

"GASTOWN"

written by

Jay Fjestad

Calgary, AB Canada  
(403) 710-4523  
jffjestad@gmail.com  
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EXT. Downtown san diego - day

It's Saturday afternoon and it looks like the entire population of Southern California has decided to spend the day in Gastown, Downtown San Diego.

Stuck in traffic is a WHITE SUBARU...

**INT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY**

Inside the grid-locked Subaru are, KAREN (40s) and her daughter, JANET (16).

KAREN

Is it possible for me to hit every  
red light between the mall and  
downtown?

JANET

I told you we didn't need to go.

KAREN

It's fine. I wanted to pick  
something up as well.

The car in front of her moves ahead about five feet and stops.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Dammit. We should have come down  
here this morning.

JANET

We should have taken the trolley...

KAREN

Whatever.

**INT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY - LATER**

They are finally moving now.

KAREN

Green, finally. A green light.

She pushes her way through the intersection.

Right behind her, a BLACK MERCEDES.

**INT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY - LATER**

Janet is on the phone, texting. ...A cell interrupts her. The phone number: **DAD**.

JANET

Hello?

PETE

(from the phone)

Janet, hello. It's Pete...er...it's dad. Can you put your mom on the phone?

JANET

Where are you calling from?

PETE

Tijuana. Your mom? Just put her on.

JANET

Sorry, she's driving. You know the rules.

Karen gives her an inquisitive look...

PETE

Jesus Christ, Janet. Speaker then, I don't care.

JANET

(to Karen)

Dad's still in TJ.

She puts him on speaker.

KAREN

(to Pete)

Hey honey, what's up?

PETE

I need you to go somewhere safe.

The girls pass a look to each other.

KAREN

What?

From the phone, they can hear the SQUAWK of tires on pavement...

PETE

Shit.

From the phone, an engine REVVING HARD...a HORN HONKING.

PETE (CONT'D)

Go to a police station. Somewhere safe.

KAREN  
Pete. What's going on?

PETE  
Anywhere. Lots of people, call the  
police and have them pick you up.  
(beat)  
I'll explain later. This phone's  
almost dead....

The call ends.

The traffic is moving, an opening to her left. She can see the Marriott Hotel and goes for it.

**EXT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY**

Karen threads her way through a couple of lanes into the entrance way of the Marriott Hotel.

**EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY**

She parks the Subaru near the front entrance and gets out.

KAREN  
(to Janet)  
Stay here. I'm going to get  
security.

JANET  
The police?

KAREN  
(realizing her phone is in  
her purse)  
I'll call them from inside.

On the other side of the entryway, the Black Mercedes has entered from the exit side.

**EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY - LATER**

Janet is leaning against the driver's side of the car, calling the number that Pete had called her from.

DRING...DRING...DRING...

PETE  
(voicemail)  
PJ's Performance. Sorry, can't  
take...

...she hangs it up.

Across the parking lot, the Mercedes sits...two men inside -- DRIVER GOON and PASSENGER GOON. Passenger Goon is on his phone...

**EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY - LATER**

Janet is waiting patiently against the car...taking a moment to enjoy the sunshine.

On the other side of the hotel entrance parkway, she notices the Mercedes has pulled up.

Sees the two Goons get out of the vehicle...just two men in dark suits...

Janet looks into the Subaru, sees that her mom has left the keys.

She opens the door, sits inside.

Driver Goon, goes into the hotel lobby. Passenger Goon stays outside, his hand checking the bump under his jacket.

**INT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY**

Inside the car now, Janet turns on the radio, linking it to her cellphone.

She chooses a song, and turns up the volume.

She adjusts her seat and grips the steering wheel. Her hand curls around the gear shift, her feet poised over the clutch and accelerator.

She bobs her head in time with the music. Cruisin'....

**EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY - LATER**

Janet looks up from her cellphone, SINGING along to the radio.

Out the windshield, she sees her mom. On either side of her are the Goons. They have guns and are not very subtle about it.

Her mom looks scared. Wide eyes. She is shaking her head...slowly.

Janet turns down the music.

Driver goon starts walking ahead a little faster.

Janet STARTS the car.

Driver goon picks up the pace...

Janet REVS the engine.

He keeps coming...

Clutch. Gear. Gas. Engine SCREAMS. Tires TURN.

