

Getaway

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

An SUV speeds along the blacktop of the highway, cut deep within the evergreen forest of the pacific northwest.

INT. SUV

MARY (30), proof that money and good taste aren't mutually exclusive, fidgets behind the steering wheel. She is alone.

Mary checks her side mirror, but sees only darkness. She's relieved.

Her hand tilts the rearview mirror revealing the backseat.

A single suitcase sits in the middle of the bench.

Mary smiles. In the mirror she notices a lipstick stain smudged across her front teeth.

MARY

Goddammit...

Mary reaches for her purse in the passenger seat. A HAND passes her a tissue.

MARY

Thanks.

The hand belongs to RICHARD (35), well put together for a guy with a bullet hole in his forehead. He sits in the passenger seat.

RICHARD

You always did wear too much makeup.

Mary turns her attention to the cadaver beside her.

MARY

And you never missed a chance to criticize, did you, Richard? I won't miss that.

She wipes off the stain and checks her teeth in the mirror. Back to pearly white.

RICHARD

Well I'm certainly glad that you've found such a healthy way to vent your frustration, Mary. I mean we could have tried couple's counseling...

MARY

Counseling is for people who want to save their marriage. I just wanted you dead.

RICHARD

And the money...

They both turn to the suitcase in the back.

MARY

Well of course the money.

RICHARD

You know I embezzled it for you. You always complained about everything I bought for you. I got you a BMW, you wanted a Lexus. A vacation in Hawaii, you wanted the Bahamas. How could I keep up?

Mary's eyes go back to the road ahead.

MARY

You couldn't, Richard. You were an anchor that just kept dragging me down. But not anymore. Now you're just a corpse dissolving in a barrel, down by the docks.

RICHARD

Not even a proper burial. God you can be such a bitch, Mary.

MARY

And you're just a delusion from some vestigial sense of guilt that's manifested since I murdered you. So why don't you just fuck off?

Richard smiles, pleased by Mary's outburst.

RICHARD

So it wasn't as easy as you thought it would be, huh? Seeing me lying there, brains all spilled out on the ground. You know I shit my pants as I died. How did that make you feel?

Mary grips the steering wheel, her knuckles white. From far off, the sound of a man CRYING followed by a GUNSHOT. She shakes it off.

MARY

Fuck you, Richard. 10 years of watching you slink off to a job you hated. Surrounding yourself with friends you hated. Married to a wife that you hated. Wallowing in your own pity. It was disgusting.

RICHARD

I never hated you.

MARY

Well you should have. Maybe then you would have seen it coming. You always were a sucker.

Richard leans back in his seat and laughs.

RICHARD

Well you've got me there! Maybe I'll get it right in the next life.

MARY

There's no next life. Just the one we have now and I intend to make the most of it.

RICHARD

I wouldn't be so sure of that. I think there are greater forces at work...some purpose to the universe. And I like to think that it rights the wrongs. No crime goes unpunished...

Richard appears behind the driver's seat and leans in to whisper in Mary's ear.

RICHARD

(whispered)

And logic says that if I believe it, then deep down, you must believe it too.

Mary clenches her eyes shut.

MARY

SHUT UP RICHARD! SHUT UP AND JUST
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

GO AWAY!

Mary opens her eyes and spins around. She's alone.

MARY

That's better.

Mary turns her attention back to the road, just in time to see the YOUNG WOMAN run in front of her car. She slams the brakes.

Through the windshield, the girl narrowly avoids the car. The large CLOAKED FIGURE chasing behind her isn't so lucky. The SUV plows into him.

EXT. ROAD

The SUV sits unmoving on the road. Centered in the glow of its headlights is a mountain of a man, sprawled out on the pavement. His face remains unseen beneath the cloak's hood.

INT. SUV

Mary sits wide-eyed behind the steering wheel. Something BANGS on the windshield.

The Young Woman (20) is filthy, covered in dirt and blood. Her dress clings to her in tatters. She is pounding on the window.

YOUNG WOMAN

(muffled)

Please...you've got to help me!

Richard has reappeared in the passenger seat.

RICHARD

Oh this is too good. You're caught now...

Mary looks to the suitcase and back to the road, the wheels in her head turning.

MARY

Shut up, Richard.

She grabs the bag from the back and steps outside.

EXT. ROAD

The Young Woman staggers over to Mary. Mary clings the money close to her, shielding it with her arm. She uses the other to push the woman away.

YOUNG WOMAN
(frantic)
PLEASE!

Richard is now kneeling over the man's body.

RICHARD
This guy's not looking too good. I
think you're going to have to call
the paramedics...and the cops. Or
maybe you should just kill them
too?

Mary ignores Richard and focuses on the woman in front of
her.

MARY
What's going on here?

