

ROAD TEST

Written by

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EXT. KAITLYN'S HOUSE - DAY - 1:29 PM

A small house with the best-kept lawn on a run-down block.  
KAITLYN (19) in a hoodie and jeans, sneaks out a side door.

A beat up Mitsubishi station wagon pulls up to the curb.  
Kaitlyn hops in. Her DAD (50) appears at the window as the wagon pulls out.

Kaitlyn looks up at the figure, smiles, waves. Dad doesn't wave back.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY - 1:31 PM

Deb (31), very pregnant, is at the wheel. The back and cargo of the vehicle are piled with bakery-branded delivery boxes.

Kaitlyn's looking towards the house.

KAITLYN  
He's not happy about this.

DEB  
It doesn't matter, Kaitlyn.

KAITLYN  
I know, but I don't want him to be worked up. He just *worries* so much.

DEB  
Are *you* worried?

Kaitlyn looks uncertain, but acts confident.

KAITLYN  
No. I can do this.

DEB  
Good. Because you have a choice to make: stuck taking the bus and walking everywhere, stuck asking Dad permission to have friends over? Or becoming a grownup.

Kaitlyn jabs her sister with a finger in the side.

KAITLYN  
I'm 19.

DEB  
Exactly.

Kaitlyn softens, and we see a flash of worry. Her sister notices.

DEB (CONT'D)

You get this done. And then you can move out. Go to that festival with your dumb friends, you can help me with the business and *this*-

Deb points to her midsection as she blows an amber at the last second, making Kaitlyn wince.

KAITLYN

Deb, I don't need a demo on shitty driving on the way to get my license.

DEB

Shut up, I saw the light.

KAITLYN

Bullshit.

Deb smiles.

Kaitlyn rolls up her right sleeve and scratches her arm nervously, exposing the end of a long scar. Deb looks at it.

DEB

He been bringing up the accident?

KAITLYN

Every day.

DEB

I told him not to do that.

KAITLYN

He thinks he's protecting me.

DEB

And that's how he tries to control us. Nothing bad is going to happen, Kaitlyn. You can fucking drive. But you need to stop doing every little thing he says to do.

KAITLYN

Deb?

DEB

Yeah.

KAITLYN

Can you watch the road and maybe go faster? We're gonna be late.

EXT. DMV - DAY - 1:48 PM

Deb's station wagon pulls up in front of the building. The parking lot is crowded.

Kaitlyn gets out and walks around to Deb's side of the car. Deb has the window down.

DEB

If I didn't have these dumb deliveries-

KAITLYN

It's okay.

DEB

It'd be nice if you could pass in the car you practiced in.

KAITLYN

They'd fail me *and* fail this thing for emissions.

DEB

Stop saying fail!

KAITLYN

I won't fuck up, Deb.

DEB

You still nervous about the stupid parallel park?

Nearby, a FIT MAN (45) slowly passes by the vehicle. Out of focus, he sits at a bench.

KAITLYN

Yes.

DEB

You know it. Tell me.

KAITLYN

Signal. Reverse. Watch your mirrors. Line your tires up to your target. Cut them. Turn in.

DEB  
There you go. This time next week  
you'll be moved in with me. This is  
it. Here.

Deb hands Kaitlyn something. Kaitlyn looks in her hand:  
there's a car key on a KEYCHAIN shaped like a ribbon prize  
that says WORST DRIVER EVER.

DEB (CONT'D)  
For your first car. Or maybe just  
this one. When you pass.

Deb and Kaitlyn smile at each other.

KAITLYN  
Thanks Deb. Get going.

Kaitlyn, collecting herself, walks toward the building,  
passing the marked-off zone for test cars.

Deb pulls the station wagon around, watching Kaitlyn for a  
second, then checking her phone.

Deb starts to text. The fit man walks by her window, his  
shadow passing over her.

INT. DMV - DAY - 1:55 PM

Kaitlyn walks through a crowd, mostly teens. As she nears the  
counter, a young man with a broccoli cut BLOWS past her.

TEEN BOY  
Fuck you! You fucking flunk me?  
Over a fucking parking brake?

Looking over, Kaitlyn sees a middle aged instructor with a  
clipboard and a name tag that says SAM.

SAM  
You're welcome to try again.

TEEN BOY  
Get FUCKED, homo!

SAM  
Never mind then! Don't come back!  
EVER. You are NOT welcome here!

Kaitlyn rips a ticket out of a red dispenser: it reads 59.  
She looks to the row of clerks at the counter: the number 59  
flashes above one, then quickly goes to 60.

Kaitlyn's poise vanishing, she dashes to the counter.

KAITLYN  
I just missed my number.

A woman CLERK (60) stares at her.

CLERK  
You'll need to take another.

KAITLYN  
My appointment's at--

The Clerk, disgusted, holds out her hand. Kaitlyn gives her the ticket.

CLERK  
No, the form.

Kaitlyn fumbles in her bag for a couple of seconds, hands the form over.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
You took a red ticket. Driving  
testees are in a different  
category. You need yellow.

The Clerk points at a yellow dispenser.

KAITLYN  
My test is at two and it's 1:56.  
Please. Please.

The Clerk gives her a long stare. Doesn't soften, but starts typing.

CLERK  
You're parked in the testing zone?

KAITLYN  
(flustered)  
I said on the thing, I don't have-

CLERK  
No car.

KAITLYN  
I called and-

CLERK  
Your tester is Todd. White Corolla.

EXT. DMV DRIVE TEST AREA - DAY - 1:58 PM

Kaitlyn walks to the test area, where about fifteen cars are parked. About half are full, but there's no white Corolla. Kaitlyn turns to go back in, checks the time on her phone.

1:59. She puts the phone into the pocket of her hoodie.

KAITLYN

Fuck.

Looking again, Kaitlyn sees that one of the cars is a red Corolla. The passenger window is rolled down. A hand holding a clipboard is rested on it.

She approaches the car.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - 2:00 PM

Kaitlyn opens the driver's side door and slides in, buckling up. She looks over to the man next to her. It's THE INSTRUCTOR. He's wearing Ray-Bans, a polo shirt tucked into jeans. Slim, muscular, blonde hair cropped cross to his scalp. The same fit man who walked by Deb's wagon.

He's also in front of a second steering wheel.

KAITLYN

Oh, this is one of those teaching cars?

INSTRUCTOR

You're my two PM.

He rolls up his window.

KAITLYN

Kaitlyn, yeah. Todd? I'm sorry I'm late.

INSTRUCTOR

You're not late. It's two PM.

KAITLYN

I know. I'm sor--should I start?

INSTRUCTOR

Should you?

KAITLYN

(smiling)  
I'm pretty nervous--

The Instructor doesn't budge, just stares. Kaitlyn figures out what he wants, unbuckles her seatbelt and opens the door.

She does a circuit of the vehicle, quickly, noticing nothing out of place except for some canvas tarp material sticking out the closed trunk.

Kaitlyn gets back in, buckles up.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
No obstacles around the car.  
There's some cloth or something  
sticking out the trunk, but--

The Instructor opens the passenger door and circles the car.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
--it's closed.

The Instructor opens the trunk. A moment passes before the trunk SLAMS shut. Kaitlyn startles.

The Instructor gets back in, grabs his clipboard again.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
Should I go?

INSTRUCTOR  
Exit the lot and turn right.

Kaitlyn pulls forward out of the spot, drives toward the parking lot exit.

An ARGUING TEEN COUPLE (14) walk directly into the path of the car, two feet away.

Kaitlyn JAMS on the brakes, rocking the car. The couple give her a dirty look and walk on. Kaitlyn's shaken.

KAITLYN  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

INSTRUCTOR  
That was them, not you. You might  
have saved their lives. Good work.

Kaitlyn grins. Still breathing hard, she's startled when her PHONE goes off.

She gets it out of her hoodie to turn it off, seeing DAD on the screen before she can. The Instructor sees the screen as well.

She swipes the phone off as it dawns on her what's she done.



INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
You understand that's a fail?

KAITLYN  
No--I'm just shaken up from--

INSTRUCTOR  
If you weren't fit to drive you  
should have pulled over.

KAITLYN  
I-

INSTRUCTOR  
Touching the phone is borderline.  
Taking it out and turning it off  
without looking, while the vehicle  
is stopped like this, maybe I could  
allow. But you looked.

A car behind Kaitlyn HONKS. Her eyes are wide.

KAITLYN  
Please. I can't.

The Instructor takes the phone from Kaitlyn and puts it in  
one of the cupholders. The car behind them honks again.

INSTRUCTOR  
Continue. Right turn and merge into  
the left lane when it's safe.

KAITLYN  
Thank you. Thank you so much.

Kaitlyn makes the turn.

I/E. TEST CAR / CITY STREET - DAY - 2:03 PM

Kaitlyn drives, checking her mirrors. The Instructor is  
silent.

KAITLYN  
Should I-

INSTRUCTOR  
Answer me quickly and honestly.

KAITLYN  
What?

INSTRUCTOR

You failed. The job says I should have stopped the test in the parking lot. My ethics say I can let it go on. If. You answer this question quickly and honestly.

KAITLYN

Ok?

INSTRUCTOR

What did you most dread being tested on today?

KAITLYN

Um, all--

INSTRUCTOR

What PART?

KAITLYN

Parallel park. On a hill.

INSTRUCTOR

Left at this light.

Kaitlyn turns on her blinker.

EXT. NARROW HILLSIDE STREET - DAY - 2:06 PM

The Corolla rolls into sight at the top of a steep hill lined with parked cars and houses.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - 2:06 PM

Kaitlyn rolls the car forward slowly.

INSTRUCTOR

Stop.

Kaitlyn does. He stares at her. She clicks on the hazard lights. He nods.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Second chances shouldn't be easy. Do you agree?

KAITLYN

... I'm just glad you didn't fail me.

INSTRUCTOR  
Not yet. Advance and parallel park.

Kaitlyn's sleeves have slipped over her wrists. She pushes them up and clicks off the hazards.

The Instructor stares for a beat too long at her arm: Kaitlyn seems him taking in the scar.

EXT. NARROW HILLSIDE STREET - DAY - 2:07 PM

The car advances down the hill and stops near a gap of about 1.5 car lengths.

INSTRUCTOR  
No. Not here.

The car advances.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Here.

The car stops in front of a gap barely bigger than the car itself.

I/E. TEST CAR - DAY - 2:08 PM

Kaitlyn, looking over her shoulder, is wired from stress.

INSTRUCTOR  
Go ahead.

KAITLYN  
I don't know if this is possible.

INSTRUCTOR  
It is. I can show you right now-

The Instructor taps his steering wheel.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
-but you'd fail.

Kaitlyn braces herself. Shifts into reverse.

The back wheels turn toward the gap as the car backs up the incline.

Kaitlyn gives the car too much gas for a second and it bucks backward. She hits the brakes, a bit too hard.

The Instructor is staring at her as she looks ahead for a moment. She turns back.

Hitting reverse, she goes further into the space. Starts to straighten the wheel.

The car is within an inch of the front vehicle. The gap closes: it's going to be a collision.

KAITLYN

I think I'm going to hit it.

INSTRUCTOR

Is that a question?

KAITLYN

Can I make another attempt?

INSTRUCTOR

Kaitlyn. You're driving.

Kaitlyn's almost bursting from stress. She puts the car in drive. Checks the lane, returns to her original position.

She puts it in reverse. Focuses for a second.

This time she doesn't turn the wheel right away as she backs up, but just at the right second.

She hits the gas too hard again, but doesn't slam the brake. Eases off. The car starts to slide in.

Kaitlyn looks to the side, forward, behind her. Continues to reverse.

She's vanishingly close to scraping the car ahead of her: but she doesn't.

She's perfectly in the spot.

She angles her front wheels into the curb. Exhales deeply.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Good. We can start the test now.

EXT. NARROW HILLSIDE STREET - DAY - 2:11 PM

The car is at a Stop sign at the foot of the hill.

I/E. TEST CAR / QUIET STREETS - DAY - 2:11 PM

Kaitlyn's finger hovers over the turn signal arm.

INSTRUCTOR

Turn-

Kaitlyn hits the lever and the right blinker flashes to life.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Left.

KAITLYN

What?

INSTRUCTOR

Left.

Kaitlyn does as she's told. Indicates and turns.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

I know this takes us further away  
from base. And from the usual  
routes. Right at the end of the  
block.

Kaitlyn hits the signal, turns.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

I avoid those routes. Testees  
research them, you know. Watch  
videos of them on their phones.  
Makes it all less of a test.

KAITLYN

Should I--

INSTRUCTOR

The test of a driver is dealing  
with the unpredictable. Left, then  
the left lane, then the onramp.

I/E. TEST CAR / FOUR LANE HIGHWAY - DAY - 2:15 PM

The car is in the centre lane in medium heavy traffic. It  
switches lanes to the left. Then to the middle again, then to  
the right.

INSTRUCTOR

Fine. That's fine.

The Instructor ticks boxes on his clipboarded sheet.

A car half a length in front of them in the centre lane  
indicates a lane change and starts cutting into Kaitlyn's  
lane. They're going to collide.

