

CRASHERS

(Action)

VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY (MORNING)

Aerial and ground views of Los Angeles. Freeway traffic, innumerable joggers and roller-bladers, the beach, the Hollywood sign, etc.

ESTABLISH a NEWS HELICOPTER surveying the scene.

ESTABLISH a BILLBOARD for accident attorney JOHN NASTIC featuring a smiling photograph with the slogan: "When you need to get nasty, call Nastic!" 1-800 GET NASTY and

website www.getNASTY.com

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER-DAY

KATIE CARLSON, Twenties, pretty news traffic reporter sets up to "go live." (VIDEO look intercut)

She listens to someone in her headset w/microphone, and speaks to "Charlie", her cameraman. She's very perky and bright. Like a game show contestant on three pots of coffee.

KATIE

How's this....? Okay. Copy
newsroom. Ready Charlie? We're live
in 10. Simulcast. Hang on...

She checks herself in window reflection, touches up, fluffs her blonde hair, rubs her lips together, etc. right up to last minute. "Charlie" counts down O/S;

9...8...7...6....etc.

KATIE (CONT'D)

For KLA TV and KLA AM Radio news
this is Katie Carlson with your mid-
morning eye-in-the-sky traffic
report and it's an easy one: It's
messed up EVERYWHERE! So far, the
405 South is backed up all the way
to the 101. So, if you are going
into Hollywood this morning, you
are going to be late for that
audition.

EXT LA STREETS-DAY-(MORNING)

We find SHARI ROBINSON, (waitress uniform) mid-twenties, pretty and friendly. She is in her beat-up Ford Escort, fighting traffic and checking her watch.

INSERT WATCH

It reads 8:42. She's late. As usual.

ECU clock in Coffee Shop.

Reading the same time. Pull back to reveal the manager, MILTON, fifties, checking the time and shaking his head.

EXT STREETS-DAY

Shari finally breaks away onto some side streets.

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER

KATIE

Also, there is an injury crash on the Eastbound 10. So, if you are heading into downtown, you might want to bring a magazine. Just Kidding.

EXT DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

Establishing shot.

EXT PARKING GARAGE-SAME

NATHAN, handsome, ambitious, late twenties, pulls up in his older, but well-maintained BMW. He wears a clean, but well-worn business suit. The picture of struggling efficiency and order. He's a stockbroker working his way up the corporate ladder. He checks his watch.

INSERT WATCH

It reads 8:50. He's right on time. As usual.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He pulls in, parks and calmly heads to the elevators.

EXT COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Shari screeches up, jumps out of the car and dashes towards the shop.

INT COFFEE SHOP-SAME

Shari slows down just before the door and casually walks in.

MILTON

Fifty-three minutes late. That's a
new record, Shari.

He tries to look admonishing, but it's plain he cares for
Shari.

SHARI

You always wanted to go to Hawaii,
right, Milt'? Just pretend we're in
Hawaii, I'm seven minutes early!

Milton is unmoved.

SHARI(CON'T) (CONT'D)

Sorry, Milton. I'll stay late,
okay?

She puts on her apron and goes to work. She seems to know
most of the customers, and they like her. Probably why Milton
puts up with her tardiness; she's personable and they keep
coming back. She looks off as something catches her eye out
the window.

HER POV

A HOMELESS WOMAN stands outside looking at her. She holds a
baby and has a toddler in tow.

ON SHARI

She looks around, gestures to the woman with her head.

EXT REAR OF COFFEE SHOP-DAY

The woman waits by the back door. Shari opens it carrying a
bag of food. The woman takes it, thanking her silently with
an embarrassed nod of the head, and scurries away.

INT REAR OF COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Shari walks back in encountering Milton waiting for her.

MILTON

I know what you've been doing.

SHARI

Look Milt', she's living on the streets, she's got two kids...

MILTON

I know, Shari. I know. Your heart's in the right place. I've seen her before. You can't save the world.

