

BACKSEAT DRIVER

Written by

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OVER BLACK

HEAVY RAIN -- heard from inside a car.

WINDSHIELD WIPERS -- fighting against the downpour. A constant, steady battle.

SUPER: PHILADELPHIA, PA

The sound of the rain continues...

ROCCO (V.O.)
Your name's David, right? You're
giving Frankie's girl music
lessons?

FADE IN ON:

DAVID HALL

About 30. Glasses. Well-groomed. A respectable, trust-worthy face. Extremely anxious, but trying hard to hide it.

DAVID
Uh... piano lessons, yeah.

It is NIGHT. David is sitting in the back of a new CADILLAC SEDAN, squeezed between TWO OTHER MEN.

On his left is ROCCO. Nearly 300 pounds. Slicked back hair and a black leather jacket.

On his right is VINCENT CASSANO. 70s. Tall. Hunched over his PHONE, but still paying attention.

VINCENT
I wish my folks got me music
lessons when I was a kid. I always
wanted to play the marimba.

ROCCO
The what?

VINCENT
The marimba. It's like, you know --

DAVID
It's a percussion instrument. You
hit wooden bars with a mallet.

Rocco nods thoughtfully.

ROCCO
Is that so?

VINCENT
My mom said it was too expensive.

They listen to the rhythmic WHUMP-WHUMP of the wipers.

In the driver's seat is NEMO SHORTSTOP. Early 20s. Track suit. Kinda short. An angry, twitchy energy.

Next to him is the head honcho: FRANKIE RICCHETTI. 60s. Well-dressed. A stoney calm to match Nemo's twitchiness. Frankie is turned around in his seat, his eyes fixed on David, as if trying to see into his soul.

David clears his throat.

DAVID
I appreciate you giving me a lift like this. My car was working fine this morning, but then... I don't know. After the lesson, it just wouldn't start.

NEMO
(sarcastic)
Yeah, I wonder why that was, huh?

ROCCO
Nemo, will you shut up?

Nemo curses Rocco under his breath.

Frankie doesn't move.

FRANKIE
Once we drop you off, I'll call triple-A. Have them pick your car up.

DAVID
Thank you.

Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So... are you all *friends* of the Ricchettis? Or... co-workers?

NEMO
Co-workers. You could say that.

ROCCO
We're more like distant relatives.
The extended family.

FRANKIE
(simply)
They work for me.

DAVID
Oh.

Silence again.

VINCENT
I wish I knew how to play the
piano.

David glances at Vincent -- playing CANDY CRUSH.

He looks out the rain-soaked windows.

DAVID
Uh... We just passed Fairhill
Avenue. That was the turnoff.

VINCENT
Yeah, we know.

ROCCO
We got a better way. Like a
shortcut.

NEMO
We can time it. I guarantee, you'll
be home in just five minutes.

David shrinks into his seat.

Frankie turns away, his mind made up.

FRANKIE
David, you know anything about
technology?

DAVID
No... Well, I know a little, not
very much.

Frankie's hand digs into a pocket. It emerges with a TINY
ZIPLOC BAG, holding a METAL DISK, a centimeter in diameter.

FRANKIE
Do you know what this is?

DAVID
(shrug)
Some sort of battery?

FRANKIE
It's a bug.

Vincent shuts off his phone. He places it on the couch between him and David. Nobody moves.

DAVID
You mean like a listening device?

FRANKIE
That's right. Sometimes I hide them around. Listen to what they pick up. This one was in the bedroom I share with Katie.

David's voice starts to tremble.

DAVID
But -- why? I mean -- that's kinda an invasion of privacy, isn't it?

NEMO
In his own goddamn house?

ROCCO
Nemo...!

FRANKIE
Usually they don't catch anything interesting. Harmless gossip, kids fighting, stuff like that. But *this* one... it *did* pick up something interesting. Any idea what?

The car rolls to a halt at a stoplight. David gulps. He knows what's coming.

DAVID
I really couldn't say.

FRANKIE
It was something involving you.
... And my wife.

He meets David's eye.

David lunges over Vincent for the door. Rocco grabs him from behind and yanks him back. A PISTOL appears in Vincent's hand, pressed to David's ribs.

The car continues driving.

DAVID
Frankie, I'm sorry. I made a
mistake --

VINCENT
Shut the fuck up.

David holds his tongue.

FRANKIE
I know it wasn't your idea. Katie's
been growing tired of me for years.
Just tell me -- how long have you
been sleeping with her?

DAVID
It was just that one time.

NEMO
You're a lying piece of shit.

Vincent cocks his gun, digs it deeper in David's ribs.

DAVID
(collecting himself)
It was, uh... Six weeks.

FRANKIE
So how'd it work? You show up for
lessons half an hour early, before
Andy got home from soccer?

DAVID
Yeah.

FRANKIE
That's what I thought.
(beat)
Does she love you?

DAVID
No.

FRANKIE
You're sure about that?

NEMO
Yeah, how do you know?

DAVID

She told me, okay! Katie said it was just about sex. I mean nothing to her as a person.

A beat. Frankie nods.

FRANKIE

Alright. I believe you.

More driving. More rain.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

David, you seem like a respectable guy... But when you get involved in this kind of business, there are consequences.

DAVID

What are you gonna do to me?

They don't answer. Frankie faces forward. The car passes through a gate in a CHAIN-LINK FENCE.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where are we? What is this place?

Through the windows, David can see they have entered a

CEMENT PLANT

Mounds of lime and gravel tower over the car. They turn into a clearing, where the headlights reveal --

TWO MORE VEHICLES, already waiting.

One is a SQUAD CAR. An OFFICER IN UNIFORM waits in the rain, leaning on the hood of his car. He lights up a cigarette.

Nemo puts the Cadillac in park.

FRANKIE

Leave it running.

Frankie climbs out. The officer waves as Frankie steps up.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

How we doing? Any problems?

OFFICER

No. We're all good.

David catches a glimpse of the officer's NAME TAG as he turns around: SGT. RILEY DOYLE. The officer leads Frankie around the back of his squad car to show him something in his trunk.

Rocco speaks up, drawing David's attention away.

ROCCO

Don't take it too hard. We got
nothing against you personally.
Just part of our job.

VINCENT

We respect what you do and all.
Andy's playing is really coming
along.

DAVID

... Yeah. Thanks.

NEMO

You ask me, Frankie's losing his
nerve. Twenty years ago, he'd cut
your balls off just for talking to
his girl.

VINCENT

Nemo, you were still in diapers
twenty years ago.

NEMO

So? Doesn't mean it isn't true.

Frankie returns with the officer. They hover by his cruiser.

FRANKIE

You going home after this?

OFFICER

Nah. They got me working dispatches
till two.

FRANKIE

That's too bad. I'll see you later.

OFFICER

See you, Frankie.

The officer tosses out his smoke, climbs into his car and starts the engine. The cruiser drives away.

A moment later, Frankie opens the Cadillac door.

FRANKIE

Let's get this over with.

Rocco drags David out of the car. Nemo and Vincent exit too.

The camera stays inside. It PUSHES FORWARD, framing David and the mobsters through the car's back window.

FUMES gush out of the exhaust pipe, tinted RED by the glow of the Cadillac's TAILLIGHTS.

Rocco and Vincent hold David up. He can see his entire future crumbling before his eyes.

DAVID

Please, guys, you don't have to do this. I'll skip town. I'll give you money. I'll do whatever you want.

They ignore him. Frankie produces a PISTOL with a SILENCER on it. Points it at David's chest.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Frankie, I'm sorry.

FRANKIE

I know.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Three shots. David collapses.

And that's that.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

David opens his eyes.

Where is he? Is he dead?

He tries to focus, but his glasses are missing. All he can see is a GLOSSY BLUE HAZE.

He tries to move. Something is restraining him. We hear a LOUD WRINKLING NOISE whenever he twists around.

Now he gets it:

He is wrapped up head-to-toe in a GIANT, WATERPROOF TARP.

DAVID

(panicky whisper)

Shit.

BEADS OF SWEAT drip down David's face. He kicks out, but his foot finds a wall. He freezes.

MUFFLED SOUNDS can be heard: the gentle RUMBLE of TIRES ON PAVEMENT... The HUM of an engine... Rain slapping metal...

WE ARE IN:

INT. CADILLAC TRUNK - NIGHT

There's a WHOOSH of another car zooming past.

More sounds drift back from the front seats: the crackle of someone TUNING THE RADIO.

And VOICES: Nemo, Rocco, and Vincent...

ROCCO (O.S.)

No, it's FM ninety-four. You gotta go up, stupid.

NEMO (O.S.)

Shut up and lemme do it, okay?
I'd've found it already if you two jerk-offs just left me alone.

So far no one has heard him.

David gropes around inside the tarp. He feels his torso: his shirt is SOAKED IN BLOOD.

He undoes the buttons, gingerly explores his stomach.

He stops.

His fingers have found a HOLE. One that isn't his naval.

DAVID

Oh shit, oh shit...

He struggles against the tarp, but it's bound shut by strips of DUCT TAPE.

David snakes his arm through an opening, feels the tape. He tries to tear it apart... No good.

He finds the edge of the tarp, peels it inward, away from the sticky ring of duct tape. He slides the tape over his head and throws the top half of the tarp off his chest.

David gulps in air. He grabs the lower half of the tarp and starts to pull it down, then he stops.

He listens:

VINCENT (O.S.)
Maybe you got your dates mixed up,
and the game's not till tomorrow.

NEMO (O.S.)
I didn't bet three thousand bucks
on a fucking game tomorrow.

ROCCO (O.S.)
This is it. Hey, I found it!

NEMO (O.S.)
And I would appreciate it if you
stopped -- Wait, really?

VINCENT (O.S.)
Turn it up.