Kaitlyn checks the mirror, sees a big gap behind her, hits the brakes, all in a couple milliseconds. Collision avoided.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
And that's more than fine.

Another tick. Still looking at the clipboard, he speaks.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Inconsiderate of your father to  
call while you were testing. Didn't  
he know?

Kaitlyn is disturbed, says nothing.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Next exit, Kaitlyn.

EXT. SCHOOL ZONE - DAY - 2:24 PM

A yellow school bus is parked half on the sidewalk, half in the street. Huge leafy trees line the street, cutting visibility, blocking the bus door from view.

The test car appears, sticking to the speed limit.

I/E. TEST CAR / SCHOOL ZONE - DAY - 2:24 PM

Kaitlyn watches the speedometer and road equally. She comes to a full stop eight feet behind the bus.

INSTRUCTOR  
You can pass on the left.

KAITLYN  
It's got the signs out. I don't  
think I can?

INSTRUCTOR  
I drive this road five days a week.  
And the sign is out but not the  
flashers. This is just how he  
parks. Let's go.

Any confidence Kaitlyn had is shaken.

KAITLYN  
I don't think it's legal.

INSTRUCTOR  
I'm telling you what to do to pass  
this test. I'm telling you.

Kaitlyn's foot begins to ease off the brake, incredibly slowly.

Then she pushes it back down.

KAITLYN

No.

As she speaks, a group of kids runs into the street from in front of the bus. They were totally invisible until that moment.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

I would have hit them. I could have killed them.

The bus's signs retract. It starts to move.

INSTRUCTOR

You wouldn't have. As soon as I touch my steering wheel or brake, yours go dead. I would have stopped you--and failed you--if you'd moved this thing an inch.

Kaitlyn stares for a moment, shocked that he deceived her.

KAITLYN

This is not normal for the test, Todd, you don't, you can't do this to people-

A PICKUP TRUCK behind Kaitlyn honks.

INSTRUCTOR

Driving is judgment and obedience. Rolled into one. You follow the rules of the road, and you make a dozen judgements a second. I test for both. Now, go. You're holding up traffic.

Kaitlyn, flustered and teary, accelerates.

The pickup honks again.

Kaitlyn looks at her mirror: the pickup is right on her bumper.

The Instructor doesn't look into the mirror, but looks both ways out the front window.

KAITLYN

This guy is right on me-

The Instructor's foot hovers over the brake on his side.

Kaitlyn's eyes are fixed on the mirror as she pushes the accelerator down.

The pickup comes to a total stop in the mirror.

Kaitlyn relaxes, then her eyes widen.

The test car passes through the middle of an empty intersection.

The pickup truck, its right blinker on, turns at the Stop sign that Kaitlyn just blew through.

Kaitlyn looks over at the sign in her rearview, shocked.

INSTRUCTOR

Pull over.

I/E. TEST CAR / RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - 2:28 PM

Kaitlyn is breathing hard as the Instructor flips a page on his clipboard, pen poised.

INSTRUCTOR

I'll be driving us back. I see you're too agitated.

KAITLYN

No. No, please.

INSTRUCTOR

I wouldn't feel safe.

KAITLYN

Please don't fail me.

INSTRUCTOR

I don't fail anyone. You failed, Kaitlyn. Blowing a stop sign.

Kaitlyn tries to collect herself. Scratches her arm for a second, talks fast.

KAITLYN

Listen. Please. I need this. This is like...everything is riding on it. I'm never going to get to have a life if I don't get a license. I can't get a job, I can't move out without doing this.

(MORE)



KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
I've been working on it for so  
long. I need this if I'm going to  
have a life.

The Instructor clicks his pen. Checks his watch. Thinks.

INSTRUCTOR  
I've had two cancellations this  
afternoon. So I do have time. And  
I've seen enough good driving out  
of you to make me think I can give  
you this other shot.

KAITLYN  
Please.

INSTRUCTOR  
There's an advanced grid test. It's  
longer.

KAITLYN  
I'll do anything.

The Instructor flips a page on the clipboard.

#### MONTAGE

-The test car finishes up a three-point turn on a residential  
street and speeds up.

-The test car enters a roundabout and takes the second turn,  
marked with an ONRAMP sign.

- Kaitlyn, focused.

- The test car is on the highway, merging into the passing  
lane, avoiding a transport truck.

- The Instructor giving a direction.

- The car safely crossing three lanes of traffic and taking  
an exit

- Kaitlyn, relieved

- The car driving through a dilapidated semi-rural area.  
There are run-down homes and long, empty stretches of road  
and forest

END MONTAGE

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL STRIP - DAY - 2:50 PM

Kaitlyn slows the car, which is full of potholes.

KAITLYN

I'm going a little under the speed limit because of road conditions.

INSTRUCTOR

I'm sure the vehicle appreciates that. Does your scar have something to do with driving?

KAITLYN

What?

INSTRUCTOR

I was wondering if you got it in an accident. You touch it when you're nervous. When you were talking about being scared of your examination today.

Kaitlyn looks at him for a beat more than is technically safe before looking back at the road. She's disturbed.

KAITLYN

I...I don't think I need to answer that.

INSTRUCTOR

You don't, actually, because you're such a teller. Your face, your body. I know it. Here.

The Instructor opens the glove compartment below his steering wheel. He takes out a small stack of three Polaroids and lays them out on the dash.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Look.

Kaitlyn obeys. Each of the three photos is of a horrific wreck. She can see blood and a severed, ejected leg in one.

Another features a woman's face with her own arm CRUSHED into it at an impossible angle.

Kaitlyn's face screws up with concern.

EXT. RURAL STRIP - DAY - 2:52 PM

The test car slows to a halt in the middle of the road.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - 2:52 PM

Kaitlyn stares at the Instructor. He stares back.

She moves to sweep the cards off the dash.

INSTRUCTOR

No. Leave them there.

KAITLYN

Why are you showing me this?

INSTRUCTOR

We're seeing consequences here.  
That's the most important result of  
the test. Recognition that there is  
a cost. To making a mistake.

KAITLYN

I already knew that.

INSTRUCTOR

It's a lesson we never stop  
learning.

KAITLYN

Does this route take us back to the  
DMV?

INSTRUCTOR

Eventually. Who made the mistake?

KAITLYN

I'm responsible for the stop sign  
and the phone. I'm not blaming  
anyone but me.

INSTRUCTOR

I mean this.

He puts a finger directly on Kaitlyn's scar. She twitches her  
arm, but doesn't take it off the wheel.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You've mentioned Dad. And a sister.  
Was it Mom who gave you this?

KAITLYN

(shaking)

She didn't *give* me anything. It  
wasn't her fault.

INSTRUCTOR

Okay.

Feeling uncomfortable, she pulls her sleeves back down.

Satisfied, the Instructor's manner is changed. He opens the glove box again.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm going to have you look at just one more thing.

Kaitlyn grimaces at him, anticipating something sexual.

KAITLYN

If you think I'm going to--

The Instructor reaches into the glove box. Fumbles for a second, grabs something.

The Instructor puts down a human finger, blue and black, with a ragged, bloody end on one of the Polaroids.

Before Kaitlyn can process it, he puts down another one on the next photo, the same size, this one cut off more cleanly. Then a third, smaller one. Like he's dealing cards.

Kaitlyn, baffled, almost smiles in confusion: is this a joke?

INSTRUCTOR

That one's a pinky. They're so tiny. Once they're off.

He looks on with sincerity. This is not a joke.

He GRABS for her, and Kaitlyn SCREAMS.

EXT. RURAL STRIP - DAY - 2:54 PM

Kaitlyn's door opens and she runs out of the vehicle, back down the road.

The Instructor's door opens. He gets out slowly, then begins to run as well.

Kaitlyn is running full tilt, but is too slow for him.

He grabs her by one arm, spins her around, blocks her flailing, gets behind her and lifts her off the ground in a bear hug, walking her back to the car. Kaitlyn is screaming.

The Instructor pauses at the back of the car. Easily holding Kaitlyn with one arm wrapped around her, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a key fob.

He presses a button and the trunk pops open.

Inside is a tarp, the same blue that Kaitlyn saw sticking out. It's covering up the shape of a BODY, with patches of blood soaking through. Kaitlyn stops screaming.

INSTRUCTOR

Test's not over. Get in.

He grabs her by the back of her neck and tries forcing her into the trunk, but she fights him off and runs.

They both circle around the vehicle. His eyes and hers.

When they make a full turn, she thinks quickly and SLAMS the trunk down so she can't be captured.

The Instructor smiles.

Kaitlyn looks into the test car and sees the keys are still there.

Acting quickly she throws the door open and tries for the driver's seat.

The vehicle starts to PEEL out but the passenger door is YANKED open.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - 2:55 PM

Kaitlyn looks to the passenger side: the Instructor is staring at her. She tries her door but it's too late.

KAITLYN

No no no no--

He's got her by the wrist, pulling her toward him.

INSTRUCTOR

We can work with this.

As she SCREAMS, KICKS and FLAILS, he WRENCHES her wrist over and does something to her.

By the time she understands what it is, she's unable to move her arm: it's connected to the wheel with a zip-tie.

The Instructor SLAMS her other wrist to the wheel and ratchets the thick plastic taut.

Finally, he sits back and exhales in the passenger seat.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

This will do just fine.

KAITLYN

Todd? What are you going to do?

INSTRUCTOR

I'm not Todd. And I'm not doing anything. You are. We're gonna do your test. The real test.

She almost begins to hyperventilate, her eyes searching the world around her. This is really happening.

EXT. RURAL STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The test car peels out, and drives on into the distance.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL STRIP - DAY - 2:56 PM

In her mirrors, Kaitlyn sees a car coming up behind her.

As it passes by, she turns her head to look at them, and we catch a glimpse of what she looks like from the outside: just a girl in a car.

INSTRUCTOR

To them, you're just another driver.

Kaitlyn swallows, and then looks to him. For the first time, she really takes him in.

His arms are vascular, and his posture is relaxed. His face, emotionless. In the aviators, she sees only herself.

KAITLYN

What's the test?

INSTRUCTOR

The test is still about driving. Obeying the rules of the road. The real rules.

KAITLYN

But what does that mean?

INSTRUCTOR

Out here, you get one chance. One mistake, that's all it takes.

KAITLYN

You're kidnapping me.

He doesn't respond. Instead he turns on the radio. 80s pop.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
Am I going to die?

The slightest smile comes across his face.

INSTRUCTOR  
That's the test, Kaitlyn. That's up  
to you.

Kaitlyn breathes hard. She's near tears.

KAITLYN  
(whispering)  
I'm supposed to believe that?

This time the Instructor smiles authentically. He reaches  
into the glove box and brings out one of the fingers.

He holds it up, close to her face.

INSTRUCTOR  
Did you see this, or not? It's  
real, I can assure you.

She looks at its ragged, discolored end, and turns away.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Don't look away. That's on the  
test, too. How brave, how smart you  
can be. Here.

He tucks it into her hand. She grimaces.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
What does it tell you?

She's visibly repelled, disgusted.

KAITLYN  
*What* does *what* tell me?

INSTRUCTOR  
What do you notice?

KAITLYN  
It's cold. And...wet.

INSTRUCTOR  
What else.

KAITLYN  
Is it a...another girl? A woman's?

INSTRUCTOR

It is. But that's not what I want to show you. It's here to tell you something really simple.

He leans forward, his face getting a little too close.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

I can do whatever I want. And whatever I want to you. At any moment. Do you understand?

KAITLYN

Yes.

INSTRUCTOR

Now drive.

She nods and he takes it from her. As he does, the wheel moves, and her eyes flit to the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - 3:02 PM

The car keeps an even pace among traffic on a lonely road. The 80s pop on the radio is turning to static.

A farmer on a tractor works a field as the test car passes.

From the outside, no one can tell there is a prisoner inside.

I/E. TEST CAR / COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - 3:04 PM

Kaitlyn tries to control herself, the radio static hissing.

Carefully, she wraps her hands around the wheel and moves it ever so slightly.

Through the windshield, we see that there's movement, a jerk in direction.

Swallowing, nervous, her eyes dart to her left.

The Instructor's face is placid behind his shades.

Up ahead, there's a TURN, with a guard rail and a large tree.

Carefully, she points the wheel at it.

As the vehicle speeds toward it, the Instructor stares blankly, but Kaitlyn's breathing hastens.



At the last second, she turns the wheel and makes the turn, a little too close for comfort.

The wheel SQUEALS as they pass the massive oak.

INSTRUCTOR

We both knew you wouldn't be able  
to do it.

The Instructor reaches for a button above her steering wheel, clicks it.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

And you only have the wheel when I  
say so. Understand?

Kaitlyn looks hopelessly at the little button, understanding there is no chance of doing this again.

I/E. TEST CAR / HIGHWAY - DAY - 3:08 PM

The test car is on a four-lane highway with active traffic.

The Instructor is staring at Kaitlyn. The static hisses.

INSTRUCTOR

What is it?

KAITLYN

Can you turn off the radio?

He turns up the static to a deafening volume.

She looks hopelessly out the window. On the other side of the highway, going in the opposite direction, is a woman HITCHHIKER, free to roam the world.