SHARI

No, but...what about your own backyard...? You've gotta start somewhere.

MILTON

Why? These days, maybe it's enough just to save yourself.

INT OFFICE/ELEVATORS-DAY

The doors open and Nathan exits elevator, enters stockbroker's office (name TBD clearance)

INT NATHAN'S CUBICLE-DAY

He gets set up. Establish PHOTOS and MEMORABILIA of he and Shari's life. A couple of Christmases, weekend trips, etc. He boots up his computer and starts to work.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals TOM GOODMAN, mid-late thirties, heavy-set, angry-looking. The office weasel. He eyes Nathan suspiciously.

ON NATHAN

He gathers up some papers and heads for the copy room. Tom watches him leave and turns back to his computer.

INSERT-TOM'S SCREEN

He has accessed Nathan's account. He scans it, makes notes.

INT COFFEE SHOP-KITCHEN-DAY

Shari and Milton continue their conversation.

SHARI
Selling?! You're selling out?

MILTON
I'm not getting any younger, kid.
The wife's been bugging me for
years to get out. They (a la "The
Godfather") "made me an offer I
couldn't refuse...?" You get it? An
offer I couldn't....?

Shari just stares at him.

SHARI
I can't believe it...

MILTON
Oh, come on, kiddo. They're gonna
fix up the place real nice, keep
all you guys on...I told 'em I
wouldn't sell if they didn't take
care of you guys...

SHARI
Great. The place is gonna be run by
some suit. Some corporate....

MILTON
Hey, they're not so bad. I'll stay
on for the first day till you all
get settled. Then, me and the old
lady are hittin' the road! C'mon,
I'll show ya!

He leads her out back.

EXT BACK OF COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Shari and Milton exit and he points O/C

THEIR POV

Of a shiny new, top-of-the-line motor home.

MILTON
I bought it with the first payment.

SHARI
The FIRST payment?! Jesus, Milt'
this isn't exactly Ruth's Chris!
What kind of suckers did you sell
to?

MEL

I'll let you in on a little secret. This is a corner lot in a prime location and I own it all. Parking lot, building everything. Oh, and uh...I had a little help from Mr. Gates too. Bought into a little company called Microsoft few years back.

SHARI

All this time I thought you were just an old fry cook!

MILTON

Nothing is what it seems, my dear.

INT COPY ROOM-DAY

Nathan copies some documents. He finishes up and leaves.

INT/EXT COPY ROOM-DAY

Tom crosses paths with Nathan as he leaves the copy room. Tom enters, opens a folder with his own documents for copying, opens the machine and discovers an original, left behind on the glass. He picks it up and reads. A wicked smile plays on his lips.

EXT REAR OF COFFEE SHOP-DAY

A WAITRESS pokes her heads out the back door.

WAITRESS

Shari! You got a phone call.

SHARI

Okay. Be right there.

She turns back to Milton

SHARI(CON'T) (CONT'D)

I'm happy for you, Milton.

MILTON

Thanks, kid.

She runs off, she and the other waitress enter kitchen

INT KITCHEN-DAY

The women enter.

SHARI
Who is it...?

WAITRESS
Who else...? Has he asked you yet?

SHARI (FAUX- INNOCENT)
Asked me what?

INT COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Shari goes to the telephone. The front door opens. A tall, sexy MAN (Late-twenties) in dark glasses and clothing enters and sidles to the counter. Something about him catches Shari's eye, but she looks away when he catches her. The mysterious man pulls a CELL-PHONE out of his jacket pocket and begins texting. Shari turns her attention away to the kitchen phone. She picks up the receiver.

SHARI
Hello...?

INT NATHAN'S CUBICLE-DAY (INTERCUT)

NATHAN
Hey! What time do you get off?

SHARI
Oh, three-ish. I was late so...

NATHAN
What a surprise.

SHARI
Don't break my ovaries.

NATHAN
I'll try...umm, speaking of surprises...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nathan holds a ring box nervously in his hands.