The roar of A THOUSAND BASEBALL FANS comes in on the radio.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*And we're back for the second
inning of the Phillies versus the
Mets!*

NEMO (O.S.)
What'd I tell you?

VINCENT (O.S.)
What's the score?

David carries on.

He worms the tarp down his legs, slides it over his feet, and
kicks it away. He can barely move in the cramped compartment.

David feels around, looking for something.

He repositions his weight, and --

CRUNCH.

He winces.

He reaches beneath his hip and produces -- HIS GLASSES.

The right lens is cracked like a spiderweb. David groans,
puts them on anyway.

He digs into his pocket, pulls out his PHONE. He taps through
the password, activates the FLASHLIGHT.

He draws open his shirt and looks:

THREE BULLET HOLES are dug into his abdomen. One just beneath his rib cage on the left. The other two are inches from his naval, on the right. All of them ooze blood with every breath. The flashlight shows it all in sickening clarity.

DAVID
(terrified)
Oh god...!

David wriggles out of his JACKET. He clutches it to his stomach, trying to stem the bleeding.

He flashes his light over the door: A LITTLE GREEN SWITCH is near the base -- the emergency trunk release button.

David presses it. Nothing happens. He presses it again and pushes against the door. It doesn't budge an inch.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Fuck.

He rotates around, shining his light over the rest of the space.

The trunk is completely empty, except for David, the tarp, and -- a pair of HALF SIZED SHOVELS.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Great.

David switches off the light and checks his phone's battery:

He's at **5% POWER**.

David stares... *Are you kidding me?*

He pauses to listen to the mobsters up front.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Zach Wheeler on the mound for Philadelphia. The thirty-year-old right-hander and former Met, out there for the third time as a Philly this season.

NEMO (O.S.)
I hate this guy. He's bad fucking luck.

ROCCO (O.S.)
No, he's not.

VINCENT (O.S.)
What are you talking about?

David returns to the trunk.

He braces himself. Dials 9-1-1.

He puts the phone to his ear.

After a moment, a MALE DISPATCH OFFICER picks up.

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Nine-one-one response, what's your
emergency?

David doesn't answer.

Is there something familiar about that voice? ... Or is it
just his imagination?

AN EXCHANGE FROM BEFORE echoes back to him:

FRANKIE (V.O.)
You going home after this?

OFFICER (V.O.)
*Nah. They got me working dispatches
till two.*

FLASH INSERT: the NAME TAG on the cop at the cement plant:
Sgt. Riley Doyle.

The dispatch officer continues:

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
This is nine-one-one. Hello?

Shit. It could go either way.

DAVID
(whisper)
I'm sorry... What's your name?

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Sir, is this an emergency?

DAVID
Yes, it is, but I need to know your
name before I can talk.

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Can you tell me where you are?

DAVID
Who are you?

Silence.

DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Sir, if you don't comply, I'll have
to report this as a --

CLICK.

David hangs up.

He checks his stomach: still bleeding profusely.

DAVID
Shit.

His battery drops to **4% power.**

David thinks. An idea hits him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Caroline.

He dials a number. SOMEONE picks up.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Caroline, hello?

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Hey, David. Can you call me back in
half an hour? I've still got twenty
minutes on my shift.

DAVID
No wait, Caroline. It's a medical
emergency! You're a nurse, I need
your help.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Does Mom know about this?

DAVID
You can tell her if you want, I
don't care.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
What's going on?

DAVID
I've been shot. Three times. In the
stomach.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Wait, did you just say --

DAVID
Yes!

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Are you serious?! You should call
the police. You need to get to a
hospital immediately.

DAVID
(angry hiss)
I can't right now. I'm stuck in the
trunk of a car.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
What are you -- ?! Why the hell
were you shot?

DAVID
You know that woman I was seeing
who just got a divorce?

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Yeah?

DAVID
I may have lied about the divorce
part.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
So her husband *shot you*?!

DAVID
There's a good chance that he's
part of the mafia.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
I don't believe this.

DAVID
Now I'm trapped in his car. His
people think I'm dead, and they're
driving somewhere to dispose of my
body. I can't call the police,
'cause this guy has cops on his
payroll.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Alright. Slow down. I'll help.
Where exactly did he shoot you?

David lifts up his jacket.

DAVID

Uh... Once, just below my bottom-left rib. And twice, lower down. In the small intestine region.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Okay. The one higher up probably hit your stomach or your kidney. Did any of the bullets go through?

David rolls around, feels his back.

DAVID

Yeah. The lower ones did.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

How long ago did it happen?

DAVID

About fifteen minutes.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Well. The good news is I don't think you were hit in any of the arteries or veins, 'cause then you'd be dead already.

DAVID

Thank you. Very good news.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

The most important thing now is to try to stop the bleeding. Keep pressure on the wounds.

DAVID

Uh-huh.

CAROLINE

Do you have access to a medical kit?

DAVID

No.

CAROLINE

Are you sure? A lot of people keep one in their trunk.

David glances around: the trunk is still empty.

DAVID

There's not a lot of places to hide something in here.

CAROLINE

How about underneath, where they
keep the spare tire?

DAVID

Hold on, I'll check.

He glances at the battery: **3% power**. Puts the phone down.

David scoots into a better position. He grabs a LOOP in the
carpet floor and pulls up the flap to the LOWER COMPARTMENT.

He snakes his hand underneath, feels around.

The baseball game continues on the radio.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

*He picks on the first pitch, and
he's got an RBI single. The Mets
are two-to-oh!*

NEMO (O.S.)

Can you believe this shit?

David's face is turning PALE. Sweat drips down his eye. He
tries to shake it off.

DAVID

(into phone)

No. There's nothing here.

(keeps feeling)

Wait. Hold on, I think I found
something. Yeah, this is it.

David retrieves a LEATHER POUCH WITH A RED CROSS from the
compartment. He closes the flap, twists back around.

He unzips the pouch. Medical supplies spill onto the floor.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now what?

CAROLINE (V.O.)

You need to make an occlusive
dressing. That's an airtight seal
to stop blood from escaping. Is
there some sort of cloth or sterile
pad in the kit?

David digs through the cache: Band-Aids, cleansing
towelettes, a pair of tweezers...

DAVID

There's a roll of gauze.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Standard gauze won't work, it's
like a sponge. It'll just soak up
the blood.

DAVID
What about this? It's a --
(reading)
Sterile, non-woven cloth pad.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Good. Cut it into pieces and apply
it to the wound using medical tape.

DAVID
Got it. Hold on.

David deposits the phone. He rips a PAPER WRAPPER open with
his teeth, retrieves a 4x4 in. STERILE CLOTH PAD from inside.

He locates a PAIR OF SCISSORS from the kit, cuts the pad into
four. He checks his phone's battery: 1%.

DAVID (CONT'D)
My phone's about to die.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Okay, um... Don't forget the exit
wounds in the back. And this isn't
a permanent fix. You really need to
get out of there and check into a
hospital.

DAVID
I know. I will.

He peels the jacket off his stomach. Unrolls a strip of tape.
Places the dressing on the first wound.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Listen. I don't know how this'll
turn out. But if I don't make it,
call Mom and Dad, tell 'em I said I
love them.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
(choking up)
David, please... don't start that.

David dresses the second wound.

DAVID
And give my best to Nathan and the
boys.

The battery reaches **ZERO**. The symbol starts to FLASH.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
They're visiting his parents up in
Hartford.

DAVID
Then tell them when you can. I'm
sorry for all the shit I gave you
growing up. I love you.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
You're gonna make it, okay? I know
you are. Hang in --

The phone dies, CUTTING HER OFF. David stares at the lifeless
screen, suddenly alone.

Cheers from the ballgame come in over the radio.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*And he got him! Elevated fastball,
and Bohm couldn't stay off of it.*

ROCCO (O.S.)
Our boys are fucking useless.

David cuts out another dressing. He applies it to his back
with shaking hands. The final one.

He exhales. Straitens out as best he can. He buttons up his
bloody shirt.

The radio continues:

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*We'll be back with the Phillies
versus the Mets after these brief
announcements.*

Nemo lowers the volume.

NEMO (O.S.)
So what are we gonna do with this
guy?

ROCCO (O.S.)
Who?

NEMO (O.S.)
Romeo. The asshole in the trunk.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Just throw him in that dumpster on
MacArthur.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Nah. Too many cops snooping around.
They've been watching it ever since
we bumped off Pat the bookie.

NEMO (O.S.)
Let's just bury him somewhere.

ROCCO (O.S.)
I'll tell you what we should do.
Take him to Mancini's Meat Market.
The back room's all cleared out.
There's drains in the floor. We
chop him up, the blood just washes
away. Easy-peasy.

David's eyes go wide. *Please, not that.*

NEMO (O.S.)
Are you nuts? And get blood all
over my brand new clothes.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Might be an improvement.

NEMO (O.S.)
Fuck you. I look fucking sharp.
(beat)
Look, I already got the shovels.
Let's just put him in the ground.
It's fucking simple.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Alright. Where do you wanna do it?

NEMO (O.S.)
I don't know... It's gotta be far
away. Like a couple counties over.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Are you kidding me?

NEMO (O.S.)
This guy's got family, okay? He's
got a sister, and his folks. In a
couple days, they're gonna make a
fuss. We gotta hide the body
somewhere nobody will find it.

David holds his breath. Terrified.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Okay... How about that place we did
two weeks ago?

VINCENT (O.S.)
Where?

ROCCO (O.S.)
The one where we buried what's-his-
name, that bellhop who worked at
the Hilton. It's on the way to your
granddaughter's summer camp.

NEMO (O.S.)
Oh, I remember that place.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Sophia doesn't go there anymore.
She says it's for little kids.

ROCCO (O.S.)
My point is, it's in the middle of
fucking nowhere. And it's seventy
minutes away. Probably an hour in
this traffic. It's perfect.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Is that good enough for Your
Holiness?