They drive like this for longer than is comfortable, Kaitlyn's face pained, before he turns the static down.

INSTRUCTOR

You don't ask anything. I ask.  
Understand? You answer truthfully,  
or I'll know. How did you get that  
scar? I know that's not self-harm.  
It's from a car accident.

KAITLYN

Yes.

INSTRUCTOR

Your mother was driving.

KAITLYN

Yes.

INSTRUCTOR

Tell me what happened.

He swallows, and turns toward her. His whole demeanor changes. He's excited.

KAITLYN

I don't like to talk about it.

He stares at her for a moment, then reaches over and turns up the static, then TOUCHES her, laying a hand on her knee.

Kaitlyn freezes.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

Don't. Please. Don't. I'll tell you. She-she-she...

He removes his hand and turns off the radio. She relaxes a little.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

She was going too fast. I was 13. So...just, it was nothing. She was late for work and I was in the car. I think she was doing something and-

INSTRUCTOR

Stop. You know what she was doing. Slow down. Show me.

Kaitlyn nods, and reaches for the console, touching the air vent.

KAITLYN

She was--we had one of those air fresheners that hang on the mirror. Dad put it up and I hated it. I was grabbing it, pretending like I was going to throw it out the window.

INSTRUCTOR

What scent?

KAITLYN

I don't know.

INSTRUCTOR

Yes. You do.

Kaitlyn has pain on her face while remembering.

KAITLYN

Coconut, tropical something. Stank like sunscreen. She reached over to stop me. Wasn't looking at the road for a second.

INSTRUCTOR

Because you distracted her.

KAITLYN

An 18 wheeler had stopped in front of us. We were going maybe 70 or so. I saw it, then we were under it. Under the...the back of it.

INSTRUCTOR

And what happened to Mom?

KAITLYN

I didn't know at first. But later I realized she pushed me down in my seat. Then just noise and I couldn't see.

INSTRUCTOR

Be specific.

Kaitlyn swallows and looks at the wheel in front of her.

KAITLYN

She didn't die right away. The wheel crushed her. Everything went black because the car wrapped around us and we were underneath the back. I kept calling her name, and I could hear her crying, but she couldn't answer.

The Instructor nods and takes a shallow breath, like he's turned on. He touches her thigh.

INSTRUCTOR

That's a guillotine. Cuts a person in half. Sounds like she saved you. But your scar is invasive surgery. Pins and reconstruction. Your arm took the brunt. Was there more?

KAITLYN

The car in the next lane flipped over the back of us. People died.

INSTRUCTOR

No. I mean you. Did the crash do more to you?

Kaitlyn looks at his hand and closes her eyes.

KAITLYN

My head. My skull.

His hand travels up her body, to her hair.

He parts it gently, searching her scalp. She exhales, scared.

Cars pass them, and he finds a large scar behind her ear like a crescent moon.

INSTRUCTOR

Craniotomy. They took your a piece of skull out, drained fluid. Unless you had a blood clot.

KAITLYN

It was my brain swelling.

The Instructor answers in a hush, then lets her go.

INSTRUCTOR

Yeah.

Hit foot presses down on the accelerator as he exhales, overwhelmed.

Kaitlyn panics as he ROARS ahead, into traffic.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Crash like that changes everything. You're lucky. Lucky little girl.

He FLOORS it, the speedometer hitting 80. Cars FLASH by.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

We forget what we are until we see something like that. It's good that you have. Might actually help you here, for real.

Kaitlyn GRIPS her steering wheel in a panic. The Instructor has to raise his voice over the roar of the engine.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

We think we're solid. Rock solid. But boy, bone's the best we got and even that snaps like stale bread. The rest? The rest is just wet.

He examines her closely while passing into oncoming traffic.

A SUV blares its horn and Kaitlyn SCREAMS as the Instructor narrowly cuts back into his stream of traffic.

The speedometer hits 90.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Steel goes through the body like  
butter. Everything you are just  
squishes out. It's incredible,  
Katie.

He takes an exit from this smaller highway onto a larger one,  
then looks at her.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Get ready.

KAITLYN  
Ready for what!?

He pulls them into high speed traffic, going even faster now.

INSTRUCTOR  
A woman's body? Like yours, or your  
mom's? Or the woman in the trunk?  
Extra fat that makes you so soft,  
extra water. It comes out of the  
crumple like slurry. I've seen it.

He leans over and touches her cheek, then CLICKS the button,  
putting her in control.

KAITLYN  
What are you DOING?!

INSTRUCTOR  
We're taking our test.

At this speed, Kaitlyn has to pass everything. Looking down,  
the speedometer is hitting 100.

She swerves and jerks the wheel, SCREAMING. Cars honk.

KAITLYN  
STOP! STOP I can't GO THIS FAST! I  
can't--

INSTRUCTOR  
Shhh. Yes you can. Shh, listen.

KAITLYN  
I can't I CAN'T I--

INSTRUCTOR  
Your sister. Your sister's in the  
trunk, Kaitlyn.

KAITLYN  
What?!

INSTRUCTOR  
Deborah. She's riding with us.

Swallowing, wide-eyed, the horror of this dawning on her,  
Kaitlyn tries to focus on the road.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Don't mess up. You've got another  
person on board.

Approaching a semi in the passing lane, she tries to brake.

The Instructor STEPS on the gas again.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Or is it *two* other people on board?  
Her and the little one, right?

She looks at him briefly enough to catch his smile. A real  
one.

The ROAR into traffic, passing a whole line of cars, as  
Kaitlyn weaves in and out of the passing lane.

When finally there is nowhere to go and they're nearly boxed  
in, Kaitlyn SCREAMS over the roar of the engine.

The Instructor clicks the button.

He WHIPS them on a diagonal between traffic, signals and  
TEARS down an offramp.

I/E. TEST CAR / COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - 3:25 PM

The Instructor drives down a country road at break-neck  
speed, turning off of pavement onto dirt.

He does a DONUT, the car whipping up rocks, dirt and dust,  
then comes to a stop, surrounded by forest.

Breathing hard, Kaitlyn looks at him.

He stares at her.

Neither moves for a while.

Suddenly, rain begins dropping down from the sky. Kaitlyn SHRIEKS from tension as the first sheet hits.

The Instructor, carefully reaches over and turns on the wipers.

They sit, and he finds a station to listen to.

Kaitlyn, her heart pounding, trembling with adrenaline, just stares at the clock. It's 3:27PM.

The vehicle pulls out, and continues on.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 3:35PM

The test car's wheels skidding on the wet dirt of a two-lane highway.

With rain whipping down on the car harder than ever, the wipers going full-tilt, Kaitlyn struggles to see the road.

Kaitlyn, with great care, slowly turns her head: the Instructor is staring right at her, saying nothing.

She turns back to the road, his gaze making her skin crawl.

Suddenly he does a u-ey, sliding them through wet mud.

A beat later, they're exiting the wooded area, returning to an overpass, where a traffic light stops them.

Two police cars, going with their lights and sirens blast down below them.

Kaitlyn looks on with real hope in her eyes.

INSTRUCTOR

They're not looking for you.

Kaitlyn stares as they disappear into the distance.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Well, they're looking for whoever was driving like that back there. But there's no way anyone got a plate.

KAITLYN

What if someone had a dashcam?

INSTRUCTOR

Very hopeful, Kaitlyn.

The light changes and they roll on. He signals takes the exit headed outbound.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Looks like they're going the wrong way.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 3:48PM

The rain has lessened. The test car travels on the highway at a normal rate of speed.

Ahead, the same HITCHHIKER (38) Kaitlyn saw earlier stands with her thumb out, drenched in rain, her jacket useless.

INSTRUCTOR  
What do you think?

KAITLYN  
What?

INSTRUCTOR  
Should we pick her up? Could be fun.

The Instructor drops open the glove box, and with care, removes a large KNIFE in a leather sheath.

They pass the hitchhiker.

KAITLYN  
No.

INSTRUCTOR  
Have you ever see anybody die?  
Other than mom?

KAITLYN  
Please.

INSTRUCTOR  
You won't. If you don't mess up.

The Instructor comes upon her again, and in a flash, the knife is out. It's LONG and SHARP.

Kaitlyn freezes, but a moment later, he's expertly cut one of her restraints off, then the other, dropping the zipties in the center console.



INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

She guesses anything's wrong, she dies. And so does your sister. But I trust you.

His grim face brightens. He sheathes the knife, puts it in the back seat, reaches over and CLICKS the driver's button.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Signal, then pull over. That's it.

Kaitlyn steels herself, then does as she's told.

A moment later, the hitchhiker is running up to them.

In one quick motion, the Instructor unbuckles and gets out, holding the door for her.

Kaitlyn's head SNAPS around and realizes she has a chance to pull away without him.

She looks at the Instructor. His hand is wrapped tightly around the door and one foot is firmly placed on the frame.

HITCHHIKER

Hey, thanks for stopping.

INSTRUCTOR

Here, you get shotgun.

HITCHHIKER

Oh. Thanks.

As the woman approaches, Kaitlyn's foot moves from the brake to the gas. Her hands grip the wheel.

Suddenly, the Instructor reaches in and disables Kaitlyn's steering wheel.

He sits in the backseat. Kaitlyn closes her eyes, having missed her chance.

The woman gets in, soaking wet, in a ragged windbreaker.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

Oh wow, there's two wheels. Like Marge and Maggie Simpson.

Kaitlyn looks closely at her. The way the woman's eyes search the car and spin around, she seems impaired.

INSTRUCTOR

It's a test car. We're working on highway driving. Switch yourself back on there, Katie.

Kaitlyn does as she's told.

HITCHHIKER

I can't drive anyway.

KAITLYN

Where are you going?

HITCHHIKER

Upstate. But right now, just any motel.

Kaitlyn glances at the Instructor, who nods, and she drives.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

It's cold. Can I put on the heat?

The woman begins touching dials. Her hand even reaches for the glove box, frightening Kaitlyn.

KAITLYN

Here, here.

Kaitlyn turns on the heat as best as she can.

INSTRUCTOR

You shouldn't be doing that while you're driving, you know that.

KAITLYN

Sorry.

HITCHHIKER

Is this like, a test? Right now?

Kaitlyn looks in the mirror to the Instructor. He's silent.

KAITLYN

Practice test. We took a break to give you a hand.

HITCHHIKER

That's so nice. Thank you.

KAITLYN

No problem.

INSTRUCTOR

There's some motels at the next exit.

HITCHHIKER

That'd work.

INSTRUCTOR

There's a bus station, too. I'd suggest that for morning. What you're doing just isn't safe.

The hitchhiker puts her hands to the heat, then picks up a cut ziptie and begins playing with it.

HITCHHIKER

You get pretty good at sizing people up.

Kaitlyn notices, and glances in the rearview. The Instructor notices her noticing.

The tip of the Instructor's blade is in the palm of his right hand, the handle and the rest of the blade up his sleeve. The Hitchhiker turns back around.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

You see the cops go by earlier?

INSTRUCTOR

Sure did. Didn't we, Katie?

Katie pretends to do a shoulder check and looks in the back: she sees the Instructor push the tip of the blade into the back of passenger seat.

KAITLYN

Yes, we did. Chasing some insane driver.

HITCHHIKER

God, so you saw it too! With the horns, screaming tires.

KAITLYN

Yeah.

HITCHHIKER

It was a red car like this.

The Instructor pushes the blade deeper into the seat. His other arm starts to creep up the side of the seat, ready to restrain the woman. Kaitlyn clocks this in the side mirror.

KAITLYN  
There's like ten thousand of these  
on the road. Right, Todd?

TODD  
It's a very popular model.

HITCHHIKER  
What's this thing?

The hitchhiker spins the ziptie around with her fingers.

Kaitlyn's eyes dart to the Instructor's. Silence. He pushes the blade deeper into the seat.

KAITLYN  
We had something tied to the  
mirror. A GPS. It fell off.

HITCHHIKER  
You want me to fix it?

The hitchhiker reaches for glove compartment and OPENS it.

For a split second, we see the severed pinky.

Kaitlyn slams the glove compartment shut.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)  
Sorry! Jesus.

KAITLYN  
It's fine. But there's--my  
documents are all in there. I don't  
want them falling out. The latch is  
broken.

HITCHHIKER  
Oh.

The Instructor's knife goes deeper: the very tip of the blade is visible through the seat as the Hitchhiker leans forward.

When she sits back down she yelps and turns around.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)  
Ow! What was that?

She fingers the hole where the knife poked her.

Behind her the Instructor has hidden the knife.

INSTRUCTOR  
Loose spring in there. Sorry.

Kaitlyn looks at him, frightened.

The Hitchhiker rubs her back, smearing blood, but doesn't notice it.

HITCHHIKER  
That's okay.

There's another moment of silence, then she turns to Kaitlyn.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)  
I thought it was his car.

KAITLYN  
What?

HITCHHIKER  
Why would your papers be in there?

KAITLYN  
I meant my test was in there. The  
papers for my test, okay?

The Hitchhiker looks at her, confused and irritated. Then something dawns on her.

HITCHHIKER  
Are you okay?

