

SPRAWL

By

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FADE IN:

We creep in the night over miles of LIGHTS; the garish glow that is LOS ANGELES, an endless, sprawling city, where it's easier to disappear than be discovered.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT.

A VOLKSWAGEN drives down a dark street. Out of place in a shuttered industrial area. It stops at a RED LIGHT.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN. NIGHT.

A MARRIED COUPLE; PAUL is behind the wheel, JEN points to the median, where a BUM sits in a WHEELCHAIR, dressed in rags.

JEN
What is that?

PAUL
(looking)
Someone who's about to be a pain in my
ass.

Sure enough, the BUM rolls over to the driver's window.

PAUL (cont'd)
Great shortcut, honey.

JEN
Just give him some cash. At least his
sign is funny.

A SIGN hanging around the Bum's neck reads, "PORSCHE FUND!"

Paul LAUGHS. He digs out his wallet and rolls the window down. He holds out FIVE DOLLARS.

PAUL
Screw the Porsche. Get yourself a
Ferrari, pal.

The Bum doesn't move to take the money. He lifts his head; half his face is wrapped in FILTHY BANDAGES.

PAUL (cont'd)
(creeped-out)
Hey, just take the money, man.

Suddenly, GLASS SHATTERS. Jen SCREAMS. Paul looks over as

JEN IS YANKED THROUGH THE WINDOW by SOMETHING UNSEEN.

Paul tries to grab her, but she disappears into the darkness.

PAUL (cont'd)
Jen?! JENNIFER?!

Terrified, Paul puts the car in park and opens his door.

OUTSIDE, he sees the WHEELCHAIR, TOPPLED OVER, EMPTY.

Next to it, is the BUM'S SIGN.

Paul scans the area, frantic; no idea what's happening.

PAUL (cont'd)
(to himself)
He's gone. Holy shit; it got them both.
(screaming)
HELP! HELP ME!

Paul SLAMS his door; he whips out his cell-phone, before he can dial, an ALARM startles him. But, it's not the phone.

A DASHBOARD LIGHT WARNS:

"REAR DOOR AJAR."

Before Paul can turn around, a MEATY TENDRIL wraps around his neck and CHOKES THE LIFE OUT OF HIM...

CUT TO:

a SMALL PATCH OF LIGHT, hiding beyond the San Gabriel Mountains at the northern end of LA County. This is Santa Clarita.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. NIGHT.

Sleepy suburbia, tucked safely in the canyons. Cookie-cutter houses and cul-de-sacs.

HEADLIGHTS sweep around a corner; a shiny new Mustang GROWLS as it cruises down the street.

INT. MUSTANG. NIGHT.

CHASE, 17, a chiseled quarterback, drives with an arm around ASHLEY BOYER, 16, blonde, beautiful, boldly flirtatious.

She's dressed for cheerleader practice; he wears his jersey. By all appearances, the perfect high school power couple.

CHASE
I'm stoked we finally got a chance to talk, Ashley. It's cool I could drive you home.

Ashley smiles, flattered. She touches Chase's shoulder.

ASHLEY

Well, we don't have to go straight home.

Chase looks at Ashley's hand on his shoulder, and the naughty look on her face. He grins.

CHASE

No. We definitely don't have to go straight home.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. NIGHT.

The Mustang crawls into the darkness between streetlights.

Just as it passes, THREE FIGURES in BLACK HOODED SWEATSHIRTS scurry after the car, disappearing into the night.

INT. MUSTANG. NIGHT.

Chase parks. He eyes Ashley; she GIGGLES. Chase puts a hand on Ashley's knee, slides it up her thigh. Ashley playfully stops him.

ASHLEY

You know, Chase, my dad's a cop; he's very concerned about the type of guy I hang out with.

(beat)

I heard you got into a fight yesterday.

Chase LAUGHS.

CHASE

Some redheaded fag was checking me out in the shower. I taught him a lesson.

ASHLEY

That might get you into some trouble.

CHASE

I'm the starting quarterback, Ashley; I never get in trouble. I could get away with murder.

Chase tries to kiss her. Ashley pulls back, looks around.

ASHLEY

Let's park in the cul-de-sac. There's more privacy.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. NIGHT.

The Mustang PURRS into the dark cul-de-sac.

A moment later, the THREE HOODED FIGURES step into the glow of the streetlight.

We can't see their faces; we can see their GUNSTOCKS.

They creep toward the cul-de-sac.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC. NIGHT.

Pitch black. No signs of life in the surrounding houses. The Mustang's lights turn off.

INT. MUSTANG. NIGHT.

Chase gazes at Ashley; she smiles seductively.

CHASE

You're a wicked little flirt, aren't you?

ASHLEY

Flirting's half the fun.

CHASE

What's the other half?

Ashley leans in to kiss Chase.

THUMP! Something hits the car. Startled, Chase and Ashley look out the rear window; FOOTBALL PADS block their view.

ASHLEY

Did somebody hit us?

CHASE

I can't see.

THUMP! Something SPLATTERS the WINDSHIELD, scaring them.

ASHLEY

Oh my God. What is that?!

CHASE

It's not your dad, is it?

CRACK! The DRIVER'S WINDOW SPIDERWEBS; Ashley SCREAMS and bolts out of the car, leaving the door open.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC. NIGHT.

Ashley runs off. The Mustang is pelted by projectiles. Chase is trapped inside.

BANG! An M80 EXPLODES in the car. Chase dives out, arms raised in surrender.

CHASE
Please! Stop!

Chase discovers the three Hooded Figures. To him, they look like Grim Reapers. Terror sinks in.

CHASE (cont'd)
What do you want? Don't do this!

One of the Figures takes aim and fires.

The projectile whizzes past Chase's head and dents his car.

Chase cowers. When he does, he gets a clear look at what's been shot at him... POTATOES.

CHASE (cont'd)
Potatoes.
(to his attackers)
Whoever you are, you're dead! You hear me?! You're dead!

A Hooded Figure reveals a BROWN PAPER BAG, LIGHTS IT ON FIRE and tosses it at Chase's feet.

Chase knows exactly what it is.

CHASE (cont'd)
You think I'm an idiot? That's a bag of dog shit. I'm not gonna step on it!

BANG! THE FLAMING BAG EXPLODES, spraying Chase with SHIT. Disgusted, he gags.

CUT TO:

BACKYARDS, where Ashley runs as fast as she can through the darkness. She hurries across the OVERGROWN LAWN of

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE. NIGHT.

where she races around back and tries to open the door; it won't budge. She POUNDS on it. No answer.

When she turns around, TWO OF THE HOODED FIGURES are behind her. They're aiming POTATO GUNS. Ashley SCREAMS.

ASHLEY
 Assholes! You scared the hell out of me!
 (catching her breath)
 I almost had to kiss that douche-bag.

Ashley smiles. The Figures remove their hoods to reveal

NATHAN HAWLEY and RAY GIRARDI, both 16; lifelong friends, polar opposites.

Nathan is 100 lbs. soaking-wet and dripping with sarcasm; a smart kid in a permanent awkward phase. He uses an INHALER.

Ray is all muscle and mischief; volatile when bored. A teen destined for trouble.

Together they're the perfect pranksters.

NATHAN
 Did you see his face?!

RAY
 The shit got in his mouth!

ASHLEY
 It'll do wonders for his breath.

Ray offers his fist to Ashley for a pound.

RAY
 Ashley Boyer with the assist. MVP of the night.

Ashley bumps fists with Ray.

ASHLEY
 It was my pleasure; that homophobic prick got what he deserved.

The third Hooded Figure bursts from the bushes, jolting them.

NATHAN
 Jesus, Tony!

He removes his hood to reveal TONY, 16, a REDHEAD with a BLACK-EYE that mars his boyish face.

TONY
 Sorry. I stayed back to revel in the moment. I'd say Chase's gay-bashing days are over. Thanks Ashley. And, thank you guys.

Tony hands his potato gun over to Nathan. Ray does, too.

RAY

Thank Nathan; he's the man with the plan.

ASHLEY

Who knew quiet little Nathan Hawley was a potato gun wielding warrior?

Nathan's got a crush on Ashley; he can barely speak to her.

NATHAN

Well, Ashley, you've got some... some secret weapons, too.

ASHLEY

Are you talking about my tits?

Nathan stammers, nervous.

NATHAN

No, no... I didn't even know you had... Well, you *clearly* have... I just meant-

Nathan fakes a COUGH.

NATHAN (cont'd)

-Sorry, I got something... in my throat.

RAY

Yeah, your foot.

Nathan glares at Ray. Ashley LAUGHS; Ray's funny. Cute, too.

ASHLEY

So, Ray, this is what you guys do? I didn't know you were so... crazy.

MUSIC ERUPTS from inside the house. Nathan shakes his head in frustration.

NATHAN

Goddamnit, Micah.

Nathan hurries in, the other Teens behind him.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Industrial Metal MUSIC BLARES. BURNING CANDLES illuminate POTATO SACKS, HAIRSPRAY CANISTERS, PVC PIPE and M80S.

In the middle of it all is MICAH, 16, OVERWEIGHT and UNDER-SEXED. He dances wildly, a bag of Lays in one hand, a Red Bull in the other.

Nathan, Ray, Ashley and Tony enter. Nathan is pissed; the other Teens can barely contain their LAUGHTER.

Nathan unplugs Micah's LAPTOP SPEAKERS, killing the music.

NATHAN

What the hell are you doing, Micah?!

Nathan looks at the walls, they're covered in BAND POSTERS, several for a group called FESTER.

NATHAN (cont'd)

I told you not to bring anything here that can link us to this place.

MICAH

Dude, it's a few posters.

Nathan rips the posters down.

NATHAN

Eventually, someone is going to try to buy this house. How long do you think it'll take to connect these posters with the ones hanging in our bedrooms?!

MICAH

Unclench, kid. The Recession continues. No one's buying this shithole. We're safe.

Micah winks at Ashley.

MICAH (cont'd)

Ashley Boyer; looking fine tonight, girl.

Ashley's more concerned with the BITS OF POTATO in her hair.

ASHLEY

Is there a bathroom? I need to get the potato out of my hair.

Micah points down the hall.

MICAH

End of the hall, baby-cakes.

Ashley walks off. Micah tries to peek under Ashley's cheerleader uniform. Nathan pulls Micah up by his collar.

NATHAN

Show's over; get upstairs so I can ask her out.

MICAH

You bring an interpreter? Because, I don't think she understands stammering.

NATHAN

Very funny.

RAY

He can stammer all he wants as long as he doesn't heave on her. He still owes Brooke Goldstein a new pair of shoes.

NATHAN

I had *food poisoning*.

TONY

C'mon, guys. Give him his space. We got the defibrillator upstairs, right?

NATHAN

Get. Out. Now.

MICAH

Nate, just accept the fact you have no shot with Ashley. Once a girl sees me, she's drawn to me.

NATHAN

That's because you have your own gravitational pull.

DOWN THE HALL, Ashley opens the bathroom door and sees

a WOMAN'S BODY, nearly naked, lying on the floor; its LEG TORN OFF. Ashley SCREAMS.

Nathan, Ray and Tony run to the doorway. Shock registers.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Micah, what did you... do?

Micah pushes past them.

MICAH

Relax; it's Yvonne. She's a Real-Doll. I got it off Ebay.

RAY

She's missing a leg.

TONY

You bought a used sex-doll?

MICAH
They're, like, four-grand new. I got a good deal because she's damaged.

NATHAN
Dude, you're damaged.

Micah picks Yvonne up, holds her close.

MICAH
What? Practice makes perfect.

ASHLEY
You guys are sketch; I'll clean up at home.

Ashley hurries up the stairs. Nathan tries to follow her.

NATHAN
Ashley, wait. He's got Aspergers-
But, Ashley's already out of the house. Nathan, upset, turns back to Micah, who's groping Yvonne.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Thanks, dick.

EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Nathan and Ray approach the quaint, quiet house.

RAY
Alright, man. I'll see you tomorrow.

NATHAN
You know, I *am* going to ask Ashley out.

RAY
Sorry Nate, but you're about as likely to ask Ashley Boyer out as Micah is to see his nuts without a mirror.

NATHAN
Hey, I've got the date already planned. It's just, I'm retarded around her. I can't come up with anything cool to say.

RAY
How about, "Hi. Wanna go out?"

Nathan thinks this over. Ray's got a point.

NATHAN

You're right. I'll just ask her. Tomorrow morning. On the bus.

(beat)

What if she says "no"?

RAY

Well, it'll hurt.

Ray punches Nathan's shoulder, hard.

RAY (cont'd)

But, it'll hurt less than that.

Ray runs off, LAUGHING. Nathan heads for the door, wincing.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

LINDA HAWLEY, a world-weary 42, is curled up on the couch watching TV. On the coffee table sits a GLASS OF WATER and a BOTTLE OF XANAX.

Nathan enters, upset to find his mother waiting up.

NATHAN

Mom, why are you still up?

LINDA

Because I can't sleep. I'm too anxious.

NATHAN

That's what the Xanax is for.

Linda picks up the pill bottle and shakes it.

LINDA

These things knock me out; I'm not going to be catatonic while you're running around all night doing God-knows-what-

NATHAN

-*Studying*, mom. With Ray. That's what I was doing.

Linda takes her pill.

LINDA

And, what will you be doing in Beverly Hills on the 23rd?

Nathan gets more irritated.

NATHAN

You're spying on me, now?

LINDA

I got a call tonight from some restaurant in Beverly Hills; they needed a credit card to hold a reservation for two on the 23rd.

NATHAN

Tell me you didn't cancel it.

LINDA

I thought it was a mistake.

NATHAN

No! It was to celebrate after I get my driver's license.

Linda smiles; she's touched by the gesture.

LINDA

That's very sweet. But, you don't have to take me to a restaurant in Beverly Hills.

Nathan looks away, suddenly very uncomfortable.

NATHAN

Uh, Mom. I was gonna take Ashley Boyer. On a date.

Linda looks at Nathan in disbelief.

LINDA

Nathan, do you really think I'm going to let you drive into LA the first day you get your license? It's too dangerous. You could get into an accident, get carjacked-

NATHAN

-I've been planning this for months!

LINDA

Well, your plans just changed, kiddo. You have no reservation and no car.

NATHAN

It's not even your car. Dad bought it. He'd let me drive it.

LINDA

Hey, if you can find him, you can ask to borrow his car.

(beat)

Look, I'll drive you and this Ashley girl somewhere in town for dinner.

Nathan is furious.

NATHAN

Great idea, Mom; do you want to castrate
me now, or right in front of her?!

Nathan stomps upstairs.

INT. NATHAN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Nathan storms in, slams the door and turns on the light.

The walls are home to a PERIODIC TABLE, MATH EQUATIONS,
CHEMICAL FORMULAS and FESTER POSTERS.

Over his bed is a CALENDAR. Weeks from now, the 23rd has a
CAR drawn in the box; written inside the car is "ASHLEY".

Nathan crosses out the car.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. DAY.

Nathan, backpack slung over his shoulder, stands at the bus
stop. The YELLOW SCHOOL BUS approaches.

Nathan glares at it.

NATHAN

Just run me over.

INT. SCHOOL BUS. DAY.

