

RUN

by

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FADE IN.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A bus pulls away in front of us, down the road. Harsh beats in our ears, "Yonkers" by TYLER. A WOMAN in a hoodie with packpack slung over her shoulder is mouthing the first bars as she WATCHES the road for an opening in traffic. Walking along, seeing none -

Behind her, a TRUCK slows. We can't quite make out the three GUYS inside, but they're yelling at us - it breaks through the MUSIC, and the WOMAN takes out her earbud and looks back briefly at the MEN. Then back to the road, walking ahead

They pull up directly beside her, slowing to a crawl. She doesn't say anything, but they do - she EDGES farther away from them on the SIDEWALK. A HAND stretches out of the passenger window. . .but comes up just short of her. Just THEN -

She ROUNDS the TRUCK and hurriedly crosses the road, into the empty STRIP-MALL parking lot across thr street. Looking behind her all the time. . .the TRUCK is pulling in across the road, into the LOT.

Her eyes roam. We see - every building is empty, dark. CLOSED. To her right, a foreboding forest.

The TRUCK is right behind her now, HEADLIGHTS casting her in stark SILHOUETTE.

Hurriedly, she PULLS out her phone and dials something as the TRUCK crawls behind her. She TURNS, holding it up to them - we see: calling 9-11.

OPERATOR

9-11, what is your emergency?

She STARES the truck down.

WOMAN

I'm being followed -

Suddenly, the TRUCK ROOOOARRRRS into life, GUNNING DEAD straight for her. She RUNS, as hard as she can - hops over bushes, evading the truck but it pulls around in front of her!

She takes a sharp right, HOPPING up onto the sidewalk under the SHOPS. . .and the TRUCK keeps pace, DRIVING right beside her, GUYS yelling out verbal diahrea. . .a HAND grabs her BACKPACK from the backseat window! She struggles, trying to pull away, but she can't. . .quite. . .

The WOMAN SLIPS out of it like a cat, JUST AS: A PILLAR comes between them (was that a brief smile?)!

She RUNS, faster now, bursting off the curb, only her breath filling the soundtrack, taking a sharp right into -

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

- as the WOMAN SCRAMBLES, nearly DIVING behind the DUMPSTER at the far end of the ALLEY. Breathing hard, she peaks out - sees:

THE TRUCK

Crawling around the corner. . .they throw her backpack out the WINDOW, onto the ground.

ON HER FACE

As she considers, briefly - mulling her options over. Then, she PICKS SOMETHING UP OS. A determined look crosses her face. The staccato beat we've been hearing for the past few minutes blossoms - into something harsh, loud. ANGRY, industrial. PUMPING, but primally simple.

She rises, and steps out into view at the end of the alley. One hand behind her back. Staring the truck down - they see her and correct COURSE.

As she waits - Leone style - we PAN DOWN her back, from the top of her head. . .to the LARGE ROCK she's holding.

The TRUCK GUNS IT. But she doesn't move - it's coming straight for her - and US! CLOSER. . .CLOSER - -!

JUST then, PHOTO-FINISH, she LOBS THE ROCK -

INT. TRUCK - CONT'D

- through the WINDSHIELD, violent SHATTERING IT!! The MEN all SHOUT, The Driver's been hit in the face - it's chaos - the truck SPINS WILDLY!

The WOMAN DIVES out of the way, onto the bare end of the ALLEY by the chainlink fence, sloppily HITTING IT and REBOUNDED OFF -

The TRUCK SKIIIIIIIDS and hits the DUMPSTER, passenger-side first. The WINDOW SPIDERS -

THE WOMAN

She watches, waiting - considering, as the DRIVER opens his door, stumbles out. She could run - she could get away.

She smiles suddenly, grabs a stray METAL POLE on the ground beside her -

Or.

. . .As the DRIVER feels his bleeding forehead, THE WOMAN SLAMS the POLE into his face, knocking him down. She KEEPS

BEATING HIM, BLOOD SPLATTERS!!

- THE PASSENGER in the backseat gets out, and she SETS on HIM! After a moment, he's done too.

. . .The Driver's bloody hand reaches up for her, clutching her pant-leg. Gingerly, she leans down and pulls it away.

As she STANDS BACK UP, we see her in the weird lamplight - face and neck bloody. In slow-motion, she smoothes her hair back and SMILES - a DEVIL'S SMILE.

As she walks off, the Driver's TWITCHING HAND in the immediate FOREGROUND, retrieves her backpack and rounds the corner - (CREDITS OVER).

FADE TO BLACK.