Mary nods to the body in the road.

MARY
And what the hell are you doing in
the road at this time of-

The girl grabs Mary by the shoulders, shaking her.

YOUNG WOMAN
They're all dead! He murdered them
and if we don't get out of here
then we're dead too!

A knife SLASHES through the younger woman's ankle, twisting.

Mary looks down, horrified. The cloaked man's beer can
sized fist is gripping the handle of a hunting knife. He
wrenches it out. The Young Woman collapses to the pavement,
SCREAMING.

From beneath the cloak, a pair of malevolent eyes lay behind
a featureless rubber mask. They stare directly into Mary's.

MARY
Holy-fucking-shit!

With uncanny speed, the Cloaked Figure lurches to his feet
and swipes the knife at Mary. She stumbles backward toward
the treeline.

The masked man looms over her, impossibly tall. He pulls
out an axe from beneath his cloak. His head swivels toward
the car.

The younger woman is trying to pull herself to her feet.

YOUNG WOMAN
(struggling)
No...please...

Mary looks on in disbelief as the figure brings the axe blade down onto the Young Woman's stomach. She crumples. The Cloaked Figure raises the axe overhead.

Mary looks to the open car door, judging the distance. The psycho stands directly in her path.

On the ground, the Young Woman cries. The blade comes crashing down, splitting her face in two.

Still clutching her suitcase, Mary sprints into the forest.

EXT. FOREST

Branches swat at Mary's arms and face as she barrels through the forest.

Ahead of her, Richard leans against a tree.

RICHARD
He's gonna get you...

Mary continues on, undaunted. Richard appears at the next tree.

RICHARD
Don't look back...

Mary runs faster. Richard appears in front of her again.

RICHARD
He's right behind you!

Mary chances a glance behind her, not seeing the tree root in front of her. She tumbles over it, rolling downhill.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Mary stumbles to her feet. She's standing in a small clearing. A campfire smolders. On the opposite side stand two tents. Mary rushes to the closest.

MARY
You've got to help me! Someone is-

Mary unzips the tent. The inside is a slaughterhouse. Gore drips from the upturned flap and dribbles down her arm. She lurches backwards tripping over the eviscerated corpse of a

man.

The suitcase flies from her hand, spilling its contents onto the forest floor. Mary struggles to shove the cash back in.

The Cloaked Figure enters the clearing, hunting knife in hand. He flings the weapon at Mary.

WHACK! The blade embeds itself into a tree inches from her face.

The man strides toward Mary, axe drawn. He brings the blade down, but Mary is a split-second faster, blocking with the suitcase. The fabric rips against the axe, spilling out more bills.

MARY

NO!!

The two struggle. The Cloaked Figure attempts to wrench the axe from the case. Mary releases her grip causing the man to topple through the campfire. Burning embers fly up from the disturbed ashes.

The killer lands HARD on his back.

Mary doesn't hesitate. She grabs the knife and pounces on the larger man, bringing the weapon down as the Figure raises his hand. The blade pierces clean through his palm and out the back.

Behind the mask, the man lets out a muffled SCREAM.

Mary pulls out the knife and stabs again, catching him in the stomach. She twists the blade.

A backhand from the killer sends her flying. He pulls the knife from his gut.

The Cloaked Figure rises to his feet. Mary does the same. Between them, the campfire is struggling back to life.

Richard leans in from behind Mary.

RICHARD

You could make it if you run. He's hurt.

Mary glances at the suitcase between the killer's feet.

The masked man reads her mind and reaches into the ripped case, pulling out a wad of bills. He throws them on the fire.

MARY
Fuck that. That's my money. I
EARNED it!

Mary launches herself at the man.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

The axe's blade drags along the blacktop. A bloody hand grips the handle. It's a woman's hand.

Mary limps down the road. One eye is swollen shut. The rest of her body is a mass of cuts and bruises. She clutches the suitcase to her body.

Ahead of her is the SUV, just where she left it. She drops the axe and breaks into a run toward it.

The Young Woman lays dead beside the passenger door. Mary circles around to the driver's side.

INT. SUV

Mary climbs into the driver's seat. The keys dangle in the ignition. She CRIES.

MARY
I made it Richard! I fucking made
it! Eat shit you dead
motherfucker.

Mary looks around the seats, expecting her dead husband to appear any moment. She's alone.

Satisfied, she turns the key. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. The battery is dead.

MARY
(pounding the wheel)
NO NO NO NO NO!

She wrenches the keys again and again. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

A SIREN blares from behind her. She looks into the rearview mirror. A STATE TROOPER has stopped behind her, his lights flashing.

Richard's LAUGH appears from nowhere and fills up the car. Mary begins to laugh along with him until her laugh becomes a sob.

FADE TO BLACK.