Nathan moves down the aisle. He sees Ashley; there's an open
seat beside her. He smiles at her, she smiles back, but
Nathan walks past her, no point asking her out now.

Nathan slumps into a seat. He stares at the back of Ashley's
head, defeated.

EXT. WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

We float above the fenced-in campus; only a watchtower away
from being a prison.

INT. WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL, CHEMISTRY CLASS. DAY.

Nathan sits beside Tony, gazing across the room at Ashley.

Micah sits next to Ray at the back of the class.

Draped in a lab coat, gloves and goggles, MR. BAKER lectures
from behind his LAB TABLE.

BAKER

Yesterday, we talked about the conservation of mass. Today we're going to demonstrate it with a little bang.

Baker fills a BEAKER with water, unwraps a SODIUM METAL BLOCK and shaves off a small piece.

BAKER (cont'd)

In front of me is a beaker of good old H₂O. This is a sliver of sodium metal.

Baker drops the sliver of sodium into the beaker.

The sliver reacts, whipping around the surface of the water. SPARKS flare into FLAMES and then... BANG! A small, bright EXPLOSION erupts from the beaker.

Nathan is in awe.

Baker wraps the sodium block and locks it in the cabinet.

BAKER (cont'd)

A violent chemical change just occurred. But, the molecules that formed the water and the sodium have not been destroyed. Their atoms have been shifted around to form new molecules. Let's map out the chemical reaction-

Baker extends the retractable PERIODIC TABLE. As soon as he does, the Class LAUGHS.

Taped to the table is a DRAWING OF A COCK AND BALLS.

BAKER (cont'd)

Goddamnit.

Baker rips the drawing down.

BAKER (cont'd)

Who did this?!

Baker crumples the paper to throw it away. Suddenly, his HANDS TURN BLACK.

BAKER (cont'd)

Jesus Christ!

The Class is in HYSTERICS. Tony leans over to Nathan.

TONY

Silver nitrate on the hands. Nice touch.

NATHAN

Wasn't me.

Nathan glances at Ray who coolly leans back in his chair.

RAY

Stroke it too much and your hands turn black. Conservation of massive amounts of jerking off.

The Class LAUGHS. Baker, smoldering, rinses his hands.

BAKER

You know what, Girardi? I've been doing this for seventeen years. And every year, a moron like you is hellbent on wasting everyone's time. Inevitably, that same moron turns out to be a nobody; the guy who pumps my gas, the slug who delivers my lunch, the loser who cleans my pool.

(beat)

Congratulations, you're well on your way to becoming a complete waste of life.

The Class OOHHS. Ray, enraged, springs to his feet.

RAY

Who the hell are you to talk about me?!

Nathan and Tony are concerned.

BAKER

Sit down.

RAY

Say something to my face!

BAKER

I said sit down!

Ray barrels toward Baker.

RAY

Call me a waste, again, I'll put my fist down your throat!

Ray is right in Baker's face. Baker is terrified. The Class is uneasy. Nathan stands.

NATHAN

Ray!

Ray glares at Baker; a bomb ready to detonate. Nathan runs to his friend's side.

NATHAN (cont'd)
You don't want to do this.

Baker backs away, toward a WALL-MOUNTED PHONE.

BAKER
Go to the Principal's office. Now, before
I call security.

NATHAN
Just go, Ray.

On his way out, Ray sweeps a rack of TEST TUBES off the table, they SHATTER on the floor.

Nathan returns to his seat. He notices Ashley staring off after Ray, she grins, impressed.

INT. WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY. DAY.

Nathan approaches his locker. Micah and Tony on his heels.

MICAH
Somebody's got issues.

NATHAN
Yeah well, his mother's been calling him
a waste all his life.

TONY
Baker's such a dick. Somebody should
teach him a lesson. For Ray.

NATHAN
Way ahead of you, gentlemen.

Nathan jogs off, and we

CUT TO:

KNEE-HIGH BOOTS leading to fishnet-clad legs that introduce us to the 16 year-old vixen known as "DANA the Dealer".

Dana's only concern in life is the money people pay for her "school supplies". She's never without her GIANT PURSE.

Nathan taps her on the shoulder to get her attention.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Dana-

She twists his arm behind his back. Nathan winces.

DANA
Do not touch, nerd.

NATHAN
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I just want to
borrow the janitor's keys.

Dana releases him and walks down the hall.

DANA
I'm not the janitor.

Nathan follows, making sure not to touch her.

NATHAN
But, you deal to him. I caught him
smoking in the bathroom. He said you sell
the best weed north of the valley.

DANA
What are you, a narc?

NATHAN
Look, I just need to get into the chem
lab. For an after school project.

Dana considers Nathan's request.

DANA
Make it worth my while.

Nathan pulls out his wallet. He's got ten bucks. Not enough.

DANA (cont'd)
Ten bucks? You insult me.

NATHAN
What about something in trade?

DANA
I don't collect Transformers.

NATHAN
I get my license in three weeks. I'll
drive you anywhere you want for an entire
week. I imagine a girl in your business
would benefit from a little mobility.

Dana contemplates. Not a bad deal. She struts away.

DANA
I'll drop the keys in your locker before
sixth period.

INT. WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL, CHEMISTRY CLASS. DAY.

It's empty. Nathan uses the KEYS to open the door; he unlocks the cabinet and pulls out

the SODIUM METAL BLOCK. It's WRAPPER warns:

"KEEP AWAY FROM WATER."

CUT TO:

a POOL; the WATER RIPPLES as an AUTOMATIC POOL CLEANER makes its rounds. We're at

EXT. MR. BAKER'S HOUSE. DAY.

where Baker finishes his afternoon laps and climbs out of the pool, revealing his Speedo.

BEHIND HIS FENCE, Ray and Nathan, HOODIES on, stalk him. Ray climbs the fence; Nathan pulls him down.

RAY

What? I'm gonna piss in his pool.

NATHAN

Why simply sully the man's pool, when you can set it on fire?

Nathan pulls a SODIUM METAL BLOCK from under his hoodie, smiling mischievously.

RAY

You beautiful bastard. How much do we use?

NATHAN

I was thinking half of it.

RAY

That means only half the bang.

NATHAN

I do have more back at the clubhouse.

RAY

Use it all.

They peek over the wall to see Baker towelling off.

Nathan hurls the block into the pool. It FIZZLES; not much of a reaction.

NATHAN

Shit.

RAY

Not enough?

NATHAN

Not enough.

BOOOOOOM! A MASSIVE FIRE-BALL erupts from the water; the AUTOMATIC POOL CLEANER flies into the air. Baker is flung against the house.

Nathan and Ray watch, eyes wide.

NATHAN & RAY

Too much! Too much!

They run off.

Baker stumbles to his feet to find his POOL ABLAZE, his PATIO CHARRED and two HOODED FIGURES sprinting away.

BAKER

Son of a bitch! You assholes!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. DAY.

where a POLICE CRUISER patrols the neighborhood.

INT. POLICE CRUISER. DAY.

OFFICER ED BOYER, 46, looks out his window, a block over he sees a PLUME of SMOKE above the houses.

CLANG! The FLAMING POOL CLEANER lands in front of him.

Officer Boyer SCREECHES to a stop and gets on his radio.

OFFICER BOYER

(into radio)

All units in vicinity of Laraine and Grove; this is Officer Boyer, there's been an explosion at a residence.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, Officer Boyer sees TWO HOODED FIGURES run out of a yard and across the street.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)

(into radio)

Two suspects in black hoodies, fleeing the scene. I'm on foot.

Officer Boyer bolts out of the car and gives chase.

RUNNING THROUGH YARDS, Nathan and Ray check over their shoulders and spot Officer Boyer coming for them.

As they scramble, Nathan takes a hit off his INHALER, Ray kicks down MAILBOXES and topples GARBAGE CANS.

Seconds later, Boyer is slowed by the garbage cans; he sidles past a car and hops a fence to the next yard.

ON THE NEXT BLOCK, Officer Boyer darts into the street. He's lost them, but found something disturbing...

a TOPPLED MAILBOX, written on the side is: "BOYER".

Officer Boyer, huffing and puffing, stares at his own house. He gets on his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)
 (into walkie-talkie)
 All units; this is Officer Boyer,
 suspects have continued westbound to 112
 Sycamore Lane. This is my residence;
 repeat, this is *my house*.
 (beat)
 My daughter is home alone.

Officer Boyer draws his gun. He inches along the side of the house, looking for any sign of the suspects.

Suddenly, a VOLLEYBALL bounces off the fence in front of him. He's startled, but quickly lunges into

EXT. BOYER HOUSE, BACKYARD. DAY.

where he rounds the corner, gun aimed dead at

Nathan and Ray, who frolic, shirtless, in the POOL.

Officer Boyer holsters his gun.

OFFICER BOYER
 Get out of the pool!

RAY
 Is there a problem, Officer?

OFFICER BOYER
 Get out of the goddamn pool!

Ashley hurries out of the house, shocked.

ASHLEY

Daddy?!

OFFICER BOYER

Stay there, Ashley.

ASHLEY

Daddy, what are you doing?!

OFFICER BOYER

They just blew up a house!

NATHAN

What house?

Officer Boyer grabs Nathan and yanks him out of the water.

Ray rushes to Nathan's aid. Officer Boyer shoves his nightstick against Ray's neck.

OFFICER BOYER

Get back.

Officer Boyer sees Nathan and Ray are both in bathing suits, barefoot and wet.

NATHAN

I think we'd remember blowing up a whole house, sir.

ASHLEY

Dad, please. You're embarrassing me. They... they were here; they were here all afternoon.

OFFICER BOYER

Do not lie for them, Ashley.

ASHLEY

I'm not. Do you *always* have to be a cop?!

NATHAN

I swear, Officer. We've been right here. All afternoon.

RAY

With your lovely daughter.

Nathan wishes Ray would just stop talking.

IN THE POOL, we see their HOODIES and JEANS, stuffed into the POOL SKIMMER.

ON THE PATIO, Officer Boyer clicks on his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER BOYER
 (into walkie-talkie)
 All units; this is Boyer, suspects are
 not at 112 Sycamore; run a grid, see if
 you can pick them up.

Officer Boyer turns to Nathan and Ray.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)
 You two shits may not believe in
 anything, or care about anything. But, I
 believe in the law, and I care about my
 daughter. I will not have either one
 screwed with.

NATHAN
 We appreciate your dedication-

OFFICER BOYER
 -Shut up. I know you're the assholes
 vandalizing this neighborhood. I will
 catch you in the act, and I will arrest
 you. Keep this up and one day you're
 going to piss off the wrong person, and
 you'll be looking over your shoulders for
 the rest of your lives.

Ray smiles.

RAY
 Thank you, Officer; I feel both protected
 and served.

Officer Boyer's not kidding around. He glares at the Teens.

OFFICER BOYER
 I promise you, if I find you anywhere
 near my daughter, again, I will make sure
 you end up in a jail cell.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, KITCHEN. DUSK.

Nathan wraps TWO SODIUM METAL BLOCKS in NEWSPAPER.

Tony plays wall-ball, Micah surfs the net on his laptop.

Ray sits on a counter, talking about the escapade.

RAY
 There he is, gun drawn, pissed; on *his*
own patio.

NATHAN

Yeah, and now her father will never let her go out with me.

MICAH

The *laws of nature* will never let her go out with you.

TONY

Did you even know it was Ashley's house?

RAY

I figured no crook in his right mind would intentionally run to a cop's house. So I did it.

NATHAN

Absolutely the worst plan ever devised.

Nathan slides the SODIUM BLOCKS into a BACKPACK and stows it in a CABINET.

WHOP! Wet clothes hit Nathan in the head. The boys look over to find Ashley in the doorway. She's brought back the wet hoodies, jeans and sneakers.

ASHLEY

You two have corrupted me.

RAY

Only the good die young.

Nathan tosses the wet clothes into a closet.

NATHAN

What did your dad say after we left?

ASHLEY

My father wants nothing more than to prosecute you to the full extent of the law.

RAY

Well, he can lick the full extent of my shaft.

Ashley, LAUGHING, hops onto the counter beside Ray. Nathan's jealous.

ASHLEY

I say we get the hell out of his jurisdiction tonight.

TONY

Where does his jurisdiction end?

ASHLEY

Hollywood. My cousin's friend dates a bouncer at the Viper Room. Fester's playing a secret midnight show.

Instantly, Micah is excited.

MICAH

No way, Fester doesn't play small shows.

ASHLEY

They are tonight. And, I can get us in.

RAY

Epic. I'm there.

Nathan sits beside Ashley; he's still nervous around her.

NATHAN

Ashley, I... I didn't know you were into Fester.

ASHLEY

I'm not. But, my dad's working the night shift and I want to go out. All we have to do is get there.

TONY

None of our parents will take us to a midnight concert at a club in LA.

ASHLEY

Nobody has a license?

RAY

Nate has a permit.

NATHAN

I'm not even allowed to drive to the mailbox without my mother.

MICAH

Then cut the umbilical cord, dude. Wait for her to pop her meds and swipe the car when she's asleep.

NATHAN

I'm not stealing my mother's car, Micah. She'd murder me.

Ashley shakes her head, disappointed.

ASHLEY

Gee, I thought you guys were up for anything. Guess I was wrong.

Ashley saunters out the door. Everyone looks at Nathan.

MICAH

Way to step up, studly.

EXT. HILL TOP ROAD. NIGHT.

It's quiet. Nathan, dejected, rides in circles on a LITTLE GIRL'S BICYCLE, complete with TRAINING WHEELS and YVONNE, the one-legged sex-doll, taped to the handlebars.

DOWN A STEEP HILL, traffic passes at a busy intersection.

Ray climbs the hill and watches Nathan, concerned.

RAY

This is... disturbing.

NATHAN

(sarcastic)

This is my perfect life, dude. I've got a girlfriend I don't have to talk to and I can pedal her anywhere in the neighborhood.

Nathan attempts a wheelie. He falls on his ass.

RAY

You okay?

Nathan stays flat on his back.

NATHAN

Why couldn't the concert have been after I get my license?

Ray hops on the bike and does figure-eights.

RAY

Would that really have mattered?

NATHAN

Probably not. My mother will never let me drive. I'm never going to ask Ashley out and... she's more into you, anyway.

Ray stops and stares hard at Nathan.

RAY

You want to know why she likes me and not you? Because, *I'll do anything*. I don't think about it, I don't worry about it; I just do it. That's the difference between you and me.

(beat)

You have a chance to take the girl you've been pining for all year to see a kick-ass band play the Viper Room, and you won't just do it.

In a flash, Ray shoots the bicycle out from underneath him. It speeds down the hill toward the unsuspecting traffic in the intersection, Yvonne along for the ride.

Nathan watches in horror as

Yvonne and the bicycle roll into the INTERSECTION. CRUNCH! A car crushes Yvonne, shredding her face against the pavement.

ATOP THE HILL, Nathan is in shock.

NATHAN

Are you mental?!

RAY

Looks like you're gonna need a new girlfriend.

IN THE INTERSECTION, the TERRIFIED DRIVER jumps out, SCREAMING.

DRIVER

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

ATOP THE HILL, Nathan is pissed.

NATHAN

Jesus. You could've killed someone. That was messed-up!