NEMO (O.S.)
Yeah, okay. Let's put him there.

David checks his glow-in-the-dark digital watch: **6:28.**

He sets a timer: **60 MINUTES.**

He picks his phone up again, tries to turn it on. It displays
the RED OUT-OF-POWER SYMBOL.

David digs into his pockets, empties them onto the floor:
wallet, keys, some quarters, Tic Tacs...

He tries his jacket. Searches for a moment, then finds --
A USB POWER CORD.

David feels around the walls of the trunk for an outlet.

The mobsters turn the baseball game back up:

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

*One-one is hit out towards left.
Dominic Smith is there, makes the
catch. Bohm tagging from third and
he'll score. It'll be a sac fly for
Knapp.*

ROCCO (O.S.)

Sounds like we're on the board.

NEMO (O.S.)

About fucking time.

VINCENT (O.S.)

That guy's smart. I was watching an
interview with him this morning.

ROCCO (O.S.)

Who, Bohm?

VINCENT (O.S.)

No, the Mets guy. Smith.

David stops combing the trunk. No outlet. He frowns.

NEMO (O.S.)

What are you doing looking up a
Mets guy?

VINCENT (O.S.)

You know my phone. It just goes
straight into the next video.

David thinks.

FLASH INSERT: Vincent placing his phone down on the backseat
couch, between David and himself.

A new idea hits him.

He looks up:

The BACKSEAT PASS-THROUGH HATCH looms over him, positioned in
the center of the front wall of the trunk.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: The backseat pass-through, as seen from the front.

The ARMREST is down. Vincent sits beside it in the back-right
seat, mostly out of frame.

Slowly, silently -- the pass-through hatch lowers forward. David's face appears behind it, pale as a ghost.

VINCENT

Hey, can you turn the heat up back here? It's fucking freezing.

DAVID'S POV: Vincent towers above him, oblivious to the open panel. He picks at his teeth with a toothpick.

Rocco has taken Frankie's seat up front. Nemo drives.

ROCCO

I feel fine.

VINCENT

Good for you. I'm seventy-two years old. I deserve some extra heat if I want it.

NEMO

You got controls on the armrest. Do it yourself.

VINCENT

It's right fucking there, will you help an old man out?

ROCCO

Alright. Don't bust our balls.

Rocco fiddles with the TOUCHSCREEN.

David's eyes sweep over the back seat: Vincent's phone is gone. Unless --

He settles on the LOWERED ARMREST.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

How's that?

Vincent leans forward to help.

VINCENT

No, make it higher. Like seventy-five.

ROCCO

Seventy-five?

NEMO

It's not instantaneous, man, you gotta wait a little.

David worms his arm through the passageway -- *into the passenger section of the car.*

VINCENT

And can you put the butt warmers on too? Not too hot, though.

ROCCO

Picky, picky...

David stretches his hand underneath the armrest. His fingers grope around.

Sure enough, VINCENT'S PHONE is right there, beneath the armrest. Only a couple inches out of reach.

David leans further into the pass-through.

His fingers close around the device.

NEMO (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK!!

Everyone freezes.

NEMO (CONT'D)

Someone ran over a little dog!

ROCCO

Get the fuck outta here.

NEMO

A puppy! You could see it on the side of the road. Looked like a cocker spaniel.

ROCCO

What kinda sick freak does that?

VINCENT

I don't know what this country's coming to.

David draws his arm back, phone in hand -- just as Vincent leans back into his seat.

NEMO

You know, some stuff just makes your blood boil.

The others ad lib their agreement.

David pulls the hatch shut.

TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

David rotates around, makes himself comfortable.

He turns on Vincent's phone: A PASSWORD WINDOW pops up.

David pauses.

He checks the power in the corner: **65%**... Not bad.

He considers the password window. Taps on the bar. A keyboard appears.

David tries **P-A-S-S-W-O-R-D**.

The phone BUZZES. A warning pops up:

PASSWORD INCORRECT. You have 2 attempts left.

David bites his lip. He tries something else: **1-2-3-4-5**.

PASSWORD INCORRECT. You have 1 attempt left.

Damn.

David notices the WALLPAPER BACKGROUND: A photo of Vincent, his arm around a 10 YEAR OLD GIRL. Both are smiling happily.

He recalls a VOICE from earlier:

ROCCO (V.O.)
*It's on the way to your
granddaughter's summer camp.*

VINCENT (V.O.)
*Sophia doesn't go there anymore.
She says it's for little kids.*

David takes a breath. Types in **S-O-P-H-I-A**.

He hits enter.

There's a LOADING WINDOW. Then --

The screen opens up to the main page.

DAVID
(silent)
Yes!

David scrolls through Vincent's contacts. He makes a selection. Hits **DIAL**.

He listens to it RINGING. No one answers.

David checks his watch: **6:32.**

DAVID (CONT'D)
C'mon, pick up the phone..!

Finally -- A WOMAN'S VOICE. She is KATIE RICCHETTI (mid 30s).

KATIE (V.O.)
Hey Vincent, what's going on?

DAVID
Katie, it's not Vincent.

KATIE (V.O.)
David? Why are you -- ? This is
Vincent's number.

DAVID
I know. I had to borrow his phone.

KATIE (V.O.)
Did you get home okay?

DAVID
No. Katie, listen to me.

KATIE (V.O.)
I'm sorry I took so long to pick up
the phone. I was in the shower.

DAVID
Is Frankie home yet?

KATIE (V.O.)
He texted me fifteen minutes ago.
He said he's on his way.

DAVID
You have to get out of the house
right now.

KATIE (V.O.)
Why?

DAVID
Frankie knows. He tried to have me
killed. He's probably coming for
you.

KATIE (V.O.)
He can't know. We did everything
right.

DAVID

He hid a bug in your bedroom! He confronted me in the car, I told him everything.

KATIE (V.O.)

Are you serious??

DAVID

It's been half an hour since he shot me. He could walk in any second.

KATIE (V.O.)

I can't just leave!

DAVID

He's going to kill you, Katie!

KATIE (V.O.)

No... Frankie wouldn't do that.

DAVID

He's your husband. You know him better than I do. You tell me right now that's not a possibility, I'll hang up the phone right now.

Silence.

KATIE (V.O.)

Alright. Where should I go?

DAVID

It doesn't matter. Just get out of there at once.

We hear frantic movement on the other end. Footsteps across a rug. Drawers being opened. A suitcase being slammed down.

Katie's voice comes in from a distance (she has switched her phone to speaker):

KATIE (V.O.)

I need to pack up my things.

DAVID

Do you have a friend you can stay with?

KATIE (V.O.)

Not really. All my friends are part of the family.

DAVID
You know, it probably would've
helped to know your husband was in
the Mafia.

KATIE (V.O.)
Did you honestly think he just
imported furniture?

DAVID
It seemed possible.

David waits. Precious seconds pass.

KATIE (V.O.)
What about my kids?

DAVID
They'll be fine, they're his kids
too. And none of them went behind
his back.

KATIE (V.O.)
But I want to say goodbye. I'm not
gonna see them for a while if I'm --

She stops.

David listens.

DAVID
Katie? ... What is it?

KATIE (V.O.)
He's here.

DAVID
Frankie?

KATIE (V.O.)
His car just pulled into the
driveway.

DAVID
Shit. Stop packing. Just go.

KATIE (V.O.)
I'm still not dressed!

DAVID
(incredulous)
Why not!?

KATIE (V.O.)
I thought I'd have more time, okay!

More frantic movement.

From further away, we hear the FRONT DOOR open.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Honey, we're back!

David grits his teeth.

KATIE (V.O.)
(shouting downstairs,
terrified)
Are Rocco and the boys with you?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
They had to run an errand. I've got
Big Tony here.

DAVID
(sotto)
Come on, Katie, go...!

KATIE (V.O.)
(a hiss, to David)
I can't get out when he's blocking
the stairs.

DAVID
Lock the door. Climb out through
the window.

KATIE (V.O.)
I'm on the second story!

DAVID
Maybe we can share a tombstone --

KATIE (V.O.)
Alright, shut up! I'm going.

There's a CLICK as the bedroom door locks. A SCRAPE as the
window slides open.

We hear the doorknob RATTLE.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Katie...? Katie, open this door.

DAVID
Why aren't you gone yet?

KATIE (V.O.)
I still need my shoes, okay?

There's a HEAVY POUNDING.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE??

Katie snatches up her phone. The microphone goes BERSERK as she sprints to the window.

There are GRUNTS and BUMPS as she climbs outside.

From a distance -- CRASH!! (The door busting open.)

BIG TONY (V.O.)
Where'd she go?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
The window!

WHOOSH!! BUMP!!

(Katie lands on the ground.)

KATIE (V.O.)
I got outside, I'll call you back
when I can.

BIG TONY (V.O.)
She's out here.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Shoot her!

CLICK. The line goes dead.

DAVID
Katie? ... Are you there?

He looks down. The call has ended.

He hits redial.

It RINGS... And RINGS...

No one answers.

David hangs up.

He stares at the ceiling... Now what?

The phone VIBRATES. David snaps it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hello?

KATIE (V.O.)

(panting)

I'm safe. I made it out. I'm in the Ford. Driving down Freemont Avenue.

DAVID

Did he shoot you?

KATIE (V.O.)

There were shots, but I'm fine. He missed.

DAVID

You're sure?

KATIE (V.O.)

Yeah.

DAVID

Go to my sister's. Her family's out of town, so it won't be a problem. It's one-eighteen Deerborn Lane. The key's under the flower pot.

KATIE (V.O.)

What about you?

DAVID

I'll figure something out.

KATIE (V.O.)

David, I'm sorry. This is my fault.

DAVID

No, it's not. We made our bed, now we have to sleep in it.

KATIE (V.O.)

In most affairs, that doesn't involve a firing squad.

DAVID

I know. I'll talk to you later.