SHARI
Yes...?

NATHAN

Well, just get dressed up, okay?
We're talking tablecloths and
everything tonight.

SHARI

What's the occasion?

MILTON(O/S)

Shari are you still on the phone?!

SHARI

No, Milt'!

NATHAN

I'm about to make a big deal here.
A really big deal. You see...

MILTON(O/S)

Shari!!

SHARI

Sorry, babe. Gotta go. I'll see you
tonight! Mmmwaaahh!

She hangs up abruptly just as Milton enters. Nathan hangs up
and goes back to work.

INT COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Shari approaches the young man who entered earlier. His name
is BRYCE. Cool, sexy and mystifying. He doesn't look up from
his cell phone.

SHARI

May I help you?

BRYCE

Just coffee.

She gets the coffee, trying to eye the young man as she does.
He seems to be waiting for someone, or something. He checks
his watch and looks out the windows repeatedly. As Shari
brings the coffee, his cell phone rings.

SHARI

Cream and sugar?

BRYCE(INTO PHONE)

Yeah....

Shari brings cream and sugar, Bryce waves her off. She shrugs
and walks off, watching him as she waits on others.

BRYCE(CON'T) (CONT'D)
 ...Right....Coffee shop...La Brea
 and Beverly....Okay.

He hangs up, checks his watch. Shari approaches again.

SHARI
 Anything else, sir?

BRYCE
 No, thank you.

He lights a cigarette, tossing the matchbook on the counter.

SHARI
 Sir, there's no smoking in here....

He gets up, smiles at her, tosses down a five-dollar bill and walks over by the window, staring out into the street.

SHARI (CONT'D)
 I'll get your change...

BRYCE
 It's okay. Keep it.

He turns back to window.

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER-CONTINUOUS

KATIE(CON'T)
 Also, you might want to avoid the
 5, 710, 10 freeway interchange.
 There seems to be a slow-speed
 chase and the traffic is
 horrendous.

INT COFFEE SHOP

Bryce is still at the window. Suddenly there is a screech of tires and the unmistakable sound of metal-on-metal as a collision is seen through the windows occurring right outside the shop.

HELICOPTER CAM POV

Of the same accident.

INT HELICOPTER-CONTINUOUS

KATIE
WHOA!! What was THAT??!!

INT COFFEE SHOP-CONTINUOUS.

Everyone reacts to the crash, Bryce turns, looks at Shari, smiles slightly and walks out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari cleans up the man's barely-touched coffee, picks up the matchbook he left behind and looks at it.

INSERT: MATCHBOOK

A smaller rendition of the ad we saw for accident attorney John Nastic, including his smiling, insipid face.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari pockets the matchbook and the five bucks in one smooth motion. By now, everyone has wandered out or lingers at the windows to see what's going on. She casually looks out the window.

HER POV

The young man (Bryce) is seen talking to one of the accident victims while on his cell' phone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari returns to work, occasionally glancing out toward the growing accident scene outside.

INT OFFICE-DAY.

Nathan is going through his papers, realizes he left one original behind and leaves for the copy room.

INT COPY ROOM-DAY

Tom works at the machine, Nathan enters.

NATHAN

Hey, Tom.

TOM

Hey, Nate.

NATHAN

I'm missing an original, did you...?

TOM(CUTTING HIM OFF)

Oh, was that yours? I put it over there.

He points to a basket.

TOM(CON'T) (CONT'D)

Wouldn't want to lose that, would we?

NATHAN(SUSPICIOUS)

No....Thanks, Tom.

TOM

No problem.

EXT FRONT OF COFFEE SHOP-ACCIDENT SCENE-DAY

There is now an ambulance, police and tow-truck on the scene. Bryce watches from a short distance for awhile, then fades away into the crowd. The traffic helicopter hovers overhead for awhile, then peels away.

INT RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Nathan and Shari sit at a table. They sip wine, are dressed in their best. Nathan seems nervous.