The car leaps forward in a riot of smoke and noise. Wheels spinning, it does a massive burnout, its backend drifting out to the right. ...Janet is in perfect control.

**INT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY**

She gauges the positions of the two goons. The one closest to her raises his gun. The other, lets go of her mom, and runs towards the SCREAMING car.

Janet cranks the steering wheel.

The backend kicks out and around. Escaping.

Driver Goon is too close, he levels the gun at the Janet through the open window.

The car keeps spinning, 180 degrees...

He turns with her. Threatening...

Passenger Goon is not so lucky, he gets SLAMMED by the rear quarter-panel. No contest. He and his gun go flying.

Janet is focused. Her foot hard to the floor. Her hand solid on the steering wheel.

The car keeps spinning...270, 360...a full 540, facing out across the parking lot. And stops.

Silence...

...but for a SOFT HUM of the idling engine.

Driver Goon is right by her window, gun pointed.

She puts her finger through the door latch.

Passenger Goon moves. He's not dead, getting up on all fours.

Driver Goon is distracted, craning his neck around the car to see his partner's condition.

WHAM!

Janet pops the door latch and literally kicks the door open. The window frame knocking the gun from his hand, almost breaking his arm, and the door itself LAUNCHING him backwards.

Janet stands up and examines her handiwork...

JANET

Mom! Come on.

Karen is halfway there, granting a kick in the butt to the Passenger Goon, knocking him over again. She jumps in the passenger seat.

Janet is already in the driver's seat, fastening her seatbelt. ...Karen does the same.

Clutch. Gear. Gas. And they're off.

**EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY**

Driver Goon is on his feet, searching for his gun, nursing his arm. He finds it and scoops it up.

The Subaru is already down the ramp and skidding its way behind a line of parked cars.

He runs to help Passenger Goon and the two of them hobble their way to the Mercedes.

The engine ROARS to life and they accelerate across the entranceway in pursuit.

In the entrance to the hotel, standing beside the uniformed valet, is a young family.

...A little pink roller suitcase.

...A small girl, holding her father's hand, a huge smile on her face.

**EXT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY**

Janet is driving at breakneck speed along the wide access road that links the curved entranceway of the hotel.

A quick glance, a shift, and she pops onto the main road.

Nope. Wrong decision. Traffic.

The sidewalk on the right. A few people, but she threads her way through them.

She's going a good clip now.

The San Diego Convention Centre races along on her right, to her left, the traffic is below her, the sidewalk rising into a long, wide promenade.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN BOULEVARD - DAY**

The Mercedes, big and powerful, is following Janet's path. It also jumps out onto the main road, but does not immediately recognize the route she took.

It forces its way into the opposite (northbound) lanes, fighting against the flow.

Passenger Goon is looking for the Subaru in the cars in the southbound lanes.

Cars HONKING, headlights FLASHING.

He sees it, up on the promenade.

PASSENGER GOON

Up there.

Driver Goon looks and see them through the windshield, almost getting in a head-on collision for his efforts.

He steers to his left, the oncoming vehicle moves to his right...CRASHING into the line of southbound cars.

Driver Goon keeps moving across the lanes and bounces the car onto a narrow, tree-lined sidewalk.

No cars ahead. He accelerates...

INTERCUT WITH:

**SUBARU**

No such luck for Janet. No cars, but enough people that she has to...

KAREN

SLOW DOWN!

Janet locks up the brakes (for a partial second), enough to let someone jump out of her way. And she's accelerating again...

JANET

Guns, Mom. They have guns.

She honks the horn and is flashing her headlights. Things opening up in front of her.



Clutch. Gear. Accelerate.

The concrete railing is inches from her side mirror, the tops of palm trees flash by.

She checks her rear-view mirror. ...No Mercedes.

Another pedestrian...she jukes around him.

KAREN

Jesus!

Janet is smiling.

### **MERCEDES**

The sidewalk is narrow, hardly wide enough for one person.

Driver Goon is working hard to keep the Mercedes under control as half the car is bouncing in the grass alongside it.

The front end bounces up and digs into the dirt. Their heads bounce as well. Passenger Goon braces himself.

The car is big and the engine powerful and they force their way further. ...Bouncing. Bouncing. Bouncing.

### **SUBARU**

JANET

Can you see them?

Karen looks out the back window.