He hangs up.

David puts the phone down. He lets his head sink to the floor with a THUNK.

He takes a long, calming breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The ballgame continues on the radio.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Pete Alonso swings at the first pitch, lifts a high fly ball out to left. McCutchen has it. Tagging up at third is Lindor, and it's a three-to-one New York lead.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Son of a bitch.

ROCCO (O.S.)

Tell me about it.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Not that. I lost my phone.

David looks down at Vincent's phone: clutched in his hand.

ROCCO (O.S.)

What?

VINCENT (O.S.)

I thought it was in my pocket, but it's not.

ROCCO (O.S.)

Did you look under the seat, or on the floor?

VINCENT (O.S.)

Yeah, I looked everywhere.

NEMO (O.S.)

You old timers! You're always fucking losing shit. You probably got dementia like Mickey Santoro.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Fuck you, Nemo. Your mother's got dementia.

(to Rocco)

Try calling it.

David navigates through the phone. Clicks to **SETTINGS > VOLUME > SILENT ALL.**

ROCCO (O.S.)

When was the last time you had it?

VINCENT (O.S.)
Just now, it was here on the seat!

A WINDOW pops up on the phone: INCOMING CALL.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nemo, turn that down.

The sound of the baseball game FADES OUT.

Everyone is silent.

RAIN hammers the roof.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you hear it?

ROCCO (O.S.)
... No.

NEMO (O.S.)
I don't hear shit.

The phone continues to RING SILENTLY. David doesn't answer.

NEMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Screw this, we're missing the game.

The sound of the radio FADES BACK IN.

VINCENT (O.S.)
If it's in the car, we should've
heard it.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Must be out of power. Relax, I'm
sure it'll turn up.

Rocco hangs up the call.

David exhales. He checks the timer on his watch: **49 MINUTES**.

He unbuttons his shirt, peels it off his stomach. His skin is
crusted over with DRY, STICKY BLOOD. David prods the
bandages: still intact. He covers them up again.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Strikes out Bohm for a second time.
Eight tonight for Peterson.

NEMO (O.S.)
Fucking Peterson. I wish someone
would break his fucking kneecaps.

David thinks.

DAVID
(sotto)
Dammit. What are the odds...?

He turns on Vincent's phone again, enters 9-1-1. His thumb hovers over the DIAL button. He presses it.

Someone answers. A FEMALE.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Nine-one-one response. What's your
emergency?

David breathes a SIGH OF RELIEF -- it's not Sgt. Doyle.

DAVID
(whisper)
My name is David Hall. I'm stuck in
the trunk of a car.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
I understand, sir. Have you tried
pulling the trunk release switch?

DAVID
Yeah, it didn't work.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Can you tell me how you ended up in
the car?

DAVID
I was shot by someone named Frankie
Ricchetti. His men put me here.
They think I'm dead, and now
they're taking me somewhere to bury
me.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Did I hear you correctly? You said
you were shot by Frankie Ricchetti?

DAVID
Yeah.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Alright. Ricchetti is a known
member of the Philadelphia Mafia.
Is that who you mean?

DAVID
That sounds like him.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
And there are other members of the
Mafia in the car right now?

DAVID
Uh-huh.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
How many are there?

DAVID
Three. One of them's named Nemo.
And there's a fat one and an old
guy. I don't know their names.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
You said you were shot, is that
correct?

DAVID
Yeah. I kinda patched myself up
with a first aid kit, but I -- I
could really use some help here.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Don't worry, David. As soon as we
pinpoint your location we'll
dispatch an officer to pull the car
over and open the trunk.

DAVID
Okay, that sounds good.

Silence.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
David, are you making this call on
a regular cell phone?

DAVID
I think so... Why?

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
We're having trouble tracking down
your signal.

DAVID
Do I need to switch on the GPS or
something?

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
That should activate automatically
for emergency calls.

(beat)

(MORE)

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
By any chance are you using one of
your kidnappers' phones?

DAVID
I am, yeah.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Okay. They might've taken special
measures to disable the GPS on
their device.

DAVID
You can do that?

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
You can if you have the money. It's
also possible they disconnected the
trunk release switch.

(beat)
Can you tell me the make and color
of the vehicle you're trapped in?

DAVID
It's a black Cadillac sedan. Pretty
recent. Maybe 2024.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
That's good, we'll put out an APB.
Do you have any idea where they're
taking you?

DAVID
No... One of them said it's a few
counties over. I think they buried
someone there a couple weeks ago.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
That doesn't narrow it down very
much. Did they mention anything
else?

DAVID
It's about seventy, eighty minutes
from where I was shot.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Do you remember where that was?

DAVID
At a cement plant. Somewhere in the
city. That was --
(checks watch)
Thirty-five minutes ago.

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
Alright, David. Try to pay
attention to what they say. If you
hear anything useful, let me know.
I'm gonna stay on the line. We'll
figure this out together.

DAVID
Thank you.
(beat)
What's your name?

FEMALE DISPATCH OFFICER (V.O.)
My name is Officer Hannah Dawson.

DAVID
Have you been doing this very long?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Three years this April, sir.

DAVID
Do you know Sergeant Doyle?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Yes, sir. Doyle's in here right
now. He's answering a call. Is he a
friend of yours?

DAVID
No... Don't trust him.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
I'm sorry, David. Could you repeat
that?

DAVID
He works for Frankie Ricchetti.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Are you sure about that?

DAVID
He was at the cement plant. They
were shaking hands.
(beat)
Don't let him know I'm alive. All
it takes is one call to the guys up
front and I'm dead.

The line goes very quiet.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Dawson?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
I'll talk to my supervisor. We'll
have Sergeant Doyle moved for now.
We won't tell him why.

DAVID
Okay. What about me?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
The most important thing right now
is to figure out where you are.
Have you tried accessing the
vehicle's taillights from inside?

DAVID
Will that help?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
If you push the brake lights out
you can signal another car. They
can call nine-one-one and give us
your location. Or you might be able
to spot a recognizable landmark
from inside the trunk.

DAVID
Sounds good, what do I do?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Sometimes there's a panel you can
open in the wall.

David rotates himself around.

He switches on the smartphone's FLASHLIGHT. Peers into the
BACK-RIGHT CORNER of the trunk. Then the BACK-LEFT.

No panel. Just more carpet.

DAVID
I don't see anything like that.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Okay. You mentioned a first aide
kit earlier. Does it come with a
pair of scissors?

DAVID
Yeah. Little ones.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Try to use the scissors to cut open
the carpet where the taillights
should be.

DAVID
 Alright... Please hold.

David sets the phone down. Grabs the scissors.

He rolls onto his side so he's facing the back-right taillight. Positions the scissors over the stretch of carpet.

He listens:

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*Sigura taps it to short, and -- no
 play for Lindor! Just didn't get
 out there quick enough.*

David *stabs* the scissors into the carpet wall.

He cuts upward. Once a sizable hole is made, he pulls at the carpet with his hands, ripping it apart to reveal --

A MESS OF COLORFUL WIRES.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
 David?

DAVID
 I've got a bunch of wires here.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
 Yank the wires out.

DAVID
 Did you say -- ?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
 Just yank 'em out.

DAVID
 You got it.

David clutches the tangle of wires in his fist. He gives it a dubious tug. Nothing happens.

He yanks it *hard*. The wires rip clear.

INSERT CUT: outside the car, the RIGHT TAILLIGHT goes out.

David drops the clump of wiring.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Now what?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
You have to kick or push the brake
light out. Be careful. This can
make a lot of noise.

DAVID
Okay...

David presses his hand against the INSIDE METAL PANEL of the
casing. It doesn't budge.

He pushes again. Nothing.

David swivels around. Positions his foot over the casing.

He pauses.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*Bases loaded for the Phillies now,
with two outs. Hoskins up to bat.*

ROCCO (O.S.)
You think he'll make it?

NEMO (O.S.)
No fucking chance.

David *stomps his foot* down on the casing.

CRUNCH.

It doesn't move. David freezes.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*And a swing and a miss. That's one
strike for Hoskins.*

David waits. None of the mobsters speak.

He tries again. The casing loosens up, but stays in place.

He holds his breath.

David slams his foot down a *THIRD TIME*, and --

SMASH!!

The casing pops free.

NEMO (O.S.)
What was that?

David covers his mouth with his hand.

ROCCO (O.S.)

What?

NEMO (O.S.)

That noise... Like a crunch.

VINCENT (O.S.)

I didn't hear any noise.

NEMO (O.S.)

Shhh! Shut up...!

The radio is lowered to HALF-VOLUME.

David doesn't move.

Everyone in the car strains to listen.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

David, are you there?

Shit. Fuck. Crap. David snaps up the phone. Lowers the volume to MUTE.

ROCCO (O.S.)

Did you hit something?

NEMO (O.S.)

No.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Maybe we drove over a pothole.

NEMO (O.S.)

It weren't no fucking pothole.

Silence.

ROCCO (O.S.)

I don't hear anything.

Nemo doesn't answer.

More silence.

Then, on the radio: A *CRACK*. The baseball crowd *ROARS*.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

I don't believe it! A home run for Hoskins, the ball is in the stands!

ROCCO (O.S.)

(excited)

No way!!

NEMO (O.S.)
Are you shitting me??

VINCENT (O.S.)
Turn it back up!

The volume on the radio returns to normal.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*Philadelphia takes the lead, five-
to-four.*

NEMO (O.S.)
YES!! ... *Fuck yes!!*

VINCENT (O.S.)
What'd I tell you?

NEMO (O.S.)
That dude just saved my life. I was
this fucking close to pissing away
three thousand bucks.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Our boys are pulling through.

David allows himself to breathe again. He raises the volume
back up on the phone.

DAVID
(into phone)
Sorry. They almost heard me just
now.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
You're safe though, right?

DAVID
Yeah, sorta. Given the
circumstances.

