

NOWHERE GOOD

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

A small living room and kitchen. Bathroom off to the side. Bedroom in the back.

Cold, simple, uncluttered. Natural light peeks in from two half-windows on the outside wall.

A shower RUNS, the bathroom door ajar. Steam seeps out.

The shower STOPS. We move into --

BEDROOM

FINN, an older female dog (Boxer), lies nestled within the unmade bed covers.

SAM COLE (mid-50's) enters in a towel. Her hair still wet and no make-up on.

Attractive, cunning and unapologetic, Sam thrives as a woman often overlooked but never unnoticed.

She shakes her wet hair out over Finn, her best friend. They play for a moment.

She moves to the closet as Finn trots out of the room.

The front door BUZZES just as she's about to remove her towel. Beat. She's not expecting anyone.

LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

Finn drinks from her bowl as Sam enters. Another BUZZ.

She gets to the door. Looks through the peephole.

Rolls her eyes toward Finn.

Opens the door to reveal KENNY (late 40's). The sleazy landlord and super of the building.

[NOTE: Her name is Sam, but people know her as LIZ]

SAM

What? Didn't just get enough of me?

KENNY

You owe rent, Liz.

SAM
Funny how that timing works out.

KENNY
Nothing funny about being past due.
(beat)
You gonna invite me in?
(beat)
A cop came by today. Asked if I was
using the basement as an apartment.

SAM
Why's a cop asking that?

KENNY
(shrugs)
Maybe if he comes around again, I
should be willing to take the fine.
You, on the other hand.

SAM
The subtlety of a sledgehammer,
Kenny.

She steps aside, allowing him to enter.

He moves to Finn.

SAM (cont'd)
What'd I say about her?

He doesn't pet the dog then disappears into the bedroom.

Sam goes to the freezer. Removes a bottle of vodka. Takes a quick swig.

Turns on the TV.

SAM (cont'd)
(to Finn)
Watch your stories, gorgeous. Though
I doubt you'll get past the
commercials before he's done.

Kisses the dog then retreats into the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Wearing a long t-shirt, Sam finishes on the toilet. Moves to the sink.

As she washes, she looks into the mirror. Dials in on the SHOWER HEAD behind her.

BEDROOM

Kenny, in bed, takes a cigarette from the pack on the side table as Sam enters.

SAM
Those are mine.

KENNY
Can I have one?

SAM
You didn't take enough already?

KENNY
What did I take, your virginity?

SAM
Worse. My time.

KENNY
You know that was only a quarter's worth, right?

SAM
Get the rest of the change from your wife.

He rises and gets dressed.

KENNY
I don't like having to track you down every time.

SAM
Then tell me when I should knock on your door and ask her when you might be available.

KENNY
How 'bout I just come down here same time next week?

SAM
How 'bout same time next week I have Finn go down on you with her nice big teeth?

KENNY
Maybe you like this back and forth, Liz, but we both know you're not finding a better deal out there.

SAM
 You're not the only landlord who
 prefers pussy over profit, Kenny.

He moves to within inches of her.

KENNY
 Maybe. But I'll bet I'm the only one
 good with four times a month for
 something so pretty.

Beat. He exits. She follows into --

LIVING ROOM

Kenny pats Finn on the head.

SAM
 Bite him!

Finn BARKS. Kenny jerks his hand away.

He exits the apartment, leaving the door open and
 disappearing up the outdoor steps.

SAM (cont'd)
 So? Any good commercials?

She SLAMS the door shut.

INT. SMALL ARENA - NIGHT

SPECTATORS watch the BOXING MATCH intently.

CARLOS (mid-20's) -- lean and muscular -- is agile and quick
 as he boxes his OPPONENT.

Carlos is in black trunks. Opponent in red. They dance. Jab.
 Punch. Dodge.

DING DING DING. They retreat to their corners.

Indistinct CHATTER as the audience awaits the next round.

Sam stands alone in the back. A dress accentuates her
 figure. Heels. Just the right amount of make-up.

She takes a quick glance around. Removes a cigarette from
 her purse. Lights up.

Savors the taste. Beat.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Excuse me. Excuse me!

A SECURITY GUARD jogs to her.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry but--

SAM
I know. I know.

She takes a last drag then extinguishes it on the sole of her heel.

SECURITY GUARD
You're more than welcome to go
outside and come back.

SAM
Red trunks is going down any minute.
I don't wanna miss it.
(beat)
Twenty bucks says it happens this
round.

SECURITY GUARD
(beat)
With what odds?

SAM
Let's say two to one.

SECURITY GUARD
All he has to do is stay up this
round?

SAM
And you get forty.
(beat)
Clock's tickin'.

SECURITY GUARD
You're on.

They shake.

She brings the burnt, unlit cigarette to her lips.

DING.

Carlos and his Opponent approach each other in the ring.
More dancing. More jabs. More dodging.

Finally, Carlos connects with a clean punch. The Opponent's head whips back.

OOH's and AAH'S ripple through the crowd as Carlos pursues his Opponent on the ropes.

Carlos connects with a flurry of body shots. The Opponent tries to wrap up.

The crowd ROARS and rises to their feet.

Carlos frees himself from his Opponent's grip and delivers two quick hits to the Opponent's head.

Then back to the body as his Opponent hangs on him for dear life. Punch. After punch. After punch. Until --

The REFEREE rushes in and stops the fight. DING DING DING.

Carlos celebrates. The crowd CHEERS.

Sam takes out two \$20 bills.

SAM

He stayed up.

SECURITY GUARD

No. It was worse than a knockdown.

The Security Guard pays Sam.

EXT. SMALL ARENA - NIGHT

Sam, smoking, stands alone. The crowd long gone.

A FLICKER of something down the street.

She turns -- *Is someone watching her?* Darkness. Silence.

The metal arena doors CLICK open, piercing through the eerie silence.

Carlos emerges behind his MANAGER. They move to an idling car at the curb.

CARLOS

(to Sam)

You waiting on someone?

SAM

No.

Beat. He doesn't get in the car.

CARLOS
You were at my last fight. Right?

SAM
I was.

CARLOS
And the one before?

SAM
If you're not sure, then I wasn't.

CARLOS
(beat)
So what'd you think?

SAM
About?

CARLOS
Tonight.

SAM
When you face someone with better
footwork you're gonna have some
issues.

MANAGER
(to Carlos)
Come on, man. Let's go.

Carlos moves to Sam.

CARLOS
(to Sam)
That so?

SAM
Maybe. I don't know. I'm just a fan.

CARLOS
Most fans don't wait around this long
to give me advice.

SAM
I haven't given you any advice. I've
only told you what the problem's
gonna be.

CARLOS
And how do you suggest I solve it?

She finishes her cigarette.

MANAGER

Carlos!

SAM

(to Carlos)

I guess I could show you.

INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Good, passionate sex between the two.

Eventually, they finish. A satisfied, comfortable beat.

She removes a cigarette from her purse. He rises off the bed, putting on underwear.

SAM

(re cigarette)

This alright?

He moves to a window and opens it.

CARLOS

It can be.

He smiles. Exits.

She wraps herself in the covers and goes to the window.

Lights up. Exhales into the evening air. Peaceful.

He returns with a large slice of chocolate cake. Two forks.

CARLOS (cont'd)

My cheat meal.

SAM

It wouldn't last a day in my fridge.

They eat.

INT. CARLOS' BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight filters in through the shades as Sam dresses quietly.

Carlos wakes.

CARLOS

I can make some eggs.

SAM
You're sweet.

CARLOS
Can I call you?

SAM
You don't want anything to do with
me. I'm just a pile of bones hiding
behind women named Maybelline and
Estee Lauder.

CARLOS
I'm catching a glimpse of you without
them right now.
(beat)
You got a number?

SAM
Nope.

CARLOS
Really?

SAM
Really.

CARLOS
You don't have a cellphone?

Shakes her head.

CARLOS (cont'd)
A landline?

SAM
I'm not that old!

CARLOS
You're married. That it?

SAM
Never.

CARLOS
So how does anyone get in touch with
you?

SAM
They don't.

She sidles up to him on the bed. Kisses him on the lips.

SAM (cont'd)
I find them.

She exits. He's left wanting more.

EXT. CARLOS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Sam steps out of the building.

She lights up. Exhales. Satisfied, she walks off.

EXT. TITUSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

The morning sun rises over the waking city. Cars move with the light traffic.

Pedestrians walk in front of shops opening for the day.

Sam glides through the streets eating a breakfast pastry. She reaches a corner. The sign flips to *Walk*.

She steps into the street when suddenly a beat-up GRAY CAR flies through the intersection.

Sam jumps backward, landing hard on the pavement.

TIRES SCREECH as the car turns at the next corner and disappears.

A fellow PEDESTRIAN runs to Sam in the middle of the street.

PEDESTRIAN
Holy shit. Are you okay? Are you hit?
Ma'am. Are you okay? Ma'am?
(takes out cellphone)
I'm calling 911.

SAM
No. No, don't call them.

PEDESTRIAN
What? Why not? That car almost killed you.

Sam slowly gets to her feet.

SAM
It didn't hit me.

PEDESTRIAN

It could've. You could've been... It went straight through the red light. I'm calling the cops.

SAM

Did you catch the license plate?

A couple ONLOOKERS gawk.

SAM (cont'd)

(to Onlookers)

Anyone? The license plate?

They move on.

SAM (cont'd)

(to Pedestrian)

A good look at the driver?

PEDESTRIAN

It happened so fast. I was looking over there, then...

SAM

Any details of the car at all? The make? The model?

PEDESTRIAN

It, it was gray.

Sam eyes the Pedestrian -- *Worthless*.

She walks to the sidewalk. The Pedestrian follows.

PEDESTRIAN (cont'd)

A speeding gray car. That's enough for the police.

(beat)

Wait.

SAM

Why? Cops will just tie up my day asking questions I don't know the answers to.

Sam disappears around a corner.

The Pedestrian is left bewildered on the sidewalk.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam takes a moment alone.

She tries to light up. Her hand shakes slightly as she flicks the lighter.

Finally, it lights.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Seedy bar with sawdust on the floor. A couple of REGULARS sit drinking.