She turns to look at the Instructor but doesn't notice the knife is once again against her back.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)  
Is she alright?

Kaitlyn reaches for her, making sure she turns around.

KAITLYN  
Of course. I wouldn't be driving if  
I wasn't. Your exit's coming.

Kaitlyn hits the indicator.

HITCHHIKER  
Thanks. How much further you guys  
going?

KAITLYN  
Turning right around after we drop  
you.

INSTRUCTOR  
We are?

KAITLYN

Yes. To complete our test. You and me.

Their eyes meet in the rearview. The Instructor stares. The hitchhiker starts fumbling in her bag, oblivious.

The Instructor pulls the knife out of the seat, puts it back in his sleeve. Smiles.

I/E. TEST CAR / OFFRAMP - DAY - 4:12 PM

The Hitchhiker gets out and waves. The rain has stopped. She walks on, a tiny, bloody tear in the back of her jacket.

The Instructor climbs into the front and sits next to Kaitlyn.

He sheathes the knife and puts it into the glovebox.

INSTRUCTOR

You passed. So did she.

Kaitlyn looks at him, then bursts into tears.

He watches her cry, unfazed.

KAITLYN

*Why are you doing this?!*

When she looks up at him, face streaked with tears, she watches his face change to a full smile.

Then, she changes, too. From anguish to real anger. Hatred.

He smiles even wider.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 4:14 PM

The test car moves through high-speed midday traffic, firmly in the right lane.

Inside the vehicle, Kaitlyn is clearly driving. The Instructor has his hands behind his head.

INSTRUCTOR

Do you want to know where we're going?

KAITLYN

You told me not to ask questions.

INSTRUCTOR  
But you want to ask.

KAITLYN  
It doesn't matter.

INSTRUCTOR  
Here's a question for you: what are you going to do differently if I let you go? In your life, I mean.

KAITLYN  
Is this part of the test?

INSTRUCTOR  
Yes.

KAITLYN  
You're asking what I've learned from you.

INSTRUCTOR  
Go on.

KAITLYN  
I've learned you aren't going to let me go.

INSTRUCTOR  
That's not true. If that were true, wouldn't I have done something by now? To you.

KAITLYN  
You have. You already have.

The Instructor considers this.

INSTRUCTOR  
What would you have done if I had popped her heart through the seat?

Kaitlyn looks burnt out. Tired.

KAITLYN  
I guess I'd scream and cry. But I wouldn't be surprised.

INSTRUCTOR  
What if I asked you to help. Help me do her, or I'd go and visit your sister again?

Kaitlyn finally speaks as herself.

KAITLYN

I don't even know if that is my sister in there. Or if she's even alive. She hasn't made a sound.

INSTRUCTOR

You're sounding a little hopeless. But to answer your question: she's sedated. Sleeping.

Kaitlyn looks in the rearview. We see her eyes sharpening.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

There you go. You're getting angry. You can't crash the car with her in the trunk if that's what you're thinking. Back there, she's--

Kaitlyn leans forward to the center console and speaks in a loud and clear voice.

KAITLYN

BIXBY. CALL 911.

The Instructor's eyes widen as the digital Assistant says *calling 911* and the phone rings.

In a FLASH he reaches over and turns her side of the vehicle off, but she GRABS his hands, fighting him.

Trying to buy seconds by struggling with him, she keeps his hands off the center console by launching herself onto him, scratching and punching.

Outside, the vehicle SWERVES and SCREECHES as traffic reacts.

The phone RINGS twice and there's a CLICK.

CELLPHONE

911, what is your emergency?

KAITLYN

HELP I--

Before she can finish, the Instructor PUNCHES her in the mouth, hard and her head bounces off the window.

CELLPHONE

Tell me what's happening there?  
Hello?

The Instructor tears the console open, grabs the phone, opens the door and CHUCKS it into the forest.



When he looks at Kaitlyn, his face is filled with rage.

Kaitlyn, panicked and terrified, manages to keep her gaze fixed.

INSTRUCTOR

You think that'll save you? They didn't even answer.

KAITLYN

Yes they did. You know they did.  
And now you have to do something.  
You can't kill me. Not here. And  
you can't stop, either, can you?

He looks at her, breathing hard, smoldering.

INSTRUCTOR

You're right. I can't do you here.

Suddenly he JERKS the wheel and skids the car into the fast lane. Kaitlyn's head SMACKS against the driver's side window.

The car SCREECHES ahead of traffic, in and out of lanes until it comes to a highway U turn.

Inside the car, Kaitlyn, her head bleeding, stares at the Instructor.

He revs the engine, then PEELS out.

Heading the WRONG way, against traffic on the other side, he drives at TOP SPEED.

With gritted teeth, he expertly brings them within inches of a crash again and again as Kaitlyn SCREAMS like a banshee.

Horns BLARE, tires SCREECH and cars narrowly avoid them.

At last, a CEMENT TRUCK barrels toward them.

The Instructor hits the gas, SHOOTING them forward.

Kaitlyn's panicked eyes STARE as the gaping underside of the bumper approaches at beheading speed.

Kaitlyn SWITCHES the steering over to herself, then SWERVES.

Both vehicle turn in opposite directions.

The Instructor switches control to him and JERKS the wheel.

With a clear freeway ahead, he does a full burnout, KNOCKING Kaitlyn against her door, then takes a gravel road off to the side of the highway, BREAKING a chain with a PRIVATE PROPERTY sign strung between two poles as he goes.

The car disappears into overgrown brush, leaving a string of cars pulled over and wondering what happened.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL ROAD - DAY - 4:23PM

At BREAKNECK speed, the test car tears down a rural road. Foliage flashes by.

The Instructor's foot is down on the pedal. Kaitlyn struggles to handle the car at this extreme speed.

Kaitlyn, her head bleeding, her whole body trembling, only just manages to turn the wheel in time at each corner.

The tires squeal as they nearly go off the road.

They approach another turn with a large boulder and she narrowly misses it.

KAITLYN  
Please slow down.

The Instructor doesn't answer.

The car hits a fork in the road and she takes a blind turn rapidly.

There's a PICKUP truck on the road.

She SLAMS on her brakes, but it's too late.

Kaitlyn's head smacks the wheel as the test car CRUMPLES the back of the truck.

Inside the vehicle, the Instructor turns to her darkly.

INSTRUCTOR  
Look what you did.

KAITLYN  
You-you-were, I didn't--

INSTRUCTOR  
This is a fail. This right here is  
a fail.

KAITLYN  
Please.

Ahead of them, a man is getting out of his truck, shaking his head. He holds out his hands to them, mouths WHAT THE FUCK.

INSTRUCTOR

Here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna kill him, then I'm going to do whatever I want to you and sis. Understand?

KAITLYN

No.

INSTRUCTOR

You've left me no choice.

KAITLYN

Please. I can--let me. Let me--

INSTRUCTOR

What?

KAITLYN

Let me fix it. Let me have another chance.

INSTRUCTOR

You already had your last chance.

The other driver approaches slowly. He looks mad, until he looks at Kaitlyn's face, bloodied and tear-streaked.

TRUCK OWNER

Jesus, are you alright? Let's--hold on, I'll call 911.

She hasn't rolled the window down yet. She looks to the Instructor as the truck driver begins knocking on the window.

TRUCK OWNER (CONT'D)

Hello? Hey, hello?

KAITLYN

One more chance. Please.

The Instructor moves slowly, like a lizard. Contemplating.

INSTRUCTOR

One more. Then you'll make it up to me.

Kaitlyn nods, then rolls down the window.

KAITLYN

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry mister. I'm  
sorry about your truck.

The man has an old clamshell phone at the ready.

TRUCK OWNER

Well, Jesus, that's fine, are you  
alright? I can get an ambulance.

KAITLYN

I'm okay. I'm fine. I'm just, we're  
learning how to drive. This is, I'm  
with my dad.

He looks at her, then crouches and looks at the Instructor,  
who says nothing.

TRUCK OWNER

If you ain't hurt, I'm glad. Okay.  
We gotta swap info, here.

Kaitlyn looks to the Instructor, turns back to the man.

KAITLYN

I'm not--I don't have my learners.  
So I'm not supposed to be driving.  
I begged him to let me try, and  
then I do this.

The driver looks across to the Instructor, who gives a slow  
nod.

TRUCK OWNER

I get it. But I don't see how  
that's my problem. My problem is  
what looks like 3000 bucks on my  
truck. You gonna make that right?

KAITLYN

I have--I have my money, right Dad?  
My graduating money, from grandma?  
I can give him that money.

INSTRUCTOR

That's right. Would show a lot of  
character, honey.

The man looks like he's really considering it.

KAITLYN

I swear, I'll come back and pay  
you. Please?

She gives him a long look.

The man stares, thinking. Finally, he shakes his head.

TRUCK OWNER

No, no. You don't pay. He doesn't pay. The insurance pays. You got the two wheels there, for all I know he was driving, you're fine-

Just then, a car goes by and they have to stop talking. The driver waves at them.

The Instructor eyes the vehicle as it goes. Kaitlyn is watching him watch.

She leans her head out for the Truck Driver.

KAITLYN

Can I--I'm gonna pull back onto the road there, the little road where there's no traffic, okay?

TRUCK OWNER

No, we should stay--

Kaitlyn ignores him, and PULLS out, fast.

She does a quick U turn, and the man shouts at her.

A moment later, she's gone back the way they came, down the dirt road.

KAITLYN

We're away from people now. Okay? If I can get him to agree, we're good, right?

The Instructor nods, and smiles.

I/E. TEST CAR / HIGHWAY ACCESS ROAD - DAY - 4:24 PM

Kaitlyn stops the car. They're surrounded by tall greenery. Invisible from the highway.

A moment later, the truck pulls up on them aggressively, and the man gets out, leaving his door open.

TRUCK OWNER

What the fuck? You trying to pull a fast one on me?

Inside the test car, the Instructor takes the keys out of the ignition, and gets his papers out of the glovebox. He stares at Kaitlyn.

INSTRUCTOR  
Come on, honey.

Kaitlyn does as she's told, terrified.

She watches as the Instructor walks up to the man, the papers rolled up in his hand.

TRUCK OWNER  
You have some fucking nerve letting her take the fall for this. That's your kid you got driving without a license. This is on you. I'm--

INSTRUCTOR  
Get your papers. I got mine. I'll do this right.

The man shakes his head, angry but relieved.

TRUCK OWNER  
Alright, just a minute.

INSTRUCTOR  
I'm really sorry about that.

Kaitlyn stands by the test car as the Instructor gets closer to the man.

While he's reaching in for his papers across the driver's seat, the Instructor gets close.

The man rises, fingers wrapped around the open truck door.

The Instructor's eyes flash as he suddenly SLAMS the door on the truck driver's fingers, CRUSHING them.

The man SCREAMS.

Kaitlyn covers her mouth.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
And I'm sorry about that.

The Instructor looks at Kaitlyn. Smiles.

He reaches into the truck and loops the seatbelt OUT and AROUND the man's neck. Once, twice and then around his mouth.

KAITLYN  
Todd, don't! DON'T!

The Instructor YANKS down with all of his strength.

The Truck Owner's hand gasps and chokes, his face RED.

INSTRUCTOR  
It's already done.

Pulling the seatbelt taut with one hand, the Instructor opens the rolled up papers in the other, revealing his KNIFE.

The Truck Driver's eyes bulge at the sight of it.

The Instructor quickly unsheathes the knife with his teeth, and PLUNGES it down through the man's collarbone.

The man SCREAMS through the belt. Kaitlyn screams too.

Leaving him there, the Instructor steps back and watches as the man hangs and trembles.

Looking through the back of the man's truck bed, he finds the heavy metal arm of a jack with a rubber grip.

He turns to Kaitlyn with it.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Watch. And stay put. If you close  
your eyes, if you run, you fail.  
Understand?

Kaitlyn nods.

ON Kaitlyn as she stares, listening to the sound of the jack smashing into the man, over and over.

ON the Instructor's victim: his head rolls back and forth.

The entire top of his skull FLATTENED. He's making a strange whine.

The Instructor takes his knife out of the man, and walks away as he goes limp, blood pouring out of his head, and his ruptured heart.

Kaitlyn stares, trembling, unable to move as the Instructor throws her the keys. They bounce off her and land in the dirt.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Pick 'em up. Let's go.

He gets into the passenger seat, and begins looking at himself in the vanity mirror, checking for blood.

I/E. TEST CAR / GAS STATION - DAY - 4:48 PM

A small non-corporate gas station with a little store. The test car is parked at a pump. There are no other cars.

Kaitlyn sits behind the wheel in shock, staring dully into the store. The Instructor is making purchases, chatting to the TEENAGE BOY (17) behind the counter.

The Instructor exits and comes back toward the car with a plastic bag. Kaitlyn turns to the wheel and stares at that.

He opens the passenger door and leans in.

INSTRUCTOR

Gordie in there says there's a picnic table out back. I got us a snack.

Kaitlyn doesn't reply.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

You're going to have to bounce back, Kaitlyn. Dealing with the unpredictable, remember? If not for yourself, snap out of it for Deb.