David rotates around to get a closer look at his handiwork:

He has broken straight through the plastic taillight and can
see outside. A SOFT WIND whistles through the opening.

David sticks his hand out, pulls it back in: it's covered in
DROPLETS OF RAIN.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I broke the taillight. What do I do
now?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Are there any cars behind you?

David scoots forward, tries to peer through the tiny hole:

All he can see is a patch of EMPTY ROAD, lit by the second taillight. Beyond it is nothing but INKY BLACKNESS, hidden by the CONSTANT RAIN.

DAVID
I don't see any cars. I don't see anything. Just rain.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
There are no street signs or lights from passing buildings?

DAVID
No, nothing.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Then you're somewhere in the country. Keep an eye out in case you see anything.

David tries to hide his disappointment.

DAVID
Will do.

He looks back at the timer on his watch: **39 minutes.**

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
David? I've got my supervisor Captain Lockwood here. He'd like to have a word with you.

DAVID
I'm all ears.

An OLDER VOICE comes in through the phone:

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Hey there, this is Lockwood. Dawson filled me in. It's quite a pickle we've got here, isn't it?

DAVID
Yes, sir. Quite a pickle.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
I put Doyle in a holding room. He's mad as hell, but I don't really care. We had our eyes on him for a while before we got your call.

DAVID
Glad I could help.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
My assistant Darcey's on the phone with Judge Matthau. They're writing up a warrant for Ricchetti's arrest. It'll be ready in about five minutes. When it's done I'll send some boys up to his place, put him in cuffs. How's that sound?

DAVID
Sounds great. I just hope I don't miss the trial.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Me too, son. Very much so.
(beat)
Tell me, how much do you know about Ricchetti?

DAVID
Nothing, really. I taught his daughter piano. He told me he imports furniture, but he's really a Mafia boss.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
He's the Cocaine King, is what he is. His outfit is the supplier for half of Pennsylvania. FBI, DEA, local law, everyone wants to nab this guy. But guess who's bringing him in? Your pal Sheldon Lockwood, thanks to you. That makes saving your ass a personal curtesy as well as my job.

DAVID
Honestly, any reason works for me.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
We can't put him down for racketeering, but if I could slap a fat, juicy attempted murder charge on him, first degree, I could do some real damage.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Get him scared, he starts to name names. We could end *La Cosa Nostra* in this town for good.

(beat)

You just hang tight. Try not to die. We've got cruisers all over the Philadelphia area looking for you. Give it fifteen minutes, one of 'em will pull over your Cadillac. That's a promise. Dawson's a first rate dispatcher. You're in excellent hands.

DAVID

Thanks, Captain.

David waits as Dawson takes the mouthpiece back.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Hi David. What's your battery at?

David glances at the phone.

DAVID

Fifty percent.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Alright. Is it still just country outside?

David looks out the broken taillight again. A light rain sprays his face.

DAVID

Yeah... There's a few lights in the distance. But nothing distinct.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Well, you heard the Captain. Fifteen minutes. That's our estimate.

DAVID

I know. Looking forward to it.

David turns away from the taillight.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CADILLAC TRUNK - LATER

Nothing has changed. It's unclear how much time has passed.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Ball four, threw him a three-two change up. And Ladora throws the lead off Long, second one given up by Anderson today.

NEMO (O.S.)

Hey... We better remember to make the hole pretty deep this time, okay?

VINCENT (O.S.)

What?

NEMO (O.S.)

For the body. Ciggy said his boys put someone there in August. A week later, the water level rose, washed away the dirt by one of the pilings. Nearly carried the body out.

ROCCO (O.S.)

I'm not doing no six-feet-under shit.

NEMO (O.S.)

I know. I'm just saying. We should probably make it deeper than we did with the bellhop.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Sure, whatever. We'll dig the hole a little deeper.

David puts the phone to his ear.

DAVID

Dawson, did you hear that?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

What?

DAVID

They're burying me near water.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Did they say where?

DAVID

No, but they're worried the current will drag away my corpse.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Near water could mean a lot of things. Marshland. Riverbanks. If they crossed into New Jersey, even on the coast.

DAVID
They mentioned pilings. It's gotta be under a bridge. That narrows it down, right?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
It helps. But there're a lot of creeks and waterways nearby, and over a thousand bridges. We're going to need more.

DAVID
I know. I'll keep listening.

David pauses.

A NEW SOUND has emerged between the drumming of the rain and the chatter on the radio.

A HISSING.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What is that?

The hissing is replaced by a FLAPPING, RUBBERY NOISE, coming from the WHEEL WELL right behind David's head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh no... Oh, fuck.
(into phone)
They've got a flat tire.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Are you sure?

DAVID
I'm positive. This is bad. They're gonna open the trunk to get the spare, and when they do they'll see I'm still alive!

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Alright, stay calm. Can you play dead? Pretend you never woke up?

DAVID

They think I'm wrapped in a tarp.
That's how they left me. I had to
climb out before I called you.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Can you climb back in?

DAVID

What?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

It doesn't have to be perfect.
They'll be thinking about the tire.

David looks unsure. The FLAPPING gets louder.

DAVID

They're gonna notice any second. I
wanna make a run for it.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

That's a bad idea.

DAVID

I've got scissors, none of them are
expecting it. If I stab one early
on I might have a shot.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

It's three against one, David. All
of them are armed. A pair of
scissors isn't going to help.

DAVID

(a hiss)

*I'm not going to wrap myself up in
my own body bag!!*

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

You don't have a choice! The most
surefire way to get yourself killed
is by making rash decisions.

David mulls this over.

DAVID

Fuck.

He hangs up the phone. Starts cleaning up.

NEMO (O.S.)

What the hell? It's driving funny.
Like it's off balance or something.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Maybe you got a flat.

David snatches up his wallet, keys, and power cord. Stuffs them in his pocket.

He grabs the medical supplies, crams them into the leather pouch. Zips it shut.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Better pull over and check.

David remembers something, unzips the kit. He retrieves the tiny scissors, zips it up again.

David lifts up the flap in the floor, tosses the first aid kit underneath.

He grabs the balled-up tarp, unfurls it.

ROCCO (O.S.)
There's a shoulder.

The rumble of tires STOPS. The engine TURNS OFF. The Cadillac has pulled onto the shoulder.

David inserts his legs through the bottom of the loose tube of tarpaulin.

He pulls the tarp around him on both sides.

We hear the CLUNK of a CAR DOOR opening. FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

ROCCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You see anything?

NEMO (O.S.)
The front tires look good.

David reaches upwards, slides the stretched out ring of duct tape back over his shoulders.

More footsteps.

NEMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here we go. Back right. It's
fucking wasted.

David tucks the blue tarp down over his head, into the duct tape circle. He is now completely covered.

NEMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Rocco, get out. You're helping me
with the spare.

ROCCO (O.S.)
This had to happen in the fucking
rain.

ANOTHER DOOR opens and closes.

There's a BEEP-BEEP from Nemo's keys. *The lid of the trunk unlatches.*

David feels around his torso.

DAVID
Crap.

He extends his hand through a fold in the tarp and retrieves the medical scissors, just as --

Nemo opens the trunk.

NEMO
Ah, shit! Look at my trunk. It's
soaked in fucking blood.

ROCCO
What do you expect?

NEMO
That's a waterproof tarp. What's
the point of a waterproof tarp if
it can't keep in all the blood?

ROCCO
You wrapped him up. You probably
did a shitty job.

NEMO
Don't start with me, man. This is
gonna take fucking weeks to wash
out.

They shove David's body forward. Inside the tarp, he lies as limp as a rag doll, clutching the scissors defensively.

He listens to them open the flap and struggle with the spare.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Be careful! We don't want some
shmuck passing by to see what we
got in the back.

NEMO
Like who? There's nobody fucking
here.

Rocco grunts as he lifts up the spare tire.

ROCCO
Where's the jack and the --

NEMO
I got 'em, let's go.

MORE FOOTSTEPS as they circle back to the flat.

Then -- the whole car starts to SHAKE. Rocco is working the jack. David closes his eyes. He bounces around uncomfortably.

He glances at his watch: **7:05 PM.**

The shaking stops.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Lug wrench?

NEMO (O.S.)
No, I'll do this part myself.

ROCCO (O.S.)
You want anything else from me?

NEMO (O.S.)
Yeah, shut up. You're getting on my nerves. And don't get in the car, you'll break the jack.

David waits as Nemo removes the lugs.

Rocco hovers by the trunk.

ROCCO
Hey, Vincent. I found your phone!

David's heart skips a beat. He feels his pockets. He has a phone. He thought it was Vincent's phone.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Really?

ROCCO
Yeah, it was in the trunk. You must've left it here when we tossed in Liberace.

ANOTHER DOOR opens. Footsteps.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
What'd I tell you, it was just out of power.

VINCENT
This isn't mine.

ROCCO
Bullshit.

VINCENT
Mine has a different case. This one's probably his. It fell out of his pocket.

ROCCO
Then I don't know where yours is.

NEMO (O.S.)
Hey! Close the trunk, there's someone fucking coming.

ROCCO
Shit.

Vincent tosses David's phone back down.

The trunk slams shut.

We hear the FAINT HUM of a VEHICLE approaching. It gets louder and louder, then it passes with a ROAR.

The hum dies out.

ROCCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's gone.

NEMO (O.S.)
Good. Some nosy prick calling the cops is the last thing we need.

VINCENT
How's it coming?

NEMO
I'm almost done.

David waits. Rain pummels the roof.

NEMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That should do it.

The whole car starts to SHAKE again. It comes down with a BUMP. More CRUNCHING GRAVEL.

Nemo unlocks the trunk and swings it open. He rolls David forward and opens the flap.

Rocco fits the flat tire into the place for the spare.

NEMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hurry up, will you? I'm getting soaked.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Alright, it's in.