The BARTENDER (20's) busies himself behind the bar.

Sam enters smoking a cigarette.

SAM
Where's Sid?

BARTENDER
(re cigarette)
Come on, Liz.

Sam makes it to the bar. She flicks the burning cigarette into the well of ice behind it.

BARTENDER (cont'd)
What the fuck?

SAM
There are no ashtrays. Beer and a shot.

BARTENDER
What's up with you?

SAM
Please, sweetheart.

He pours the shot and moves to the tap.

BARTENDER
What's wrong?

SAM
What's wrong?

She downs the shot and motions for another.

He slides the beer to her. She drinks half of it in one go as he pours another shot.

SAM (cont'd)
 What's wrong is that I was almost
 plastered into the pavement like some
 roadkill out on the farm.

She downs the second shot. Motions for another.

He obliges.

SAM (cont'd)
 Some, some lunatic maniac was driving
 a hundred miles an hour down Third
 like he was fucking drag racing.

BARTENDER
 Shit. Are you--

SAM
 The light. I got caught at the light
 on Second. If not, you're not looking
 at me right now. Well, maybe you are.
 Lying dead in the street is how you'd
 see me.

BARTENDER
 Jesus. Don't say that.

She finishes the beer. He refills the glass.

SAM
 Don't say what? The truth? One more
 step and, wham! Inches. Inches,
 sweetheart. Every day. Inches we
 don't see. But sometimes we do. And
 today, I have.

NATE FULLER (late 30's) -- rough, unkempt, still a wounded
 child -- enters.

Sam downs the shot.

SAM (cont'd)
 Another one, darling.
 (beat)
 I swear, this one I'll nurse. Like a
 newborn baby. Just give me a few more
 inches.

He pours.

BARTENDER
 (to Nate)
 What can I get you?

NATE

(to Sam)

My father used to say the difference between love and hate is just a matter of inches.

SAM

And my mother used to say that women would rule this world if not for about six inches. Give or take.

NATE

I heard what happened. Almost got sent flying into another zip code.

SAM

Not my preferred way to travel.

NATE

Glad you've got some humor about it.

SAM

I'm a couple deep already. Humor's about all I've got left.

Nate flashes a POLICE BADGE.

SAM (cont'd)

Shit.

He takes out a notepad and pen.

SAM (cont'd)

I told that woman not to call you. I don't know anything. He almost hit me then he was gone.

NATE

The driver was male?

SAM

I don't know.

NATE

You said "he."

SAM

I'm assuming.

NATE

Can I get your name?

SAM

No.

NATE

Why not?

BARTENDER

(to Sam)

Liz, c'mon.

She shoots him a look. He walks away apologetically.

NATE

As in Elizabeth?

SAM

Or lizard. I've been told I have quite the tongue.

She finishes her shot.

NATE

I hope you have the liver to match.

SAM

If they need to cut a piece out it'll just grow back, right?

NATE

Not if they need all of it. You got a last name, Liz?

SAM

Look, I'm not filing a report. I'm just here, having a couple drinks, getting my shit together. Or losing it. Either way, it shouldn't matter to you.

NATE

Public safety matters to me. If that car runs someone else over, I'm not gonna feel too good. Are you?

SAM

I don't know anything. A gray shit-box. Does that narrow your search?

He writes it down.

NATE

No, not really.

He takes out his card.

NATE (cont'd)
If something else triggers your
memory.

He leaves it on the bar.

NATE (cont'd)
Thanks for your...cooperation.

He exits.

Sam motions for another drink. Bartender obliges.

SAM
You owe me for that.

BARTENDER
I know. But I'm gonna have to cut you
off soon.

Sam takes a lighter from her purse. Lights Nate's card on
fire.

BARTENDER (cont'd)
Liz!

SAM
I gotta take a piss.

She tosses the burning card into the well of ice behind the
bar.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Drunk, but not sloppy, Sam descends the stairs.

She fumbles with her keys. Eventually, she finds the right
one. Slips it in and --

The door is already unlocked. Silent beat.

She slowly twists the doorknob.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The door inches open. Sam cautiously steps inside.

SAM
Hello?

All seems normal. She grabs a KNIFE in the kitchen.

SAM (cont'd)
 You got one chance to come out.

Scans the room. Nothing. She creeps into --

BEDROOM

Flicks on the light. The room is as she left it.

Pulls open the closet. Nothing but clothes.

She drops to her knees and looks under the bed. Dust balls and slippers.

BATHROOM

She yanks the shower curtain aside. No one.

LIVING ROOM

She falls into the couch. Her nerves begin to calm.

It's so quiet... *Too quiet.*

SAM
 Finn? Finn?!

Panic.

SAM (cont'd)
 Finn!

Rage. Paranoia.

SAM (cont'd)
 FINN!!

She bolts to the door. Throws it open and disappears up the steps.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam gets to an apartment door and POUNDS on it.

She doesn't stop until it opens.

KENNY
 Jesus Christ. What the--

She pushes him aside and moves into --

INT. KENNY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She stalks the room.

SAM
Did you take her?!

KENNY
Who?

SAM
Have you been in my fucking
apartment?!

KENNY
When? Today?

She moves into --

SMALL OFFICE

A desk and computer sit among the mess.

SAM
Finn? Finn!?

Kenny enters.

KENNY
You can't just fucking come in here
and--

She exits.

BEDROOM

Sam throws the bed covers aside, desperately searching.

Kenny enters as she begins opening the closets.

KENNY
What the fuck, Liz?!

SAM
Where's your wife?

KENNY
None of your fucking business.

SAM
She leave with her?

KENNY

Leave with who? What, what the fuck
is going on?

She stops. Stares him down. *It wasn't him.*

SAM

My dog. Finn. She's, she's gone.

KENNY

Are you sure? Maybe you just--

SAM

Someone broke into my apartment and
took her.

KENNY

You sure you didn't just leave the
door open?

SAM

She's not a fucking prisoner. She
didn't need to escape.

She exits. He follows into --

LIVING ROOM

KENNY

If that's true then I--

SAM

Of course it's true.

KENNY

Then, then I need to call the cops.

SAM

And what, get me kicked out of an
illegal apartment?

He steps between her and the door.

KENNY

They'd search for her, Liz. And, and
I have other tenants. Someone
breaking in means--

She pushes him aside and exits the apartment.

KENNY (cont'd)

It's not just about you!

INT. SAM'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sam climbs onto the counter. Slides over a tile from the drop down ceiling.

She blindly reaches into the dark space above. Brings down a metal LOCK BOX.

Takes out keys and unlocks it.

Inside: Stacks of cash and several STATE IDs.

A sigh of relief. *Nothing missing.*

She locks the box and puts it back in the ceiling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eyes puffy, knife in hand, Sam shuffles in from the bedroom.

Checks the front door. Still locked with the chain on.

Makes herself a drink. Eyes Finn's empty bowls as she does.

She drains the drink. Pours another. Moves to the couch.

Turns on the TV. Stares at the screen, not really watching.

Drinks. Lights a cigarette. Moments pass.

SCRATCHING.

She grabs the knife and mutes the TV.

More SCRATCHING. From the front door.

She rises and cautiously approaches. She opens it a crack, keeping the chain on.

Finn is there! Leashed to the doorknob.

Sam undoes the chain and smothers Finn with affection. The dog reciprocates the love.

SAM

What happened? What happened to you,
gorgeous? Where were you?

Beat. She rises and --

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Quickly climbs the steps.

She scans the surroundings. PEOPLE innocently walk by under the streetlamps.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Sam pours coffee into a thermos. Adds Bailey's.

SAM
(to Finn)
You're sticking with me today,
gorgeous.

Puts Finn's leash on. They exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Eyes alert, Sam walks with Finn. They reach a corner.

She cautiously steps into the street. Quickly crosses.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Sam eats breakfast, Finn at her feet.

She has a clear view of a FITNESS GYM across the street.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Nate descends the stairs to Sam's front door.

Takes a moment, making sure no one is watching. He removes a LOCK PICK from his jacket pocket.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Sam smokes, an empty plate in front of her. Moments pass.

Finally, Carlos exits the Fitness Gym across the street.

Sam leaves cash on the table and walks off with Finn.

SIDEWALK

Carlos walks toward them, crossing the adjacent street.

CARLOS

Hey!

SAM

(feigns surprise)

Hey there.

CARLOS

Do you... Do we live close to each other?

SAM

Sadly, no. Finn here likes to go on long walks. After I left your place I saw that sweet little cafe and thought, two birds with one stone.

He studies her for a quick beat.

CARLOS

Finn? I like it.

He shows the dog affection.

SAM

Where you coming from?

CARLOS

The gym. I gotta shower and change before work.

SAM

Boxing doesn't pay the rent?

CARLOS

Doorman until it pays for a mortgage.

She takes his wrist. Checks the time on his watch.

SAM

Four to twelve shift?

CARLOS

Good guess.

SAM

Means you've got a few hours to kill.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

They ride up.

CARLOS
How'd you learn about boxing?

SAM
My father.

CARLOS
That's cool. Don't know many fathers
that teach their daughters.

SAM
I didn't say he taught me.

CARLOS
We'll have to get in the ring
sometime. Show me what you know.

The elevator stops. The doors open.

INT. CARLOS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The door unlocks and all three move inside.

An UNMARKED ENVELOPE sits on the floor, presumably slid
under the door.

Carlos picks it up.

SAM
(re Finn)
She's thirsty. Can I...

CARLOS
Yeah. Just take a bowl from the
kitchen.

Sam disappears with Finn.

Carlos turns the envelope over in his hands. Completely
blank.

We hear cabinets OPENING and CLOSING.

CARLOS (cont'd)
Left of the fridge.

He opens the envelope. Inside are Sam's State IDs. Nothing
else.

He thumbs through them. Confused.

CLOSE UP on IDs: A different state. A different name. A
different age. A different look. But all are Sam.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam re-enters.

CARLOS
Is this some kind of joke? Who are
you?

SAM
What do you mean?

CARLOS
Who are you?

Beat. She snatches the IDs from him.

SAM
Where'd you get these?

He eyes the envelope.

She grabs it. Blank.

SAM (cont'd)
Nothing else was inside?