KAREN

No.

Janet slows the car down, partly from her mom's declaration, and partly because there is a bottleneck on the promenade ahead. Pedestrian ramps, going down to the main street below, and plenty of people using them.

She gears down and drives at a walking pace.

Karen keeps looking, but now they are surrounded by pedestrians. Most of them giving them annoyed looks.

KAREN (CONT'D)

This can't be happening...what is happening?

She REVS the engine a bit, the crowd parts, a bit. They're just an oddity.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
How are you driving?

Janet gives her mom a guilty look. No answer.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Your dad.  
(beat)  
If we survive this, I'm gunna kill  
him.

Janet honks the horn, REVS the engine a lot. The crowd grants her more room.

A little faster, the engine REVVING, building momentum.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Maybe you should let me drive.

She looks around, nothing but people.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I can't see them. And you don't  
even have your licence.

The crowd is thinning.

JANET  
Okay, just a sec...

Janet is leaving the crowd behind. She's able to move a bit faster.

She points to an open area ahead. Where the promenade descends down to the street level again.

The view open up. To her left, she can see down to the main street now. And across it is the Black Mercedes! They've found a nice, wide sidewalk and are really moving...they don't care about the pedestrians.

JANET (CONT'D)  
Fuck...

Automatic guilt of the use of the word in front of her mother.

KAREN  
What?

Janet's answer: Clutch, gear, gas. A SQUAWK of the tires and a LEAP forward.

Sawing on the steering wheel, slaloming through the promenade.

The Mercedes is ahead of her, making its move...

### **MERCEDES**

...from the sidewalk, between to palm trees and jumping across the northbound traffic. In front of...

...a car slamming on its brakes. That car is rear-ended, another, and another.

Driver Goon cranks the wheel to his left, **NARROWLY** missing T-boning a southbound vehicle. For a split second, they are side by side, and the southbound vehicle slams on its brakes.

The Mercedes shoots ahead, Driver Goon cranks the wheel to the right...

...across the road, onto the sidewalk to the promenade.

**SLAM!** The Subaru is there, sliding sideways into the Mercedes.

Mirrors **BREAKING**.

### **SUBARU**

Janet can see the Mercedes down below, coming...

...across the road, onto the sidewalk...

Janet's got the Subaru dialed in, focused on the people. One hand on the wheel, the other on the gear shift.

Left, right, little more right, left...she can see the end of the promenade.

Almost there...

The Mercedes is...to the promenade...

Janet. Clutch, just a touch on the brakes, gear down, turn to the right, crank the handbrake.

**Sliiiiiide.**

**SLAM!** The Mercedes is there, mirrors **BREAKING**.

She's thrown against the door, she sees them, almost slow-motion, dark-complexion, same clothes, twins.

Passenger Goon has a gun. Being thrown around in their own vehicle.

Down on the handbrake. Find the gear, drop the clutch, hit the gas.

### **MERCEDES**

The Subaru BOUNCES off the Mercedes and leaps ahead.

The impact pushing the front of the car to the left, the front wheels responding and spinning the steering wheel from Driver Goon's grip.

The front end breaks to the left. The back end loses traction. ...Out of control.

Grab the wheel. Got it now. Hard turn to the right.

The back end breaks away again, into...

A triangular concrete archway.

...WHAM!

Turn to the left. Under control.

The Subaru is up ahead...

Passenger Goon looks behind them...their black rear bumper is skidding across the red, brick pathway.

### **SUBARU**

The red, brick pathway is wide and (thankfully) almost empty of people.

Janet accelerates straight down the middle of it, the concrete arches flash by on her left, the Convention Center on her right. Ahead, Park Boulevard and almost devoid of traffic.

KAREN (CONT'D)

This is crazy! We need to stop.

She slams her hand on the dashboard, pushing against it.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop  
stop, stop, stop, stop.

Janet sees the Mercedes back in control behind them. She's not stopping....she's accelerating.

Clutch, gear, gas.

Almost at the boulevard, left or right? She can see some sailboats calmly bobbing in the marina...nope...dead end.

Onto the boulevard. Handbrake, hard left, and drifting perfectly across the lanes.

Going faster, intersection ahead.

Green light, no cars, just for the pedestrians crossing in the same direction as Janet.