Nemo returns the tools to their place in the lower compartment and closes the trunk with a BANG.

David stays frozen.

A door opens and shuts. The car starts up.

The WHUMP-WHUMP of the window wipers comes back.

The car pulls back onto the road.

David rolls onto his back.

He plunges the scissors through the tarp, cuts open a hole.
He rips off the wrapping, sucks in a mouthful of air.

David reexamines his surroundings. The same empty trunk. Wind whistles through the broken taillight.

He sighs.

His phone VIBRATES. David checks the caller ID: **KATIE RICCHETTI**. He answers.

DAVID
Katie?

CAROLINE (V.O.)
No, it's Caroline. Your friend let me borrow her phone.

DAVID
Oh. I was meaning to tell you --

CAROLINE (V.O.)
I just got back from the hospital to find there's a *stranger* in my house, who claims you invited her here.

DAVID
That's not a problem, is it?

CAROLINE (V.O.)
David --

DAVID

She only needs to stay there a few days.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

She's part of the mafia.

DAVID

No, that's just her husband.
Katie's fine. Her parents ran a Baskin-Robbins.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

I don't care what her parents did!

DAVID

He tried to kill her, Caroline.
Where else is she supposed to go?

Silence.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

I want her gone before Nathan gets home.

DAVID

Thank you.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

And If I find out that you put me
or my family in danger, so help me
god, I'll kill you all over again.

DAVID

Fine. That's fair.

Caroline SIGHS.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

How 'bout you, are you doing okay?

DAVID

Well, I might've just blown my last
chance to escape for a while.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

That good, huh?

DAVID

I got in touch with the police.
Philadelphia's Finest are looking
for me now, so...

CAROLINE (V.O.)
At least there's hope.

DAVID
A little bit.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Katie wants to talk to you, I'm
putting her on, okay? I love you.

DAVID
I love you. Goodbye --

KATIE (V.O.)
David?

DAVID
Hey.

KATIE (V.O.)
I met your sister. She was pretty
freaked out when she saw me.

DAVID
Did she do anything?

KATIE (V.O.)
She threw her mail at me. Used some
four-letter words...

DAVID
Yeah, Caroline knows a lot of
those.

KATIE (V.O.)
Some mess we're in, huh.

DAVID
Some mess.

Quiet pause.

KATIE (V.O.)
Frankie's had so many affairs, I've
lost count, but when I do it once...

DAVID
Double standard?

KATIE (V.O.)
More like a Frankie-vs-the-world
standard.

(beat)

(MORE)

KATIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hang in there. I'll talk to you
soon.

DAVID
Talk to you later.

David hangs up. Drops the phone.

He repositions himself to get another look out the taillight.
Still nothing.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*And he goes down swinging on that
split change. We saw Walker making
prodigious use of that pitch early
in the game.*

ROCCO (O.S.)
Just when you think they're turning
it around someone fucks it up.

Vincent's phone gets another incoming call: **BIG TONY.**

David ignores it. The vibrating stops.

He gets a text:

Vinnie u there?

David ignores this too.

A phone BUZZES up front.

ROCCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's Big Tony.
(answering phone)
What's up? ... No, we think his
phone went dead. He can't find it.

VINCENT (O.S.)
What's he want?

ROCCO (O.S.)
You're shitting me.
(to the others)
Katie made it out. Jumped out the
fucking window and made off in
Frankie's Ford Escape.

VINCENT (O.S.)
For real?

NEMO (O.S.)
Frankie must be blowing steam out
his ears.

ROCCO (O.S.)
(into phone)
How can we help? ... Sure, that's
Molina's territory. Snakes' crew
lives down there. ... They're good,
I pulled a job with them last year.
... Okay, good luck. Call me back.

Rocco hangs up.

ROCCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Frankie knows where she went. He's
going there now. Wants to finish
this tonight.

NEMO (O.S.)
(excited)
Fucking A!

VINCENT (O.S.)
You don't fuck with Frankie.

Vincent's phone BUZZES. It's the **PHILADELPHIA POLICE**. David
snaps it up.

DAVID
You need to hurry up with that
arrest.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
David, this is Lockwood. The
warrant came through. My boys are
at Ricchetti's house now. They say
he isn't there.

David's heart sinks.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Housemaid claims he left twenty
minutes ago.

DAVID
He's going to kill his wife. She's
staying at my sister's, you gotta
do something.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Does he know where she is?

DAVID
I think so.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
What's your sister's address?

DAVID
One-eighteen Deerborn Lane.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Don't worry, David. We're sending
the cavalry. I'll be leading the
charge myself.

(to the room)
Listen up! We got a murder in
progress at one-eighteen Deerborn
Lane! I want four units ready to go
ASAP. And a paramedic team!

Officer Dawson's voice comes in through the speaker.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
David, it's Officer Dawson. I want
you to stay on the line.

DAVID
I'm sorry. I'm putting you on hold,
I'll be right back.

David clicks HOLD. Selects another number. DIALS.

Katie answers.

KATIE (V.O.)
David?

DAVID
Were you followed?

KATIE (V.O.)
No.

DAVID
Is there any way Frankie would know
where you are?

KATIE (V.O.)
No, what's going on?

DAVID
They said he does. That he's going
after you right now.

KATIE (V.O.)
Well, he's not, 'cause he doesn't
even know about this place.

CAROLINE'S VOICE comes in from further away.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
What is it?

KATIE (V.O.)
Your brother's being cautious.

DAVID
I'm not. If he can find out about
us, then he can --

He stops, a terrible idea striking him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
The car.

KATIE (V.O.)
What?

DAVID
He must've put a tracker on the
Ford. That's all he needs. Grab
Caroline and get the hell out!

KATIE (V.O.)
Okay.
(shouting)
Caroline, we gotta go!

David puts her on hold, switches back to Dawson.

DAVID
Dawson, where we at?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Captain Lockwood just left. He'll
be there as soon as possible.

DAVID
Good.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Wait, don't put me on --

David switches back to Katie.

KATIE (V.O.)
David, he just arrived.

DAVID

What?

KATIE (V.O.)

Two cars pulled up outside.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

C'mon. We can get out the back!

We hear MUFFLED RUNNING. It stops.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Fuck.

KATIE (V.O.)

They're in the back too! He's got half a dozen people here.

DAVID

Try to hide. The police are on their way.

KATIE (V.O.)

He's already seen me!

There's a *BANG* like a gunshot. *BREAKING GLASS*. Then a *CLUNK* as the phone hits the floor.

DAVID

Katie??

KATIE (V.O.)

SHIT!

Her voice is softer. She's no longer holding the phone.

KATIE (V.O.)

(to Caroline)

Go, I'll be fine!

DAVID

Katie, what happened?

KATIE (V.O.)

He shot me in the leg. Caroline ran upstairs.

David's phone BINGS with a text:

2 mins out - Cpt Lockwood

We hear the WOODEN *WHOOSH* of a drawer sliding open. The CLATTER of someone digging through silverware.

A door SMASHES inward.

We hear FRANKIE'S ICY VOICE.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Hello, honey.

KATIE (V.O.)
Frances.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
What've you got behind your back?

KATIE (V.O.)
Why don't you come here, I'll show
you.

David checks his watch.

DAVID
(sotto)
Stall him, Katie. Keep him
talking...!

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Who else is here?

KATIE (V.O.)
No one. It's just me.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
I saw another car in the driveway.

KATIE (V.O.)
That's my friend's. She's out
walking her dog.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
(to an underling)
Search the house. If you find
anyone, put them in the van.

HEAVY FEET clomp past the phone. Frankie speaks again, closer
this time.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
How's your leg?

KATIE (V.O.)
It's fan-fucking-tastic, Frankie.
Thank you.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Your lover's dead. The piano
teacher? I tried to make it quick.

KATIE (V.O.)
(gritting her teeth)
Yeah?

FRANKIE (V.O.)
I don't intend to show you the same
curtesy.

Frantic footsteps. The sounds of a struggle. Then a SWOOSH --
and a masculine SHOUT. Someone staggers back.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
You bitch!

KATIE (V.O.)
Try anything else and I'll cut you
again.

HEAVY BREATHING.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Didn't anyone teach you, you never
bring a knife to a gun fight?

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Thump. Katie's body hits the floor.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Two-timing cunt.

David bites his hand to keep from screaming.

A NEW VOICE comes in.

BIG TONY (V.O.)
Boss, we gotta go. The cops are
coming.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Alright, let's beat it.

We hear movement. Feet STOMPING downstairs. Doors SLAMMING.
Tires SQUEALING on the road.

The noise dies down, replaced by empty silence. Until -- a
shaky, RASPY BREATH reaches the phone.

KATIE (V.O.)
David.

David perks up.

DAVID
Katie?

KATIE (V.O.)
He's gone...

DAVID
Hang on. The paramedics are almost there.

KATIE (V.O.)
When I told you last week... there wasn't anything between us. That you meant nothing to me as a person...

DAVID
That's okay. It doesn't matter.

KATIE (V.O.)
I lied.
(her voice cracks)
I love you, David. I'm sorry...

David doesn't know what to say.

DAVID
Katie? ... *Katie!!*

No answer.

POLICE SIRENS fade in. Cars screech to a halt. Doors bang open. Heavy footsteps.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
POLICE!! NOBODY MOVE! ... Ah, shit.
Check her pulse. Everyone else,
search the premises.

More movement.

OFFICER #1 (V.O.)
She's dead, sir.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
And Ricchetti?

OFFICER #2 (V.O.)
Gone. Must've booked it when he heard us coming.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)
Goddammit.

Lockwood pauses. We hear FOOTSTEPS growing louder.

MUFFLED BUMPS as SOMEONE picks up the phone. Then Lockwood's voice -- speaking into the receiver.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)

Hello?

David swallows.

DAVID

Hey Captain. Is my sister okay?