RAY

If you thought that was messed-up, how about this; if you don't ask Ashley out tonight, I'm going to ask her out tomorrow.

(beat)

Shit or get off the pot.

Ray walks away. Nathan stares after him, knowing Ray will do it. Nathan bolts in the opposite direction.

EXT. BOYER HOUSE, BACKYARD. NIGHT.

Nathan hops over the bushes, WHEEZING. He takes a hit off his INHALER. Nathan looks up at Ashley's window. Her LIGHT is on.

Nathan searches for a pebble.

NATHAN

Where's a goddamn pebble when you need one?

Unable to find any pebbles, Nathan hurls his shoe up at Ashley's window, it BANGS against the glass.

Alarmed, Ashley opens the window and leans out.

ASHLEY

Nathan?! You almost broke my window!

Nathan looks up at her, he nervously blurts out the plan.

NATHAN

I'm taking you to LA. We're going to the show. I'm driving... Okay?

ASHLEY

Awesome! If the neighbors see me get picked up, they'll tell my dad. I'll meet you at the park in an hour.

Ashley shuts the window. Nathan's amazed; it wasn't so hard. He finds his shoe and slides it on.

NATHAN

(disbelief)

We're going to the show. I'm driving. Holy shit.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Nathan puts COOKIES on a TRAY beside TWO GLASSES OF MILK. He pulls the PILL BOTTLE from his pocket and drops TWO XANAX in the taller glass.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Nathan brings the TRAY OF COOKIES AND MILK to Linda, who sits on the couch watching a TV NEWS REPORT.

ON TV, a REPORTER stands on a DOWNTOWN STREET, in front of CRIME SCENE TAPE surrounding the VOLKSWAGEN we saw earlier.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The LAPD is looking for the person or persons responsible for a gruesome murder in Los Angeles last night. The bodies of a young couple were found in the trunk of their Volkswagen. This is the latest in a string of homicides authorities believe may be connected-

LINDA

-You see this? This is why I won't let you drive to LA. You'll end up stuffed in a trunk.

Nathan steps in front of the TV, blocking her view.

NATHAN

A peace-offering; milk and cookies. I'm sorry about the fight last night.

Nathan sits beside Linda and hands her the taller glass of milk. She's pleasantly surprised.

LINDA

You didn't have to do that.
(beat)
No plans with Ray tonight?

NATHAN

Thought I'd hang out with my mom and catch up on some *Grey's Anatomy*.

Nathan changes the channel. Linda takes a cookie.

LINDA

You're very sweet.

NATHAN

Sweet as a dream.

He CLINKS glasses with her. They both take big sips.

INT. NATHAN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Nathan, dressed to the nines, checks himself in the mirror, making sure everything is perfect.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Nathan slowly slides KEYS off the coffee table in front of his SNORING mother and heads for the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. NIGHT.

A BLACK CHEVY SUBURBAN creeps along at a snail's pace.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Nathan turns into the neighborhood PARK. On the swings, are Ray, Micah, Dana with her PURSE and JEFF, 19, who's dressed in all black, a MOP OF HAIR leaves only his mouth visible.

NATHAN

What the fu-

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK. NIGHT.

Nathan hops out of the Suburban; Ray, Micah, Dana and Jeff walk over.

RAY

I didn't think you'd actually do it, man.

NATHAN

What are you doing here?

RAY

Ashley called; said we should meet up at the park.

NATHAN

This is supposed to be a date.

MICAH

And, we're here so you don't have a seizure going for first base.

Micah gets in the car. Dana and Jeff step up.

DANA

(to Nathan)

Your fat friend has bigger tits than me. You should just practice on him.

NATHAN

I'm not sure we have enough room-

DANA

-Fester shows drive big profits in my industry and I intend to capitalize. Besides, you owe me a favor.

Nathan surveys Jeff; the guy looks like he's 40.

NATHAN

I owe you a favor; your dad can drive himself.

DANA

This is Jeff. He's got three DUI's, so he needs a ride. He's not much of a talker, but he'll be more than happy to slash your tires if I ask him to.

Jeff flashes the Devil's Horns.

NATHAN

Wonderful.

RAY

Who cares, Nate? The more the merrier.

Nathan glares at Ray.

NATHAN

Yeah, now I'm much merrier. Move-

Nathan grabs a TIRE-PRESSURE GAUGE from the glove-box and checks his tires.

RAY

You're joking.

NATHAN

The last thing we need is car trouble.

DANA

I bet you have irritable bowel syndrome.

SOMEONE in a DRESS and HEELS approaches. Nathan shoots up.

NATHAN

Here comes Ashley. Be cool.

Nathan throws the TIRE GAUGE into the car and nervously primps as the sexy figure steps into the light.

It's TONY, DRESSED IN DRAG; stilettos, a tight dress and a red wig. You'd never know he was a guy. He's beautiful.

Nathan and Ray are blown away.

NATHAN & RAY

Tony?

TONY

Fellas.

RAY

Whoa.

TONY

I was covering the black-eye with make-up
and I figured why not go all the way?

Nathan and Ray sense Tony is uneasy. They show support.

NATHAN

You look great. Hop in.

RAY

Now I know who I'm asking to prom.

Tony walks to rear of the Suburban to get in. Micah spots him
and grins lasciviously.

MICAH

And, who is this ginger-haired hon-
(recognizes him)
My God! Tony?

NATHAN

Don't give him any shit, Micah.

MICAH

Are you kidding? We've got a *wing-tranny*;
you're gonna get me tons of bitches.

Micah gives Tony a pound. Tony smiles.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late.

They turn to see Ashley, hair tousled, sexy sequined dress
shimmering in the moonlight as she sashays. She looks 21.

Nathan, however, looks like he's going to pop.

RAY

Deep breath, Nate.

Ray pats Nathan on the shoulder and climbs into the SUV,
giving his friend a moment alone with the girl of his dreams.

NATHAN

Ashley, you look amazing... I mean... I
don't even know what to say...

Dana SHOUTS from inside the Suburban.

DANA

Are we gonna jerk each other off or are we going to the show?!

Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY

Shall we?

Nathan opens the front passenger door for Ashley.

NATHAN

LA won't know what hit it.

EXT. CANYON ROAD. NIGHT.

The Suburban rolls along the desolate road, toward the distant LIGHTS of LA; a moth headed for a flame.

EXT. THE 405. NIGHT.

The Suburban, crawling in the slow lane, gets passed by every other vehicle on the road.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Nathan grips the wheel; traffic whizzing by stresses him.

IN THE BACK, Ashley, Tony and Dana fix their make-up. Jeff listens to his Ipod. Micah's legs twitch, restless.

MICAH

Nathan, it's 55 miles-per-hour, not 55 hours-per-mile.

Ray leans forward between Nathan and Ashley.

RAY

Seriously, you need to speed up; the cops can pull you over for going too slow.

Dana dons GLOW-IN-THE-DARK SUNGLASSES.

DANA

And, if the cops pull us over they'll smell the weed and booze.

Nathan eyes Dana in the rearview mirror, confused.

NATHAN

There is no weed and booze.

Ray looks over at Dana, who whips out TWO BOTTLES OF BOONE'S FARM and a FAT JOINT from her purse.

She hands a bottle to Micah, who takes a swig.

Ray turns to Nathan.

RAY

There's weed and booze.

Nathan checks the rearview; he sees Tony drink from a bottle and Jeff LIGHT A JOINT.

NATHAN

Put it out!

Ashley senses Nathan's concern; she speaks up.

ASHLEY

Guys, why don't we chill until we get there?

DANA

Why? You gonna call your cop father on us, daddy's girl?

ASHLEY

Whatever. You don't even know me.

NATHAN

Dana, leave her alone.

Dana smirks at Ashley.

DANA

Cute, your boyfriend is sticking up for you.

ASHLEY

I don't have a boyfriend, bitch.

DANA

Right, daddy doesn't let you.

NATHAN

(to Ashley)

Just ignore her.

Ashley tries to ignore her. But, she has too much to prove. She reaches back, grabs the bottle from Tony, and chugs. Ray, Dana, Micah and Tony CHEER.

Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY

Who has the joint?

Ashley climbs in back.

NATHAN
Ashley, don't.

Too late. She joins the fray, leaving Nathan up front, alone.

Ray leans forward.

RAY
Dude, the longer it takes to get there
the more wasted they're gonna be.

Nathan speeds up. He shakes his head; not the trip he planned.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY. NIGHT.

The SKYLINE OF LOS ANGELES looms ahead as the Suburban exits at Vine, pulling into Hollywood.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Everyone except Nathan is buzzed.

NATHAN
Alright guys, we're in traffic; keep the
bottle down. And put out the joint.

Ray hops into the passenger seat and blows SMOKE out the window.

Nathan, clearly agitated, pulls up to a red light on Yucca.

EXT. VINE STREET. NIGHT.

The Suburban stops at the light. In the next lane is a GUNMETAL TOYOTA PRIUS; the most benign vehicle ever made. It's sits idle, waiting patiently for the green light.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Micah looks down at the Prius. He drains the rest of the Boone's, leans forward and drops the bottle in Ray's lap.

MICAH
I dare you to throw this bottle at that
car next to us.

Ray takes the bottle. Nathan perks up.

NATHAN
 Micah, shut the hell up!
 (beat)
 Ray, do not throw anything.

Ray hands the bottle back to Micah.

RAY
 Knock yourself out. That Prius might be
 the only thing you get to hit tonight.

Micah rolls down his window. Nathan glares at him in the rearview mirror.

NATHAN
 Roll up the window!

MICAH
 Stop being such a bitch, Nate.

NATHAN
 I will take us home, right now!

DANA
 Way to go all soccer-mom.

Nathan rubs his face.

NATHAN
 You guys are acting like a bunch-

EXT. VINE STREET. NIGHT.

The BOTTLE SAILS OUT of the Suburban's rear window and SHATTERS against the Prius' roof. SHARDS OF GLASS slide down the hatchback and hood.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Nathan whips around, pissed.

NATHAN
 Micah?!

Micah raises his hands; he's innocent.

MICAH
 It wasn't me. I swear.

Nathan looks over and sees Ashley, hanging out the window; drunk and LAUGHING.

ASHLEY
 (at the Prius)
 Priuses are for pussies, asshole!

NATHAN
 Ashley?

DANA
 Daddy's girl's a freak. I love it.

Ray grabs Nathan.

RAY
 We gotta bounce, Nate. Go. Go!

NATHAN
 The light's red!

RAY
 Run it! Go!

Nathan floors it.

EXT. VINE STREET. NIGHT.

The Suburban SQUEALS the tires as it races away.

The Prius waits, peppered with pieces of glass; the windows are too dark to see the driver, but

ON THE DRIVER'S DOOR we see a BLOODY HANDPRINT.

The LIGHT TURNS GREEN, the Prius slowly drives through the intersection.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Nathan's eyes search the REARVIEW MIRROR; the Prius is slowly moving forward into traffic.

NATHAN
 That was stupid. That was so unbelievably stupid!

RAY
 Just turn onto Sunset.

Nathan turns right onto Sunset Boulevard.

Nathan keeps his eyes on the rearview, praying the Prius stays on Vine. But soon, it turns onto Sunset.

NATHAN
 Shit! It's following us.

DANA

Slow down. Let me express our remorse.

Dana climbs forward and leans out the window.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD. NIGHT.

The Prius is about 8 car-lengths behind. Dana, glowing sunglasses on, gives the Prius THE FINGER.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Nathan can't believe what Dana's doing.

NATHAN

Micah, pull her back inside!

Micah pulls Dana in, making sure to grope her ass in the process. Dana swats him.

DANA

Touch my ass, again, Swine Flu, and I'll pulverize your balls.

MICAH

Just pulverize 'em slow, baby.

Ray looks back through the rear window.

RAY

Nate, it's catching up.

Nathan stares into the side-view mirror.

RAY (cont'd)

Turn off, turn off the street!

Nathan quickly cuts onto a SIDE STREET.

They're moving fast. Nathan's glued to the rearview.

TONY

Watch out! WATCH OUT!

Suddenly, the headlights reveal THREE DRUNKEN CLUB GIRLS stumbling across the street.

Nathan slams the brakes and SKIDS.

EXT. SIDE STREET. NIGHT.

The Suburban stops an inch from the Drunk Girls, each of them in mid-text, oblivious to what almost happened.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Nathan BREATHES HEAVY; that was too close. The Teens look out the back window. Nathan uses his INHALER.

NATHAN
Did it pass?

RAY
I don't know.

MICAH
What the hell is he gonna do anyway?
We'll crush that little piece of shit.

A HIDEOUS GURGLE startles the Teens. They look OUT THE WINDSHIELD. A Drunk Girl has PUKED on the Suburban's hood.

Jeff gives her the Sign-of-the-Beast. Nathan CHIRPS THE HORN.

NATHAN
Christ, not on the car!

Ray turns around.

RAY
Did anyone see the Prius?

MICAH
He must have passed.

TONY
Traffic is moving. I think it passed.

DANA
Run over these drunken skanks and let's
get to the club, already!

NATHAN
I'm taking us home.

The Teens PROTEST, but Nathan is furious.

NATHAN (cont'd)
No! This is LA, not our shitty little
neighborhood. We can't throw bottles at
cars and run red lights and get away with
it! We're 40 miles from the nearest place
to hide. We're going home.

Ray puts a hand on Nathan's shoulder to calm him down.

RAY

Nate, I'm sorry. It was my fault,
alright. We'll be chill from now on. I
promise.

(beat)

C'mon, we just drove an hour to get here.
We gotta take advantage. Let us show you
a good time, man. We'll have fun.

The other Teens lean forward, apologetic.

TONY

I'm sorry, Nathan.

DANA

We'll be cool.

MICAH

Dude, I shaved my balls for this.

Nathan cracks a smile. Ashley leans forward and kisses Nathan
on the cheek.

ASHLEY

Thanks for driving us.

Nathan shakes his head and relents.

NATHAN

How do I get to the Viper Room?

RAY

That's my boy! Get back onto Sunset.

Nathan hits the gas.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD. NIGHT.

The Suburban turns onto a STEEP HILLSIDE ROAD off of Sunset.

INT. SUBURBAN. NIGHT.

Way up the hill, Nathan spots a space and parallel parks. The
Teens CHEER and pat Nathan on the back; they made it.

NATHAN

Notice the perfect parking job.

Nathan lets his foot off the brake. The car lurches forward,
thrusting everyone violently out of their seat.

RAY

Parking brake.

Nathan engages the brake, embarrassed.

NATHAN

Sorry.

The Teens prepare to pour out, Dana stops them.

DANA

Wait up. I'll give anyone who lets me hold their phone tonight a hundred bucks.

MICAH

Why do you need our phones?

DANA

Because they'll search my purse, but not the phones.

RAY

There's no way you're gonna get 100 dollars worth of weed into a cell phone.

DANA

This isn't a weed crowd.

Dana reveals a SHEET OF PAPER covered with perforated rows of RED DOTS.

DANA (cont'd)

My secret recipe psychedelics. Thirty bucks a pop, each one guaranteed to get you totally tweaked.

NATHAN

We're not interested.

MICAH

That's because you don't have a phone.

TONY

You'll pay us tonight? 100 bucks. Each.

DANA

As soon as you get your phone back.

