have a place to be at a
certain time -- We're taking the
Freeway -- Now, turn the car, kid.

Slowly, Milo nods. He doesn't have much say in this situation
anyway. So Milo swallows his tongue and merges onto the
Freeway. He breathes a shaky breath. Ski Mask looks at him.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you, Kid?

MILO
Nothing. Nothing -- Everything's
fine. I'm good. It's all good...

It's not.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE FREEWAY - NIGHT

SOARING OVER THE FREEWAY, we watch as the Sedan moves into
the nearest lane. The Freeway is surprising full of cars. *Not
a lot of cars, but just enough to scare the crap out of Milo.*

INT. MILO'S SEDAN - SAME TIME

Back with Milo. He's white knuckling the steering wheel. His
heart is pounding in his chest. He's taking more shaky
breaths, talking to himself, trying to calm himself down...

Ski Mask is now weirded out. He's just staring at Milo, then
at the road ahead, and back to Milo. He does a double take.

SKI MASK
(a little nervous himself)
Um...are you okay, Kid? What are
you doing?

MILO
We really shouldn't have taken the
Freeway -- This is bad, this is
BAD.

SKI MASK
Are you having a panic attack or
something?

MILO

Maybe. Or a heart attack -- I'm not sure, really.

At that moment, the Sedan begins SWAYING IN IT'S LANE A BIT. Ski Mask grabs that thing Mom's grab when you're driving too fast -- I think it's a handle bar... *Let's just call it that.*

SKI MASK

Whoa, whoa -- Watch it, Kid -- Stay in your lane. There's a truck trying to get around you right now.

MILO

Oh. Really?

Milo turns his head all the way around to see the truck, and suddenly the Sedan changes lanes in a fast, dangerous motion -

SKI MASK

OH MY GOD! STAY IN YOUR LANE, KID, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL US OR SOMETHING!?

MILO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll go back!

Milo corrects himself. Smooth sailing for a moment. Ski Mask catches his breath.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)

What was *THAT!*?

MILO

I can't drive on the Freeway, I just can't -- I'm sorry, sir --

SKI MASK

CLEARLY!

MILO

I'm sorry, I'm still learning, I should of told you as soon as you kidnapped me -- That's my bad, man.

SKI MASK

Okay...just...just please stay in your lane...

MILO

Will do.

Milo immediately starts drifting into another car's lane. Ski Mask, in a panic, grabs the wheel and readjusts the Sedan --

SKI MASK
WHAT DID I JUST SAY!?

MILO
 Look, I'm sorry, man -- I'm sorry,
 I really shouldn't be out here, man
 -- I can't do this, I just can't...

Milo is panicking, eyes darting back and forth.

SKI MASK
 Okay...okay -- Let's just calm
 down, alright? I can, uh...I can
 get us out of this...Let me just
 think...

Ski Mask sighs, thinks something over. Then it hits him. And he hates it. He's gonna have to teach Milo how to drive...

SKI MASK (CONT'D)
 Okay...alright -- Listen to me, Kid
 -- *Tell me your name real quick.*

MILO
 It's Milo.

SKI MASK
 Alright, Milo, listen to me very
 carefully. I'm gonna get us out of
 this mess, alright? You understand?

Milo nods his head, his hands shake on the wheel, beyond nervous.

MILO
 Yes. Yes, I understand.

SKI MASK
 Good. Now keep the car straight for
 right now...I want you to take some
 deep breathes, okay? Slow breathes.

Milo steadies the wheel. Takes a moment to breathe. In...and out. In...and out.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)
 Great. Just like that. Okay, now,
 look straight ahead -- And,
 whenever you're ready, *and when
 there's no cars*, just change lanes.

This takes a second, but eventually, after Milo checks for oncoming cars, he slowly manages to change lanes. *Hooray!*

SKI MASK (CONT'D)
 (relieved, calming)
 Alright...now watch out for this
 truck --

MILO
TRUCK? WHERE?

Milo turns all the way around to see again. Ski Mask POINTS THE HANDGUN AT HIM. Milo freezes, and turns back around.

SKI MASK
 You do that again, I'm gonna
 actually shoot you -- Use your
 freakin' mirrors, Milo. Jesus.

Milo looks at his rearview: There is a TRUCK on his tail. Milo waits for the Truck to pass him up. Ski Mask nods.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)
 Always remember to be a defensive
 driver. Now, go into the next lane.

Milo put his blinker on and waits for oncoming cars to pass.

Then, in a quick and smooth motion... Milo changes lanes again.

SKI MASK (CONT'D)
 ("I didn't just die!")
YES! GREAT! JUST KEEP DOING THAT!

Milo smiles. He's beaming. After a moment, he changes lanes again. And again. Ski Mask puts a hand Milo's shoulder and he let's out a sigh of relief. There's some nervous laughter.

It's a nice little moment, even though Ski Mask is still pointing the gun at Milo. But it's still nice nonetheless.

They near an EXIT RAMP.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE FREEWAY - SAME TIME

SOARING OVER THE FREEWAY, we watch the Sedan take the EXIT. In the distance, we see THE CITY. Only a couple miles away.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Sedan rolls to a stop outside an ABANDONED WAREHOUSE. After a moment, Ski Mask hops out the passenger side door, grabbing his DUFFEL BAG from the backseat. Before he leaves:

SKI MASK
Can you get yourself home?

MILO
Um...yeah, I think I can.
(beat)
Sorry for being such a bad hostage.

SKI MASK
Yeah, maybe I should really pick
who I kidnap more carefully next
time.

MILO
Or maybe just don't kidnap people?

Ski Mask thinks this over for a second.

SKI MASK
Nah.
(beat)
Good job, Milo. Keep on practicing.

Milo gives Ski Mask a thumbs up. Ski Mask nods and runs off into the distance, disappearing into the night. There's a beat. Milo just sits in the Sedan for a moment. Thinking.

But after awhile, Milo starts the Sedan and drives off the way he came in.

INT. MILO'S SEDAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Sedan is stopped at an INTERSECTION again. The STOP LIGHT BLINKS RED. He faces the same problem -- Freeway or the long way. He thinks for a moment, weighing his odds. That's when:

The LIGHT turns GREEN. And this time, Milo takes the Freeway.

FADE TO BLACK.

(END CREDITS ROLL OVER COIN'S "CRASH MY CAR")

THE END