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (V.O.)

I'm sorry, son... We searched the house. There's no one here.

David says nothing. He ends the call, switches back to Officer Dawson.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

David? We're still looking.
Montgomery police say they picked up two Cadillacs, but neither of them were --

CLICK.

David hangs up. He lets the phone drop onto the carpet.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Shoots it the other way, it's a base hit into left field. Hoskins stops at second. Phillies have two runners on with nobody out.

ROCCO (V.O.)

I'll be damned.

VINCENT (O.S.)

So what are you gonna spend your three thousand bucks on, Nemo?

(beat)

Earth to Nemo!

NEMO (O.S.)

What? Oh, cocaine and hookers.

Rocco laughs.

VINCENT (V.O.)

That's typical. You kids don't have any class no more.

David doesn't move.

The wind ROARS LOUDER than ever through the broken taillight.

He clenches his eyes, trying to block it out. David slams his head against the trunk wall. *Thunk*. Again. *Thunk-thunk*. He doesn't even care if they hear him. *Thunk-thunk-thunk*.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
A ground ball softly to third.
Charging is Guillaume, he throws
home, and -- not in time! The run
scores. Phillies are eight-to-five.

He stops.

David places his hands on the ceiling of the trunk. Pushes up. It doesn't even bend.

He stares at the ceiling, his expression empty.

And then, slowly --

ALL THE SOUND FADES OUT.

No more wind. No more baseball. No more rain and rumbling tires. Just David's steady breathing.

He presses his INDEX FINGER up:

A clear, ringing PIANO NOTE plays out.

He presses up with his other hand: ANOTHER NOTE.

He spreads his fingers out. Tries an ENTIRE CHORD.

Okay.

David positions his hands over the ceiling as if it were a real piano, and he were about to begin a concert.

He hesitates...

Then he plays.

"Nocturne in E-flat major" by Frederic Chopin.

It is equal parts SWEET and LONELY. Andante. 12/8 time, almost like a waltz. Some would even call it romantic.

For every flick of David's finger, every twist of his thumb, the corresponding note sounds in the warm timbre of an instrument which isn't there.

At last, he arrives at the end of the piece. His fingers hold together, as the FINAL MELANCHOLY CHORD fades out.

It is replaced by SILENCE.

David reaches forward and "grabs" the piano lid... We hear the WOODEN SCRAPE as he pulls it shut.

And now it's just a ceiling again. In the trunk of a car.

The song is over.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CADILLAC TRUNK - LATER

Vincent's phone BUZZES: the **PHILADELPHIA POLICE**.

Without looking, David declines the call.

The phone buzzes again. He declines.

It vibrates a THIRD TIME. David snaps it up.

DAVID

(a hiss)

Listen! I don't care how close you
are to finding another car -- !

CAROLINE (V.O.)

David, it's me.

He stops.

DAVID

... Caroline?

CAROLINE (V.O.)

That's right.

DAVID

They told me you were gone. I
thought you were killed by
Ricchetti...!

CAROLINE (V.O.)

He never found me. I was hiding in
the loft. I didn't come out till
after you hung up with Lockwood.

DAVID

Are you at the station now?

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Yeah. David, look. I'm sorry about
Katie, but you can't just give up
now. You have to keep trying.

(beat)
How much time do you have?

David checks the timer on his watch.

DAVID
Ten minutes. Maybe less.

Officer Dawson's voice comes in.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
David, I want you to check outside
the taillight again.

DAVID
I already tried that.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Do it again! You can't have driven
this far without seeing anything we
can use.

David scoots himself around. He peers through the gaping hole
in the wall.

The rain has stopped, but otherwise it's the same: empty
road, black country, zero cars.

DAVID
There's nothing. We're in the
middle of nowhere, just like --

WHOOSH!!

A LIGHT flies overhead.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
David?

David struggles to get a better view.

DAVID
Wait...

AN UNUSUAL SHAPE is framed in the brake light opening.
BRIGHTLY LIT, positioned on the side of the road.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There's like -- a statue, or an art
piece, next to the road. It's all
lit up.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Can you describe it?

David stares. The shape gets smaller and smaller as the
vehicle drives away.

DAVID
Shit.

He minimizes the call, pulls up the camera. David ZOOMS IN on
the sculpture.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's made of metal. It looks like
giant... wings. Like bird wings, or
something.

Just like he said: a pair of ENORMOUS WINGS, 18 feet across.
Lit up from below.

David SNAPS a picture. It's blurry and small. You can hardly
see it.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Good enough.
(to Dawson)
I'm sending my sister a photo.

He hits SEND.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Okay, she got it. Thank you.
(to the room)
Attention! Does anyone know this
sculpture? Giant wings. On the side
of the road.

OFFICER #3 (V.O.)
Lemme see it?
(beat)
Yeah, it's the *Ali Di Angeli*. Some
art guy in Berks County made it.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Do you know where it is?

OFFICER #3 (V.O.)
On Benjamin Franklin Highway.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Benjamin Franklin. Thank you.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
(doing the math)
They've been driving for sixty
minutes...

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
We need a waterway that's *seventy*
minutes out, that crosses Benjamin
Franklin Highway.
(to David)
Hang on, David, we're almost done.

David waits.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
There! Schuylkill River. The
highway crosses over the West Shore
Bypass.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
That's perfect.
(calling out)
CAPTAIN!!

Dawson leaps out of her chair. Caroline takes the mouthpiece.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
David, we figured out where they're
taking you. We're sending someone
now.

David's eyes well up with tears.

DAVID
Thank you.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Just hold on for a little longer.

DAVID
After this, you can tell Mom and
Dad you saved my life.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Saved your life *twice*. Don't forget
the bullet holes in your stomach.

DAVID
I won't.

Dawson takes the mouthpiece back.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
David, we called the Reading PD,
they're on their way. They'll be
there in ten minutes.

David blinks.

DAVID
Did you say ten?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
That's right.

He checks his timer: **7 minutes, 30 seconds** left.

DAVID
That's not gonna work.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Why not?

DAVID
It's too long. Isn't there anyone
closer?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
No one who can mobilize in time.

DAVID
Well, tell your friends in Reading
to burn rubber, 'cause otherwise
they'll be rescuing a corpse.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
I'll try to get the message across.

DAVID
Great.

David puts the phone down. He keeps the call running.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Perfect.

He slams his head against the wall once more.

Thunk... PLOP.

David sits up. What was that?

He turns around, examines the side of the trunk. A DENT has
formed where his head has repeatedly smacked it.

David feels the carpet siding. He raps his knuckles against the wall... It sounds like CARDBOARD underneath.

He taps a higher section. It makes a HARDER SOUND. More like metal.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
David? Are you still there?

DAVID
Hold on. I think I found something.

He picks up the scissors. Pushes them into the wall. They plunge straight through. David pulls the scissors out.

WHITE POWDER pours onto the floor.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
What is it?

DAVID
Drugs. I think I just uncovered one of Ricchetti's secret stores.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Cocaine?

DAVID
Uh-huh.

David digs his finger into the hole. He gets a grip and tears the carpet out, ripping free a one-foot section.

Several PLASTIC BAGS spill out of the wall, each one full of snowy white powder. One has been punctured by the scissors.

MORE BAGS are strapped to the wall. David feels through them.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There's something else here too.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
What is it?

He extracts a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL from beneath the bags of coke. Tries out the weight in his hand.

DAVID
Plan B.

David turns the gun around, his mind racing. He knows what he has to do.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

David?

DAVID

I found a gun. I need to know how to use it.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Where'd you find it?

DAVID

In the cache above the wheel.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Have you ever used a firearm before?

DAVID

I teach piano to children. What do you think?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

That's okay, it's pretty simple. Can you tell me the manufacturer and model number? It should be printed on the side of the barrel.

David clicks on the smartphone's flashlight, shines it over the pistol. Etched into the frame is: **PIETRO BERETTA - MADE IN ITALY.**

DAVID

It's a Beretta...

He turns it around.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ninety-two F S.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

Beretta 92. That's a semi-automatic nine millimeter pistol. Standard issue in the US army. It should carry fifteen rounds.

DAVID

Great. What do I do with it?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)

You'll want to check if it's fully loaded. Remove the magazine by pressing the release button. Front of the grip.

He presses it. The magazine pops out.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
You can count the cartridges
through the holes in the back of
the magazine.

DAVID
It looks full.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Good. Push the magazine back into
place. You should feel it catch.

David does this. There's a click.

DAVID
Now what?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Keep a firm hold on the handle with
your dominant hand. Make sure it's
all the way up on the grip, or the
gun will go flying out of your
grasp.

DAVID
Got it.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
To load a bullet into the chamber,
grab the serrations on the side of
the frame and slide it back.

He slides it back. *Ka-chick*.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Release the safety by rotating the
lever above the handle into the up
position.

DAVID
And then?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Point and shoot.

DAVID
That's it?

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
That's it.

DAVID
I've never killed someone before.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
Neither have I, that's why I chose
to work in dispatch.

David checks the timer on his watch: **4 minutes**. He takes a
deep breath. Almost time.

OFFICER DAWSON (V.O.)
We're all pulling for you, David.
Good luck.

DAVID
Thanks. See you soon.

He hangs up.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
*Hoskins scores! Here comes Harper.
He scores too. The Phillies are up
by five!*

VINCENT (O.S.)
How about that?

ROCCO (O.S.)
Nice to see the other guys fucking
up for once.

Silence.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Nemo, you hear that? Our team just
scored two points.

NEMO (O.S.)
(unenthusiastic)
Great.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Nemo, you feeling okay?

ROCCO (O.S.)
What's wrong, you catch yourself in
the mirror lately?

Nemo doesn't laugh.

No one says anything. And then --

NEMO (O.S.)
(quiet)
*How'd the phone get out of his
pocket?*

David tenses up.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Who's phone? What the fuck are you
talking about?