SHARI

This place is nice.

NATHAN

Yeah, I saw it in L.A. Magazine.

SHARI

What'd you do, win the lottery?

Nathan just smiles at her.

SHARI(CON'T) (CONT'D)

The Petersen deal?

NATHAN

You know it. I think my days as a low-level trader are over.

SHARI

Well, it's about time they recognized your greatness!

NATHAN

Thank you.

They clink glasses.

SHARI

This is very romantic.

NATHAN

Well, I feel romantic tonight and I wanted a special night with my special lady.

SHARI

Alright, mister. Who are you and what have you done with my boyfriend?

NATHAN

Speaking of boyfriend, I brought you here because I feel our lives are changing. So I, uhhh. I wanted to....

She grabs the wine bottle and pours him some more.

SHARI

Go ahead, honey....?

NATHAN

With the wine, or the question?

Shari shoots him a "look."

NATHAN(CON'T) (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

SHARI

No, you weren't.

He reaches clumsily into his jacket, pulls out the ringbox, opens it and presents it to her.

NATHAN

Shari.

I love you, but I didn't feel right asking you this until tonight. You bring out the best in me.

INT OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Tom Goodman works at his desk. He and a JANITOR are the only ones left.

VARIOUS ANGLES/INSERTS

Tom has copied all of Nathan's work on paper and has accessed his computer files. He works feverishly.

INT RESTAURANT-CONTINUOUS

Shari is admiring the ring now on her finger.

NATHAN

I guess that's a yes...?

SHARI

Absolutely.

They kiss.

EXT STREETS-MORNING (NEXT DAY)

Shari drives to work. She's happy. Flaunting and admiring the ring. Rocking out to tunes on the radio.

EXT RESTAURANT-CONTINUOUS

Some changes are already in the works. WORKMEN are changing the sign, some other artisans mill around, making notes. Shari enters.

INT RESTAURANT-CONTINUOUS

Shari saunters in. She notices Milton talking to TYLER ANDERSON. Early-mid twenties, cocky and businesslike. He looks at Shari and checks his watch. Milton motions for Shari to come over.

MILTON

Shari, this is Tyler. He's the new manager. Uhh...Tyler, this is Shari. She's one of our most popular....

TYLER
She's twenty minutes late.

SHARI
I'm sorry. Traffic was really...

TYLER
Save it. I like my employees to be prompt.

SHARI
Prompt. Got it.

She makes a hasty exit.

MILTON
She's a good kid...

Tyler gives him a disdainful look.

TYLER
We'll see about that. Let's check the walk-in 'fridge.

They exit to KITCHEN

EXT NATHAN'S OFFICE BUILDING

Establishing.

INT NATHAN'S OFFICE

He sits at his desk, working the final details of his big account. He seems in high spirits. His intercom buzzes.

NATHAN
Yes...

SECRETARY'S VOICE
Mr. Prescott wants to see you in his office right away.

NATHAN
Tell him I'll be right there.

He finishes up with a flourish, gathers up his papers confidently and heads out the door.

EXT PRESCOTT'S OFFICE-DAY

Nathan strides in, nods at the secretary who waves him in.

As he opens the door, Tom Goodman is seen sitting with MR. PRESCOTT. Mid-late fifties, distinguished & powerful-looking.

INT PRESCOTT'S OFFICE-DAY

Nathan's expression goes from optimistic expectation to dread upon seeing Tom sitting there.

ON TOM GOODMAN

He wears a smug grin.

ON NATHAN

He ponders this unexpected new turn.

ANOTHER ANGLE

PRESCOTT
Please sit down, Nathan.

Nathan does so. Warily.

PRESCOTT(CON'T) (CONT'D)
It's come to our attention that
funds from the Petersen account
have
been...well...misappropriated....?

NATHAN
That's impossible. I handled that
account personally....

PRESCOTT
There's a discrepancy of several
hundred thousand dollars.