CARLOS
Who the fuck are you?

SAM
Finn!

CARLOS
Do you want to explain?

Finn trots over.

SAM
No.

She exits with the dog, IDs in hand.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam rushes in. Goes straight to the kitchen counter.

Climbs up and slides the ceiling tile over. Brings down the
box.

The lock is busted. She flips it open. Empty.

She flings it onto the floor.

SAM

Fuck!

Finn BARKS as Sam jumps down. She grabs the box and throws it again.

She starts BREAKING whatever she can get her hands on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Surrounded by the destruction, Sam and Finn sit on the couch watching TV.

A drink, burning cigarette and all her IDs sit on the coffee table.

She picks one up. A teenager looks back at her.

CLOSE UP on ID: Samantha Cole. Kuna, Idaho. Age 16.

BATHROOM

Water fills the sink. Sam enters with a tray of ice.

She dumps the ice into the sink and turns off the faucet. She submerges her head into the cold water.

Moments pass before she comes up for air. Beat.

She plunges her head back into the water. Moments pass.

She comes back up. Water drips down her face as she looks into the mirror.

Her eyes gaze up, focusing again on the SHOWER HEAD behind her.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wearing heels and a tight trench coat, Sam moves to Kenny's door.

She BUZZES once and waits patiently.

Finally, Kenny opens. He needs a moment.

KENNY

Did, did you find your dog?

SAM

I did. And I wanted to thank you.

KENNY
Thank me? For what?

She unties the coat's belt and gives him a glimpse of what's underneath.

SAM
Can I come in?

He happily steps aside. She walks into --

INT. KENNY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She lets the coat slide off her and fall lifelessly to the floor. She's wearing sexy lingerie.

Without looking back, she disappears into his --

BEDROOM

Kenny follows in. Sam quickly pushes him onto the bed and unzips his pants.

KENNY
If this is what it takes to--

She puts her finger over his mouth.

SAM
Shh.

She pushes him onto his back and slides his pants off.

She climbs on top, straddling him. He moves to kiss her but she pushes him back down.

SAM (cont'd)
You're gonna have to work for this one, sweetheart.

She rises and exits. He excitedly takes off his socks.

LIVING ROOM

She removes several thin scarves from the coat on the floor.

BEDROOM

Kenny waits impatiently. Sam re-enters.

KENNY
What's gotten into you?

She climbs back on top of him.

KENNY (cont'd)
What are those?

She kisses his mouth. He responds.

She kisses his chest. Then his shoulder. Then his arm. And all the way down to his palm.

She sticks his fingers in her mouth. He's giddy.

She takes his wrist and pushes it up against the bedpost. Using a scarf, she ties it tightly to the post.

KENNY (cont'd)
Where's this coming from?

SAM
Are you complaining?

KENNY
No. No no no, not at all.

She repeats her kisses on the other side -- sensuously moving from his shoulder all the way to his palm.

Ties the other wrist tightly to the post. Then moves down his body, her breasts rubbing against him.

She kisses his stomach, leg, shin, then foot.

KENNY (cont'd)
Do you have to do the feet?

SAM
(stops, cold)
No, I don't. But I could also just leave right now.
(beat)
When I do leave, you'll be thinking about this for nights to come. Either with a smile on your face you can't wipe off. Or the sad look of regret knowing what could have been. Your choice.

She waits. He gives a slight nod.

She ties one ankle to the post. Then the other. He lies on the bed like a starfish.

A single scarf remains in her hand.

KENNY
What's that one for?

SAM
So I don't have to hear you while I'm
fucking you.

She jams the scarf into his mouth.

KENNY
(muffled)
What the, what the fuck!?

She exits.

KENNY (cont'd)
(muffled)
Hey! HEY!

LIVING ROOM

She puts her coat on and walks toward his office.

Muffled screams are heard.

SMALL OFFICE

Sam opens the drawers of Kenny's desk.

She finds a THUMB DRIVE.

She takes the computer out of sleep mode. It's password
protected.

She tries a couple of passwords. No luck.

Rifles through everything on the desk -- scraps of paper,
post-it notes, etc. Nothing looks useful.

She exits.

KITCHEN

On all fours, she searches the cabinet under the sink.
Muffled sounds continue.

Finally, she comes back up holding PLIERS.

Dish washing gloves sit on the sink. She grabs them.

BEDROOM

Sweating profusely, Kenny desperately writhes on the bed.

Sam re-enters holding the pliers and putting on the gloves.

KENNY
(muffled)
What the fuck?! What the fuck?!

She straddles him once again.

SAM
Lingerie and a trench coat. Like a
moth to a flame for guys like you.

She snatches his right hand. Secures the pliers around his middle finger.

He squirms. The finger twists. He cries out.

SAM (cont'd)
Don't move. Don't move and you'll be
fine, sweetheart.

He stops fighting.

She releases his finger and quickly secures the pliers around his long thumbnail.

SAM (cont'd)
Your nails always did make my skin
crawl.
(beat)
I'm gonna remove the scarf and you're
gonna answer one simple question.

He starts to move again.

SAM (cont'd)
Ah ah ah. Not a good idea, Kenny.

He stops.

SAM (cont'd)
I don't think you realize. I'll rip
out every single nail you have if you
don't answer me. Then I'll go to your
teeth. And, if you're still
conscious, well, we'll play it by
ear. Deal?

He nods.

SAM (cont'd)

Good.

She removes the scarf from his mouth.

KENNY

What the fuck?! What kind of fucking game are you playing?!

SAM

Isn't it obvious? The one where I come out on top.

KENNY

You're crazy! You know that, right?! You're fucking nuts.

SAM

What's your computer password?

KENNY

You're never gonna get away with this!

SAM

Don't make me ask again.

KENNY

Fuck you.

She pulls the nail slightly. He cries out.

She stops. Waits.

KENNY (cont'd)

You know what? Yeah, fuck you. You don't have it in you.

SAM

You think the gloves are just for show?

She PULLS THE NAIL OFF. He screams. Blood spills out.

She quickly takes hold of another fingernail.

SAM (cont'd)

You don't know me.

He SPITS in her face.

She PULLS THE NAIL OFF. More screams. More blood.

She takes hold of a third nail.

KENNY

You're a fucking maniac.

SAM

Maybe. But I survive. Older, wiser, more beautiful. Like an endangered species forced to learn new ways to adapt. And now, Kenny, you're in my fucking way.

She pulls the nail slightly.

KENNY

Okay okay okay. Stop. Please stop. What, what are you going to do with it?

SAM

Nothing.

KENNY

Bullshit.

SAM

I have no plans for either of our secrets to see the light of day. I can see, I can see that little brain of yours trying to figure a way out. Don't you have a good enough life here? A wife. Fuck, a whole building. Freedom. I'd be flattered, but don't throw it all away just for me.

KENNY

How can I trust you?

She puts the two bloody fingernails into her coat pocket.

SAM

I guess we could wait for your wife to come home.

KENNY

Land, landlord of the rings. One dot two dot three. No spaces, all lower case. What? It's a fucking password.

She releases his fingernail and stuffs the scarf back into his mouth.

Muffled sounds of protest continue as she exits.

SMALL OFFICE

Sitting at the computer, Sam clicks on a file labeled *Basement*.

We watch: Footage from a shower head of her bathing.

She stops the video. Saves it onto the thumb drive.

There's a list for all the apartments. She saves everything.

BEDROOM

Blood covers Kenny's hand and is soaked into the bedsheets and pillow.

Sam calmly walks in.

KENNY
(muffled)
Let me go! Let me fucking go!

She moves to the dresser and searches each drawer.

Finds some cash.

KENNY (cont'd)
(muffled)
What the fuck?!

She spots a jewelry box. Moves to it.

Inside: Necklaces, earrings, bracelets. A RING catches her eye.

She slides it onto her finger.

KENNY (cont'd)
(muffled)
HEY!!!

SAM
You got insurance, right?

She pockets the rest of the jewelry.

She moves to him and takes the scarf out of his mouth.

KENNY
You're a fucking thief too?!

SAM
And what exactly are you?

She begins to untie his bloody wrist.

KENNY

You're a fucking bitch, Liz. A crazy fucking bitch. I knew it. I knew I never should've let you live here.

SAM

I guess we can all learn something.

His wrist is freed. He reaches for her.

She snatches his bloody fingers and squeezes. He cries out.

SAM (cont'd)

And here's what you need to understand, Kenny. I own you. Forever. Wherever I am, your mouth stays shut. You got that? You're mine.

Beat. She releases her hold.

Frantically, and painfully, he begins undoing the other ties.

She casually walks out into --

HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM

She shuts the bedroom door. Grabs a chair and jams it under the doorknob.

LIVING ROOM

She moves to the front door. CAR KEYS dangle from a hook.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

In sweatpants and sweatshirt, Sam quickly moves up the steps carrying a duffel bag. Finn beside her.

SIDEWALK

Sam's eyes search for Kenny's car.

She spots it parked across the street. Presses the key fob.

BEEP BEEP. Headlights flicker.

INT./EXT. KENNY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

She slides in, Finn already in the back seat.

Presses the ignition. A surprise laugh escapes her as the engine starts.

SAM
(to Finn)
Survival. The only game that matters,
gorgeous.

She checks her hair and make-up in the mirror.

Pulls the car away from the curb.

EXT. CITY THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT

Kenny's car, now Sam's, moves onto the city's main road.

EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 1 - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights cast their artificial glow on the sparse traffic.

The car moves north. The Indian River on its right.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The shower RUNS. Fast food wrappers and empty beer cans litter the space. TV is ON.

An open bag sits on the floor. Electronic equipment and binoculars inside. Shower STOPS.

An open laptop lies on the bed. On the screen a map with a moving dot -- the TRACKING of a remote device.

On the dresser is a REVOLVER and one of Sam's IDs.

CLOSE UP on ID: Helen Atwood. Arizona. Expiration date 20 years ago.

BACK TO SCENE

Nate, in a towel, emerges from the bathroom. He looks at himself in the mirror above the dresser.

Takes hold of the revolver. Opens the chamber. Loaded.

Empties it into his hand. Puts a single bullet back in.
Spins and snaps it shut.

Points it at his reflection in the mirror. COCKS it. Beat.