Bouncing over the crown in the main road, across the intersection, between two large boulders...boulders placed there to prevent vehicles from doing exactly what she is doing now...and into a gravel lot.

Gravel kicks out from behind the Subaru. She doesn't slow down at all.

In the rear view mirror the Mercedes is there, through the intersection. Sparks flying from its undercarriage.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(her voice rising)  
Janet, Janet, Janet, Janet, Janet.

A chainlink fence.

The Subaru jumps into the air from a small rise, landing into and onto the chainlink fence, cleaving its way through.

#### **INT. TRAIN TROLLEY COCKPIT - DAY**

A trolley engineer is comfortably seated, his coat hung up on the hook beside him, his hat placed on a flat area of his control console.

Out his windshield, an expansive view. Ahead and just to his left, through the palm trees and across North Harbour Drive is the Convention Center. He is just passing under a pedestrian walkway, the shadow crossing his window.

The train is on a curve, the Convention Center sweeping a little further to left in his windshield.

And a bright WHITE SUBARU bouncing and jumping its way across the series of tracks laid out ahead of him.

Nice looking car....WHAT!?!

The Subaru makes a final leap and flattens another chainlink fence.

And then a BLACK MERCEDES, heavier, bottoming out across the tracks, but going just as fast, and out the hole in the fence.

He watches them squeeze between a couple of concrete car barriers and down the street.

Beside his right hand, big and red is an EMERGENCY STOP button. ...His hand never moved.

**INT. BLACK MERCEDES - DAY**

The concrete barriers flash by on either side of the car. Looming over them is the Petco Baseball Stadium.

Driver Goon is focused on the ass end of the Subaru in front of him.

Passenger Goon has his gun out the window, positioning himself for a good shot.

DRIVER GOON

Don't.

Passenger goon gives him the "Why the fuck not?" look.

DRIVER GOON (CONT'D)

Just...call.

Passenger Goon rolls his eyes and sits back in his seat. His gun goes on the floor and he struggles to get his phone out of his pocket.

Because Driver Goon is hard on the brakes...

INTERCUT WITH:

**SUBARU**

The Subaru is driving beside the Petco Baseball Stadium.

KAREN

Are you trying to kill us?

JANET

Mom, they have guns.

KAREN

And my car...

The front end of the car is a little fucked up, having run through two chainlink fences. Scratches run long across the hood, the two of them animated behind the windshield.

Behind them, just a few car lengths, is the Mercedes.

Janet cranks the wheel and the car makes a hard right turn, disappearing...

### **MERCEDES**

The Mercedes is driving hard, the Goons arguing as well.

Their front end is not quite as damaged, but there is some definite wear and tear.

The front bumper slams against the pavement under hard braking, the back end kicks out, turning to the right, following the Subaru...

...into a large, half-empty parking lot. The Subaru is already racing down one of the lanes.

The Mercedes right behind it.

The Subaru drifts a full 180 from one lane to the other. Millimetres to spare. Perfect.

### **SUBARU**

JANET

(grunting against the Gs)

I can lose them.

In her mirror, the Mercedes tries to make the same corner, it's heavier, longer, and wider. It rakes its rear quarter-panel against the rear bumpers of the parked cars.

KAREN

(disapproving Mother)

Janet...

JANET

I can lose them.

Clutch. Gear. Gas.

JANET (CONT'D)

We're smaller, faster...and I'm better.

Clutch. Gear. Gas. Another 180, drifting.

Her back bumper lightly taps one of the parked cars.

JANET (CONT'D)

Oops.

**MERCEDES**

They are losing ground to the Subaru. It's drifting around the row of parked cars up ahead.

Driver Goon has to brake, slowing down to make the same turn without destroying his car.

Passenger Goon is trying to corral his gun, sliding around at his feet.

By the time they make the corner, the Subaru is already at the far end of the row.

Driver Goon tries to push the accelerator through the floorboards.

**SUBARU**

Straight ahead of them, there is an exit to the street and another parking lot. Janet slows enough to check the street and decide.

The Mercedes is further behind them, but not far enough.

She kicks it across the road and into the other parking lot.

A sign: TROLLEY PARKING - GASTOWN STATION - NO EXIT

A quick right turn and she's ripping down one of the lanes.

KAREN  
(noticing the sign)  
I assume you know where you're  
going.

Parked cars are thick on both sides of her.