NEMO (O.S.)
The asshole in the trunk. The phone
was in his pocket. His pocket was
in the tarp. How come it was out
when we stopped to fix the tire?

Beat.

ROCCO (O.S.)
I don't know, we were driving. He
was rolling around. It just slid
out. What's it matter?

NEMO (O.S.)
It didn't just slide out. That shit
doesn't happen.

VINCENT (O.S.)
So you didn't wrap him tight
enough.

NEMO (O.S.)
I know how to wrap a fucking body,
Vincent. I'm a professional. When I
do a job, I get it done right.
(beat)
And I double-checked his phone was
in his pocket before we left.

Nobody knows what to say.

NEMO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And here's another thing. Why the
hell was all that blood back there?
My trunk looked like a Stephen King
wet dream.

VINCENT (O.S.)
(uneasy)
You know, Frankie got carried away.
He turned him into swiss cheese.

NEMO (O.S.)
Bullshit. I haul bodies every other week. Ain't none of them make a mess like this before. Not when they're wrapped up.

ROCCO (O.S.)
So what are you saying? That dead guy unwrapped himself, used his phone, then wrapped himself back up?

VINCENT (O.S.)
Why would someone do that?

NEMO (O.S.)
I'm saying that dead guy isn't really dead.

Silence.

ROCCO (O.S.)
But Frankie shot him.

NEMO (O.S.)
He shot him in the stomach, okay? They could've all gone through. That's the only way any of this makes sense.

The others work this through.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Shit.

NEMO (O.S.)
I know.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Shit.
(hushed voice)
That motherfucker's been listening to everything we said.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Rocco, shut that off.

The radio turns off with a CLICK.

David holds his breath.

VINCENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Do you hear anything?

NEMO (O.S.)
He's not gonna start moving now.

They listen.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Fuck it. Pull over.

NEMO (O.S.)
No.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Open the trunk, I'm gonna take care
of this.

NEMO (O.S.)
We're almost fucking there. It's
just another minute. Wait till we
stop, then we'll open the trunk
together. Make it three against one.

Rocco doesn't answer.

They drive in silence.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Jesus Christ, you don't think he
found --

NEMO (O.S.)
No. I hid it myself. That shit's
fucking invisible.

David looks at the gun in his hand. He still has a chance.

There is ABSOLUTE QUIET. No one speaks. No one moves. We hear
nothing but the rumble of the tires.

The timer on David's watch hits **0:00:00**. It silently starts
to FLASH. David turns it off.

Rocco clears his throat.

ROCCO (O.S.)
It's on the right.

The car BUMPS as it pulls off the asphalt, onto a DIRT ROAD.

David tightens his grip on the gun.

Seconds tick by.

The car rolls onto gravel. It stops.

The engine TURNS OFF.

David rotates around so he's facing the trunk lid.

We hear THREE DOORS OPEN. Three pairs of shoes step out. The doors slam shut.

CRUNCHING GRAVEL.

David checks his glasses. The right lens is still CRACKED. Nothing he can do about it now.

The crunching stops. They're right outside the trunk.

We hear a gun COCK. Then ANOTHER ONE. Then a THIRD.

David wraps his finger around the trigger. His breathing is slow and deep.

There's a JINGLE of keys. The BEEP-BEEP of the signal. The trunk unlatches with a CLICK.

NEMO (O.S.)
Vincent, open it.

VINCENT (O.S.)
Why me?

NEMO (O.S.)
Just do it.

Closer footsteps.

This is it.

The moment of truth.

Vincent opens the trunk.

REVERSE ON: David, gun in hand. The barrel pointed straight at Vincent's head.

DAVID
Ciao.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Vincent's torso is OBLITERATED.

NEMO
JESUS FUCK!!

David fires TWO SHOTS at Nemo. One hits his gun hand, the other chafes his face, slicing his cheek. Nemo goes down.

David thrusts a HANDFUL OF COCAINE at Rocco's eyes.

Rocco coughs and wheezes.

ROCCO
Shit... Fuck.

David tries to leap out of the trunk, but he's too weak. Instead, he topples awkwardly to the ground.

He hits the gravel with a crunch. We get a fleeting sense of our surroundings. We are at a --

RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

A bridge spans overhead.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

ROCCO
You little prick!

David staggers to his feet, throwing all his weight into Rocco's massive girth. He pushes aside the UZI in Rocco's hand, just as Rocco OPENS FIRE.

RA-TA-TA-TA-TAT!

Bullets pepper the Cadillac. The tire POPS. The back window SHATTERS.

Rocco trips backward, taking David down with him.

David slams Rocco's hand on a rock, making him drop the Uzi. He presses the muzzle of his pistol between Rocco's eyes.

WHAM!!

A SHOVEL BLADE flies into David's head, throwing him off Rocco. Nemo stands over him, blood oozing from his jaw.

The sirens grow LOUDER.

Rocco stands, out of breath.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
That's the police. Let's beat it.

NEMO
Not until we put this fucker down.

David climbs to all fours. His glasses are gone. BLOOD AND SWEAT pour down his face. His hand is still clutched around the gun.

Rocco reaches for the Uzi.

BLAM... BLAM-BLAM... BLAM...

David fires wildly at Rocco. The fat man tips back over and lands on the ground. Two down.

NEMO (CONT'D)
Piece of shit.

The shovel *whistles down* and shatters David's hand, making him drop the Beretta.

Nemo kicks it away. He swings at David's ribs, knocking him onto his back.

Nemo STOMPS DOWN HARD on David's stomach.

NEMO (CONT'D)
You worthless. Fucking. Cocksucker.
You think you can kill me?

The wounds open up. Tears stream down David's face.

Nemo turns away.

He reappears two seconds later with a HANDGUN. He checks the clip. Slaps it back in.

NEMO (CONT'D)
Let's finish what Frankie started.

David tries to scramble back.

Nemo pins him down with his foot.

We hear POLICE CARS SKID TO A HALT nearby.

Nemo raises his gun to David's head. David looks straight down the barrel. He braces himself. And --

BANG!!

Nemo falters. His gun drops to the ground. Then he tumbles to the dirt. Dead.

David GASPS, in total shock.

More POLICE CARS sweep in, screeching to a stop. Their sirens cast a RED-AND-BLUE GLOW over the riverbank.

An OFFICER approaches. Smoke rising from his gun.

OFFICER
Are you David Hall?

DAVID
Yes.

The officer holsters his weapon.

OFFICER
It's over now. We got him.

David collapses. Exhausted.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS lift David onto a stretcher. They slide him into an AMBULANCE.

The riverbank is packed. POLICE TAPE is set up. NEWS VANS are parked nearby. REPORTERS rattle off in front of cameras while POLICEMEN wheel out THREE BODY BAGS.

A PHILADELPHIA SQUAD CAR pushes through the crowd.

READING OFFICER
Slow down! Hold it!

It squeals to a halt. Both doors open.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

David watches the paramedics work. He hears a FAMILIAR VOICE.

CAROLINE (O.S.)
Where's my brother?

READING OFFICER (O.S.)
In there, ma'am.

SOMEONE climbs into the ambulance. A DIFFERENT VOICE, also familiar:

OFFICER DAWSON (O.S.)
How's he doing?

PARAMEDIC
He's going to be okay.

DAVID POV: A FEMALE steps into view. Her face is fuzzy, but we can make out the LIGHT BLUE SHIRT of a police officer.

OFFICER DAWSON
David...? It's me.

CAROLINE (O.S.)
He needs his glasses. I have an extra pair.

SOMEONE ELSE steps into frame.

She kneels in front of David. Slides a pair of GLASSES onto his nose. Her face comes into focus:

IT IS DAVID'S SISTER CAROLINE. In the flesh.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Hey there, big brother.

DAVID
Caroline. I'm sorry.

CAROLINE
It's fine. You're alive. I'm safe...

DAVID
I thought I'd never see you again.

Caroline smiles. David turns to the POLICE WOMAN.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Officer Dawson?

OFFICER DAWSON
You can call me Hannah.

He shakes her hand.

DAVID
Thank you... for helping me.

OFFICER DAWSON
That's my job.

We hear ANOTHER FAMILIAR VOICE from outside.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD (O.S.)
Where is he?!

OFFICER DAWSON
The captain wants to see you.

DAVID
(weak nod)
Okay.

Dawson climbs out of the van. LOCKWOOD takes her place. He's early 60s, tall build, with a well trimmed mustache.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD
Son, we got him. A couple units
picked Ricchetti up on Glenwood
Avenue. He's going to jail.
(David exhales)
You should've seen his face when we
told him you survived. I don't
think I've ever seen a man turn
quite that shade of green.

Reporters shout from behind the police line.

REPORTERS
Captain! 6ABC Action News! Can we
get a word? / NBC10 Philadelphia.
Could you tell us what happened?

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD
Alright, I'm coming.
(to David)
Don't let any of these news guys
give you shit, okay?

DAVID
You got it.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD
I'll see you down the road.

Lockwood gives David a clap on the shoulder. He climbs back out, eagerly joins the reporters.

PARAMEDIC
We have to get him to the hospital,
ma'am.

CAROLINE
Can I stay with him? I'm his
sister.

PARAMEDIC
That's fine.

OFFICER DAWSON
(from outside)
Take care, you two. Try not to get
locked in any more trunks.

DAVID
I'll do my best.

David watches Dawson go:

She passes the CADILLAC. It's surrounded by police. The trunk is still open.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture of the bloody interior with a flash bulb... The tiny place where David thought he was going to die.

CAROLINE
David?

DAVID
What? ... Yeah. Let's go.

A PARAMEDIC shuts the door and the van drives off.

We CRANE UP, following the vehicle as it navigates through the mess of cop cars and reporters. It turns off of the dirt road and onto the highway, on its way to the hospital.

FADE OUT.

THE END