Micah gives up his phone. Ray, Ashley, Tony and Jeff do, too.

Dana separates the perforated paper into small sections and hides them beneath the phone batteries.

She puts on her glow-in-the-dark sunglasses and grins.

DANA (cont'd)

The store is open.

Dana tosses the phones in her purse and hops out. Ray, Ashley, Micah, Tony and Jeff follow.

Nathan shakes his head and mutters to himself.

NATHAN

Great, now we're a cartel.

EXT. VIPER ROOM. NIGHT.

PEOPLE are crowded outside the black building. Muffled ROCK MUSIC seeps from inside.

The Teens cross the boulevard to get in line.

The GUNMETAL PRIUS drives past, slowing down just a bit before taking off.

INT. VIPER ROOM. NIGHT.

It's packed; the crowd wild.

ON STAGE, FESTER tears into their opener.

Jeff stands in front of the stage, goat-horns raised.

Micah invades a group of FOUR ROCKER GIRLS.

MICAH

Do you orgy?

IN A DARK CORNER, Dana, glasses glowing, slides RED DOT TABS to a GUY who slips her CASH.

Nathan sticks out among the crowd, and he knows it; he can't relax. Ashley comes over, drink in hand, she shakes Nathan.

ASHLEY

Loosen up, Natey! You're in Hollywood!
This is awesome!

NATHAN

Yeah, no; it's great. Actually, I was
thinking we could... Do you want to-

Suddenly, Ashley spots Ray dancing.

ASHLEY

-Ray!

Ashley runs to Ray and dances with him. Nathan hangs his head. Someone grabs his shoulder. It's Tony.

TONY
You having fun?!

NATHAN
Yeah. Tons.

TONY
Listen, I really appreciate you guys
being cool with... well, *me*. I was scared
you were going to think I was a freak.

NATHAN
You are a freak. But, you're *our* freak.

Nathan and Tony share a smile. Tony spies a drunken Ashley
trying to dance with Ray. He knows Nate is in serious pain.

TONY
Do you know why I tried out for football?

Nathan shakes his head "no".

TONY (cont'd)
I did it for my dad. His perfect son
would be Chase, or Tom Brady. It would
crush him to know I was gay. I thought if
I made the football team, he'd love me
even if he found out. I lied that I got
the black-eye during tryouts and told him
I was quitting. He said, "only fairies
quit".

NATHAN
He's an asshole.

TONY
The point is, some people are just never
gonna love you. No matter what you do.
That's harsh, but if you accept it, you
won't waste time trying to change their
minds. And *you* definitely shouldn't waste
your time standing here alone. You're in
a club full of beautiful girls, most of
whom are tripping on Dana's shit. The
possibilities are endless.

Tony wraps an arm around Nathan.

TONY (cont'd)
So how about we do some mingling? See if
we can make Ashley feel a little jealous.

Nathan grins.

NATHAN

Wing-tranny to the rescue. Lead the way.

ON STAGE, Fester roars into their revved-up cover of Simon and Garfunkel's *"Sound of Silence."*

AT THE BAR, Dana sips a drink. A ROCKER across the bar makes eye-contact. She lifts her glowing glasses to get a better look; likes what she sees. Her eyes beckon him.

The Rocker works his way toward her. Dana searches her purse for her lipstick, she sways, suddenly tipsy.

Dana notices something in her drink... 20 RED DOT TABS.

It's been spiked. Dana looks around, catching trails off the lights.

DANA

Oh, shit.

She sees the Rocker coming toward her, smiling.

His FACE DISTORTS; his features melt into a mangled mess.

She turns away, but there's no safe place to look. Everything twists into something demented.

Dana stumbles through the crowd, searching for a sanctuary. She crawls into a DARK CORNER and holds herself. She covers her dilated eyes with the glowing glasses.

DANA (cont'd)

Just a bad trip. That's all. A bad trip.

For Dana, the Patrons become mauled mutants; beings Francis Bacon would create. Something CLOAKED IN BLACK approaches.

STROBE LIGHTS illuminate part of a FACE; it's REPTILIAN; lumpy, LEATHERY SKIN surrounds a MILKY GREEN EYE.

Freaked, Dana crawls along the wall, dodging DEMONS she sees every time the lights flash. She checks over her shoulder...

the beast rushes toward her.

Tweaked and terrified, Dana tries to cut through the crowd; she stumbles into the middle of a mosh-pit.

Dana SCREAMS in fear as Fester Fans SCREAM in delight. She's spit out of the pit, into a dark corner, where she cowers, frantically scanning the crowd for her pursuer.

A flash of light reveals the BEAST, right behind her. It flings Dana down a flight of stairs.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, Dana, leg badly broken, gazes eyes-wide at

the BEAST, shrouded in darkness atop the stairs.

DANA (cont'd)
LEAVE ME ALONE!

The beast lumbers down the steps. Dana discovers she's lying against the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR. She reaches up to push the door open, but the handle is just beyond her grasp.

The beast is upon her. Dana, hysterical, POUNDS on the door.

DANA (cont'd)
PLEASE!!

The beast lifts its leg. Dana sees a CLOVEN HOOF; it stomps down with thunderous force.

BLOOD SPATTERS the FIRE EXIT SIGN. Dana SCREAMS in agony; it's cut short when

the beast stabs something into Dana's temple. She goes limp. Her GLOWING GLASSES fall to the floor, broken and BLOODY.

A TIRE-PRESSURE GAUGE sticks out of Dana's head, the PLASTIC METER EXTENDS as blood squirts from her wound.

CUT TO:

THE STAGE, Fester finishes the song, and rolls right into their next number. Suddenly, the FIRE ALARM BLARES.

The HOUSE LIGHTS come on, Fester stops playing, SECURITY ushers people out.

EXT. VIPER ROOM. NIGHT.

FIRE TRUCKS block the street, LIGHTS FLASHING. PATRONS and ONLOOKERS are kept away from the entrance by FIREMEN.

The FIRE CHIEF argues with the CLUB OWNER.

CLUB OWNER
You can't shut me down; we've got a thousand people here!

FIRE CHIEF
A thousand over capacity; you're done for the night.
(MORE)

FIRE CHIEF (cont'd)
 (to a Fireman)
 Guys, clear 'em out.

FIREMAN
 Alright everyone; show's over, the club
 is closed. You need to back up.

IN THE CROWD, we find disappointed people, including Nathan,
 Ray, Ashley, Micah, Tony and Jeff.

NATHAN
 Hey, remember that time we drove to LA to
 hear two songs?
 (beat)
 C'mon, let's go home.

RAY
 Where's Dana?

MICAH
 More like, where's my hundred dollars?

NATHAN
 Jeff, when was the last time you saw her?

Jeff shrugs. That's all Nathan's getting.

NATHAN (cont'd)
 Could you be a little *less* helpful?

ASHLEY
 Maybe she's waiting by the car.

At that moment, PEOPLE SCREAM and POINT, as

the BLACK SUBURBAN CAREENS DOWN THE HILL. It CRASHES into
 several cars in the intersection.

Everyone in the crowd is stunned, no one more than Nathan.

NATHAN
 No...

Nathan runs to the SMOKING WRECK. The SUBURBAN'S FRONT DOOR
 IS OPEN; strewn all over the seat are Dana's RED DOT TABS.

Firemen rush to help the VICTIMS; one stops beside Nathan,
 who's frozen.

FIREMAN
 Hey kid? Kid! Is this your car?

Ray bolts between Nathan and the Fireman.

RAY
No, sir. That's not his car.
(to Nathan)
Let them do their job, man.

Ray pulls Nathan away. Nathan is upset.

NATHAN
Why did you say it wasn't my car?!

RAY
Because, it's not your car. It's your
mother's car; a car we stole. A car with
Dana's drugs all over the seats.

Nathan surveys the wreckage. Firemen have all the Suburban's
doors open.

FIREMAN
There's nobody in here.

A Fireman pulls out the EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE.

NATHAN
Shit. I'm dead; I am so dead.

Ashley, Micah, Tony and Jeff come over.

ASHLEY
They found the bottle. They're gonna call
the cops.

Nathan is a zombie. Ray pulls him away, herding the Teens
east down Sunset.

RAY
Nate. Nathan! We're not dead, yet. If we
can get home before the cops tell your
mom what happened, we can play dumb; come
up with an alibi.

TONY
What about Dana?

RAY
Her shit's all over the interior. She
must've somehow sent the car rolling down
the hill.

ASHLEY
Where is she? She's got our phones.

RAY
She probably took off to save her own
ass.

NATHAN
I'm gonna kill her.

MICAH
Screw her; we've gotta get out of here.

Ray looks down the street and spots an IN 'N OUT BURGER.

RAY
Follow me.

INT. IN 'N OUT BURGER. NIGHT.

Ray leads the Teens to a PAY PHONE next to the restroom.
Stuck to wall are TAXI-SERVICE STICKERS.

RAY
We're gonna need money for a cab.

ASHLEY
We're 40 miles from home. Even if we can
get a cab to take us there, it'll be at
least a hundred dollars.

Nathan, Ray, Micah and Jeff whip out their wallets.

NATHAN
I've got twelve bucks.

RAY
I spent everything on drinks.

MICAH
I've got nine dollars and ten condoms.

ASHLEY
I didn't bring a purse.

TONY
Neither did I.

NATHAN
So, unless Jeff has an ATM hidden in his
hair, we're screwed.

Jeff shakes his head, "no". Ray remembers something.

RAY
Nate, didn't you steal your dad's ATM
card before he left?

Nathan finds the ATM CARD.

NATHAN
Yeah; but I don't have the PIN number.

TONY
Call your dad, make up a story; tell him
your mom needs money.

Nathan is suddenly embarrassed.

NATHAN
I don't... He changed his number when he
left. I don't know what it is.
(beat)
We don't have a choice; we need to call
somebody's parents.

ASHLEY
No way, my dad will kill me. I'll never
be allowed out, again.

MICAH
My folks are at my sister's in Portland.

TONY
This is not how I'm going to come out to
my father.

Jeff shakes his head, "no way".

RAY
I almost got expelled today; my parents
will shit fire if they find out I'm gone.

Everyone looks at Nathan.

NATHAN
I drugged my mother.

RAY
What?

NATHAN
I slipped her two Xanax. I didn't want
her to wake up and find the car gone.
She'll be out for hours.

MICAH
Damn dude, that's messed-up.

NATHAN

You know what's messed-up?! That you're giving me even the slightest amount of shit after I chauffeured you to LA; where, by the way, MY MOTHER'S CAR GOT TOTALLED!!

MICAH

You should have kept one of those Xanax for yourself.

Nathan holds his head, completely frustrated.

NATHAN

I cannot believe I let you assholes talk me into this! Of all the idiotic-

AN IN 'N OUT EMPLOYEE interrupts them.

EMPLOYEE

-Excuse me; are these yours?

(beat)

Someone found them in the lot. It looks like they fell in ketchup.

The Employee shows Nathan Dana's GLOW-IN-THE-DARK GLASSES; they're CRACKED and covered in RED SPLOTCHES.

TONY

Those are Dana's.

Nathan takes the glasses, curious. The Employee returns to the kitchen. The Teens inspect the glasses.

MICAH

I don't think that's ketchup.

NATHAN

It's blood.

Concerned, the Teens look around THE RESTAURANT, where CUSTOMERS chow down on burgers.

Ray grabs the glasses and storms into the dining area, ready to take someone's head off. He holds up the glasses and YELLS to the Customers.

RAY

Who returned these?!

Some Customers look up, but no one responds.

RAY (cont'd)
If this is a joke; it's not funny, who
returned these?

No one speaks up. Ray scans the place; IN THE PARKING LOT he
sees a GUNMETAL PRIUS.

RAY (cont'd)
The bottle guy.

Ray points to the Prius. The Teens take notice. Ray turns
back to the Customers.

RAY (cont'd)
You want to screw around, let's go!

Ray throws a table over. Customers are frightened.

RAY (cont'd)
Stand up; let's go!

The Employee and a MANAGER approach.

MANAGER
We don't need any trouble.

Ray shows the Manager the GLASSES.

RAY
Someone returned these glasses. They
belong to our friend; they're covered in
blood.

EMPLOYEE
It was someone at the drive-thru.

RAY
Who?

EMPLOYEE
I don't know; the glasses were left
there. They didn't belong to anyone in
the dining area. I saw you guys by the
phone, so I asked you.

The Teens stare at the Prius, it sits quietly in the lot. The
PARKING LIGHTS FLASH, like the alarm was just set.

Suddenly, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN with a MOUSTACHE enters, holding
KEYS.

Ray pounces on the Man.

RAY
 You think you're funny?! What did you do
 to Dana?!

The Middle-Aged Man quivers. Ray SLAMS him against the door.
 The Teens join the interrogation. The Manager fights through
 them to get to Ray. It's a scrum.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
 (frantic)
 I don't know what you're talking about!

RAY
 That's your Prius, right?!

Ray pulls back to punch the Man, who has a PANIC ATTACK.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
 (terrified)
 I drive a Volkswagen! I drive a
 Volkswagen! Please, don't hurt me!

The Middle-Aged Man, shaking with fear, covers his face. In
 his right hand is a KEY-CHAIN with a VW EMBLEM.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (cont'd)
 I drive a Volkswagen!

Ray checks the PARKING LOT; the PRIUS IS GONE.

The Manager pushes the confused Teens back and pulls Ray away
 from the WHIMPERING Middle-Aged Man.

MANAGER
 Somebody, call the police.

The Teens see several Customers dialing their phones.

NATHAN
 If the cops come, we're done.

They hustle out to

EXT. IN 'N OUT BURGER. NIGHT.

where they scurry up the street toward Hollywood Boulevard.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. NIGHT.

The Teens whip around the corner and head east. They quickly
 realize they don't know where they're going. They stop to get
 their bearings.

NATHAN

Son of a bitch. He followed us to the club.

MICAH

Do you think he pulled the fire alarm?

RAY

Yeah, and he probably wrecked the Suburban.

ASHLEY

Oh God, what did he do to Dana?

The Prius rounds the corner; hurtling toward them.

NATHAN

We need to run. NOW!

Nathan and the Teens sprint. Just east of Gower, Ray spots a dimly-lit PARKING LOT. A perfect place to hide.

RAY

In there! In there!

Ray leads the group into

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

where they duck behind a ROW OF PARKED CARS.

NATHAN

Stay down. If he can't find us maybe he'll drive away.

Nathan looks under a car and sees

the Prius enter the lot. It creeps up and down the rows.

Nathan crawls around the car for a better view; he sees the Prius turn down another row, its HEADLIGHTS CUT OFF.

And soon, Nathan can't see the Prius.

He takes a chance and stands; he notices the cars around him... they're ALL PRIUSES!

He's in a pack of Priuses at a TOYOTA DEALERSHIP.

NATHAN (cont'd)

(to himself)

There's a hundred of them.

And one has a psycho behind the wheel.

Nathan crouches behind the car, thinking. BEYOND THE SHOWROOM, he sees an EXIT SIGN, 50 feet away.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Guys! There's a back way out, behind the showroom.

Nathan looks for the Prius; sees nothing.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Follow me. Now!

The Teens hasten toward the exit, weaving around Priuses like they're land mines.