Pulls the trigger. CLICK.

EXT. HOLLY'S MOTEL - NIGHT

Sam's car pulls in past the establishment's name and neon
Vacancy sign.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The bell over the door JINGLES as Sam enters.

HOLLY (50's) appears from the back.

HOLLY
Can I help you?

SAM
I hope so. Are you Holly?

HOLLY
I am.

SAM
Your cleanest, cheapest room please,
Holly. One night. For now.

HOLLY
All our rooms are clean.

SAM
(respectful)
Then I'll take your cheapest.

Holly searches the computer.

SAM (cont'd)
Cash. And if there's a discount for a
fellow female entrepreneur, I won't
fight it.

HOLLY
What business you in?

SAM
Keeping my head above water. Not the
most lucrative, but it's worthwhile.

HOLLY

Sixty-two fifty. But with our friends
and family discount it'll be fifty
even.

Appreciative, Sam takes out cash.

INT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A motel room like any other.

Sam, on guard, peeks through the window curtains. Finn
sleeps in bed.

Moments pass.

EXT. VENDING MACHINES - NIGHT

Eyes alert, Sam selects her dinner. Chips and a soda.

INT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sam sleeps in a chair facing the window.

Finn trots over and licks her fingers.

SAM

(waking)

Morning.

The dog WHIMPERS.

SAM (cont'd)

What time is it?

Looks at the clock: 1:21 PM.

SAM (cont'd)

Shit. I'm sorry, gorgeous. You must
be starving. Alright, let me go out
and get something for us. Okay? Okay?

She shows Finn affection.

Goes to the bag. Peels off a few bills from a stack of cash.

Leaving everything else in the bag, she carries it toward
the vent high in the wall.

Using a chair, she climbs up. Digs out a quarter from her
pocket and begins undoing the screws on the grate.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY

She drives. On the lookout for food...and alcohol.

EXT. ANTONIO'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

Her car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. ANTONIO'S BAR & GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

A tacky, colorful restaurant.

Sam walks in. A HOSTESS (20's) waits.

HOSTESS

Hi. Can I--

She ignores the Hostess and moves to the bar.

MIKE (early 20's) -- baby face -- tends it.

MIKE

Hi there. What can I get you?

She opens the thick menu. Flips through it.

SAM

They have an abridged version?

(beat)

Simple to-go order. Two, no three,
bacon cheeseburgers. And, if it's
possible, just three plain beef
patties. No bun, no nothing, just the
patties. Can you do that?

MIKE

I'll see. I think so.

SAM

Great. Fries too.

MIKE

Anything else?

She scans the liquor bottles behind him.

SAM

Let's see. You have any...any...
Jesus, do you have any good scotches?

MIKE
We've got Jack Daniels. Jameson.
There's also--

SAM
Those aren't scotches.

MIKE
They're not?

SAM
Sweetheart.
(sees name tag)
Mike. Mike. How long you been working
here, Mike?

MIKE
A couple weeks.

SAM
Okay. I'll, I'll take that one.

Points to a bottle.

SAM (cont'd)
It's shit. But it'll do. Neat,
please.
(beat)
That means no ice.

He smiles.

SAM (cont'd)
You have a nice smile, Mike. If you
can, don't be shy with it. I'm
celebrating.

He pours. And stops.

She tilts her head. He pours more.

She smiles. He stops. She sips.

SAM (cont'd)
The nectar of the gods. The wonderful
elixir. You got a name for it, Mike?

MIKE
The brown stuff?

SAM
The brown stuff.

Takes another sip.

MIKE

The food'll be ready soon. Let me know if you need anything else.

SAM

Thank you, Mike. I will.

He walks off. She sits comfortably at the bar.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Holly is at the counter. The door JINGLES. Nate enters.

HOLLY

How can I help you?

He removes a photo of Sam.

NATE

Have you seen this woman?

She looks at it. Then back up at Nate. Beat.

He flips open his badge.

NATE (cont'd)

It's better to cooperate.

HOLLY

What'd she do?

NATE

Is that a yes?

She nods.

NATE (cont'd)

Show me her room please.

HOLLY

What's she done?

NATE

Ma'am. Her room.

She grabs a key card.

EXT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Holly and Nate approach. She knocks.

HOLLY

Ma'am?

From inside, Finn BARKS.

HOLLY (cont'd)

She's not allowed to have pets.

Nate removes a used jar of peanut butter from his jacket.

As he does, he deliberately exposes the REVOLVER on his hip.

Holly clocks it.

NATE

Don't worry, I won't use it. The dog's alone and she won't bite.

HOLLY

How do you know?

NATE

Car is gone. Now open up.

She nervously unlocks the door.

Finn greets them with BARKS as Nate scoops peanut butter onto his fingers.

NATE (cont'd)

(to Finn)

It's okay. It's okay. I'm not gonna hurt you.

Finn sniffs the food.

NATE (cont'd)

You remember me, right?

Finn eats off his fingers as he pets her with his other hand.

INT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nate continues searching the room, the door closed.

He goes through the dresser again. Re-checks under the bed. Disappears and reappears from the bathroom.

Finally, he sits down on the bed. Beat. His eyes float up the wall.

The vent's screws are LOOSE.

He takes a chair and steps up. He easily takes off the screws and removes the grate.

The bag is there. He pulls it out. Unzips.

Sees the CASH, JEWELRY and IDs among her clothes.

He stuffs everything but the clothes into his pockets.

Zips up the bag and slides it back into the vent.

EXT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Holly smokes. Finn and an empty jar of peanut butter are at her feet.

Nate steps out of the room. He takes Finn and the jar and disappears back inside.

After a moment, he reappears without either and closes the door behind him.

HOLLY

Are you supposed to do that? Without a warrant, I mean.

NATE

When she gets back, you're gonna tell her she can't stay here.

HOLLY

Why don't you just arrest her?

NATE

We will. Right now we're just watching her. Okay? When the time is right, we will.

HOLLY

What'd she do?

NATE

Your bigger concern should be your motel and the safety of you, your staff, and the guests. We don't want something bad going down here. Right?

Waits. She nods.

NATE (cont'd)

Good. She paid in cash, correct?

She nods.

NATE (cont'd)

As calmly as you can, give her a refund when she returns and tell her no pets are allowed.

HOLLY

I don't know if I can do that.

NATE

Of course you can. Like any other guest who lied to you about having a dog. It's like you never saw me. But don't worry, we'll be right here watching. Okay? Easy. Quick.

(as if he's Holly)

You never said you had a dog. We have a strict no pets policy at this motel. Here's your money back.

(himself)

Keep it simple. Pets. Money. Done. Got it?

She nods.

NATE (cont'd)

You'll be fine. We've got eyes on you. Nothing will happen. If you do what I say.

He walks off.

She stands frozen. Except to bring her cigarette to her lips.

INT./EXT. NATE'S CAR [PARKED] - DAY

He sits behind the wheel eating chips. Binoculars and revolver rest in the passenger's seat.

Across the road is HOLLY'S MOTEL.

EXT. HOLLY'S MOTEL - DAY

Holly nervously smokes outside the office. Moments pass.

Finally, Sam's car pulls into the parking lot.

She flicks her cigarette and moves toward Sam's room as the car parks in front of it.

EXT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam exits the car, takeout food in hand -- *Antonio's Bar & Grill* written on the bags.

Holly quickly approaches, greeting Sam as she gets to the door.

HOLLY
Hi.

SAM
Hello.

HOLLY
I'm, I'm sorry, but, um... So, I...
We...

SAM
Spit it out, Holly.

HOLLY
We...we here at the motel, we have a,
um, a strict no pets policy. We
can't... Our cleaning staff heard
your dog barking, and, and we didn't
go in, but, but you're going to have
to leave.

SAM
Leave?

HOLLY
I'm sorry. You can't stay here. With
the dog. It's a strict policy. If we
did it for you then--

SAM
I already paid.

HOLLY
Yes, um...

She takes out cash and jams it into Sam's hand.

HOLLY (cont'd)
A refund for the night.

SAM
I'll pay more.

HOLLY
Please. I don't want any trouble.

SAM
Trouble?

HOLLY
You just, you have to go. I'm sorry.

SAM
(beat)
Who... Who did they say I was, Holly?

HOLLY
I don't care who you are. I don't
even know your name.

She runs off toward the office.

SAM
(calling out)
How many were there?

Holly turns at the office door. Beat. Holds up one finger then disappears inside.

Sam scans the parking lot. All is quiet. Silent beat.

She bolts to the door and --

INT. SAM'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bursts in. Finn jumps to her feet.

Sam goes straight to the vent. Chair. Screws. She rips off the grate.

The bag is there. She unzips it.

SAM
God fucking damn it!

She digs to the bottom. It's all gone.

SAM (cont'd)
How the fuck did--

She spins toward Finn.

SAM (cont'd)
You! You fucking let them in!?

She hurls the bag at Finn. Then the grate.

The dog dodges both and cowers in the corner.

Sam menacingly moves toward her. She grabs the food and throws that too.

SAM (cont'd)
What's the fucking point of a dog if
they don't guard your fucking stuff?!

She reaches Finn. Fists clenched.

The empty peanut butter jar sits on the table.

SAM (cont'd)
This? They bribed you with this
shit?!

Finn whimpers, terrified.

Sam looks down at her best friend.

SAM (cont'd)
Fuck.
(beat)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, gorgeous.

She tries to show Finn affection. The dog hesitates for a moment before allowing it.

SAM (cont'd)
It's, it's okay. It'll be okay.

She sits on the floor and strokes Finn.

SAM (cont'd)
I just need to...

Open food containers surround them. She grabs a clean beef patty and shares it with Finn.

After a moment, she rises.

She moves to the mirror on the wall. Looks at herself.
Then --

SMASHES her head into the glass. It cracks. Finn BARKS as blood drips down her face.

She does it again. More cracks. More blood.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The shop door is thrown open. Sam, in sunglasses and hat, walks out in frustration.

She gets in her car and peels out.

INT. SECOND PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Memorabilia fills the dingy establishment.

PAWN SHOP OWNER (40's) eats dinner behind the counter.