Tom presents a piece of paper

TOM
\$463,000.00 according to this SEC
report we just received.

NATHAN
SEC? What does the SEC have to...

PRESCOTT
Our insurance will pay back
Petersen. Needless to say, we lost
THAT account.

(MORE)

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

Not to mention the irreparable harm
done to our reputation.

NATHAN

But I didn't...

PRESCOTT

You can resign now. Give up your
license....

NATHAN

What on EARTH are you two TALKING
about?! I've never stolen anything,
ever!

PRESCOTT

We're giving you a chance to leave
with some dignity.

NATHAN

Wait a minute...

TOM

We've decided not to press
charges...

NATHAN

WE'VE decided? What're you saying,
Tom?

PRESCOTT

Mr. Goodman is now a vice-
president. It was he who brought
this to my attention.

NATHAN

Yeah, I bet. Mr. Prescott.
Please...Let me explain...

PRESCOTT

We have a report from the SEC.
That's all the explanation we need.
You have one hour to clean out your
office.

TOM

Security will supervise your
packing and escort you from the
premises. Make sure to turn in your
badge and parking pass.

PRESCOTT

I'm really disappointed in you,
Nathan. You're a bright young man.

(MORE)

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)
You had a great future. Do you want
to say anything before I call
security?

NATHAN
Yes. Go fuck yourselves.

Nathan storms out of the office.

EXT ALLEY BEHIND COFFEE SHOP

Shari is on her cell phone, calling Nathan. SOUND of
recording is heard: "That extension is no longer in service"

INT NATHAN'S OFFICE-DAY

His phone is disconnected, Nathan packs up some boxes.

EXT ALLEYWAY

SHARI
Disconnected? What the...?

She starts to dial the other number; Tyler appears through
the back door.

TYLER
Hey! I'm not paying you to jabber
on the phone.

SHARI
I'm on my break.

TYLER
Your break was over five minutes
ago. It's really busy up front.
Move it, girly.

SHARI
Okay....sorry.

INT COFFEE SHOP-DAY

The place is humming with the busy lunch crowd. Shari works
the tables with her easy-going nature intact for the
regulars.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Tyler watches over everything like a hawk.

ON SHARI

She looks o/s

ANOTHER ANGLE.

The homeless woman has reappeared. Their eyes meet. The familiar signal is conveyed. Shari tries to sneak away but Tyler's gaze is relentless. He is finally called away by another waitress who knows the score. Shari makes her move.

EXT ALLEY BEHIND COFFEE SHOP-CONTINUOUS

The woman waits by the back door. It opens slightly as Shari starts to hand over a bag of food.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Tyler intercedes, grabbing the bag out of the woman's outstretched hands.

TYLER

This isn't the Salvation Army. Move along.

The woman backs away sheepishly. Tyler won't make eye contact with her. He turns to Shari, furious

TYLER(CON'T) (CONT'D)

Three strikes and you're out, missy. That's two.

He moves face to face.

TYLER(CON'T) (CONT'D)

I'm the boss now. You'd better watch your ass.

He exits. Shari is on the verge of tears.

EXT NATHAN AND SHARI'S HOUSE-EVENING

Establishing a small, well-kept little house for two in the not-so-great part of the valley.

INT HOUSE--CONTINUOUS

Nathan is watching TV, his feet up on the coffee table, many empty beer cans litter the general area. Shari enters.

SHARI

Where have you been all day? I paged you half a dozen times. Your extension at work is disconnected...

NATHAN

Shari...don't rag on me right now. I've had a rough day...

SHARI

You've had a rough day? I've had the day from hell! My new boss is an asshole!

NATHAN

At least you have a boss....

SHARI

What...

NATHAN

I was fired today.

SHARI

What happened?

NATHAN

I'm not really sure...I don't want to talk about it.

SHARI

Oh, honey. Don't worry. You're a talented stockbroker, you can get another...

NATHAN

I lost my license, okay? I don't want to talk about it.