They hurry around the showroom to find the REAR EXIT blocked by a HIGH CHAIN-LINK FENCE.

They're hemmed-in by the fence and GARAGE BAYS; no way out but the way they came... and no sign of Ray.

They scan the rows of cars for Ray.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Ray?! Ray!

A FEW ROWS AWAY, Ray stands by a row that's longer than the others by one car... a GUNMETAL PRIUS.

Ray approaches the Prius. He's not one to run.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Ray!

RAY
This is the guy.

Ray surveys the car; it gleams in the moonlight, grill like a goofy grin. It's too dark to see the driver.

ASHLEY
Get away from it!

TONY
Let's just get the hell out of here!

MICAH
Kick his ass, Ray!

The Teens move closer to Ray. Ray steps up to the Prius.

RAY
You want to mess with people? Mess with me, asshole.

NATHAN
Ray, he's going to hit you!

RAY
It's not running.

NATHAN
It's a hybrid; you can't hear it running!

The Teens warily watch Ray, unaware that IN THE SHADOWS BEHIND THEM is ANOTHER GUNMETAL PRIUS.

RAY
(to his Prius)
Get out of the car!

Ray kicks the bumper, furious.

ASHLEY
Ray, stop!

TONY
You're making it worse!

MICAH
Kick it, again!

NATHAN
Goddamnit, Ray, GET OUT OF THE WAY!

HEADLIGHTS BLAZE BEHIND RAY; the real Prius speeds forward.

The Prius clips Ray. His body slams against the car, his head whips back SHATTERING the rear driver's-side window.

Ray hits the ground, disoriented, MOANING.

The Teens rush toward Ray, but the Prius blocks their path. Its HORN BLARES; the Teens freeze in shock.

Nathan steps forward, gingerly.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Hey man, I know you're pissed, okay. I would be too. We're assholes. But, this is nuts.

The Prius is silent.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Look, we'll pay for any damage. I promise. I'll give you my name, address; anything you want.

The frightened Teens await an answer. After a moment, the PRIUS' MOONROOF CRACKS OPEN, just enough to expose the tip of a MANGLED TENDRIL.

MICAH
What is that?

NATHAN
I don't know.

MICAH
It looks like... meat.

TONY
I think it's pointing at someone.

They watch the tendril writhe; it stops, pointed at Ashley.

ASHLEY
Oh God, it's me. *It wants me!*

Nathan steps in front of Ashley.

NATHAN
Not gonna happen.

Suddenly, Ray jumps up and reaches into the broken rear window, clawing at the unseen driver.

RAY
Nate, get out of here!

The Prius speeds backwards; Ray is thrown off balance, but he won't let go.

He struggles to keep his feet clear of the spinning tires; he loses his grip and crashes to the ground.

The Prius reverses over Ray's legs, crippling him. Ray SCREAMS in agony.

NATHAN
Ray! No!

Micah and Jeff cringe. Tony is terrified.

TONY
What the hell is it?! SOMEBODY HELP!

ASHLEY
I'll get in the car! I'll get in the car,
just stop; *please!*

Ashley runs toward Ray. Ray, bloody and broken, SCREAMS.

RAY

No! Stay there. Nate, you keep her there!

Nathan catches Ashley and grabs her. She fights him.

ASHLEY

Let me go!

The Prius inches forward and pins Ray's arm. Ray MOANS.

RAY

Run... Nathan... Run!

The Teens don't move; maybe they can't.

NATHAN

We're not leaving you!

Ray, face bloody, forces a smile.

RAY

I've got him right where I want him...
just run... RUN!

The Prius decides for them. It lurches forward and rolls right over Ray, GRINDING HIM INTO THE PAVEMENT.

The Prius plows toward Nathan, Ashley, Micah, Tony and Jeff, who scramble clear as it slides into a METAL GARAGE DOOR, bending it open.

The Prius backs up; Nathan shoves the Teens through the opening in the door to

INT. SERVICE GARAGE. NIGHT.

where the Teens scurry down into a NARROW SERVICE WELL cut into the garage floor, just as

the Prius SMASHES through the garage door and skids to stop right over their heads.

IN THE SERVICE WELL, inches below the Prius, the trembling Teens try to keep quiet.

IN THE GARAGE, the Prius hits the HIGH BEAMS, illuminating the area; there's no place to hide. A WARNING SIGN reads:

"OPEN FLOOR."

Suddenly, the Prius SPINS ITS TIRES; SMOKE PLUMES off of them, filling the garage.

IN THE SERVICE WELL, the THICK SMOKE suffocates the Teens. They try not to COUGH, but it's no use.

Nathan takes a hit off his inhaler.

NATHAN

It knows we're down here!

MICAH

You got us trapped!

Nathan searches for anything he can find; all he sees are SHELVES filled with OIL FILTERS, RAGS and FILTER WRENCHES.

ON THE WALL, he spots TWO BUTTONS with UP and DOWN ARROWS. He gazes up at the Prius, its tires still spinning.

NATHAN

It's a lift!

(beat)

Pull the arms under the car!

Micah steps on a shelf and looks between the Prius' undercarriage and the garage floor. He waves away the SMOKE and discovers

TWO CAR LIFT SWING-ARMS. He pulls the arms under the Prius' driver's-side. CLANG! The arms lock into place.

Nathan moves to the passenger-side; through the smoke he sees TWO MORE SWING-ARMS. As he reaches for them, the MEATY TENDRIL SWIPES AT HIS ARM.

Nathan quickly recoils.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Shit!

Ashley pounds the button; the lift activates, raising the Prius' driver's-side. The car tilts up on two wheels.

CRUNCH! The swing-arm buckles and the lift stops. It's broken. There's barely enough room for the Teens to escape.

The Prius jerks back and forth, trying to drive off the lift.

NATHAN (cont'd)

We've gotta run! Go!

Nathan ushers the Teens out of the well; they squeeze underneath the Prius.

IN THE GARAGE, the Teens bolt through the destroyed door to

EXT. HOLLYWOOD TOYOTA. NIGHT.

where Nathan, Ashley, Micah, Tony and Jeff race across the lot. They come upon RAY'S CRUSHED BODY.

Nathan stops, in shock. He stares at his dead friend.

A LOUD BANG comes from the garage. Ashley, Micah, Tony and Jeff come back to collect Nathan.

TONY

Nate, we have to go!

The Teens hurry out of the lot, running for their lives.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. NIGHT.

The Teens scurry down the boulevard, sprinting past CLOSED STRIP MALLS and EMPTY STOREFRONTS; no one around to help. They may as well be running blindly through the woods.

MICAH

It killed him; it killed Ray!

Nathan glances back, there's no sign of the Prius.

NATHAN

It's gone. We have to get help. Look for a cop.

Nathan darts into the street and tries to flag down a passing car. It HONKS at him and speeds off.

Tony spies a PAY PHONE.

TONY

Nathan, pay phone!

The Teens race to the phone; scared out of their minds. Ashley, frantic, grabs the receiver.

ASHLEY

I'm calling my dad. Give me some change, I need change!

The Teens dig through their pockets.

NATHAN

I don't have any change.

MICAH

Me neither.

ASHLEY

How do you not have change for the phone?!

MICAH

Because, I have a goddamn cell-phone! Who the hell uses pay phones anymore?!

Nathan sees a HOMELESS MAN huddled against a storefront.

NATHAN

Sir! Sir, we need some change.

The Homeless Man LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY.

Tony yanks the phone out of Ashley's hand.

TONY

Call 911! You don't need change to call 911!

Tony is about to dial when Nathan spots the Prius speeding out of the Toyota dealership, headed right toward them.

NATHAN

Shit, here it comes.

TONY

Gimme a second-

NATHAN

-No, we gotta go!

Nathan pulls Tony away from the phone; the Teens bolt down the boulevard.

ASHLEY

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP US!

The Prius gains on them.

Nathan notices a BANK down the street. It has an ATM LOBBY.

He takes out his dad's ATM CARD as he runs.

NATHAN

Over there!

Nathan herds the Teens to the bank.

EXT. BANK. NIGHT.

Nathan swipes the card through the card-reader, trying to unlock the door. RED LIGHT; the door won't open.

The Prius approaches, quickly. Ashley panics.

ASHLEY

Hurry!

Nathan swipes the card, again; RED LIGHT. Micah looks back at the Prius; twenty-feet away and closing.

MICAH

He's gonna run us down!

Nathan, desperate, swipes the card, again.

NATHAN

Work you piece of shit!

GREEN LIGHT; Nathan throws the door open and shoves the Teens inside, just as

the Prius skids into the place where they stood.

INT. BANK, ATM LOBBY. NIGHT.

Crammed in, the Teens catch their breath, Micah nearly pukes. The Prius sits outside the window, quiet.

Suddenly, MUSIC BLARES from within the Prius; Christopher Cross' *"Sailing."*

CHRISTOPHER CROSS (V.O.)

*Well, it's not that far down to paradise,
at least it's not for me...*

The Teens are petrified. The Prius calmly backs into a HANDICAPPED SPOT, waiting for them to come out.

NATHAN

He's toying with us. We need a cop.

MICAH

We need *all the cops!*

Nathan sees the GLASS DOORS leading into the bank. He kicks them as hard as he can.

NATHAN

Break the glass! There's gotta be an alarm!

Micah and Jeff kick the glass, it doesn't break.

NATHAN (cont'd)

It's safety glass; it's shatterproof.

Ashley stares at the Prius.

ASHLEY
It's gonna kill us all.

NATHAN
No, it's not. We just need to think.

A MUSCULAR GUY in a UNIFORM walks past outside. He stops when he sees the Prius.

TONY
It's a cop! Hey! HEY!

The Teens POUND on the window and SCREAM to get the Muscular Guy's attention. He's a PARKING ENFORCEMENT OFFICER.

PARKING OFFICER
You're gonna have to move the car.

NATHAN
He's not a cop; he's a meter maid.

MICAH
That Prius is chasing us!

ASHLEY
He's crazy!

TONY
It ran over our friend!

NATHAN
He's trying to kill us!

The Parking Officer smirks at the Teens.

PARKING OFFICER
Very funny. Move the car. There's no parking after ten.

MICAH
Dude, it's not our car! We need help!
Call a *real* cop!

The Parking Officer eyes the Prius, sitting quietly in the handicapped parking space. He looks at the Teens, irritated.

PARKING OFFICER
How about I just give you a *real* ticket?
(beat)
Illegal parking; in a handicapped spot.

The Parking Officer pulls out a HANDHELD TICKETING MACHINE and walks toward the Prius to enter its license plate number.

NATHAN

Officer, we're not screwing around. It's not our car-

The PASSENGER-SIDE WINDOW CRACKS OPEN, just enough to get the Parking Officer's attention. He walks to the passenger door.

The Teens anxiously watch; they can't see into the Prius, but they see the PASSENGER-SIDE WINDOW ROLL DOWN.

The Parking Officer cringes. He tries to pull back, but in a flash his torso is yanked inside the Prius.

The Teens jump. The Parking Officer's LEGS THRASH VIOLENTLY, then suddenly GO LIMP.

The DRIVER'S-SIDE WINDOW ROLLS DOWN. The Parking Officer's body slides out of the Prius and slumps to the ground, VERTEBRAE poke through the skin of his neck.

MICAH

That's not possible.

Both windows roll up.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS (V.O.)

*Sailing takes me away to where I've
always heard it could be...*

Ashley breaks down.

ASHLEY

MY DAD IS A COP! HE'LL KILL YOU! HE'LL
FUCKING SHOOT YOU!

The Prius blinds her with its HIGH BEAMS. Ashley's paralyzed.

Nathan pulls Ashley aside; forces her to look at him.

NATHAN

Ashley, you have to stay calm.

ASHLEY

It wants ME!

NATHAN

It's not going to get you. We're going to find help.

MICAH

Who's gonna help us? Dude just tore Paul Blart's head off out there!

Nathan stares at the PAY PHONE beyond the Prius.

NATHAN

We need to get back to that phone and call the cops.

MICAH

The only way to that phone is past that psycho!

NATHAN

We'll create a diversion. If we run, it will chase us. One of us has to go for the phone while the rest take off down the street, making it come after us.

Nathan surveys the Teens, looking for volunteers.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Jeff, just run as fast as possible-

JEFF

-Hell no.

For a moment, they're all surprised to hear Jeff speak.

JEFF (cont'd)

What, because you just met me you think I'm gonna be cannon-fodder? Send Tubby.

MICAH

Hey, childhood obesity's a bitch; there's no way I'm gonna make it to the phone.

JEFF

I'm not getting mowed down because Hannah Montana pissed off some maniac.

(beat)

We should just hand her over.

NATHAN

You don't say a word the whole night and that's the first thing out of your mouth?!

MICAH

He's got a point. It's Ashley's fault. Why should we all pay?

ASHLEY
I can't believe you!

MICAH
Hey, you were never gonna bang me anyway.

NATHAN
We are not handing anyone over!
(beat)
I'll run to the phone. You all just haul
ass in the opposite direction.

Nathan takes a hit off his INHALER. Tony steps forward.

TONY
I'll go.

NATHAN
No, I'm good. I'll go.

TONY
Nathan, you've got asthma. I'm faster
than you, much faster. You know it.

NATHAN
You're in heels.

Tony whips off his STILETTOS and hands them to Ashley.

TONY
I'm coming back for these.

Nathan hugs Tony.

Tony gives Nathan a nod and pushes the door open; Nathan,
Ashley, Micah and Jeff bolt left.

The Prius goes after them.

The second it leaves the lot, Tony barrels out of the bank.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Tony sprints for the phone, as

Nathan, Ashley, Micah and Jeff run from the Prius. Micah is
well behind, the Prius almost on top of him.

Suddenly, the Prius locks the brakes and spins around. It
takes off after Tony.

Nathan looks back and sees the Prius pursuing Tony.

NATHAN
 (to himself)
 No. No.
 (yelling)
 It's coming! Tony! It's coming!

DOWN THE STREET, Tony races toward the phone. HEADLIGHTS wash over the road and the pay phone; the Prius is close behind.

Tony has no choice but to run past the phone.

The Prius hops onto the sidewalk, nipping at Tony's heels; it forces Tony to run into the street.

The Prius could run Tony down, but it doesn't. It lingers a few feet back, moving just fast enough to keep Tony running. Tony looks back, distraught.

Nathan, Ashley, Micah and Jeff chase the Prius, SCREAMING.

NATHAN, ASHLEY, MICAH & JEFF
 WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT!

Tony faces forward, the Prius' plan becomes clear.

Tony has run into an INTERSECTION.

A TAXI skids, tires SCREECHING. Tony braces for impact. The taxi only taps Tony, who's frantic.

TONY
 Help! I need help!

Tony runs around to the driver's door.

THWAP! A TOUR BUS hits Tony from behind.

The bus skids, leaving Tony's WIG in a TRAIL OF BLOOD.

We hear Christopher Cross CROONING.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS (V.O.)
*Well, it's not far back to sanity, at
 least it's not for me...*

A BLOCK AWAY, Nathan, Ashley, Micah and Jeff, stunned, gaze at the intersection, where

the Prius viciously executes a J-turn and goes after them.

ASHLEY
 It's coming back! Nathan!

Ashley hurls TONY'S SHOES at the Prius as it bears down on them. Nathan looks around for a safe place.