Kaitlyn finally looks up at the Instructor, eyes smouldering with hatred.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Good focus.

The Instructor reaches into the plastic bag and pulls out an orange tree-shaped air freshener. The label reads COCONUT.

He hangs it from the mirror.

EXT. PICNIC TABLE CLEARING - DAY - 4:53 PM

The Instructor eats a protein bar. Kaitlyn stares into an open bag of chips. She takes a drink of water.

INSTRUCTOR

You didn't panic.

Kaitlyn puts a chip on her bottom lip, lets it dangle, fall to the ground.



INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Your accident did that.

KAITLYN  
What?

INSTRUCTOR  
With your mother. What you saw and heard. I know you said it was just noise, that you couldn't see, but that's not true, is it?

Kaitlyn drinks water again.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
You don't have to say anything.  
When you saw me do that man, when you watched him go, it was nothing new to you. You've seen it before.

Kaitlyn keeps her expression neutral.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR WRECK - DAY

The crushed interior of a car. It's unrecognizably twisted.

Kaitlyn is reclined in her destroyed seat, curled metal and the flatbed of a truck inches from her nose.

KAITLYN  
(calling)  
Mom... mom...

A gasping, soft, crying is the only response.

Kaitlyn tries to turn her head left, but can't see anything: the crushed and folded up car roof prevents her.

She can only lift her head slightly and look downward.

Liquid is pooling and now dripping over the mangled centre console.

Kaitlyn looks down into her lap. It's filling with BLOOD, pouring in from the other side of the car.

She's too horrified to scream. The crying from the other side of the car has stopped.

I/E. TEST CAR / GAS STATION - DAY - 5:00 PM

The Instructor fastens Kaitlyn's second zip-tie. Kaitlyn stares into the gas station, where Gordie is absorbed in something on his laptop screen.

KAITLYN

Where do we end up?

INSTRUCTOR

That's a big question, Kaitlyn.

KAITLYN

I mean where are you driving to  
kill us. Your house?

The Instructor starts the car.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 5:01 PM

The Instructor picks up speed. There's light traffic on the road.

KAITLYN

I know this test is bullshit. I was  
dead the second I got into this  
car.

INSTRUCTOR

The test is real. And important.

KAITLYN

To you. To however the fuck you get  
off. I still end up dead.

INSTRUCTOR

I haven't deceived you about  
anything since the test really  
began, Kaitlyn. I've followed  
through on every promise. And it's  
not over. You can count on this:  
there's a way to pass.

KAITLYN

And what the fuck is that? No test  
in the world doesn't tell you how  
to pass it.

The Instructor smiles.

INSTRUCTOR

The highway's the only place where  
we really face the truth.

(MORE)

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

The big truth. Most of the other ways we get hurt in life are nothing compared to this. Body can take a lot of punishment. You know that.

He stares at her for longer than is comfortable.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Out here, you're really alive--or dead. One or the other.

KAITLYN

Do I have to kill you?

He stares at her again.

INSTRUCTOR

Can't you figure out why I chose you? Where we met before?

Kaitlyn doesn't know what to say. She shakes her head.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 5:05 PM

The Instructor takes the car around a bend. There are two cars not far behind him.

INSTRUCTOR

We'll get where we're going very--

Kaitlyn perks up as he stops talking, looking forward. There are signs for a CONSTRUCTION ZONE AHEAD.

In the near distance is a road crew and a TRAFFIC SIGNER in an orange reflective vest.

The Instructor slows the car down. He's thrown off. He eyes the mirror: there's a car close behind him. He's boxed in.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Don't try it, Kaitlyn. It won't be you that pays.

KAITLYN

You going to get out and beat eight construction workers to death?

INSTRUCTOR

I did a year of nursing school.

KAITLYN

What?

INSTRUCTOR

Deborah is ready to pop. I can cut  
that baby out of her alive, I  
promise. And I'll make her watch it  
die and then I'll make you watch  
her die-

The car coasts forward. The Traffic Signer, disinterested, in  
sunglasses with a dangling cigarette, is ten feet away.

KAITLYN

(screaming)

HELP! HE'S KIDNAPPED ME!

INSTRUCTOR

Stop.

Kaitlyn slams her head into the side window as they are two  
feet away from the Signer. He looks directly at her.

KAITLYN

I'M KAITLYN BANTAM CALL 911 I'M A  
PRISONER I'M GOING TO BE MURDERED  
HELP

Kaitlyn struggles in the seat, bucking her body.

The Signer raises his radio to his mouth and starts to speak.

The Instructor STOPS the car flush with the Signer.

He gets out, leaving the door open.

He walks around the front of the car.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

He has a KNIFE!

The Signer lowers his radio and takes a step back just as the  
Instructor puts a hand on his arm.

INSTRUCTOR

I am so, so sorry. My daughter. I'm  
taking her to rehab.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:06 PM

The Signer raises his radio as a message comes through.

SUPERVISOR

(on radio)

Can you repeat?

SIGNER

No. I mean, it's ok.

The vehicle behind the test car lets out a slight honk. The Instructor raises an apologetic hand.

KAITYLN

HE'S LYING! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!

The Instructor looks at her, sadly.

INSTRUCTOR

It's not even her in there. It's the drugs. The acting out goes next-level when she has an audience.

The Signer stares at Kaitlyn. Points.

SIGNER

Why's she on that side?

Kaitlyn has her mouth open to scream, but stops. She's lost. The Instructor smiles ruefully.

INSTRUCTOR

These things are a nightmare to maintain. The other wheel's the only one that works!

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 5:07 PM

The Signer flips his sign to SLOW. The Instructor inches the car ahead.

KAITLYN

They'll call anyway. They have to report these things.

The Instructor is silent.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

You knew I was going to try. I had to.

There's an unmarked turnoff from the highway. The Instructor hits the indicator.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

I'm trying to do what you want.

The Instructor looks at Kaitlyn as they drive on.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
You said there was a way to pass  
the test. I thought you meant try  
to escape.

                  INSTRUCTOR  
No. You didn't think that.

I/E. TEST CAR / PRIVATE ROAD - DAY - 5:10 PM

The car stops in an isolated, tree-lined lane.

                  KAITLYN  
Please don't hurt her. Please.

The Instructor gets out.

                  INSTRUCTOR  
I have to make good on my promise.  
Or my word is useless.

Kaitlyn starts to buck and twist against her restraints.

                  KAITLYN  
Stop-

She gets her right foot braced against the dash and starts to  
push, cracking the plastic on a vent.

The Instructor circles the car and pulls her door open.  
Kaitlyn looks up at him.

The Instructor punches her in the stomach once. Her leg  
drops. He punches her again, hard, and she folds.

As Kaitlyn gasps for breath, he closes her door and calmly  
circles back to the passenger side.

The Instructor reaches under the passenger seat. Kaitlyn sees  
him pull out a pair of PRUNING SHEARS.

                  KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
                  (breathless)  
No...

The Instructor goes to the back of the car. Opens the trunk.

Kaitlyn listens to the sound of FISTS THUDDING into the body  
back there, over and over.

Finally she recovers her breath.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

NO!

There's another quiet second. The Instructor closes the trunk.

The Instructor, panting slightly, sits. His left hand is closed into a fist.

INSTRUCTOR

Look at this.

Kaitlyn stares at what's in his palm as he opens his hand. She can't quite tell what it is.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Deborah was three fingers down. Now she's minus one eyelid.

KAITLYN

Oh my god.

She tries to shake the eyelid out of her palm but it STICKS.

The Instructor peels it off.

INSTRUCTOR

I felt some of the ribs up here go, absolutely. But I kept away from the baby part this time.

KAITLYN

She's dead.

INSTRUCTOR

No.

KAITLYN

She would have screamed. Anyone would have screamed.

INSTRUCTOR

I told you. I sedated her. Do you know what Diprivan is? She can't move a muscle. I can clip whatever I want off of her and all she does is twitch. She's like a rosebush back there.

A tractor starts in the near distance. The Instructor looks up at the sound. Kaitlyn is numb.

He starts the car.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
We keep losing our privacy,  
Kaitlyn.

He reaches over, taking out his knife as he does so. She shrinks back.

He cuts her zip-ties.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY - 5:20 PM

The Instructor is in the driver's side seat, Kaitlyn zip-tied to the passenger side.

Kaitlyn stares at the Coconut freshener. The Instructor has affixed the eyelid to its centre.

Cars pass and the Instructor eyes them with new tension.

KAITLYN  
You're nervous.

INSTRUCTOR  
Am I?

KAITLYN  
This took longer than you thought.  
People are looking for me and Deb  
now. Looking at security footage.  
You know they are.

INSTRUCTOR  
They?

KAITLYN  
My Dad always wants to know exactly  
where I am.

INSTRUCTOR  
Nothing has happened that I haven't  
prepared for. Nothing can. Do you  
know how long I've been planning  
this?

The Instructor turns sharply. Kaitlyn hangs on, and stares.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Since your mother's car accident.  
When she killed my entire family.  
I'm like this because of her. And  
so are you.

Kaitlyn's face looks shocked and confused.



EXT. DIRT CLEARING / INT. TEST CAR - DAY - 5:23 PM

The sky is going red from the oncoming sunset. The test car is parked in a clearing, surrounded by tall grass on one side, forest on the other.

The Instructor gets out and slams the car door.

He stoops and starts doing something at the side of the car, then at the back. Kaitlyn cranes her head to follow him but can't see what's happening.

There's a tearing sound.

The Instructor rounds the other side of the car, the sound following him.

He finally THROWS a wad of what looks like red plastic onto the windshield: it's vinyl wrap.

He continues to tear and peel, the vehicle turning from red to WHITE with each quick pull, as if ripping meat from bone.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:24 PM

Kaitlyn pulls downward on her bonds. They don't budge. She cranes around and down to investigate the steering wheel on this side: it looks identical to the one on her side.

Frustrated, she pushes up against the wheel: it moves in this direction, easily.

She's shocked, and repeats the motion, this time craning down: there's a red plastic pin at the base of the wheel.

Kaitlyn looks at the base of the wheel on the driver's side. No pin.

Reaching with the pinky fingers of both hands, struggling, Kaitlyn gets a grip on the pin and PULLS it out. Nothing happens.

Kaitlyn pushes up against the wheel and it comes away from the steering column entirely. She's free, just tied to the loose wheel.

EXT. DIRT CLEARING - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:27 PM

A stooping Instructor pulls a last strip of red vinyl off beside the right headlight.

The car, now dull white, is revealed. The Instructor stands.

I/E. TEST CAR / DIRT CLEARING - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:27 PM

Kaitlyn sees the top of the Instructor's head rising and quickly holds the wheel back in place and places her foot over the red pin on the floor.

The Instructor opens the driver's side door. Ignoring Kaitlyn, he fishes around under the seat and pulls out two license plates.

He cranes into the vehicle. Kaitlyn recoils slightly, the wheel juddering a half-inch loose, for a second. She's terrified, but the Instructor hasn't noticed.

He pulls a duffel bag from the floor of the backseat, then takes that and the plates and slams the car door. He walks to the back of the trunk.

Kaitlyn can hear him unscrewing the plates. She whips her head around: the Instructor is stooping, not in sight of the backseat.

She stares at the release knob just next to the headrest in the backseat. Moving quietly, careful not to let the wheel clang on anything, she worms into the backseat.

Kaitlyn eases up the knob while staring out the back window. The Instructor's head suddenly rises into view and Kaitlyn freezes.

EXT. DIRT CLEARING - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:32 PM

The Instructor kneels again and starts unscrewing the third of four screws on the old plate.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:34 PM

Kaitlyn breathes again as the screwdriver starts going. Holding the knob, she pulls down the driver's side backseat.

Light leaks into the trunk, but not enough. Kaitlyn can only make out a human shape, curled up.

Steeling herself and rushing, she thrusts the wheel and her bound hands into the backseat. When she feels the skin of a face, she pulls, leaning back, turning the body to her.

It's a MAN, not Deb: white, middle-aged, bloodied, missing an eyelid. The name TODD is on a tag.

He looks very dead.

KAITLYN  
Oh god. Thank god.

Kaitlyn closes the backseat.

Kaitlyn looks out of the passenger side window and sees endless forest on that side. She looks out the other window and sees a too-long run back to the invisible road.

The wrench stops for a second. Kaitlyn makes a quick movement toward the front seat.

INT. TEST CAR - DAY - 5:40 PM

The interior of the car is bathed in sunset red. Kaitlyn is sitting in the passenger seat, the wheel apparently fixed in place.

The Instructor opens the door and gets in. Turns and grins at Kaitlyn.

He's wearing a bright purple leather jacket and aviator glasses. His close-cropped light hair is hidden under an androgynous black hairpiece.

INSTRUCTOR  
A brand-new ride with a brand-new  
mom, Kaitlyn.

Kaitlyn stares at the Instructor in horror.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
You don't have to worry about  
anybody recognizing us before we  
get to the end of the test. And we  
are very close.

EXT. TEST CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS - 5:40 PM

The white car is totally unrecognizable. The engine starts, headlights come to life, and it begins to three-point-turn back to the road.