**MERCEDES**

Driver Goon doesn't have to slow and decide, he guns it straight out of the parking lot and across the street.

But, the transition...

...down the small exit and up across the narrow, high-centered street, launches the Mercedes to land hard on its front bumper. CRUNCHING and EXPLODING it into a million pieces.

The back end slams down. Sparks and the GRIND of serious damage underneath.

The two occupants are bobble-head dolls.



DRIVER GOON  
Fuck this. Shoot 'em.

### **SUBARU**

The Subaru is already at the end of the parking lot. Janet slows and steers the car up an accessibility ramp across the sidewalk and back onto the street. She is head-on with the baseball stadium.

A REV of the engine, a shift, and she is heading north, the baseball field on her right now.

A couple of slower moving vehicles ahead, and she makes quick work to pass them.

### **MERCEDES**

The Subaru is far ahead, but they know where she went.

Passenger goon has his gun ready.

Driver Goon passes the same slower moving vehicles.

### **INT. WHITE SUBARU - DAY**

Out ahead of them are the three lanes of a one-way street. The road is in deep shadow, sunlight blocked by the 100-foot height of Petco Field.

The Mercedes is lost in the darkness behind them.

Karen's cellphone is RINGING...

KAREN  
Hello? Pete?

VOICE  
(on the phone)  
Hello. Who am I speaking to?

KAREN  
Karen, Karen Jantol. Who is this?

VOICE  
Karen Jantol. I'm with the DEA.  
We're looking for your husband, has  
he been in contact with you?

KAREN  
Yes, yes he has...we're being  
chased.

VOICE

Do you have the number he contacted  
you on?

KAREN

We're being chased!!!

VOICE

Karen Jantol. I'm with the DEA...

**EXT. 7TH AVENUE - SAN DIEGO - DAY**

The Subaru has broken out into the sunlight and is weaving back and forth across the three lanes like an ole-timey video game.

Karen looks at the phone...number? **BLOCKED.**

KAREN

Fuck you.

She hangs up.

Cars pop out from a couple of the cross-streets, but she's ready for them and brakes, jukes, and accelerates around them smoothly.

INTERCUT WITH:

**MERCEDES**

The Mercedes is doing just as well. Though, Driver Goon is more of the "Honk, honk. Get the fuck out of my way" sort of guy.

Passenger Goon is leaning out his window. Ready for the first opportunity to shoot.

**SUBARU**

The cross-streets are going fast, but they see what they are looking for.

KAREN

Here. Here. Turn here.

They are on the wrong side of the road...

Janet hits the gas and does a wide, sliding arc through the intersection, threading the needle...barely...between the stopped car and the one proceeding through.

She fishtails it into the proper lane, heading east.

**EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY**

The Mercedes has made a bit of space up on the Subaru, having to follow their path through the traffic, not make one.

The Subaru makes the crazy turn across all of the traffic and down the cross street.

The Mercedes has the room available and flashes across the lanes and SQUAWKS its way around the corner.

The Subaru is less than a block ahead of them now...

INTERCUT WITH:

**SUBARU**

KAREN

Shit.

JANET

Traffic.

Janet lets off the gas, considering their options. In the rearview mirror, the Black Mercedes.

Karen sees it out the back window. She looks ahead to a red light and a lot of stopped cars...

But the other side of the road is open, almost.

Mother and daughter look at each other.

KAREN

Go for it.

Clutch, gear, gas. Tires spinning. A small slide and the back end centres to give them a kick in the ass.

**MERCEDES**

They are right there!

And Driver Goon already has the peddle to the metal. The big Mercedes engine is ROARING.

Passenger Goon steadies his gun.

They are right there!

And they're gone, streaking across into the opposite traffic lanes. Passenger Goon can't get the angle.

PASSENGER GOON

Shit.

DRIVER GOON

Traffic.

### **SUBARU**

Janet flies into the opposite traffic lanes, and is almost head-on with a large truck turning towards them.

Wide eyes, she locks up the brakes, the car slides sideways, brakes off, it leaps forward, but not quite.

The truck slams the Subaru on the rear quarter-panel and spins the car 90 degrees.

That one hurt...

The girls emit a guttural "Humf", but the Subaru keeps moving.

A look in the mirror, the Mercedes almost filling it up.

Clutch, gear, gas.