The door JINGLES. Sam, sunglasses and hat, enters.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
We're closing in 20. No rush, just
letting you know.

Sam eyes a few items, slowly making her way toward the counter.

SAM
(not looking up)
You know where I might find some
make-up?

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Make-up?

SAM
Cosmetics.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Sorry, no. No, we don't sell that.
There's, there's a pharmacy a couple
miles away.

Sam looks up. Takes off her sunglasses.

Cuts and bruises visible on her face.

PAWN SHOP OWNER (cont'd)
Shit. Are you okay?

SAM
Nothing a little make-up won't solve.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Sorry, but like I said--

SAM
Unless. Unless you sell something
that might serve me better?
(beat)
I just need something to make him
stop. Or at least something that
evens the playing field.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Well, that's... Yeah, that's... I'm
really sorry to hear that, but...

She reaches the counter. Removes her hat.

The full damage obvious under the bright lights.

PAWN SHOP OWNER (cont'd)
Have you seen a doctor?

SAM
He'd know.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
The police. You have to call the
police.

SAM
I would, if a cop didn't eat in my
living room every time he felt like
coming home for dinner.

She eyes his WEDDING RING.

SAM (cont'd)
I know you're a good man. I can tell.
You think I'd be here if it wasn't
the last option I had. I can't wait
the three days to be approved. I
might not be able to wait until
tomorrow night the way he's going. I
need to protect myself. I need him to
have to listen to me.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
I'm really sorry. I am. But, I, I
can't help you. That's not, that's
not something I can do for you.

SAM
You sound like all the others. Until
it comes to you, in your house,
there's nothing you can do.

She slides the ring she stole from Kenny off her finger.
Lays it on the counter.

SAM (cont'd)
He doesn't let me have much. But
sometimes he buys me things. When
he's sober and feeling bad. That
hasn't happened in weeks though.
(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)
That's why I'm feeling like... I need
help from a kind stranger.

He's drawn to the ring.

SAM (cont'd)
Would your wife like it?

Silence. She puts the cash she got back from Holly on the
counter.

SAM (cont'd)
It's the best I can do. It's all I
have. And my dog. But you're not
getting her.
(beat)
You got kids?

PAWN SHOP OWNER
A, yes, yeah, a daughter.

SAM
And if this was her coming to you?
What would you do? What would you
want to do?

He finds a loupe. Inspects the ring more closely.

SAM (cont'd)
When you look at it on your wife's
finger, it'll remind you that you
saved a life.

He studies her. Silent beat. The door JINGLES.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
We're closed!

It JINGLES again. Sam forces a smile through the cuts.

Ring in hand, he retreats into the back. The cash is still
on the counter.

She puts her hat and sunglasses back on. Looks up at the
camera overseeing the shop.

He returns holding a piece of folded fabric. He turns his
back to the camera. Sam does too.

He unfurls the fabric. A short barrel REVOLVER. The handle
taped.

SAM
Thank you.

She slides it into her jacket pocket.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Here.

He hands her back the cash.

She kisses him on the cheek then walks toward the exit.

INT. DOLLAR STORE - NIGHT

Sam moves through the aisles carrying a basket of canned food. Human and dog.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Sam and Finn sit eating out of cans.

SAM

Don't worry, gorgeous. I'll put an end to this soon.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [PARKED] - NIGHT

Sam tries to fall asleep across the backseat.

Finn is curled up in the passenger's seat.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nate eats, enjoying a bacon cheeseburger. *Antonio's Bar & Grill* is written on the take-out bags.

The TV is ON. A bottle of Jack Daniels and a few cans of Coca-Cola litter the table.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [MOVING] - DAY

Her hair disheveled and eyes red, Sam drives on in the rain. Finn is in back.

Coffee sits in the holder. A ROAD MAP lies open on the passenger's seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

Gray clouds cover the sky. Rain pours down on the moving traffic.

EXT. RUN-DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Small, weathered houses line the dark street.

Sam's car creeps along the road.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

Sam struggles to see the numbers on the houses.

After a moment, she pulls over to the curb.

She removes the revolver from her jacket. Opens the chamber. Loaded.

SAM
 (to Finn)
 What do you say, a nice steak after
 this? And a hot toddy?

EXT. RUN-DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Sam walks the street.

Finally, she reaches a DILAPIDATED HOUSE. Checks the number on the mailbox.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She walks onto the beaten-down porch. Lights are on inside.

She RINGS the doorbell, avoiding the peephole's view.

RUSTLING inside. She grips the gun tighter. Beat.

RINGS the doorbell again.

RAY (O.S.)
 (through the door)
 Who is it?!

SAM
 Delivery.

RAY (O.S.)
 I ain't order nothing.

SAM
 Raymond Young, right? I just need a
 signature.

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)
(beat)
C'mon man. I'm gettin' soaked out
here.

Beat. The door unlocks then opens a sliver.

RAY (late 60's) -- an aging bully -- peeks through.

RAY
Who's it from?

She KICKS the door in. Ray, baseball bat in hand, is thrown
onto his back as she rushes into --

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She slams the door behind her. The revolver is out and
pointed at Ray on the floor.

SAM
Hi, Ray.

RAY
Who the fuck are you?

SAM
I haven't aged that badly, have I?

His eyes narrow. She smiles.

RAY
Sam?

She snatches the bat from him.

RAY (cont'd)
What the fuck are you doing?

SAM
Tell me why, Ray. Why you doing this
to me?

RAY
Doing what?

With one hand, she swings the bat into his ankle. CRACK.

He cries out.

RAY (cont'd)
What the fuck?!

SAM
I want the IDs, Ray. Money and jewelry too. If you haven't spent it all on hookers yet.

RAY
I don't know what you're talking about.

She raises the bat again, gun still pointed at him.

RAY (cont'd)
I don't! I swear.

SAM
You always wanted me gone. The minute Cal brought me in.

RAY
Yeah. Yeah, I did. But that was... I mean, look around. Does it look like I give a shit what you're up to?

Water stained walls, decrepit furniture, a layer of filth over everything.

SAM
Yeah. If I was living in this shit hole, I would.

Painfully, he gets to his feet.

RAY
Well, I ain't got the time, Sam.
(beat)
You damn near broke my ankle.

SAM
I'll use two hands next time.

He limps away from her.

SAM (cont'd)
You had no idea where I was?

RAY
(calling out)
I barely know where I am half the time.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sam stalks the room, gun in hand.

A kettle is on the stove. Ray grabs two mugs.

RAY
Who did that to your face?

SAM
I did.

He doesn't believe her.

SAM (cont'd)
You're gonna add something to those teas, right?

RAY
Sorry, been sober almost two years now.

She continues to casually examine his belongings.

He moves to --

SMALL PANTRY

Myriad of teas sit on a shelf.

RAY
I got into teas. I've got all kinds. Name the color, I got it.

SAM (O.S.)
Don't fucking care.

RAY
Black, green, white. Purple. Even got yellow. Ever had yellow?

He grabs a small GLASS BOTTLE from the shelf. Slips it into his pocket.

SAM (O.S.)
Who hasn't? It's delicious.

RAY
Wait till you try it.

He takes the tin of yellow tea.

KITCHEN

Sam glares at him suspiciously.

RAY
So who's after you?

SAM
You think I'd be here if I knew?

RAY
Not a single lead?

He puts the loose tea into two infusers. One for each mug.

He waits for an answer. There is none.

RAY (cont'd)
You been keeping tabs on all of us?

SAM
You haven't?

RAY
So where's Hector?

SAM
Prison.

RAY
Petey?

SAM
Dead.

RAY
Fuck. How?

SAM
Cancer.

RAY
And Cal?

SAM
Dead too.

RAY
Good.

SAM
Leaving only you. Last one standing.

Kittle WHISTLES. He moves it off the flame.

RAY
Not including you.
(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

(beat)

I had years to think about all the ways I'd make you and Cal pay. It should've been you in there. Deep down you know it should've been you.

He turns his back to her as he pours the boiling water into the mugs.

RAY (cont'd)

If you didn't have his balls gripped so tight, you would've lost six years of your life. Down the fucking drain.

SAM

I paid my dues.

RAY

Did you now?

He takes out the glass bottle. Gives it a few taps.

WHITE POWDER drops into a mug.

SAM

In ways you boys would never understand.

He slips the bottle back into his pocket.

RAY

You gonna play the equality card now? You got just as much outta that relationship as he did. You ain't no victim.

He turns with the mugs.

SAM

It's not my fault you're not smart, Ray. Or charming. You should've asked Cal how he likes it. Then maybe you wouldn't have been so jealous.

He extends the tea with the powder in it toward her.

She takes it.

SAM (cont'd)

He liked it soft. Quiet. Lots of petting.

RAY

I always knew he was a pussy.

He sits.

RAY (cont'd)
Sit. Relax.

She sips the tea.

Coupons and other clippings sit stacked on the counter.
Something catches her eye within the pile.

RAY (cont'd)
So why you still here?

SAM
Money. Why else?

RAY
I'm barely making minimum wage,
darling.

With the muzzle of the gun, Sam drags out a business card.

We look at it with her: FBI. Special Agent Gary Friedman.
She turns it over. A handwritten phone number on the back.

She steps to Ray. COCKS the gun.

SAM
What the fuck is this?

RAY
(calm)
They're poking around. I said I had
no idea where you were. Cause I
didn't.

He sips.

Her mind churns. *Why's he so calm?* Beat.

Something's off.

SAM
What the fuck did you do?

He smiles.

She loses her balance slightly, quickly steadying herself.

SAM (cont'd)
(smiles)
You think you got me?

RAY
(smiles)
No. I don't think so.

POP. His head falls back. A BULLET straight through his brain. DEAD.

Spattered blood paints the wall behind him.

SAM
You know so, eh?

She steadies herself again. Then slips onto the table and falls to the floor. Unconscious.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sam slowly wakes. Ray's dead body sits, now hours old.

She crawls to the card on the floor. A LANDLINE PHONE sits on the wall.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

Nate sits behind the wheel, showing affection for Finn in the passenger's seat.

His cellphone RINGS. He picks up.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Silence.

SAM
Hello? Who is this?

NATE
Where's Ray?

SAM
Is this Special Agent Gary Friedman?