I/E. TEST CAR / RURAL HIGHWAY - SUNSET - 5:50 PM

Kaitlyn watches the road. The Instructor hits a pothole.

Kaitlyn's steering wheel judders slightly, slips half an inch before she presses and holds it back: it's only held in place by her hands.

The headlights pick out a faded white wooden sign with black letters at the side of the road: MCKEE DRIVING SCHOOL - NEXT EXIT.

Kaitlyn looks at the Instructor. He's grinning in his disguise. They pick up speed.

KAITLYN  
That's you, isn't it?

EXT. BUSIER HIGHWAY - SUNSET - 5:51 PM

The test car enters traffic on a four-lane highway.

INT. TEST CAR - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS - 5:51 PM

Kaitlyn's hands tremble on the wheel.

The test car is behind an eighteen-wheeler.

INSTRUCTOR  
Oh, look. Memories, Kaitlyn.

The Instructor takes them close, almost tailgaiting.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
You can see just where it would  
start to cut into the car.

Kaitlyn doesn't rise to the bait.

KAITLYN  
McKee. That's your name. That's  
where you're taking me.

INSTRUCTOR  
Taking both of you.

KAITLYN  
So it is you. McKee.

The Instructor doesn't answer: his eyes are on the rearview mirror. Kaitlyn's eyes move up as well.

There's a pickup behind, and cop car beside them.

On the other side of the highway, another police cruiser BOMBS past with its sirens on, at a high rate of speed.

INSTRUCTOR  
Think Dad's sent these boys after  
you?

Kaitlyn is silent.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Maybe. Maybe they're running our  
plate right now.

The pickup behind them has slowed. The cop car switches lanes, and is right behind them. Kaitlyn fixates on the mirror.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Ah, they are. You can see them  
doing it. Officer Passenger is  
typing our digits in right now.

KAITLYN  
They'll know these are fake.  
Stolen.

INSTRUCTOR  
No. The first plates were stolen.  
These ones are a clean match.

Kaitlyn watches the cop in the passenger seat lean back from his terminal, chat to his partner.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
You try anything to get their  
attention, I'll crash this car.  
Test over, right here. For you and  
your sister.

The cruiser behind them turns its lights and sirens on. The Instructor twitches, feathers the brake--

And the cop car switches into the left lane and speeds past them, vanishing ahead.

The Instructor leans back in relief, laughs once and loosens his grip on the wheel.

KAITLYN  
I know she isn't here.

INSTRUCTOR  
What?

KAITLYN  
My sister. She isn't here. It's  
just you and me.

Kaitlyn SWINGS her wheel hard at his head: it's been loose the whole time.

The Instructor's glasses SHATTER and his nose BREAKS. The hairpiece slips over his eyes.

As the car slews left, the little red release pin that was under Kaitlyn's foot rolls under the seat.

The Instructor grabs at his injured face with his left hand. As he twists, his foot presses on the gas.

The test car accelerates and is within two feet of the back of the 18-wheeler.

Kaitlyn seizes his steering wheel with both hands and pulls hard right, sticking her leg out to pound the brake.

The car FLIPS.

The Instructor, without a seatbelt, is flung out of his seat and onto the roof.

When the car lands it screeches against cement. All the door windows and the rear screen CRACKS.

The Instructor SHOOTS past Kaitlyn toward the back seat. She's belted in.

He slams into the rear window, which partially shatters.

His hairpiece and much of his SCALP are torn off by the jagged glass as he is FLUNG OUT of the car.

The Instructor slides and rolls along the cement.

INT. TEST CAR - NIGHT - 6:04 PM

Kaitlyn's eyes open. She's at an odd angle, and upside down.

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - 6:04 PM

The test car is upside down, its front end in a ditch.

Kaitlyn staggers out, looks at the car. The steering wheel is still hanging from her right wrist.

Groggily, she stares at that wrist: her hand is dangling uselessly. The wrist is shattered.

Kaitlyn begins to struggle out of the ditch, grabbing holds with her left hand. She registers vaguely that the trunk is open as she rises.

EXT. HIGHWAY EXIT - NIGHT - 6:07 PM

Kaitlyn emerges into the glow of several headlights: a cluster of cars are parked, some with their hazards on, near where the test car flipped.

She's on her hands and knees, panting.

She sees the shadows of six or seven motorists approaching. She smiles in utter relief, and prepares to rise and wave.

Light from the highway illuminates the group of motorists. In the front is The Instructor, his hairpiece back on, his face covered in blood.

INSTRUCTOR

(calling out)

We have to see if she made it. She  
can't be hurt, she can't be, my  
daughter-

Kaitlyn slides back down into the ditch, backwards.

She RUNS into the woods.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - 6:09 PM

The trees around her block out most of the late afternoon light as Kaitlyn runs through the forest.

A branch SMACKS against the steering wheel in her left hand, wrenching her broken wrist.

Kaitlyn sinks to her knees and almost faints from the pain.

She hears a SNAPPING BRANCH in the distance behind her and whips her head around.

Kaitlyn crouches, and waits as more branches SNAP around her.

Finally, she rises and hurries off.

EXT. FOREST BOG - NIGHT - 6:11 PM

Kaitlyn stumbles when the ground beneath her right sneaker seizes onto it: it's not a mud puddle, but a bog.

Kaitlyn extracts her shoe, tries to put it on with her good hand, gives up.

She uses her socked foot to pull the other sneaker off and jumps on both of them, hiding them in the mud.

She runs on, trying to seek dry patches.

She sees a log lying lengthwise across a particularly dense muddy patch and gets onto it, walking as fast as she can while maintaining balance.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

KAITLYN!

Kaitlyn looks behind her: the Instructor hasn't emerged into the bog area yet, but she can HEAR him moving through the branches.

The Instructor emerges into the bog: Kaitlyn is nowhere to be seen.

The ground is too churned up and it's too dark to see footprints. He starts to cross the bog.

The Instructor jumps onto the log and starts walking across it.

Kaitlyn has squeezed into the mud below the log, facing up, hands crossed on her chest to hide her whole body.

As the Instructor walks over top of her, his weight pushes down on her broken wrist, her body. She squeezes her eyes shut with the pain.

The Instructor passes, running on.

Kaitlyn gets up and runs back the way she came, quietly.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - 6:20 PM

Kaitlyn is no longer running, but walking. Lost, looking around.

KAITLYN

Fuck.

The sound of a vehicle engine is audible from her right, and she starts to move in that direction.

Just then someone GRABS her.

She SHRIEKS but her mouth is covered.

Wheeling around, she sees the name TODD on a nametag.

She looks up: it's Todd, the man from the trunk. He's missing fingers, an eyelid, and has a dripping goose-egg on his head, but he's alive.



TODD  
Shh! It's okay. Is it Kaitlyn?

KAITLYN  
Oh my FUCK! You're alive?!

TODD  
I was in and out of it at the end  
there. I heard you with him.

She looks down at his hand, swollen purple at the stump where  
his finger should be.

His eyelid is weeping blood continuously.

KAITLYN  
We have to get you to a hospital.

TODD  
You too. Are you alright? Can we  
get that off of you?

His hands hover over the steering wheel still stuck to her  
wrist.

KAITLYN  
I don't think so. I think it's  
broken.

Todd looks pained, pathetic, but Kaitlyn watches him as he  
builds his own courage and reaches for her.

TODD  
Maybe we can add up to one working  
person if we stay together. You  
rescue me, I'll rescue you.

Kaitlyn smiles with real hope, but it fades a little.

KAITLYN  
I heard him. I--I think he's still  
coming after us.

TODD  
I know. I saw him just miss you in  
the woods, when you were hiding.  
That's when I came over.

Kaitlyn swallows, and looks demoralized.

KAITLYN  
You should have gone for help  
instead of following me.

TODD

It'd be too late to matter. He was in the forest a minute after you were. I think all that matters to him now is killing you.

Todd touches her shoulder.

TODD (CONT'D)

You didn't do anything wrong. It's him. It's all him.

KAITLYN

I fucking know that.

Todd smiles.

TODD

You don't have anything to eat, do you? I'm so hungry. And thirsty.

KAITLYN

Me too. And tired.

TODD

So fucking tired.

They share in the slightest comfort, a half-hearted laugh.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT - 6:29 PM

Todd and Kaitlyn exit the forest, talking quietly, helping each other walk.

KAITLYN

...So you don't know him at all? He pretended to be you.

TODD

No. I have no idea who he is. Do you?

KAITLYN

I was in a bad car accident, years ago. He says his family died in it.

TODD

Really?

KAITLYN

Yeah.

TODD

You don't believe that, do you?

Pushing branches aside, they look up: there's an ENORMOUS fence, maybe 6 feet high, made of long boards of wood.

KAITLYN

Fuck.

TODD

This is good. There could be a phone in there. And look.

Todd sees a security camera perched on the fence and begins waving.

Further down, Kaitlyn locates a gate in the fence and pulls at it.

KAITLYN

Locked.

Todd looks at the fence. It continues so far in each direction that it appears to enclose a huge space.

TODD

I can't climb that. But I could lift you up. You can do it.

Kaitlyn looks at it and nods.

KAITLYN

Better than being out here with him.

TODD

Yeah, well. Please do open the fucking door for me, though.

INT. COMPOUND - NIGHT - 6:31 PM

Kaitlyn's good arm GRABS onto the fence as she pulls herself up. Streaking the fence with mud and blood, she gets a leg over, then her bad arm, and DROPS.

She is in what looks like a demolition yard. A few outbuildings, a quonset hut, and a little mobile home up on stands. No greenery, just dirt and machines.

There are bulldozers, bobcats, excavators, crushed cars. A MASSIVE junkyard is to the back. A row of TRUCKS are lined up near a heavy-duty iron gate at the entrance.

Kaitlyn goes to the gate and opens it for Todd, who hurries in and closes it.

The two cross the huge sprawling compound. Kaitlyn points at the parked, largely intact work vehicles.

KAITLYN

Maybe we can...borrow one of those.

Todd points at a SOUPED-UP dark purple truck, a RAM TRX with massive tires and flood lights on top, roll bars.

TODD

I'd "borrow" that one.

She points at the little trailer.

KAITLYN

There.

They head for it.

Two LARGE GERMAN SHEPHERDS rush for them, barking and growling.

Kaitlyn and Todd SCRAMBLE backwards.

The dogs are nearly upon them when they're YANKED back by their chains, tethered to the little trailer.

They circle at the end of their chains, snarling and barking.

Kaitlyn looks back toward the fence.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

He heard that, I'm sure.

Todd grabs her and pulls her toward the large corrugated quonset hut.

TODD

Let's hope there's a phone in there.

EXT. QUONSET HUT BACK - NIGHT - 6:33 PM

The two arrive at the back of the quonset and try a set of double doors as the dogs bark. Locked.

Kaitlyn peers in a grimy window covered in rusted grating.

TODD

Anything?

KAITLYN  
No. Lights are out. C'mon.

EXT. QUONSET HUT FRONT - NIGHT - 6:33 PM

Todd tries the partial glass storefront entryway. It's next to a closed hangar door.

Behind him, Kaitlyn FREEZES.

TODD  
It's not--what's wrong?

Todd looks at what she's staring at: in huge black letters over the door is MCKEE.

Parked in front are two of the identical model of double-wheel test car. One grey, one purple.

Todd sees the dread on Kaitlyn's face.

TODD (CONT'D)  
This is his place.

KAITLYN  
(quietly)  
Yes.

She looks at the name MCKEE DRIVING SCHOOL on the glass door in front of Todd. There's also a badge-shaped sticker that says LAPOINTE SECURITY.

Kaitlyn picks up a cinderblock clearly used as a doorstop and THROWS it through the glass door.

A moment later, there's continuous BEEPING and a FLASHING RED light. A few long seconds of red, then darkness, repeating.

TODD  
You set off an alarm.

KAITLYN  
Yeah. Maybe it'll call the fucking cops and they'll blow his fucking head off in time.

Todd stares.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
Because he's coming right here.  
It's where he was taking us all along.

Kaitlyn steps through broken glass with Todd following.

INT. QUONSET HUT MAIN AREA - NIGHT - 6:35 PM

A derelict reception area: papers and books are all over the counter, furniture piled up in one corner.

Going behind the counter, Kaitlyn finds a landline jack, but no telephone.

There are two more doors: to an office in the back, and to the garage, off to the side. Kaitlyn points the garage.

KAITLYN  
Check in there.

TODD  
This place is abandoned. I doubt a  
phone would--

KAITLYN  
Look for something to hurt him  
with.

INT. QUONSET HUT OFFICE - NIGHT - 6:36 PM

Kaitlyn enters the back office, which is also stacked with refuse and ancient computers.

In the flashing red light, she tosses the place, until she sees a LANDLINE PHONE under an old computer monitor.

She pushes it over and YANKS the phone free.

INT. QUONSET HUT MAIN AREA - NIGHT - 6:37 PM

Kaitlyn returns with the telephone and, fumbling with adrenaline, frantically plugs in the jack.

She picks up. After a second of nothingness, she hears a dial tone.

She dials 911. It rings.

Todd appears from the garage, holding a board with hooks and keys he took down from a wall.

TODD  
Look. We can drive out of here.