They sail through the intersection without a scratch and Janet is already in fourth gear halfway down the block. Really moving...

She times the next one perfectly, flying down the middle of the road (an open, designated turning lane). The light turns green and she jukes into the intersection and down the proper lane.

Traffic starts with the green light, but her appearance causes everyone to FREEZE...

### **MERCEDES**

...granting the Mercedes just enough room to slip through as well.

Passenger Goon sees it, and takes the shot. BANG!

Nope. Nothing.

He's got her now, right behind her.

### **SUBARU**

It's light ahead is bright red and traffic is moving left to right.

No way through...

JANET

Brace.

Karen crosses her arms across her chest and presses her head against the headrest.

Janet grips the steering wheel with both hands and presses her head against the headrest.

She SLAMS on the brakes.

### **MERCEDES**

The Subaru's brake lights glow bright. Driver Goon hits the brakes...not fast enough.

The front end dives down and slams into the backend of the Subaru.

Airbags inflate.

Passenger Goon, half in and half out, gets slammed sideways by it, simultaneously breaking his arm, his collarbone, dislocating his shoulder, and ripping tendons and tissue.

His gun continues forward, clattering, sliding on the pavement.

The Mercedes is stopped. The airbags deflate.

Driver Goon sees the Subaru accelerate away across the lanes.

He punches down the deflating airbag and give chase.

Passenger Goon is holding his shoulder, almost passing out from the pain.

PASSENGER GOON

Ooooo. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

### **SUBARU**

The back of the Subaru is crushed. ...No lights to warn the Mercedes about that little trick again.

But, it's running and they're moving fast.

The intersection is full of cars. The opposite sidewalk, and into a grocery store parking lot.

A gaggle of empty shopping carts.

WHAM! ...Now just twisted metal.

KAREN  
(pointing)  
People! People!

Brakes, a slide, and they're off again. Out the grocery store parking lot and...

Wrong way down a one way. Cars honking, a powerslide and back onto Market Street.

Looking good. Open traffic...

Train tracks, a jump, the landing, and parts falling off the rear end.

JANET  
How far?

She jukes into the oncoming lane and back again.

KAREN  
Don't know. Not far. Just a few.

Heavy braking, sliding sideways. Gas. Lane change, and back under control.

Fast moving. Around another car...

Karen can see it coming.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Here, here. This one and then the next.

Janet is on it, finding the space, moving to the right hand lane.

...Inches from the car ahead of her.

HONKING the horn.

JANET  
Move, move, move, move, move!

The slowpoke continues straight ahead and Janet SQUEALS the tires around the corner. Another one-way, the right way, and she punches it....

**EXT. 17TH STREET - DAY**

...and full brakes. She's boxed in. Three lanes of cars waiting patiently for traffic to clear the intersection. Parked cars up both sides of the street.

A look behind...

Big, black, motherfucking Mercedes.

Ahead. The vehicles are just starting to move...

JANET  
(to herself)  
Go for it.

Clutch, gear, gas.

She picks the smallest pair and punches it, wedging herself between them. There's not enough room, not nearly enough, but she'll make room.

Two lanes, three vehicles. Trading paint...

She bursts out from between the two cars, sending them in opposite directions, like a bully through a line up.

Ahead, to the left. A single lane road down, and a sign: I-5 South.

Clutch, gear, gas.

The Mercedes follows, it's been gravely injured, but the engine isn't quitting. It's still coming for them.

**EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - DAY**

The Subaru pops onto the freeway in a large gap of traffic.

She's already in top gear and stomping on the accelerator, looking for a little more.

Nothing in front of her.

Behind her, the Mercedes is moving fast down the ramp, getting even more speed, coming fast.

SUBARU SPEEDOMETER: 110 MPH

MERCEDES SPEEDOMETER: 120 and climbing...

She won't be able to meet his top speed.

JANET

Mom?

She can see it in the rearview mirror, coming fast down the ramp...

WHAM!

The Mercedes enters the freeway...or at least tries to....

A semi truck is there instead, cutting the car in half.

The back half spins itself into the ditch. The front half is stuck to the front of the big rig.

She relaxes. Drops her shoulders and the engine revolutions.

Karen takes her daughter's hand off the gearshift and holds it against her chest. Tears roll down their cheeks.

JANET (CONT'D)

Can we call Dad?

**FADE TO BLACK**