Ahead, Nathan sees an ON-RAMP leading down to the 101 FREEWAY. It's jammed bumper to bumper.

NATHAN

It can't get through traffic. C'mon...

The Teens sprint down the on-ramp to

EXT. 101 FREEWAY. NIGHT.

where they weave between the vehicles that inch along.

AT THE HOV LANE, they dodge faster moving cars. Finally, they reach the CENTER DIVIDER. Outbound traffic flies.

NATHAN

Shit. We'll never make it across.

ASHLEY

Let's go back.

MICAH

Look, it's waiting for us!

Nathan looks back at the TOP OF THE ON-RAMP; the Prius, parked, waits to see what the Teens do.

NATHAN

It's not gonna let us out.

ASHLEY

What the hell do we do?

NATHAN

Beat it to the next exit. Start banging on windows. We need a ride.

The Teens scurry into the stalled traffic. They BANG on car windows, begging.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Hey, we need help!

MICAH

S.O.S.!

ASHLEY

You have to let us in!

JEFF

We're being chased!

WINDOWS ROLL UP, HANDS WAVE THEM OFF, a LIT CIGARETTE IS FLICKED AT JEFF; the drivers want nothing to do with teens banging on their cars in the dead of night.

Nathan looks back at the Prius; it merges into the HOV LANE, fifty-feet away and closing.

Nathan, desperate, finds a MINI-VAN; he pleads with the YOUNG ASIAN GUY behind the wheel.

NATHAN

We're being chased! We don't know where we're going. We're in trouble.

The Asian Guy consults with his ASIAN GIRLFRIEND.

The Teens look back at the Prius, it's three lanes away.

ASHLEY

Please, someone is trying to kill us!

The mini-van's side door opens. The Teens clamber into

INT. MINI-VAN. NIGHT.

where they slam the door and lock it. Nathan leans between the Asian Guy and his Girlfriend.

NATHAN

We have to get off the highway.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, Ashley sees the Prius merge over.

ASHLEY

It's coming!

MICAH

Take the shoulder! Hurry up!

NATHAN

(to Asian Guy)

That Prius is chasing us. It killed our friends. We need to get to the nearest police station.

The Asian Guy looks to his Girlfriend. She nods.

ASIAN GUY

Okay, guys; just try to relax.

The Asian Guy uses the shoulder to speed to the next exit.

THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW, Nathan watches the Prius struggle to merge over from the HOV lane. Eventually, he loses sight of the car when the mini-van exits.

NATHAN

Thank you. Thank you so much.

ASIAN GUY

LA's a crazy town; lot of whackos.

MICAH

Dude, you have no idea.

ASHLEY

We never should have come here. We don't belong here.

NATHAN

We'll tell the cops everything that happened. Everything we did; stealing the car, throwing the bottle.

Ashley buries her face in her hands.

ASHLEY

They're all dead.

MICAH

Did anybody get the license plate?

The Teens shake their heads, "no".

JEFF

There's a million Priuses in LA; how are the cops going to find it?

Nathan turns to the Asian Guy.

NATHAN

Do you have a cell-phone? Can we call the police?

The Asian Guy turns to his Girlfriend.

ASIAN GUY

Baby, call the police.

The Girlfriend dials her phone.

GIRLFRIEND

(into phone)

Hey. I've got some kids here; they're lost and they're in big trouble.

The Teens SHOUT from the back.

NATHAN
We're being chased!

MICAH
By a lunatic!

ASHLEY
He killed our friends!

The Girlfriend holds up her hand for quiet; she listens.

GIRLFRIEND
(into phone)
They want us to take them to the nearest
police station.
(listens)
Okay, we'll be there soon.

The Girlfriend hangs up. She turns to the Asian Guy.

GIRLFRIEND (cont'd)
Take Temple over to Lucas.

Finally, the Teens feel some relief.

ASIAN GUY
Don't worry; I know where to go.

The Girlfriend looks back at them, smiling.

GIRLFRIEND
It's going to be alright.

Nathan, Ashley, Micah and Jeff are shell-shocked.

EXT. UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

Downtown LA. The place they leave off the postcards. The mini-van creeps past DUMPSTERS, into the darkness.

INT. MINI-VAN. NIGHT.

The Asian Guy stops the mini-van. The Teens are concerned, this isn't the precinct.

JEFF
Where the hell are we?

MICAH
Where are the cops?

Nathan sees the Asian Guy and his Girlfriend share a glance; it sinks in.

NATHAN
You didn't call the police.

ASIAN GUY
No. We didn't.

ASHLEY
Oh God... No... No!

NATHAN
Hey man, there are four of us and only two of you, so-

The mini-van's side door slides open to reveal

THREE ASIAN GANGBANGERS, 20's; tattoos, bullet-proof vests and GUNS.

Nathan, Ashley, Micah and Jeff are once again terrified.

ASIAN GUY
Get out of the car.

The Teens have no choice but to climb out to

EXT. UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

where the GANG LEADER stares the Teens down.

The Girlfriend leans out of the mini-van.

GIRLFRIEND
Does this get us in?

The Gang Leader keeps his eyes on the Teens.

GANG LEADER
Yeah. You're in.

The Gang Leader flashes a GANG SIGN. The Girlfriend flashes one back. The mini-van drives off.

The Gang Leader pulls his GUN. The Gangbangers do, too.

GANG LEADER (cont'd)
Wallets, watches, phones.

Nathan pleads with him.

NATHAN
We don't have anything. We're just kids.

GANG LEADER
 Rich kids, dressed up to party in LA.
 (beat)
 Wallets, watches and phones.

Nathan, Micah and Jeff hand their WALLETS over. The Gangbangers frisk them, they toss Nathan's INHALER away; that's all the boys have.

The Gang Leader lingers in front of a frightened Ashley.

ASHLEY
 I don't have anything.

GANG LEADER
 Right, the boys buy your drinks. But the bitches I know, they all keep a little cash in their underwear.

A tear streaks Ashley's cheek. The Gang Leader tries to wipe it. Nathan steps up and gets a gun pointed in his face.

NATHAN
 She's sixteen, man.

GANG LEADER
 She ain't gonna make it to seventeen!

JEFF
 (to Micah)
 Christ, is there anyone in LA who doesn't want to kill this girl?

GANG LEADER
 Shut up!

The Gang Leader digs through the wallets, he finds very little cash, but he does find 10 CONDOMS.

GANG LEADER (cont'd)
 Which one of you had nine dollars and ten condoms?

Micah, scared, closes his eyes; this won't end well.

MICAH
 M-Me.

The Gangbangers LAUGH.

GANG LEADER
 So, you thought you'd roll your massive ass into LA with nine dollars and bang ten bitches?

MICAH

Or one bitch ten times.

No one laughs. Micah regrets making the joke. The Gang Leader tucks the condoms into Nathan's shirt pocket.

GANG LEADER

I'm not gonna use any condoms.

The Gang Leader pulls Ashley away from the group.

Nathan lunges for Ashley; the Gang Leader cracks him in the head with his pistol. Nathan drops, wincing.

The Gang Leader shoves Ashley against the wall, and trains his gun on Nathan.

The Gangbangers aim at Micah and Jeff, ready to shoot. But, a BARELY AUDIBLE HISS GROWS LOUDER, closer.

GANG LEADER (cont'd)

What the hell is that?

A DARK SHAPE rockets out of the night.

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! The three Gangbangers are plowed into by the Prius; their bodies bounce over the car.

Nathan, Micah and Jeff dive clear. Against the wall, Ashley SCREAMS.

The Prius slides to a stop, taking out a TRAFFIC SIGN that lands across its hood.

The Gangbangers are mauled, GUNS strewn about.

Micah and Jeff dart behind a nearby DUMPSTER.

Nathan grabs a GUN off the ground and drags Ashley over to where Micah and Jeff are hiding.

NATHAN

I got a gun!

BEHIND THE DUMPSTER, Nathan can't see what's happening. He and Ashley crawl under the dumpster, where they watch

the Prius' GLOWING RED TAILLIGHTS illuminate

the Gang Leader; still alive, he writhes and COUGHS BLOOD.

The DRIVER'S DOOR CRACKS OPEN, but it's BUTTED AGAINST A WALL. The door HITS the wall several times, then SLAMS SHUT.

After a moment, the PASSENGER DOOR OPENS; all Nathan can see are LEGS as they slowly slide out.

In the darkness it's hard to make out much. The legs lumber over to the front of the Prius, where they pause.

They move to the Gang Leader, gait off-kilter. Almost alien.

What the Gang Leader sees horrifies him.

GANG LEADER
Oh God... Oh God... NO, WAIT-

The TRAFFIC SIGN chops into the Gang Leader's throat; BLOOD SPLATTERS across the words, "DEAD END".

UNDER THE DUMPSTER, Nathan flinches; hitting his head, CLANG!

Nathan and Ashley see the DRIVER'S LEGS step over the Gang Leader and stride toward the dumpster.

Nathan aims the gun, his hand shakes.

ASHLEY
(frightened whisper)
Shoot it.

BEHIND THE DUMPSTER, Micah and Jeff can see the DRIVER'S SHADOW approaching.

MICAH
Shoot, Nathan!

UNDER THE DUMPSTER, Nathan trembles; it's not a potato gun.

Ashley clasps her hands around Nathan's. It gives him the strength to fire.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BULLETS HIT THE LEGS, knocking them back, but they swiftly regain balance and step forward, undeterred.

NATHAN
What is this thing?!

ASHLEY
It's not stopping!

NATHAN
Move! MOVE!

Nathan and Ashley crawl from under the dumpster; they gather Micah and Jeff and hurry down the length of the underpass.

MICAH
Why would it save us?!

NATHAN
It didn't save us *from them*; it saved us
for itself!

A sound like ROLLING THUNDER ERUPTS behind them.

Nathan checks over his shoulder and sees

THE DUMPSTER, barrelling toward them, pushed by the Prius.

Nathan looks forward and finds a CONCRETE BUTTRESS; it's a DEAD END; they're about to be crushed.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Scatter!

Nathan shoves Ashley out of the rumbling dumpster's path.

Micah and Jeff bolt in separate directions. But, Nathan's not fast enough. He spins around and sees

THE DUMPSTER, ROARING right for him, five feet away. The CONCRETE BUTTRESS is at his back; he's got no choice.

NATHAN (cont'd)
SHIIIIIIIIITTTT!

Nathan runs toward the dumpster and jumps onto the lid. He leaps onto the Prius' roof and slides down the hatchback.

Nathan tumbles off the Prius into the street, where he rolls to a stop, intact.

The Prius slams on the brakes. The DUMPSTER SMASHES into the buttress, a DEAFENING BOOM ECHOES through the underpass.

Ashley, Micah and Jeff scamper to Nathan and help him up.

ASHLEY
Nathan, that was insane!

NATHAN
Yeah well, when in Rome.

The Prius reverses after them. The Teens sprint to the end of EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT.

where they find a small 24-HOUR CONVENIENCE STORE.

Nathan shoves the gun in his pocket as they scurry into

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. NIGHT.

where Nathan slams the door. Jeff and Micah frantically block it with candy displays.

BEHIND THE COUNTER, the CLERK is pissed.

CLERK
Hey, don't touch that!

Nathan turns to the Clerk.

NATHAN
Call the police! Now!

Nathan, Micah and Jeff peer out the store windows as they pile anything they can find in front of the door.

CLERK
Get out of my store!

Jeff notices a SECURITY GATE; he YELLS to the Clerk.

JEFF
Close the gate!

CLERK
I have a camera. You're on video!

Jeff sees the GUN sticking out of Nathan's pocket. He grabs it and points it at the Clerk.

JEFF
Close the fucking gate!

The Clerk puts his hands up; but he's still pissed.

CLERK
There's no money. No money!

The Teens are certifiable.

NATHAN, ASHLEY, MICAH & JEFF
CLOSE THE GATE!!

BANG! The GUN GOES OFF. The Clerk drops behind the counter. The Teens are thunderstruck.

NATHAN
You shot him?!

JEFF
The gun went off! It just went off!

MICAH

Yeah, it went off *when you shot him!*

HEADLIGHTS flood the store; the Prius skids to a stop inches from the window.

Jeff trains the gun on the Prius.

BOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST blows Jeff into the snack cakes.

Nathan, Ashley and Micah turn to see the wounded Clerk COCK HIS SHOTGUN; the barrel smoking.

The Clerk aims at the three Teens, they scramble down an aisle as a SHOTGUN BLAST shatters the freezers in back.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BACK ROOM. NIGHT.

Nathan, Ashley and Micah hurry toward a REAR DOOR. It's locked. Micah uses his weight to crash through it to

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT.

where he tumbles into trash cans.

Nathan and Ashley see HEADLIGHTS approaching the alley on a side street. They help Micah up, race away toward

THE NEXT BLOCK and find a BURNED-OUT TENEMENT BUILDING.

They hurry through the door just before the Prius' HEADLIGHTS sweep past.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

Nathan, Ashley and Micah sprint through the charred lobby toward an ashy, unstable STAIRCASE.

HEADLIGHTS wash over the lobby as they climb the steps.

Nathan stumbles and cuts his arm on RUSTY NAILS sticking out of a HANGING STRIP OF MOLDING.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING, ROOF. NIGHT.

The LIGHTS OF LA twinkle for miles in every direction.

Nathan, Ashley and Micah spill out of an access door.

The Teens peruse the block for any sign of the Prius.

NATHAN

Do you see it?!

ASHLEY
No. But, you know it's there.

MICAH
Where the hell are we?

Nathan gets the lay of the land. BETWEEN BUILDINGS he sees a HIGH RISE several blocks away. At the bottom is a RESTAURANT.

NATHAN
We can't be that far from a boulevard or a freeway.

SIRENS APPROACH. The Teens hurry across the roof and watch SQUAD CARS arrive at the CONVENIENCE STORE.

Ashley SCREAMS from the rooftop.

ASHLEY
Help! Help us!

Micah pulls her back, covering her mouth.

MICAH
Are you crazy?! We just blasted that clerk.

Ashley pulls Micah's hand away from her mouth.

ASHLEY
Get off of me! We need the cops. They can find my dad!

MICAH
What the hell are we going to tell them? We don't have a license plate, or any proof that the Prius did anything. We don't even know what the hell is behind the wheel!

NATHAN
You saw me shoot it, Ashley. I shot it and it kept coming. No one is going to believe this.

ASHLEY
My father will believe me.

Ashley breaks free from Micah's grasp.

MICAH
That's fine for you, daddy's girl, but what about me?

ASHLEY

What about you? You were ready to give me to that... thing!

(beat)

I want this to be over! I want my dad!

Ashley runs for the door. Nathan stops her and holds her.

NATHAN

If we go to the cops now, the Prius will get away. It will get away with killing Ray and Tony and everyone else. You know your dad will pin everything he can on Micah and me to protect you. We'll be locked up, that thing will be out here and it will still want you.

(beat)

We have to stop it, whatever it is.

MICAH

Who said anything about *stopping it*? I just want to get out of here alive!

Nathan points down at THE STREET.

NATHAN

We don't have a choice.

Ashley and Micah look down and see the Prius; HEADLIGHTS OFF, it circles the building like a shark stalking its prey.