NATE
No.

SAM
Then who am I talking to?

NATE
You should've kept my card when I gave it to you.

SAM
When you what?
(beat)
You... The cop at the bar?

Nate gets out Sam's car.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

He walks to his parked vehicle. The beat-up GRAY CAR that almost ran Sam over.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SAM
Who the fuck are you?

INT. NATE'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

He slides in. Starts the engine.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sam hears the engine start through both ears. *He's here?*

He REVS the engine. Then PEELS out.

She drops the phone and bolts out --

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She throws the front door open as Nate's car disappears around the corner.

She stands for a moment before retreating inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place has been ransacked. Books and shelves are strewn on the floor. Couch cushions are sliced open.

There's nothing of value anywhere.

Giving up, Sam moves toward the front door. A floorboard CREAKS under a small area rug.

She stops. Presses harder. More CREAKS.

She throws the rug aside and picks up the floorboards. Underneath is a small satchel.

She takes it out. Opens it.

A single passport is inside. She flips the bag upside down and shakes it out. Nothing else.

SAM
Jesus. This is why you did time, Ray.
Fucking useless.

She rises and exits.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [PARKED] - MOMENTS LATER

Finn is in the passenger's seat. The door opens and Sam gets in, gun in hand.

SAM
I know, I'm sorry.

Finn is calm.

A peanut butter jar sits visible under the seat. Sam leans over and retrieves it.

SAM (cont'd)
Well, at least he fed you.

She chucks it out the window and starts the car.

INT. BILLIARDS AND BAR - NIGHT

PATRONS mill about. Several POOL TABLES sit in the back.

Sam enjoys a scotch and burger at the bar. The BARTENDER (30's) doesn't mind her attention.

SAM
Horse racing? Nothing better than that final stretch. Charging on the rail. Or out wide. It's sublime.

BARTENDER
Never seen a race.

SAM
Never? You're missing out.
(beat)
How 'bout boxing?

BARTENDER

(re her face)

Did I miss one of your matches?

SAM

(smiles)

Supreme. Brutal. But supreme. Kinda like love. Knowing your partner, feeling them out. Learning what they like to do. Then pow! Catching them with a stiff jab that sends them stumbling back.

BARTENDER

I think I might feel sorry for the guys in your previous relationships.

SAM

You're not alone. But then you know what you've got. If they step back up. Or if they leave the ring.

BARTENDER

I'm more of a NASCAR guy. The skill, the focus to drive two hundred laps at that speed. That's a different kind of athlete.

SAM

Round and round and round. And never really going anywhere. I think I'd just get dizzy.

BARTENDER

You and my youngest. Took him to a race a couple weeks ago and he almost puked just watching.

SAM

Oh no. Poor guy. How old?

He removes his phone. Pulls up a photo of him and a BOY.

BARTENDER

Seven. It was for his birthday. I felt terrible.

SAM

Sweet looking boy. Just like his father.

He's flattered. She lets it linger. Finally, he steps away.

She turns her attention to the pool tables in the back.

She takes her drink and walks over to one.

Two GUYS (30's) play. Sam approaches.

SAM (cont'd)
Can I get next?

They look up.

GUY #1
Sorry. We've got it for another hour.

GUY #2
We just wanna play by ourselves.

SAM
Even if we put some money on it?

GUY #2
That sounds...

SAM
Intriguing?

GUY #1
Stupid. We know a shark when we see one.

SAM
How do you know you're not a bigger shark?

GUY #2
No thanks, grandma.

She has half a mind to grab a cue stick and break it across his face.

She walks away.

EXT. GAS STATION PUMP - NIGHT

Sam fills up. Everything replays in her mind. Questions swirl. *How's he been everywhere I am?*

With a jolt, she moves to a wheel well. Searches it.

Then to a second. Then a third. And finally the fourth one. Nothing.

She drops to her knees and scans the car's underside. Nothing.

A CUSTOMER at another pump stares at her.
Sam rises and walks menacingly toward her.

SAM
What the fuck you looking at?

The Customer hastily gets in her car and drives off.
Sam's pump CLICKS off. She looks around. She's alone.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam emerges from the bathroom.
She walks by the rolling hot dogs under the lights. Takes two and moves to the counter.

CASHIER
That'll be two dollars.

She pays and exits.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sam moves to her car.
At another pump is Nate, resting against his gray car.
He watches Sam disappear into her car.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

Sam slides in. Gives Finn one hot dog and eats a bite of the other.
She sees Nate standing at the other pump. Her eyes narrow.
She grabs her gun and steps out.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nate finishes filling his car as Sam strides toward him, gun extended.

SAM
Don't move. Don't you fucking move.

NATE
Desperation will make you do crazy
things, Liz.

SAM
Who are you?

NATE
There are cameras everywhere.

SAM
Who the fuck are you?

He smiles. Then turns and disappears inside his car.

She steps forward as it starts to pull away.

She fires once. His tail light BURSTS.

The car continues on.

She opens fire, SHATTERING the back window as the car
disappears into the night.

The Cashier comes running out of the convenience store.

CASHIER
What the fuck?

Sam rushes back to her car. Jumps in and peels out, speeding
off in pursuit.

INT. NATE'S CAR [MOVING] - MOMENTS LATER

Nate checks his mirrors.

INT. SAM'S CAR [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

Sam grips the steering wheel tighter.

The gas pedal kisses the floor.

INTERCUT - CAR CHASE

The two cars barrel down the dark road.

Sam's car quickly gains on Nate's.

They dart in and out of lanes, swerving between a handful of
other cars.

She's furious. He's enjoying it.

She pulls up next to him and pushes him over. The cars grind against each other. Metal on metal.

His car is pinned against a railing. SPARKS fly.

He jams the breaks and SCREECHES to a halt.

She continues on and rams into a low barrier. Her wheels lose touch with the pavement and the car is sent SKYWARD.

It soars in the air, turning over. Then just as quickly comes CRASHING down.

The roof caves in and skids along the road.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [UPSIDE DOWN] - CONTINUOUS

Cut and bleeding, crumpled inside the wrecked car, her seatbelt is still on.

Finn is off to the side covered in blood. Broken and contorted. DEAD.

Sam tries to release her seatbelt. It's jammed.

She sees Finn and stretches out toward her.

SAM

You're okay. You're okay. You're okay, gorgeous. You're okay. Come on. Come on, sweetheart. Let me hear you. A little whimper. Anything.

Nate, knife in hand, squeezes through the broken window.

SAM (cont'd)

Don't touch me! Don't you fucking touch me!

Weakly, she fights against him as he cuts her seatbelt.

He drags her out. Finn's body is left inside.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He drags her from the wrecked car.

SAM

You killed her. You fucking killed her!

NATE

No, Sam. You killed her.

He drops her limp body and walks back to his car.

She watches for a moment then crawls back to hers.

INT./EXT. SAM'S CAR [UPSIDE DOWN] - CONTINUOUS

She looks in on Finn. Her best friend. Her only friend.

She reaches into the wreckage and snaps Finn's collar off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Nate's car pulls up beside her. He opens the passenger's side door.

NATE

Cops'll be here any minute.

They lock eyes. Long beat.

She rises and limps to his car. Holding Finn's collar, she gets in.

The car speeds off.

INT./EXT. NATE'S CAR [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

Finn and the wrecked car recede in the passenger's side mirror.

Sam holds Finn's collar tightly. *There's something on it.* She inspects.

A small TRACKING DEVICE. She rips it off.

SAM

This? This is how?

NATE

The one thing you'd never leave behind. Ever since that night you watched your father put a bullet into the brain of the one you grew up with. What was her name? Biscuit?

SAM

(stunned)

How'd you know that?

NATE
I know everything about you, Samantha
Cole.

She chucks the device out the window.

At her feet is his laptop. She tosses that out too.

She waits for a response. Silence as he stares straight
ahead.

Her eyes fall onto the steering wheel. Then the gear shift.

SAM
What's to stop me from yanking that
and sending us spinning across the
road?

He faces her. The car ACCELERATES.

NATE
Nothing.

She looks at him. He doesn't flinch.

She looks at the road. Then back at him.

His eyes stay glued to her as the car speeds blindly through
the darkness.

She breaks and looks out the window.

The car slows as he refocuses on the road.

SAM
Why didn't you leave me back there?
(beat)
Save me just so you can kill me on
your own terms?

NATE
If I wanted you dead, Sam... But you
already know that. Or else you
wouldn't have gotten in the car.

SAM
So then what's the big plan? Continue
torturing me? Robbing me?

NATE
It's not your money I'm taking, is
it?

SAM
So death by a thousand cuts? Skinning
me slowly until, until what?

NATE
Until I no longer need your flesh.

SAM
Who are you? Who hired you?

NATE
I like to think you did.

He takes an exit off the road.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - NIGHT

Desolation. The car stops in front of a condemned building.
Nate exits and moves to the trunk.

INT./EXT. NATE'S CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

Sam looks out the broken back window. The open trunk
obstructs her view. Shattered glass fills the backseat.

She pulls down the sun visor. Bruises and dried blood cover
most of her face.

A power drill BUZZES as she checks the glove compartment.
Empty.

She gets out of the car and limps to the back.

Nate finishes removing the back license plate as she
approaches.

He grabs his bag and moves to the front of the car to do the
same. She follows.

As he works, his open bag sits nearby. She steps toward it.
He eyes her.

He finishes, dropping the plates into the bag.

He retrieves a jar of peanut butter and tosses it to her.

NATE
Sorry. She was a good dog.

He goes back to the trunk and removes a container of
GASOLINE.

Begins pouring it inside and over the car.

He lights a match and sets it on FIRE. The blaze erupts.

He takes his bag and walks off.

SAM

I know who you are.

He stops.

SAM (cont'd)

You're my son. Right? Flesh. And blood. This, this is all a way to get back at me for abandoning you.

He turns.

SAM (cont'd)

I did what was best for both of us. You never would've... Not all women are meant to be mothers. I'm sorry you ended up with me as yours.

NATE

Your son is dead. OD'ed three years ago. Some could say that one's on you as well.

She steps up to him. They're inches apart.

SAM

Then who are you?

NATE

You know, I always thought you'd be different. More of a presence when I finally saw you again.