Kaitlyn stares, while the phone rings.

TODD (CONT'D)  
They aren't labelled to the cars.

KAITLYN  
Go. Go try them. I'll--

A FEMALE OPERATOR picks up.

FEMALE OPERATOR  
*911 what is your emergency?*

KAITLYN  
Hi, I'm...I don't know where I am.  
Someone's trying to kill me, he  
kidnapped me. I'm somewhere off the  
--

FEMALE OPERATOR  
*Who's trying to kill you?*

Todd nods are her and hurries off.

KAITLYN  
His name is McKee. That's all I  
know. He kidnapped me from the  
driving--I'm--

FEMALE OPERATOR  
*Your landline says you're at McKee  
Driving School, 231 Old Acre Way,  
Maryland. Is that where you are?*

She finds SCISSORS on the counter and begins working on her  
zipties.

KAITLYN  
It-it must be. He took me from the  
driver's test, back in Woodbury  
Listen--he killed someone right in  
front of me. He's armed.

Kaitlyn listens to the operator clacking keys on a keyboard.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
Hello?!

TELEPHONE  
*Stay on the line. Help is coming to  
you. This McKee, can you describe  
him?*

KAITLYN  
He's after me. I can't stay on the  
phone. I can't--

Finally she gets the ziptie and steering wheel off.

TELEPHONE

*Miss. I've got officers--you're  
Kaitlyn Bantam?*

KAITLYN

Yes! Yes I am!

TELEPHONE

*Okay, you stay put there, do  
whatever you have to do to--*

Kaitlyn looks up just then and sees a SILHOUETTE at the large window.

As the alarm light flashes RED, the INSTRUCTOR lights up, still in the purple jacket, but without the hairpiece and glasses, his face covered in blood, the top of his scalp LIFTED like a tin can.

Kaitlyn immediately DROPS behind the counter.

TELEPHONE (CONT'D)

*Hello? Hello, Kaitlyn? Kaitlyn?*

Kaitlyn stares at the phone. She hears FOOTSTEPS crunching broken glass.

TELEPHONE (CONT'D)

*Kaitlyn, can you hear--*

Kaitlyn removes the coiled cord from the handset, keeping the connection but silencing it.

When the red light fades, she crawls away from the counter, scissors in her teeth, into the darkness of the garage.

INT. QUONSET HUT GARAGE - NIGHT - 6:40 PM

The red light flashes again: Kaitlyn sees the Instructor walk by, heading for the office.

The small garage contains only THREE CRUSHED CARS: cubes maybe 4' x 4'.

The double doors and the back window are the ones she saw from outside. Kaitlyn sees why it wouldn't open: there's a chain and padlock strung between the door handles. No escape.

Kaitlyn CRAWLS behind a crushed car and curls into a ball.



INT. QUONSET HUT OFFICE - NIGHT - 6:41 PM

The Instructor stands in the doorway to the office. His skull is visible under his lifted scalp.

He looks back behind the counter. He sees the ziptie and steering wheel.

He crouches down and sees the handset from the telephone, and connects it to the dangling curly cord, and listens.

He hears typing, and the ambient noise of a busy room. His eyes narrow.

TELEPHONE

*Hello? Kaitlyn, are you there?*

He listens for another moment, and hears more typing, then hangs up.

A moment later, the phone RINGS. Keeps ringing.

INT. QUONSET HUT GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - 6:42 PM

In the flashing red, Kaitlyn watches as the INSTRUCTOR'S silhouette falls upon the wall behind her. The phone keeps ringing.

Clutching her blunt scissors, she hides as best she can.

She hears a touchtone code being entered on a panel. Sees the instructor's silhouette, disarming the alarm.

The red light goes out, the beeping stops.

A small overhead light goes on. Blinking fluorescents illuminate the room.

The phone RINGS and RINGS.

Kaitlyn, in the light, takes in she's hiding against. Not a normal crushed car: there's a quiet noise coming from it. Buzzing flies.

A moment later, a STENCH hits her and she covers her mouth, horrified.

She sees five decaying TOES with painted nails, barely visible from underneath the crushed metal.

Looking up, she sees the remains of a woman's FACE, almost unrecognizable, like a halloween mask hanging from the folds and layers of metal.

Kaitlyn REELS from it.

The Instructor follows the trail of blood and dirt left by Kaitlyn as the phone stops ringing.

Footsteps approach Kaitlyn: she crawls quietly around the crushed cube.

On this side, a long BRAID hanging out of the cube.

Disgusted, Kaitlyn press herself against the surface as footsteps draw closer.

There's a ROAR outside. The bright shine of headlights: Todd started a car.

The Instructor springs back to turn off the overhead light.

He quietly runs to the back door and unlocks the padlock, removes the chain.

Kaitlyn watches him run outside. His shadow moves across the grated window.

As quietly as she can, Kaitlyn hurries back into the office.

INT. QUONSET HUT OFFICE - NIGHT - 6:44 PM

Kaitlyn is blinded by the headlights and covers her face.

The phone RINGS and Kaitlyn jumps.

She looks at it, knowing if she touches it, the Instructor will know.

Then the car honks.

EXT. QUONSET HUT - NIGHT - 6:44 PM

Todd is in one of the pickup trucks, outfitted with a snow plow and a salt trailer.

He opens the door and stands, a foot on the ground.

TODD  
Kaitlyn! Come on!

He squints into the building, but can't see anything.

He honks the horn again, worried.

INT. QUONSET HUT MAIN AREA - NIGHT - 6:45 PM

With the headlights on, she can barely see Todd.

Exiting through the glass door, she struggles to see what's happening.

EXT. QUONSET HUT - NIGHT - 6:46 PM

Carefully, Kaitlyn pins herself to the side of the building with her scissors and waits for the Instructor to come from around the back.

When he doesn't, she peers around the corner, and sees no one is there.

Realizing this might be her only chance, she RUNS for the truck.

KAITLYN  
Go! He's fucking here!

Todd stays standing with the door open, not moving.

She gets close enough to see what's happening and stops abruptly.

The headlights switch off: Todd is being CHOKED by the chain and padlock from the door.

The Instructor is behind him, and more, the TIP of his knife is out the front of Todd's chest, run through his back.

Kaitlyn stares, then turns and RUNS.

Behind her, Todd DROPS to the ground.

Kaitlyn's feet RACE into the darkness.

He starts toward her, but TODD grabs his ankle.

The Instructor turns to Todd and STOMPS him with his boots, over and over, cracking his head against the earth, then BEATING him repeatedly with the chain.

A moment later, Kaitlyn hears his footfalls beating after her.

We see him behind her, drawing closer, and closer. He's bigger, stronger, FASTER.

As he closes in on her, Kaitlyn tries to dodge him but he seizes her shattered wrist and LOOPS the chain around her neck. She shrieks in pain.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
(choking)  
They're coming! The cops are coming  
here! Right now!

INSTRUCTOR  
Then we'd better be quick about it,  
huh?

He tightens the chain around her neck and puts his face close to hers. He looks vulnerable as he takes her in.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
You look so good right now.

Kaitlyn SPITS in his face.

He seizes her by the hair and broken wrist and DRAGS her toward his little trailer as she screeches.

The dogs SNARL and BARK as they approach. Kaitlyn fights as much as she can, but he simply has too firm a hold on her.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
You did really well. No one's done  
this well. I'm proud of you. But--

KAITLYN  
(interrupting)  
They're coming. You should run  
while you still can.

INSTRUCTOR  
But the test is over. You failed.  
You know that. You need to accept  
it. There's no do-over this time.

KAITLYN  
You're a fucking liar. There was no  
test. Just you getting off on it.  
You have nothing to do with me, or  
my mom's car crash.

The Instructor grins at her, his face red with blood.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
They're going to find all of this.  
Those bodies.

INSTRUCTOR

And yours.

At the edge of the dogs' radius, he puts Kaitlyn on the ground and keeps a foot on her back.

The dogs BARK in her face, SNAPPING at her.

He struggles to get his keys from his pocket.

In that split second, Kaitlyn takes her scissors out and PLUNGES it into his thigh.

He HOLLERS and drops as Kaitlyn scrambles away into the darkness.

Kaitlyn RUNS into the middle of the lot, where the junkyard pile is highest.

The Instructor, momentarily subdued, looks down at himself.

We see his hand hover over the scissors, briefly considering pulling them out, but then thinking better of it.

The Instructor instead GRABS one of the dogs by the throat. It shrieks and snarls, terrified of him.

A moment later, it's free of its chain, rushing after Kaitlyn. Then he frees the second one.

The both tear after her into the junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT - 6:49 PM

Kaitlyn races around walls of crushed cars and garbage, sharp edges poking at her everywhere.

With only a small path between her and the walls of junk, one that's growing narrower and narrower, she comes to a fork.

Behind her, she hears the BARKING dogs drawing closer, running after her.

Her eyes widen as she sees the first one rushing down the maze-like corridor.

Thinking quickly, she throws herself onto the stacked pile and begins to climb.

Just out of sight, the first dog RUSHES past her.

Crouched on a lower portion of junk, she is momentarily relieved.

Then the other dog runs past her, same as the first only to SCRAMBLE to a stop, and change course.

In another second, it's running up the mound, straight for her, shedding broken metal and debris as it goes.

KAITLYN

No no no no!

Kaitlyn manages not to scream, climbing higher and higher. She's up maybe 20 feet in the air as it draws closer.

It LEAPS at her, its jaws snapping.

It grabs her pantleg, then lets out another snarl as its teeth sink into her calf.

This time she does scream.

As she hangs onto a crushed car for dear life, the dog begins to shake its head wildly.

Kaitlyn kicks it once, twice, three times. The dog doesn't let go.

Instead, the entire PILE shifts, as debris goes clattering beneath and both of them lose their balance.

Kaitlyn manages to hold onto a tipped vehicle while the dog SLIDES off, its claws clacking hopelessly.

It drops down 20 feet and lands with a yelp.

Kaitlyn looks down and sees the dog, dazed, walking in a slow circle, SNEEZING over and over.

She looks down at herself and sees a tear in her pants, holes punctured in her leg.

Climbing down the other side of the pile, she finds herself in another narrow corridor opposite where she just was.

Hurrying, she comes to a fork and chooses a direction.

Through twists and turns, she finally comes to a dead end.

Here, in a circular clearing, is a crushed block like the ones in the garage, only larger and left upright. It's dark enough that we can just barely see it.

Just then, FLOOD LIGHTS come on, and she can see it clear as day.

It's a monolith of crushed cars: throughout the crumpled metal are decaying body-parts belonging to multiple women. Heads, legs, arms, bare torsos, all pressed into this grisly mass of steel.

Reeling, Kaitlyn runs, choosing another path.

She runs down the narrow corridor and the other DOG appears: it's even larger, with dark features.

Growling, licking its lips, it doesn't bark.

Kaitlyn stares at it. For some reason it doesn't attack her.

She puts a hand out. It cowers as if she's going to hit it.

It backs away, its tail between its legs. The other dog was vicious, this one appears to so badly abused it's afraid of everything.

Kaitlyn carefully walks past it. It snarls, but stays put, then hurries off into the maze.

Kaitlyn approaches an exit where she can see the rest of the compound.

She stops dead in her tracks when The Instructor's silhouette appears there, lit by the blinding floodlights.

INSTRUCTOR

Kaitlyn. Stop. Come here.

She stares for a moment. We watch hatred boil over on her face.

KAITLYN

Fuck YOU!

INSTRUCTOR

Listen to me. That other dog in here, he'll rip you to shreds. You don't want that. I'll do it right.

He stands firmly outside the maze, holding a hand out, trying to control her with words alone, the scissors still sticking out of him.

KAITLYN

Like all those dead girls you've got in here? You come near me I'll pull those out of your leg and watch you bleed to death.

INSTRUCTOR

After what you did to my family,  
you owe it to me. You need to face  
up to it. Now come.

Kaitlyn, enraged, snarls at him.

KAITLYN

There was no third car in the  
crash. Only my mom died. You're  
lying, making this shit up to get  
in my head. That's what gets you  
off. Controlling me.

INSTRUCTOR

Kaitlyn, you need to focus on what  
I'm--

The Instructor is hit by a TRUCK and flies out of sight.

Braking barely a foot in front of her, Todd appears in the  
driver's side window, somehow alive.

TODD

Get in.

Kaitlyn, overjoyed and in shock, stares.

She hurries over to the passenger seat and gets in.

I/E. MCKEE'S PLOW - NIGHT - 6:59 PM

Kaitlyn flicks the lights on: they illuminate the Instructor  
down on the ground 10 feet away. He isn't moving.

KAITLYN

Drive over him.

Todd looks at her.

TODD

What? No. Kaitlyn.

KAITLYN

You have to. Crush him. It's self-  
defense.

TODD

We're just going to go.

Up ahead, they see the Instructor move. He's starting to get  
up.



KAITLYN  
Then fucking GO!

The Instructor drops back to the ground.

Todd FLOORS it, turning the wheel and tearing toward the front gate.

Past all the demolished cars and heavy machinery, past the quonset, the truck races toward freedom.