NATHAN (cont'd)

It knows where to hide, where to chase us. It knows the city. It's relentless.

(beat)

It's gonna come after us no matter what. We have to use that to our advantage; get it to follow us back to our turf where we have the upper-hand.

MICAH

Dude, our turf is forty miles away! How the hell are we going to get there?

Nathan looks down at the RESTAURANT in the distance; out front a VALET stands at an UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE.

NATHAN

We're gonna drive.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

Nathan rips a LONG STRIP OF MOLDING off the wall. He surveys it; every few inches SHARP NAILS stick out.

He tears more strips down, handing them to Ashley and Micah.

NATHAN

Grab as many as you can.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

Nathan leads Ashley and Micah out the door; they each carry several strips of molding over to

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT.

where they work quickly to lay the molding across the street and sidewalk, NAILS UP.

MICAH

It's going to see these things.

NATHAN

I want it to see them.

They runs past a "YOUR SPEED" RADAR SIGN; the MPH reading changes from 0 to 3, then back to 0.

NATHAN (cont'd)

If we block the entire street, it'll have to go around. It'll buy us some time.

They frantically lay down more molding. They don't notice the "YOUR SPEED" MPH READING RISING: 5, 12, 17, 25, 37, 51...

HIGH BEAMS BLAZE behind them; the Prius approaches, fast.

The Teens drop the rest of the molding and bolt toward the UNDERGROUND GARAGE a few blocks away.

The Prius accelerates; its headlights illuminate the STRIPS OF NAILS lying across the street.

It stops an inch before the tires hit the nails. With no way through, the Prius backs down the block and goes around.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

Ashley approaches a short-haired VALET from behind. The Valet hangs KEYS on a PEGBOARD full of KEY-CHAINS.

Ashley primps her hair and tries to look seductive. But, she's clearly nervous.

ASHLEY

Excuse me.

The Valet turns around; it's a GIRL.

FEMALE VALET
Can I help you?

Ashley is surprised, but tries to roll with it.

ASHLEY
I just wanted to tell you, your hair is really hot. Totally Victoria Beckham.

Ashley twirls her hair, flirtatiously.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
You're really cute, too.

DOWN THE STREET, Nathan and Micah watch, worried.

MICAH
I finally get to see some girl-on-girl shit and I can't even enjoy it.

AT THE VALET STAND, the Valet is offended.

FEMALE VALET
News flash; short hair doesn't make me a lesbo.

ASHLEY
I'm sorry. I didn't mean-

The Prius rounds the corner and double-parks across the street. Ashley trembles. The Valet notices.

FEMALE VALET
Are you okay?

Ashley starts to CRY.

DOWN THE STREET, Nathan watches Ashley. Micah sees the Prius.

MICAH
It's here.

Nathan sees the car; he checks on Ashley, who's a wreck.

NATHAN
Ashley's freaking out.

AT THE VALET STAND, the Valet comforts Ashley, who SOBS.

ASHLEY
I need help. I need you to call-

CRASH! Micah topples the VALET STAND, scattering KEY-CHAINS.

The Valet is stunned.

FEMALE VALET
Hey, Super-Size, what the hell?!

Nathan runs over to "aid" his friend.

NATHAN
I'm sorry; he's drunk, he's drunk.

FEMALE VALET
Seriously dude, not cool.

The Valet gathers KEY-CHAINS. While the Valet is distracted, Nathan motions to Ashley to grab one.

Ashley kneels down and snatches a KEY-CHAIN.

Nathan pulls Micah to his feet.

NATHAN
(to Valet)
Please, let me help.

Micah acts drunk.

MICAH
I'm gonna hurl, man.

FEMALE VALET
Just get Tommy Boy out of here.

Nathan whisks Micah into the garage.

Ashley stares ACROSS THE STREET. Cars blocked by the Prius BEEP, forcing it to move around the corner.

Ashley hurries down into the UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

Ashley sprints into the garage. Nathan and Micah scurry out from behind a car, startling her.

She hits them in frustration.

ASHLEY
You scared the shit out of me!
(beat)
The Prius saw us; it knows what we're doing.

NATHAN

We need to find the car.

Ashley hands Nathan the KEY-FOB.

Nathan presses the door-lock button, over and over, as the Teens desperately search 3 LEVELS.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

The Prius rounds the corner and turns into the garage. The Valet blocks its path, causing it to SCREECH to a halt.

FEMALE VALET

Hey! Al Gore. See the vest? I'm the valet. I take your car, you take a ticket.

The Prius remains still and silent.

The Valet whips out a ticket, flustered. Suddenly, the Prius lurches forward, nearly nipping the Valet's legs.

The Valet jumps back, alarmed.

FEMALE VALET (cont'd)

What are you, some kind of maniac?!

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

The VALET'S DEAD BODY is splayed across the Prius' hood. It slides off when the Prius takes a sharp turn leading down into LEVEL ONE.

ON LEVEL THREE, the Teens see LIGHTS FLASH from behind a VAN.

Nathan, Ashley and Micah hurry around the van to find

a MAZDA MIATA, top down, its PARKING LIGHTS FLASHING.

The car is smaller than Micah.

ASHLEY

(disbelief)

You stole the keys to a Miata.

MICAH

It's only got two seats!

Nathan pops the trunk.

NATHAN
 Someone's gotta get in the trunk.
 (beat)
 Micah-

Micah looks at Nathan like he's got ten heads.

MICAH
 I'm not getting in that trunk.

NATHAN
 I have to drive, and Ashley-

MICAH
 -Ashley what?

NATHAN
 She's a girl. Are you going to put a girl
 in the trunk?

MICAH
 I'm gonna put *anyone else but me* in the
 trunk.

ON LEVEL ONE, the Prius slinks through the garage, searching.

ON LEVEL THREE, Micah pleads his case.

MICAH (cont'd)
 I am two-hundred and fifty pounds; I
 barely fit up front in this Matchbox car.
 (beat)
 Ashley caused this mess, put her skinny
 ass in the trunk!

ASHLEY
 We're all in this together!

MICAH
 We all ain't gonna be in the trunk
 together!
 (beat)
 There's a psycho chasing us. I'm sitting
 up front with a seat belt and as many
 airbags as I can get. You know the poor
 bastard in the trunk is gonna get killed!

ON LEVEL ONE, the Prius crawls down the ramp to LEVEL 2.

ON LEVEL THREE, Nathan is ready to explode.

NATHAN
 We're all going to get killed if you
 don't get in the trunk!
 (MORE)

NATHAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Micah, I am trying to save us-

MICAH

-Bullshit, you're trying to save *Ashley*. Now that Ray's out of the picture, you think you've finally got a shot. Ray died for her, Nate; you're never gonna hit it now.

NATHAN

You really are a dick-

ASHLEY

-I'll go in the damn trunk!

NATHAN

No. I'll go in the trunk. The asshole's right; it's safer up front.

Nathan hands the keys to Ashley.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Find the nearest freeway entrance and take the 5 North. We want the Prius to follow us, but don't let it get in front. Don't stop for anything until we get home.

Nathan climbs into the trunk and closes it.

ON LEVEL TWO, the Prius picks up speed.

INT. MIATA. NIGHT.

Micah wedges himself into the passenger seat and straps on his seat belt.

Ashley slides behind the wheel, she notices... a STICK SHIFT.

ASHLEY

Oh God, it's a stick.

MICAH

You can't drive stick?

ASHLEY

I can barely drive an automatic! Can you drive stick?

MICAH

No. Shit!

ASHLEY

Nathan, can you drive stick?

IN THE TRUNK, Nathan is in the dark, he can hear Ashley and Micah just beyond the convertible top.

NATHAN

I never learned; I think you have to let up on the clutch real slow. Just stay in first gear. Once it's rolling, don't stop.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

The Prius passes a SIGN for "LEVEL 3 PARKING."

INT. MIATA. NIGHT.

BEHIND THE WHEEL, Ashley starts the car, she CRUNCHES the shifter into first, the car stalls.

MICAH

Clutch first! Clutch, gear, gas!

ASHLEY

Oh, now you're an expert?!

Ashley tries again; she lurches forward and stalls.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

Ashley starts the Miata, just as

the Prius races down into LEVEL 3; it speeds past and pulls a one-eighty.

INT. MIATA. NIGHT.

Ashley and Micah see the Prius. It hits the HIGH BEAMS.

ASHLEY

Oh, shit.

Ashley pegs the gas, shoves the car in gear and dumps the clutch; the Miata spins the tires and takes off.

The Prius tears after it.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

Ashley speeds toward the exit ramp. Ahead, she sees

THE VALET'S BODY, lying face up, right in their path.

Ashley slows down.

ASHLEY
Oh my God!

MICAH
Don't slow down!

ASHLEY
That's the valet.

The Prius flies up the ramp behind them.

MICAH
She's a speed bump! Go! Go!

Ashley floors it and swings the car wide, avoiding the body.

The passenger-side mirror clips a car and breaks, nearly taking Micah's head off.

MICAH (cont'd)
Jesus!

The Prius accelerates, rolling right over the Valet's body.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE. NIGHT.

The Miata, in first gear, ENGINE AT THE REDLINE, slides sideways out of the garage.

The Prius charges out after it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT.

Ashley weaves around cars. The Prius is gaining.

INT. MIATA. NIGHT.

BEHIND THE WHEEL, Ashley is frantic. Micah holds on for dear life. The TACH IS PEGGED, the SHIFT LIGHT FLASHING.

MICAH
Shift!

ASHLEY
I can't shift!

IN THE TRUNK, Nathan bounces around.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT.

Ashley's in the left lane, the FREEWAY ENTRANCE is on the right, coming up fast, but not as fast as

the Prius, which is only a few car-lengths behind.

Ashley whips the wheel to the right; the Miata SCREECHES across three lanes of traffic and speeds onto

EXT. ENTRANCE RAMP. NIGHT.

where she races off, as

the Prius skids and spins, missing the entrance.

It tries to drive back to the ramp; oncoming cars block it.

EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT.

Outbound traffic is light. The Miata drives into the night.

Moments later, the Prius pulls onto the freeway and follows, keeping its distance.

EXT. CANYON ROAD. NIGHT.

The Miata drives along the dark, desolate canyon road. The LIGHTS OF LOS ANGELES fade in the background.

Ahead, the faint GLOW of STREETLIGHTS in Santa Clarita.

INT. MIATA. NIGHT.

Ashley grips the wheel; the Miata is still in first gear; REVS SCREAM, WARNING LIGHTS flash.

They notice a SIGN, "SANTA CLARITA 5 MILES."

Ashley checks the rearview, distant HEADLIGHTS TWINKLE.

ASHLEY

Nathan, it's still following!

IN THE TRUNK, Nathan is wedged in beside the vinyl top.

NATHAN

Good, just stay ahead of it!

BEHIND THE WHEEL, Ashley watches the mirrors. The LIGHTS DISAPPEAR.

ASHLEY

It's gone.

Micah can barely turn around to look; he sees only darkness.

MICAH

It's never gone.

ASHLEY
Nathan, it's not back there!

IN THE TRUNK, Nathan knows this is cat and mouse.

NATHAN
Slow down. Just until you see it.

BEHIND THE WHEEL, Ashley slows down, eyes glued to the mirrors; no lights behind her.

ASHLEY
Do you think it knows what we're doing?

MICAH
I don't even know what we're doing.

Suddenly, the Miata is rammed from behind; the Prius has its lights off.

Micah looks back; the Prius races toward the bumper.

MICAH (cont'd)
Speed up! Speed up!

IN THE TRUNK, Nathan braces himself as the Miata is hit; sheet-metal bends in toward him.

With the lock bent open, the TRUNK LIGHT comes on, illuminating an EMERGENCY KIT, complete with ROAD FLARES.

EXT. CANYON ROAD. NIGHT.

The Prius slams the Miata's rear bumper and quarter-panel, trying to PIT the Teens.

The Miata's trunk pops open, Nathan IGNITES A FLARE and hurls it at the Prius.

The flare bounces off the windshield; the Prius swerves.

Nathan IGNITES ANOTHER FLARE.

The Prius tags the Miata's bumper; Nathan falls back and drops the flare inside the Miata's trunk.

The Prius pushes the Miata. The rear-end crushes in; Nathan is forced to shut himself in the trunk.

INT. MIATA'S TRUNK. NIGHT.

Nathan shields his eyes from the BURNING FLARE; the carpet CATCHES FIRE.

Nathan, COUGHING, uses the vinyl top to kill the flames.

The fire is out, but the SMOKE triggers Nathan's asthma.

EXT. CANYON ROAD. NIGHT.

The Prius rams the Miata, which nearly spins-out.

INT. MIATA. NIGHT.

Ashley sees on the wheel to keep control. Micah throws anything he can find at the Prius.

MICAH
You have to shift!

ASHLEY
I can't!

MICAH
Then I will!

Micah jams the shifter into second gear. The Miata leaves the Prius in the dust.

Ashley and Micah look back; there's no sign of the Prius, but SMOKE BILLOWS from inside the bent trunk.

ASHLEY
Oh God, Nathan! Nathan!

MICAH
Told you the trunk was dangerous!

Ashley glares at Micah.

ASHLEY
You are such an asshole!

MICAH
(looking ahead)
WATCH THE ROAD!

Ashley sees a SHARP CURVE ahead, she's moving too fast. She jerks the wheel, spins and slides to a stop inches from a TELEPHONE POLE.

The Miata has stalled. There is silence, but no calm.

ASHLEY
Nathan, are you alright?!

IN THE TRUNK, Nathan WHEEZES; no inhaler, no choice.

NATHAN

Don't stop... Get to the neighborhood.

BEHIND THE WHEEL, Ashley tries to start the car, but can't.

ASHLEY

It's not starting!

MICAH

Put it in neutral.

Ashley jiggles the shifter.

MICAH (cont'd)

Push in the clutch.

Ashley pushes the clutch; tries the ignition; nothing.

MICAH (cont'd)

All the way!

ASHLEY

Stop yelling at me!

Ashley pushes the clutch; Micah looks down at the pedals.

MICAH

Hurry up!

They don't notice the Prius, lights off, flying toward them.

It DRILLS the passenger-side of the Miata, compacting Micah between the door and the center console.

Ashley SCREAMS. Micah shakes, his face red from the pressure on his body. Blood trickles from his bulging eyes.

MICAH (cont'd)

(straining)

I should've... gotten... in the trunk-

Micah BURSTS, splattering Ashley with blood.

Ashley freaks and jumps out to

EXT. ROADSIDE. NIGHT.

where the Prius, dragging its crumpled front bumper, backs up to deliver another blow.

Ashley stumbles to the trunk.

ASHLEY

Nathan!

Nathan pushes on the trunk from inside.

NATHAN (O.S.)
I'm... stuck!

Ashley tries to pull the trunk open; no luck. She checks on the Prius.

It has slipped into the darkness.

Ashley searches the Miata for something to pry open the trunk. Beside the driver's seat, she finds a LUG WRENCH.

Ashley checks on the Prius; it accelerates toward the Miata, hindered by its DRAGGING BUMPER.

Ashley pries open the trunk with the lug wrench; she yanks Nathan out an instant before the Prius nails the Miata.

Nathan and Ashley dive clear, tumbling down an EMBANKMENT.