SAM

Again?

NATE

But, but it's almost like I can see through you.

In a flash, she snatches the gun from his belt and has it pointed straight at him.

SAM

Game over. Drop the bag.

(beat)

Don't think I won't.

NATE
I know you will.

She COCKS the gun.

SAM
Drop it and I'll let you walk away.

NATE
I can't, Sam.

SAM
Drop the fucking bag!

He smirks.

She pulls the trigger. CLICK. Quickly cocks again and pulls. CLICK.

He rips the gun from her and shoves her to the ground.

He gets on top, pinning her arms down with his knees. They press into her fresh wounds.

He opens the chamber. A single bullet slides onto his palm.

NATE
Didn't it feel light to you? Guess you could say I was lucky.

He digs out bullets from his jacket pocket. Loads as he speaks.

NATE (cont'd)
A woman who slowly, month after month, bled a father and his son dry. Robbed them. Skinned them. Until. Until they had nothing left. Sound familiar?

He snaps the loaded chamber shut. Moves the muzzle to her lips.

NATE (cont'd)
Open.
(beat)
Open!

She opens her mouth. He puts the gun inside.

NATE (cont'd)
How does that taste?

COCKS the gun.

A tear drips down to her ear.

NATE (cont'd)
As cold as the night you disappeared
on us?

Long beat. He rises, de-cocking the gun.

She lies frozen with fear.

He grabs her IDs from his bag. Thumbs through them then
throws one at her.

He walks off. Moments pass.

She slowly sits up. Takes the ID.

CLOSE UP on ID: Helen Atwood. Arizona. Expired 20 years ago.

EXT. YELLOW JASMINE MOTEL - NIGHT

Nate emerges from the office and walks to the stairs.

EXT. MOTEL SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

He grabs a Coca-Cola from the vending machine and walks
toward a room.

He stops at the door. Looks out beyond the parking lot.

A grassy hill sits in the distance. Standing on the hill is
Sam, her outline barely visible in the darkness.

HILL BEYOND MOTEL

Sam stands looking at the Motel. She watches Nate disappear
into the room.

She sits. Opens the peanut butter jar. Eats off her finger.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nate, clothes on, reclines in an empty bathtub. Glass of
Jack and Coke in hand.

His eyes begin to water.

EXT. YELLOW JASMINE MOTEL - DAY

A VEHICLE idles in the parking lot.

Nate, cleaned up and carrying his bag, approaches and --

INT./EXT. VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Slides in.

DRIVER

Nate?

NATE

Yup. You know we're going out of state, right?

DRIVER

Yes sir, got the address right here.

NATE

It's gonna be a long drive, so whenever you want to stop for lunch, drive-thru is on me.

DRIVER

Thank you. I appreciate that.

The car starts moving and --

THUD. Sam's body lands on the hood.

The Driver slams the breaks.

DRIVER (cont'd)

Jesus Christ!

Sam slides to her feet in front of the car, blood and dirt still caked around her face.

DRIVER (cont'd)

What the fuck, lady?!

She stares at Nate through the windshield.

SAM

You gonna have someone else run me over this time, Nate?

DRIVER

Run you over? You jumped right in front of--

(MORE)

DRIVER (cont'd)
(to Nate)
You saw it, right? She came outta
nowhere. I didn't--

The door opens and Sam slides in next to Nate.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Hey!

SAM
(to Nate)
Of all the people it could've been.

DRIVER
What the hell is going on here?

SAM
(to Nate)
You wanna tell him or should I?

Silence. Driver waits.

DRIVER
I think both of you should get out of
my car.

Sam opens her door.

SAM
(to Nate)
Shall we?

NATE
(to Driver)
I'll make it up to you. The hood and
whatever else. I'll make it worth
your while.

Sam shuts the door.

SAM
So generous.

DRIVER
You better.

The car starts moving again as the Driver MUMBLES to
himself.

SAM
Nate Fuller. How's your father?

NATE
Dead.

SAM

Yeah. Yeah I assumed so. Since you're doing all this.

(beat)

I'm sorry he's gone. Robert was a, a man that didn't deserve what I did. Obviously you didn't either. I'm sorry for all of that. I really am.

NATE

You're only sorry because I've left you with nothing.

SAM

Not true. Well, a little true. So where we going?

NATE

You think you're coming with me?

SAM

What's the point of running if you're just gonna find me again?

(beat)

And since you can't bring yourself to kill me...

Driver checks the mirror.

SAM (cont'd)

(to Driver)

Eyes on the road, buddy.

He returns his gaze to the road.

SAM (cont'd)

(to Nate)

That's okay, I don't need to know. I like surprises.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun is high above as the Vehicle moves with the light traffic.

INT./EXT. VEHICLE [MOVING] - DAY

Silence fills the car.

SAM

So what are you, Nate? A private investigator?

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

A desk cop that got buried by delusions of grandeur? Or maybe just a guy working odd jobs drinking his days away until he decided to blame someone for his lot in life.

NATE

Does it matter?

SAM

Who you are? I think so. I'm assuming you're not the wife and kids kinda guy, right? You got an ex-wife at least?

(beat)

A girlfriend? A fuck buddy? A boyfriend?

NATE

What's your point?

SAM

Just seems to be the way we measure things. And it's looking like you got about as little as I do. Spending your days, your years, hunting me down. Living from one motel room to the next. I might deserve to be punished for what I did, but do you?

NATE

When you left us, I watched. I watched my father die. Slowly. First he sank into the couch. Drinking. Then came the venom. The despair. He was sick. Frail. Destitute because of you. It didn't matter that I was there. He was alone. Alone to die. Just like you're going to be.

(beat)

Have you ever had to look into the eyes of a miserable old man and know there was nothing you could say?

SAM

For the first sixteen years of my life.

NATE

A miserable old man who wasn't miserable by choice.

SAM

Everyone's got choice, Nate.
Everyone.

NATE

So, I chose to find you. No matter
how long it took. No matter what it
cost.

SAM

I don't feel guilty for surviving.
That's the truth. I survived. The
only way I knew how. Trained. Long
before I met you two.

NATE

We might not have been the first. Or
the last. But we were the biggest.

SAM

You were the slowest. Your father was
the slowest to catch on.

NATE

Because he was in love with you.

SAM

Like I said, trained. It was my
profession. A fucking job.

(beat)

It didn't all go to me. As you know.
Ray. Cal. Hector. Your father, he
just got caught in the machine we'd
built. Nothing more. Nothing less.

NATE

Nothing forgotten. Nothing forgiven.

SAM

Except what you're doing, it's not
for survival.

NATE

Don't be so sure of that.

She eyes him. A touch of sympathy for the wounded child
within.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun hangs lower in the sky.

Vehicle drives past a ROAD SIGN: Welcome to North Carolina.

INT./EXT. VEHICLE [MOVING] - DAY

Sam drifts off to sleep.

Empty fast food bags, soda cups and wrappers fill the space between them.

Nate watches her. His face softens ever so slightly.

EXT. SUBURBS - DUSK

A quiet neighborhood filled with cute houses and manicured lawns.

Vehicle moves through the streets.

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A sweet, two-story home. The structure is in good shape but the grounds have been neglected.

Vehicle pulls into the driveway.

INT. VEHICLE [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

Driver presses his phone's keypad, completing the ride.

Sam stirs awake.

NATE

Cash okay?

DRIVER

Cash is king.

He pays the Driver. Damages and a hefty tip included.

NATE

That enough?

Driver counts through the thick wad.

Sam looks out the window, disbelieving. She steps out.

DRIVER

Yes. Thank you.

NATE

Have a good night.

DRIVER

You too.

Nate steps out.

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vehicle departs as Nate approaches the front door.

SAM

It looks the same.

Rolled up newspapers sit on the doorstep. He picks them up and enters the house.

INT. NATE'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam closes the door behind her.

The house is cold, bare and extremely minimal.

SAM

Not so destitute that he couldn't keep the house.

Nate moves to the stairs.

NATE

He couldn't. But I can be very successful when I want something back. Wouldn't you agree?

SAM

There's nothing here.

He disappears up the stairs.

In a bit of a fog, she moves into --

LIVING ROOM

The large room has only a TV that sits on milk crates, a lamp and a couch.

There's a fireplace.

She continues into --

KITCHEN

No furniture. The counter and stove are spotless. Only a coffee machine is visible.

Glass doors lead to the BACKYARD.

She opens the refrigerator. Empty.

Opens a cabinet. A single plate and bowl.

Opens another cabinet. A single glass.

Opens a drawer. A single knife, fork and spoon.

Opens other drawers. All empty.

Opens a final cabinet. Liquor. Lots of it.

She pours a scotch. Drains it. Pours another as Nate walks in.

NATE

Like a bloodhound. Sniffing out the most valuable things in any house.

SAM

I'd pour you one, but...

He takes her glass. Drains it.

She refills the glass then CLINKS the bottle with it.

SAM (cont'd)

Welcome home.

She drinks from the bottle. He drinks from the glass.

NATE

Is it all coming back to you?

SAM

Pieces. Flashes.

NATE

Let's see if we can fill in the gaps.

He exits.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the landing. Bare walls surround them.

They move through and into --

FIRST BEDROOM

Nate's childhood bedroom. Small and empty.

SAM

Didn't, didn't you have movie posters on all the walls? You were a big movie buff. Right?

Nate moves to a spot in the room.

NATE

Here. Here is where my father sat me down. Whiskey sweating from his forehead. He could barely look at me. Stuttering. Stuttering so much I just wanted to shake it out of him. Shake it out of him that the bank was repossessing the house and I had to pack whatever I could.

He moves to a wall.

NATE (cont'd)

And here's where I broke my wrist a few minutes later. Luckily my friends and I were already stealing painkillers.

He calmly walks out. She follows.

BATHROOM

They move in. A single towel, toothpaste, toothbrush, bar of soap.

NATE

This tub will always be meaningful to me. It has to be, right? When you try to kill yourself in it. Like most things though, I was bad at it.

He exposes his wrists. Scars lay horizontal on the skin.

NATE (cont'd)

Before the internet could tell you how to properly do it.

She gently touches the scars. He quickly pulls away.

He walks out. She stays, taking it in.