The truck SMASHES through the front gate and tears off into the night.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY / INT. MCKEE'S PLOW - NIGHT - 7:01 PM

The truck shoots down the highway in the fast lane.

Kaitlyn looks for a weapon.

Inside the glove box is a small folded weapon that looks like a knife.

Opening it, she sees what looks like a curved knife. It's a SEATBELT CUTTER: a very sharp blade housed inside a blunt metal elbow.

She folds it shut and squeezes it in her hand.

TODD  
We're gonna be fine. You won't need that.

KAITLYN  
You don't know that.

TODD  
The only thing that can cut is a seatbelt, hon.

Kaitlyn cranks her window down.

She reaches her good hand over to honk the horn.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Kaitlyn-

A driver looks at her. She honks again.

KAITLYN  
Call 911!

A car honks back at her and gives her the finger.

TODD  
We're going to be okay. Just relax.

KAITLYN  
They're going to be looking for us.  
I want them to find us.

Kaitlyn slams on the 4-ways to indicate trouble.

Glancing in her rearview, she sees that traffic is proceeding as normal.

She tries to calm herself, then notices an opened package of Reese's Peanut Butter Cup sliding around the console.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)  
Look. There's two. Are you still hungry?

Todd smiles.

TODD  
Save it. We'll eat those to celebrate.

Kaitlyn examines him. He looks a bit woozy.

KAITLYN  
Thank you, Todd. For saving me.

He makes brief eye contact.

TODD  
You saved us both.

There's a sign for the next EXIT in 20 miles.

KAITLYN  
Look at that.

TODD  
That's great. We take the next offramp. Call for help from there.

Kaitlyn allows herself to breathe a trembling sigh of relief. She almost smiles, a tear in her eye.

Suddenly, there are more car horns. She looks around and realizes they're being passed.

Kaitlyn looks at the speedometer, they're dropping below highway speeds.

KAITLYN

Todd?

TODD

I got a wife. And a 17 year old. I  
hope. I hope...

Todd is becoming pale. He starts to slump forward.

Kaitlyn sees blood coming out of his back. The seat is soaked red.

KAITLYN

Todd!?

TODD

You can say. You can see them and  
tell them I love them.

Todd's hands weaken and let go off the wheel.

She grabs it and signals, brings it to the side of the highway.

KAITLYN

Todd! You're okay! You're okay.

TODD

(weak)

You're going to do great.

Kaitlyn pulls the handbrake and the truck lurches to a stop.

She checks his pulse and frantically tries to think of what to do.

She pushes on his chest and thick blood bubbles out a small hole in it, more comes out of his nose.

He makes a hissing, whining noise, then goes fully limp, dead.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - NIGHT - 7:04 PM

Kaitlyn gets out of the truck, tries waving down cars.

4, 5, 6 cars pass. Kaitlyn screams hopelessly.

A minivan BRAKES sharply, pulls in behind the truck.

A WOMAN (40) sticks her head out the driver's side window.

WOMAN  
(shouting)  
What's wrong!?

Kaitlyn's hair whips around her tear-streaked face.

KAITLYN  
Call 911! I've got someone dying in  
this car. He's been stabbed!

The woman undoes her seatbelt, opens her door.

WOMAN  
I've got CPR. I work at an old  
folks home. Why don't we pull  
further ahead to we're safe, and--

The minivan is REAR-ENDED.

It SHOOTs toward the parked truck. Kaitlyn dives aside,  
almost rolling into the deep roadside DITCH.

The truck CAREENS into the active traffic lane. Brakes  
SCREECH.

The minivan rolls off into the ditch as Kaitlyn looks up.

She sees the SOUPED-UP TRUCK from the yard, its lights  
blinding with a bloodied and battered Instructor behind the  
wheel.

KAITLYN  
No.

He opens the door and gets out, limping toward her slowly.

Dangling from his injured arm is his bloody KNIFE.

Kaitlyn runs to the truck, and unbuckles Todd, who falls out,  
dead.

The Instructor comes closer to her, trailing blood.

He stops as Kaitlyn gets into the driver's seat.

Kaitlyn screeches away.

The Instructor gets into his truck and peels after her.

I/E. MCKEE'S PLOW / BUSY HIGHWAY - NIGHT - 7:08 PM

Kaitlyn gets ahead of the Instructor's truck and puts several  
cars between them as he speeds up.

Kaitlyn's eyes narrow as she looks in the rearview.

The massive truck forces its way between cars. Horns blare.

A Range Rover refuses to let it pass.

Kaitlyn, with her massive snowplow and salter trailer hanging off the back, struggles to merge into the fast lane.

KAITLYN

Mirrors. Signal. Blind spot. Wait  
for an opening.

She watches as a steady stream of traffic continues on, her eyes glancing up at her pursuer. No one lets her in.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

Fuck! I'm SIGNALING! Let me in!

Finally, she has no choice but to cut someone off.

The trailer hanging off the back of her truck wobbles and nearly knocks against the cement barrier as she does.

I/E. PURPLE TRUCK / BUSY HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - 7:11 PM

The Instructor watches the Rover brake-check in front of him.

The Instructor, without emotion, deftly speeds up, pressing his car into its bumper.

He performs the perfect fishtail maneuver and the SUV goes careening off into the jersey barrier.

I/E. MCKEE'S PLOW / BUSY HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - 7:14 PM

In Kaitlyn's rearview, the Range Rover behind her crashes THROUGH the barrier.

The Rover lands in oncoming traffic, four cars PILING up into it immediately.

Behind Kaitlyn's rusted rig, the purple truck gains quickly.

Her truck, old and heavy, struggles to keep ahead of it.

She looks at her gas gauge: it's on E.

The purple truck's bumper is against the salt trailer, about to execute the same fishtail maneuver.

Kaitlyn slams on the brakes.

The Instructor's vehicle collides with hers, the trailer shooting up and over his hood, disconnecting from the hitch.

It SHATTERS his windshield but he SWERVES and it rolls off his roof into the right lane, spilling rock-salt as it goes.

The trailer LANDS in oncoming traffic, causing a SUV to dodge it, only to collide into a delivery truck and two more cars join the pileup.

Simultaneously, Kaitlyn struggles to regain control of her vehicle, the front of her plow SPARKING against the barrier.

She straightens it out, and looks at the horrible scene behind her: a car is on its roof, flaming.

But the Instructor is still coming.

A second later, he's on her bumper again, accelerating.

For a second, she starts to SWERVE and then GOES into the grass alongside the highway, her truck bouncing incredibly high as it careens off of rock and uneven earth.

The Instructor meets her off the highway, accelerating to catch up with her.

Pulling up next to her, this time it's Kaitlyn who slams into HIM.

We see her behind the wheel, staring at him with MURDER in her eyes as she fights against him.

KAITLYN

Fuck YOU!

The two trucks fight for control until they approach a collection of construction materials, cement culverts and pylons on the side of the highway.

It's RIGHT in front of the Instructor, so Kaitlyn TURNS with all her might to keep him headed for it.

At the last second, he turns away and Kaitlyn is forced to frantically regain control of her wheel.

She signals and races alongside the shoulder, trying to get back on the highway.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

Let me the FUCK IN!

Another motorist sees her, screaming like a banshee behind the wheel, and moves over.

She joins highway traffic, far fewer vehicles than before because of the pileup behind them.

In her rearview, she doesn't see the Instructor.

Kaitlyn sees an EXIT and FLOORS it down the offramp.

I/E. MCKEE'S TRUCK / EMPTY OFFRAMP - CONTINUOUS - 7:20 PM

Kaitlyn's truck struggles to gain distance on the steep uphill.

In her rearview, she watches as the Instructor catches up with ease.

KAITLYN  
Come on, come on!

Kaitlyn looks at her dash and sees a 4W button, hits it.

The additional traction helps her climb, but within seconds, the truck is upon hers.

The Instructor performs the fishtail maneuver perfectly.

Kaitlyn's truck SPINS wildly out of control, her brakes and tires SQUEALING.

The plow SLAMS into a guard rail with terrible force.

Kaitlyn's head BOUNCES off the driver's side frame with a hard SNAP.

The truck comes to a stop facing the wrong way on the offramp, its radiator pouring steam, the hood half-crumpled.

Kaitlyn lifts her head, bloody and groggy. She sees the Instructor parked in front of her and lets out a small sound.

The Instructor's hand PUNCHES through the driver's side window.

Shrieking, she grabs for her tiny weapon and weakly hits his hand with it as he lifts the pull-lock to the door.

He YANKS the door open and GRABS her by the throat.

She pops her seat belt button as he squeezes her throat.

INSTRUCTOR

You FAILED, cunt! You FAILED! You  
FAILED your TEST! You CHEATED and  
you FAILED!

Coming to, Kaitlyn is able to SWIPE at his face with the  
seatbelt cutter, pulling it forward.

It SHEARS the corner of the Instructor's chin and cheek off:  
the flesh dangles like wet dough.

He reels from the injury and produces his KNIFE, raising it  
and bringing it down at her.

She's able to DODGE as it plunges down between her legs, into  
the frayed old seat.

As he grabs for it, she STRIKES, grabbing him and BITING his  
FACE like a rabid animal, her teeth sinking into his eye  
socket and cheekbone.

He SCREAMS.

Kaitlyn, thinking quickly, drops the vehicle into reverse.

The Instructor is PRESSED against the door.

An instant later, he's PINNED against the guardrail,  
scrambling wildly for a handhold.

Metal grinds on metal.

As he grabs for her, she drives him into the guard rail,  
reverses, and he disappears underneath the wheel as the door  
closes.

He SHRIEKS.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Katie, WAIT!

Continuing in reverse, Kaitlyn backs 20, 30, 40 feet from  
him.

Her lights flooding him, he struggles to get up, but finds  
that nothing is working. He looks down.

His LEG is bending the wrong way, shattered at the shinbone,  
his other foot completely sideways, his ankle mush.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

No! WAIT!



He looks at himself and screams, lifting himself up against the guardrail.

Kaitlyn hangs her head out of the vehicle.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Katie! Please. You passed. You did it. You beat me. You can go.

KAITLYN  
My mom's car. What color was it?  
You were there, at the accident, weren't you? Right?

He sputters, confused, bleeding.

INSTRUCTOR  
It was...It was white. It was white.

KAITLYN  
No. It was fucking green.

She gives him barely a second to react. His eyes go wide.

Kaitlyn DRIVES into him with her SNOW PLOW SCOOP, CRUSHING him against the guardrail.

Inside the truck, Kaitlyn continues pressing the gas, screaming, crazed, crushing him completely.

The Instructor falls over the hood, convulsing.

Through the back of his shirt, where his plumber's crack should be, there is a section of EXPOSED SPINE, broken like a tree branch.

Kaitlyn finally stops, and reverses.

The Instructor DROPS to the ground.

She pulls ahead on the offramp, and brakes.

Breathing heavily, she lowers her head to the steering wheel and takes a moment to regain her composure.

Nearly falling unconscious, she stays that way for a moment.

When she lifts her head, she sees that other traffic is building up on the offramp, clogged at the base, surrounding the scene.

Then she notices The Instructor in her side mirror, MOVING.

He's trying to make it back to his van, belly-crawling like a wounded rat.

Robotically, with precision, Kaitlyn puts her seatbelt on, and drops the truck into gear.

She narrates her revenge.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

Seatbelt.

(beat)

Put 'er into gear.

(beat)

Signal.

(beat)

Reverse.

(beat)

Line your tires up to your target.

(beat)

Watch your mirrors.

Deftly, with precision, the chain-wrapped tires roll on the highway.

The Instructor has barely a moment to look up.

His head is CRUSHED like a grape, his scream muffled by rubber and pavement.

Kaitlyn opens her door and looks back to see her handiwork.

The Instructor's head is gone, completely flattened underneath her back tire, his body sprawled out.

Kaitlyn shuts the door, signals, and drives carefully away.

I/E. CARETAKER'S TRUCK - NIGHT - 7:37 PM

Kaitlyn, quiet and calm behind the wheel, drives on the highway in the pitch black.

The fuel light flashes.

We see her look at her own eyes in the rearview.

The truck passes over a long bridge, lit by bright fluorescent lights over a majestic river.

Inside, they flash over her face, and we see that she is completely at peace, confident, even.

After a while, we see red and blue lights in the rearview.

Kaitlyn notices them first, and then hears the sirens, gaining on her.

There are a half dozen squad cars roaring toward her.

Kaitlyn signals and starts to pull over to the side of the road, but the engine dies.

Weakly, she reaches forward and finds the Reese's she was going to share with Todd.

She shoves it into her mouth and tosses the little brown wrapper.

The police hurry toward her, silhouettes against the emergency lights. One FEMALE OFFICER (28) is in the lead.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Kaitlyn! Kaitlyn Bantam!

The officer arrives at the driver's side window, looks in.

She's chewing. In Kaitlyn's bloody, filthy palm is the WORLD'S WORST DRIVER keychain from her sister.

She's holding it gently; a badge she's earned.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Kaitlyn?

A drowsy and bloodied Kaitlyn looks at her. Her voice is quiet when she finally answers.

KAITLYN  
I don't have my license, officer.

END