EXT. EMBANKMENT. NIGHT.

Nathan and Ashley roll to a stop amid thick BUSHES. They are bloody, battered and bruised.

Nathan GASPS for air.

ASHLEY
You need your inhaler.

NATHAN
My spare... is at... the clubhouse.

DOWN BELOW, are the LIGHTS of their NEIGHBORHOOD.

UP ABOVE, the Prius pushes the Miata over the embankment.

Nathan and Ashley sprint through the brush as the Miata tumbles toward them, crushing everything in its path.

At the last second, Nathan pulls Ashley behind a thick tree and shields her.

The MIATA CRASHES into the tree. GLASS and DEBRIS pelt Nathan and Ashley, but they're alive.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Are you... okay?

ASHLEY
I am never leaving the house, again.

MICAH'S BODY falls out of the wreckage. They both SCREAM.

In the distance, they see their sleeping NEIGHBORHOOD.

NATHAN
Clubhouse... clubhouse.

Nathan takes Ashley's hand; they scurry down the road.

Moments later, the Prius, front-end twisted into an evil scowl, creeps toward the quiet neighborhood.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET. NIGHT.

Nathan and Ashley run into the abandoned house.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE. NIGHT.

Nathan, winded, closes the door. HEADLIGHTS sweep past.

He finds his spare INHALER and takes a hit; his WHEEZING SLOWS. He and Ashley hide in the dark, catching their breath.

ASHLEY
I want to find my dad.

NATHAN
You said your dad was working tonight. He could be anywhere in town. We can't just run around looking for him.

ASHLEY
Knock on doors; get a neighbor to call him. We have to find him!

NATHAN
We have to stop the Prius, Ashley.

Nathan opens a closet, pulls out M80S, TWO POTATO GUNS and a BLACK HOODIE. He puts on the hoodie.

Ashley watches him, upset.

ASHLEY
We can't stop it! I am not going back out there! I want my dad!

NATHAN
One neighbor calling one cop isn't going to help. That thing will destroy anything in its path to get you. We can use that against it. Lead it into a trap.

Nathan opens the kitchen cabinet and finds his BACKPACK. He slings it over his shoulder.

NATHAN (cont'd)
 I promise you, I'll get everyone in the neighborhood to get every cop for ten miles to come running. It can't kill everyone in Santa Clarita.

ASHLEY
 It's killed everyone else.

She's trembling, terrified. Nathan offers her a POTATO GUN.

NATHAN
 If we don't stop it, nothing will. I don't want to be looking over my shoulder for the rest of my life. Do you?

THUMP! Nathan looks over his shoulder to see

THE KITCHEN DOOR CRACK as it's repeatedly rammed. Someone wants in.

NATHAN (cont'd)
 We have to go!

Nathan grabs Ashley and rushes her out the FRONT DOOR to
 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE. NIGHT.

where the Prius sits silent in the driveway, headlights off.
 Nathan runs onto the lawn; Ashley stops dead in her tracks.

NATHAN
 Ashley, c'mon!

ASHLEY
 I'm not going anywhere near that thing!

NATHAN
 It's out of the car. It couldn't have made it around the house that fast.

Suddenly, the HIGH BEAMS BLAZE.

Nathan fires a POTATO; it SHATTERS a headlight.

The Prius SQUEALS THE TIRES as it bears down on them.

NATHAN (cont'd)
 LET'S GO!

Nathan ditches the potato gun. He and Ashley run across the yard, caught in the GLOW of the Prius' one headlight.

The Prius speeds onto the lawn and follows them.

Nathan lights M80S and lobs them at the car. Just as they EXPLODE, Nathan grabs Ashley's hand and leads her into a backyard.

NATHAN (cont'd)
This way! C'mon!

EXT. BACKYARDS. NIGHT.

Nathan and Ashley jump fences and trample gardens.

The Prius splinters the fences and chews up the gardens.

In the houses, LIGHTS TURN ON, SHADES ARE PULLED BACK and DOORS OPEN. The commotion has stirred the NEIGHBORS.

Nathan glances back; the Prius is catching up.

Nathan and Ashley hop the next fence; they stumble around a JUNGLE GYM.

The Prius obliterates the fence, but gets tangled in the jungle gym and stops.

Its TIRES SPIN; the metal bars GROAN; the Prius is stuck.

Nathan and Ashley hop the bushes into the next yard and hide behind them.

Ashley glances around. He's led them to her SWIMMING POOL. Surprised, she turns to Nathan.

Nathan takes a hit off his INHALER. He pulls the SODIUM METAL BLOCKS from the backpack and looks Ashley dead in the eyes.

NATHAN
When I say "now", we jump out of the way.
You ready?

Ashley nods. She knows exactly what Nathan has in store.

They stand and face their nemesis.

IN THE NEXT YARD, shrouded in darkness, they can barely see the Prius under the jumble of jungle gym bars.

Ashley grabs a nearby FLOWER POT.

ASHLEY
Come on! You want me?! COME GET ME!

Ashley hurls the pot at the Prius. It SHATTERS AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD.

The Prius launches forward; breaking free of the jungle gym and speeding straight toward them.

NATHAN

NOW!

Ashley and Nathan dive clear a moment before the Prius drills them, but

the DRIVER'S-SIDE DOOR OPENS and clips Nathan.

Nathan and the Prius careen into... ASHLEY'S POOL.

UNDERWATER, Nathan and the Prius sink to the bottom.

The SODIUM METAL BLOCKS begin to FIZZLE.

ON THE PATIO, Ashley, frantic, gazes into the pool.

ASHLEY

Nathan! Nathan!

UNDERWATER, the SODIUM METAL BLOCKS whip around, like rogue torpedoes; BUBBLING and SPARKING.

Nathan swims past the Prius, toward the surface.

Suddenly, the MANGLED TENDRIL reaches through the broken rear driver's-side window and clutches Nathan's HOOD.

Nathan thrashes around to get out of its grasp.

ON THE PATIO, Ashley sees Nathan struggling. She leans over the pool's edge and tries to grab his flailing hand.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

I can't reach!

UNDERWATER, Nathan fights to break free from the tendril; the FIZZING, FLARING SODIUM METAL shoots past.

Nathan sees the reaction growing violent. He only has seconds left. He desperately tries to remove the hoodie, but

the tendril pulls Nathan down toward the Prius. Just before it drags him inside

NATHAN WORMS OUT OF HIS HOODIE and kicks to the surface.

ON THE PATIO, Ashley grabs Nathan's hand. She yanks him out of the pool and they scramble for cover, as

BOOOOOOM! The SODIUM METAL EXPLODES into FLAMES that light up the night sky. The Prius launches into the air.

It flips over and SPLASHES upside-down into the water.

CAR ALARMS BLARE. LIGHTS in every nearby house turn on.

Nathan and Ashley, soaked, gaze at the RING OF FIRE in the pool. It illuminates the sunken, overturned Prius.

They stare at it; hoping the nightmare is over.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
Please God, tell me it's dead.

NATHAN
It couldn't have survived that.

There's RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES behind them; something's coming, fast.

NATHAN (cont'd)
No. Not possible-

Nathan grabs a PATIO-CHAIR, he's ready to strike, when a NEIGHBOR, in PAJAMAS, bolts from the bushes. He's startled by Nathan.

NEIGHBOR
Whoa! It's okay; I'm here to help. Are you alright?

Nathan drops the patio-chair. There's finally an eerie calm. The chase is over.

Nathan and Ashley hold each other as MORE NEIGHBORS hurry to help. SIRENS of all kinds approach from all directions.

IN THE POOL, the water around the charred Prius burns.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOYER HOUSE, BACKYARD. NIGHT.

A swarm of POLICE, FIRE and EMS. DETECTIVES converge on Ashley, who's tucked tightly under Officer Boyer's wing, wrapped in a blanket.

OFFICER BOYER
Guys, I'm sure you understand, she won't say anything until we talk to a lawyer.

ON THE PATIO, DETECTIVES KERN and PHILLIPS question Nathan, who watches DIVERS attach TOW HOOKS to the Prius and search the brackish pool.

KERN

This was going on all night?

NATHAN

It wouldn't stop. It chased us all over LA.

PHILLIPS

It?

NATHAN

Some thing in that car.

KERN

Some *thing*?

NATHAN

I know it sounds crazy, but whatever is in that car can't be human.

PHILLIPS

Have you been doing drugs tonight?

OFFICER (O.S.)

We've got something!

All eyes turn to THE POOL, where Divers pull a WET CARCASS to the surface. They roll the corpse onto the patio...

It's a MAN with PROSTHETIC LEGS; the ARTIFICIAL FEET are wide and thick, resembling CLOVEN HOOVES.

His right hand is a patchwork of flesh; one finger, some thumb and part of a palm form the MEATY TENDRIL.

We only see half his face; he looks like a nice enough guy.

Nathan, Ashley and the Policemen survey the body.

KERN

This is your monster?

Suddenly, the Driver's head slumps to the side, revealing a lumpy, leathery skin-graft surrounding a MILKY GREEN EYE.

Nathan, Ashley and the Policemen jump, startled.

KERN (cont'd)

Okay; that was a little scary.

The Prius is hoisted out of the water.

Wheels are missing, a headlight is cracked, the mangled hood is burned; its like a disfigured face, smiling at Nathan.

PHILLIPS

Do you have any idea why he was chasing you?

Nathan looks over at Ashley just in time to see Officer Boyer usher her into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NATHAN'S ROOM. DAY.

Nathan dons a dark suit and tie. He tucks his shirt in and checks himself in the mirror.

Linda pops into the room; she's wearing a bathrobe and holding a black dress.

LINDA

The car-service should be here any minute. Yell up when it gets here.

Nathan nods.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nathan sits on the couch, watching a TV NEWS REPORT.

ON TV, a REPORTER stands outside WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL. He speaks into the camera.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Mourners have started to gather at Weaver High School, where four of the five victims and the two survivors of the killing-spree were students. The memorial service is expected to last well into the evening as thousands come to pay their respects-

Nathan turns off the TV. He sinks his head in his hands. The DOORBELL RINGS, startling him.

Nathan opens the door to find Officer Boyer. He's holding a THICK FILE FOLDER. He's not happy.

NATHAN

Officer Boyer-

OFFICER BOYER

-Did you see anyone else in the Prius?

NATHAN

I don't... No... Why?

Officer Boyer shows Nathan the FILE FOLDER.

OFFICER BOYER

This is the man who hunted you down.

Nathan scans PHOTOS of the Driver; in some his face is injured, in others he looks completely normal, average.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)

Walter Cox, 35, a career criminal; robberies, assaults and a hard-on for violent carjacking.

Officer Boyer points out MULTIPLE MUG SHOTS and RAP SHEETS.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)

Twelve years ago, Cox lead the LAPD on a high-speed pursuit in a stolen car. He lost control and hit the divider at full-speed. The car was torn in half; you saw what was left of Walter.

Boyer shows Nathan MUG SHOTS of Cox's ACCOMPLICES; six different THUGS.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)

After prison, he put together a Manson Family of assholes who got off on terrorizing people. The grown-up version of your little merry pranksters. Chaos fiends.

(beat)

They'd gladly follow Cox into hell.

Boyer leans in close to Nathan.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)

Any one of these maniacs could have been in the car with him.

Nathan looks at all the Accomplices, then up at Boyer.

NATHAN

You're just trying to scare me.

OFFICER BOYER

I am trying to make you aware of the fact that you may have pissed-off more than one person that night. The police found the Prius' owner; his body was stuffed in a storm-drain. They believe Cox and his crew are responsible for a string of homicides in LA. Everyone else in this town thinks you're a hero, but I know you and your friend Ray caused this. You provoked these psychopaths. It cost people their lives and it nearly got my daughter killed. If there's someone out there looking for revenge, I need to-

NATHAN

-I don't know! It was dark; we were being chased. I was just trying to end it!

OFFICER BOYER

Well, something tells me this is only the beginning.

HONK, HONK! Nathan jumps. He and Boyer look over at

a BLACK TOWN CAR that pulls into the driveway. It's Nathan's ride to the memorial.

OFFICER BOYER (cont'd)

Do you really think a guy with two fake legs and a mangled arm could have done all those things by himself?

Officer Boyer heads to his Police Cruiser. Nathan stares after him, unnerved.

INT. TOWN CAR. DAY.

Nathan and Linda ride in the back. Nathan, lost in thought, stares out the window and

FLASHES BACK TO:

THE SERVICE WELL, where the TENDRIL SWIPES at his arm from the Prius' PASSENGER-SIDE...

AT THE BANK, the PARKING OFFICER is yanked into the PASSENGER-SIDE WINDOW and thrown out of the DRIVER'S-SIDE WINDOW...

FROM UNDER THE DUMPSTER, Nathan sees the DRIVER'S-SIDE DOOR CRACK OPEN and hit the WALL; it SLAMS SHUT. A moment later, the PASSENGER DOOR OPENS and COX'S LEGS SLIDE OUT...

BACK IN THE TOWN CAR, a VAN SPEEDS PAST; Nathan FLINCHES, snapped back to the present, scared.

NATHAN

Cox wasn't driving. He wasn't driving until the end. There was someone else!

Linda puts her hand on Nathan's shoulder to calm him.

LINDA

Nathan, I don't think you're ready for this. Maybe we should just go back home.

NATHAN

No. I need to be there. In case something happens. I can't let anything happen to Ashley.

LINDA

Everyone in town will be there; the police, too.

(beat)

No one is going to let anything happen to you or Ashley. You're safe, Nathan.

Nathan forces a smile; he wants to believe that.

EXT. WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

FOUR HEARSEs, FOUR FLOWER CARS and several BLACK TOWN CARS line the curb.

The PARKING LOT is crowded with CARS.

All of Santa Clarita has come to pay their respects. Among the MOURNERS gathered outside the school we find

ASHLEY, as she greets and embraces CLASSMATES who comfort her. She's looking for one person in particular.

ASHLEY

Has anyone seen Nathan?

INT. TOWN CAR. DAY.

The Town Car approaches Weaver High School. There's heavy traffic leading into the lot.

Nathan cautiously watches the MOVING CARS around him; every vehicle seems menacing.

He spots Ashley, standing on the sidewalk.

NATHAN
There's Ashley.

Nathan, anxious, speaks to the DRIVER.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Can you pull up to the curb, please? By
that girl.

The Driver cranks the wheel toward the curb; the car jostles
and stops; IT'S DRIVEN ONTO THE SIDEWALK.

NATHAN (cont'd)
Jesus, what are you doing?

DRIVER
Sorry. Sorry...

The Driver turns around; we recognize him as the MIDDLE-AGED
MAN with a MOUSTACHE from the In 'N Out Burger.

A sinister smile creeps across his face.

DRIVER (cont'd)
I normally drive a Volkswagen.

Nathan's EYES BLOW WIDE; he's Cox's partner.

The Driver floors it; racing forward, thrusting Nathan back
into his seat.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD Nathan sees
ASHLEY; she's got nowhere to run.

NATHAN
ASHLEY!

The TOWN CAR PLOWS INTO ASHLEY.

Her body SLAMS onto the hood; her FACE SMACKS AGAINST THE
WINDSHIELD...

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

FADE OUT:

END.