NATE (O.S.)
This way, Sam.

SECOND BEDROOM

He stands waiting. A mattress sits on the floor with a desk lamp and his bag beside it.

Sam enters.

NATE
You know this room well, don't you?

She moves to the closet. A single shirt hangs inside.

She opens a dresser drawer. Pants, t-shirts, underwear.

NATE (cont'd)
There's no money hiding in there.

She opens the other drawers. All empty.

SAM
How long have you lived like this?

NATE
This is where you'll be staying.
Where the magic happened. Right? The
art of seduction?

SAM
It didn't take much with your father.

NATE
He beat me for the first time in this
room. Broke my nose. My left eye was
swollen shut. But the worst thing,
the worst thing was that my blood got
all over the rug. My mother's
favorite rug.

SAM
Your father never laid a hand on me.

NATE
Things change, Sam. Things change
when you live with the guilt of being
the one that let the fox into the
henhouse.

He grabs his bag and exits.

STAIRCASE

They descend.

NATE

I pushed my father down these stairs once. Thought I'd killed him. Luckily the brain reabsorbed the blood and they didn't need to cut open his skull.

They reach the landing.

NATE (cont'd)

Insurance was a nightmare though.

They move into --

LIVING ROOM

Their voices almost echo in the emptiness.

NATE

Nothing special happened here. Just the boring alcoholic. It even became his bedroom.

SAM

Why didn't you leave?

He stops. Beat. He moves into --

KITCHEN

Sam lags behind him.

NATE

Here's where I cooked for him. There was really only one meal he'd eat.

SAM

Baked ziti.

NATE

(slight surprise)

The day he filed for bankruptcy was the last time we had a real dinner together.

SAM

You remember our dinners? When he'd stay late at work.

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

(beat)

C'mon, I know you do.

(beat)

P.B. and J's. It's all I could do.
I'm still a mess in the kitchen.

She refills his glass.

NATE

How'd you know it would work? A
company with just one letter
different from his. Getting new
customers and vendors to write checks
to you instead of him.

SAM

Misdirection. Manipulation. They
looked at me more closely than they
looked at the invoice.

She smiles. Flirtatious. Attractive. Effective.

SAM (cont'd)

Nothing fancy. Just distractions.
Seems you've put that into practice
as well.

NATE

We're nothing alike.

SAM

You were a quiet kid. I do remember
that. Always listening. Considerate.

NATE

You did everything you could to win
me over.

SAM

You had just lost your mother. I knew
how you felt.

NATE

Then how could you do that to us?

SAM

Because your life wasn't mine. I
promised myself, even before I was a
teenager, that I wasn't going down
the road I saw in front of me. The
women before me. People listened to
me. Men listened to me. So I used
what they told me I had.

NATE

Those men had nothing to begin with.

SAM

No different than the rest of us.

(beat)

I've seen places, worlds within worlds I never thought I would. I have regrets. But I'll never feel ashamed for getting out. They used me. So I used them.

(beat)

Desire. Desire I can spot miles away. Revenge? I'm always long gone by then. But now I see it. Up close. And there's a certain beauty to it.

She tops off his glass then finishes what remains in the bottle.

He watches. Beat. Drains his glass.

SAM (cont'd)

It's okay to hate me, Nate. And to want me at the same time.

She leans in. They kiss.

Quickly, it leads to more.

He takes charge aggressively. She responds in kind. They match each other.

Sex. Rough. Desperate. Angry. Alive.

And then it's over. Silence.

He pulls up his pants. Grabs his bag and walks out.

She's left alone. Takes a moment.

Goes to the liquor cabinet and searches for a bottle.

LIVING ROOM

He smokes on the couch. TV is ON.

She enters, his glass and a new bottle in hand.

She pours for him. He accepts.

She digs out a cigarette from the pack beside him. He lights it for her.

She walks out.

BATHROOM

She's at the mirror. Everything she's been through stares back at her.

Finn's collar sits on the sink counter.

She takes a last drag from the cigarette. Drops into the toilet. Takes a swig from the bottle.

Peels her clothes off. Dried blood has fused the fabric and her skin together.

SHOWER STALL

Water beats down on her.

Blood. Dirt. Soap. It all circles the drain.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wearing a towel, she opens a dresser drawer. Only men's clothing.

She drops the towel and dresses in Nate's clothes.

She lies down on the mattress.

Moments pass. Her eyes get heavy. Sleep creeps in...

Something smells. Acrid. Pungent. Bitter.

She quickly rises and exits.

LIVING ROOM

Nate is BURNING all of Sam's IDs in the fireplace.

Sam rushes in.

SAM

What the fuck are you doing?

NATE

Getting rid of the only reason you're here.

The IDs twist and melt within the crackling flames.

Furious, she rushes to his bag. He doesn't move.
She retrieves his gun. Checks that it's loaded. It is.
Points it at him. COCKS it. Long beat.

SAM
Say something.

NATE
Please, Sam. Do it. Please.

Beat. She lowers the gun.

She goes back to the bag and rummages through it. She finds
stacks of cash and something else --

A POLAROID picture.

We look at it with her: A smiling WOMAN holding a baby.

SAM
She was pretty.

She moves to the fire with it. He still hasn't moved.

SAM (cont'd)
Beautiful, actually.

NATE
Too bad cancer doesn't care what you
look like.

She drops it into the flames. He watches it burn.

Cash and gun in hand, she exits.

The front door OPENS then SLAMS shut.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAWN

Sam waits on a bench, the station not yet open.

Her last ID turns in her hands: Helen Atwood, Arizona.

INT. NATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nate rests on the couch. Coffee in hand, TV ON.

The front door OPENS. He flinches. And waits.

Sam enters carrying groceries. A PUPPY (Boxer) trots in beside her.

SAM
Now that's a face I haven't seen on
you yet.

She and the Puppy move into --

KITCHEN

She unpacks and feeds the Puppy. The gun sits on the counter.

Nate enters.

SAM
(re Puppy)
She's a rescue. The name they gave
her was terrible though.

NATE
What are you doing?

SAM
I was thinking Helen. I mean, that
name will always be with us, won't
it?

The doorbell RINGS. He flinches again.

SAM (cont'd)
Could you put the rest away?

She exits.

He grabs the gun and follows. Helen keeps eating.

ENTRYWAY

Sam opens the door to reveal a furniture DELIVERY MAN.

DELIVERY MAN
Hi.

LIVING ROOM

Nate, gun in hand, moves to the window.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
We've got a delivery for--

SAM (O.S.)

Yup. Upstairs, second door on your left. Just move the mattress aside.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)

Yes, ma'am.

Nate peeks out from behind the curtain. A DELIVERY VAN sits in the driveway.

KITCHEN

Sam finishes unpacking.

Nate enters, gun in his waistband.

SAM

Do I look like a woman who sleeps on the floor?

(re the gun)

I thought we were done threatening each other with that thing.

The sound of furniture carried up the stairs is heard.

SAM (cont'd)

You wanted me, Nate. So now you've got me.

She kisses him on the lips then exits.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

They're having sex on the new bed. Softer. Less angry.

Helen is curled up in a doggy bed on the floor. Nate's bag sits beside her.

They finish. Sam extracts two cigarettes from a pack. They smoke.

SAM

Being chased by you... You know those dreams where all you need to do is stop and turn around?

NATE

And the boogeyman disappears?

SAM

You realize the boogeyman isn't that scary after all.

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

I can be myself around you, Nate. My ugly, selfish, manipulative self. And you, you can be whoever you want to be around me.

NATE

Is that so?

SAM

What is it you still want?

NATE

I don't know.

SAM

I'll give it to you. If I can.

NATE

Maybe there's nothing else.

SAM

(genuine)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what I did. I mean that, Nate. I am.

She kisses him on the lips. Real. Passionate.

SAM (cont'd)

I gotta take a piss.

She slips on a shirt and exits.

Emotions rise within him. We hear a door CLOSE. Long beat.

He moves to his bag. Takes out the gun. Fishes out bullets.

Toilet FLUSHES. He loads the gun. Faucet RUNS.

He snaps the chamber shut. Water STOPS. He COCKS the gun.

A door OPENS. He pets Helen. Floorboards CREAK.

He rises as Sam re-enters. She freezes.

He SHOOTS her in the chest. Once. Twice. Three times.

Helen BARKS through it all as Sam hits the wall and slides down, leaving a thick streak of blood.

Blood fills her mouth as she struggles to talk.

SAM (cont'd)

You couldn't...

NATE

Shh.

SAM

You couldn't live with it.

NATE

Shh.

SAM

All the shit.

She bleeds out and DIES.

Nate scoops Helen up and exits.

KITCHEN

He calmly serves Helen food and water in her bowls.

He watches her eat as he makes himself a drink.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Nate's GRUNTS are heard.

After a moment, he appears dragging Sam's dead body wrapped in a bed sheet.

He looks down the stairs. Beat. He pushes her down feet first.

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP...her head hitting each stair as it slides down.

Finally, she hits the bottom with a THUD.

FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

He drags the body through and into --

KITCHEN

He continues dragging it to the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Nate digs a hole, Sam's wrapped body lying nearby. Helen watches.

NATE
(to Helen)
She didn't leave me with much of a
choice.

He keeps digging.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAWN

He digs. And digs. And digs.

Bloody. Dirty. Sweaty.

Finally, the hole is deep enough.

He climbs out. Rolls the body to the edge. Pushes it over.

It tumbles down to the bottom. Helen BARKS.

SAM
(to Helen)
Exactly.

He BARKS with Helen and begins filling the hole.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

He stops filling. About halfway done.

SAM
(to Helen)
How 'bout some breakfast?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Coffee is being made. He fills Helen's bowls with food and water.

A THWACK at the front door. He freezes.

ENTRYWAY

He cautiously approaches the door. Looks through the peephole.

Opens the door a sliver. No one.

Opens it wider. Still no one.

He looks down. A rolled up newspaper sits on the doorstep.

He picks it up and steps outside.

EXT. NATE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He looks around the quiet neighborhood.

Digs out a pack of cigarettes and lights up.

Moments pass as he smokes.

Finally, he retreats into the house, closing the door behind him.

FADE TO BLACK