SHARI

Lost your license!? How?

NATHAN

There was a problem with one of the accounts...some missing money...

SHARI

But you're innocent, right?

NATHAN
Of course!

SHARI
Can't you tell them?

NATHAN
It's not that simple...I told you I
don't want to talk about it!!

He storms out to kitchen; yanks open the fridge.

NATHAN(O/S) (CONT'D)
We're out of beer.

SHARI
So, what are you going to do?

He re-enters

NATHAN
Get more beer!

Nathan storms out, slamming the door.

EXT STREETS-NEXT MORNING

Shari is fighting traffic. She tunes her radio to traffic report. The traffic helicopter roars overhead.

INT HELICOPTER-SAME

Katie Carlson continues her report.

KATIE
...Oh,

And the 405...? Well, don't even go NEAR there!...Any-hoo...
...good thing it's not raining, huh? Well, DUH! It's summer
in L.A.! Rain. That's a good one. Oh, I crack myself UP...!

INT/EXT SHARI'S CAR-DAY

She passes a highway marker. She hears about the 405. Of course, she's just getting on the 405. She switches stations, they all suck. The News Helicopter roars over head. She curses it and its occupant, as if they were at fault for her predicament.

SHARI
Great. Thanks a lot.

INT HELICOPTER/INT SHARI'S CAR-DAY (INTERCUT)

Katie wraps up her report. Shari reluctantly settles on the traffic news station as she battles the traffic.

KATIE

....but luckily the hippopotamus was finally returned safely to the zoo. Awww! I LOVE animals, don't you? Here's hoping you have a great day! I'm Katie Carlson! Drive carefully and I'll see you tonight on the news at 4,5,6,7,8,9 and 11!!

EXT COFFEE SHOP-NEXT MORNING

Milton's motor-home is out front. It is festooned with streamers and banners; "Good luck", "Bon Voyage", etc. Tyler and the other staff are out front waving as Milton gets in and pulls away. Shari runs up just as the motor-home is leaving. She waves sadly at Milton who drives away honking the horn.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Everyone breaks off and returns to the coffee shop. Shari starts to enter, Tyler cuts her off.

TYLER

Where do you think you're going?

SHARI

To work.

TYLER

You don't work here anymore, missy. I told you, three strikes and you're out.

SHARI

I'm only five minutes late. The traffic...

TYLER

The other members of my staff drive to work also. They managed to get here on time to see Milton off...

SHARI

But....

TYLER

No buts. You're fired. See ya.

He goes inside.

WIDE ANGLE

Shari stands alone outside the coffee shop for a few moments, then dejectedly gets back into her car and drives off.

INT SHARI'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

She's driving angrily, erratically. Crying and cursing to herself. She swerves a little, narrowly avoiding a couple of collisions. She beeps her horn angrily because, of course, it was the other guy's fault for being in her way.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari is driving along in the middle lane of a three-lane boulevard at a pretty good pace, preoccupied and distracted. There are several cars around her, including a MERCEDES BENZ, five or six car lengths ahead. Shari looks over to her right as a car passes her at high speed.

SHARI'S POV

The driver is Bryce, the man from the coffee shop. He doesn't notice her as he speeds past, talking into a walkie-talkie.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A second car swoops around Shari on her left, the driver is also on a walkie talkie. Another car pulls in front of Shari.

INT THIRD CAR-DAY

Driven by an older woman, MARY POTTER, fifties, angry-looking, she squints at the traffic ahead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bryce pulls alongside Mary Potter's car. He wants to get over, but she won't budge. He swerves and honks until he finally gets his opening and cuts in front of Mary Potter's car, tapping his brakes to try and get her to back off.

Mary holds her ground stubbornly as his accomplice suddenly cuts in front of the Mercedes.

INSERT-TRAFFIC LIGHT

It goes from amber to red.

EXT STREETS-DAY

Bryce's accomplice slams on the brakes, the Mercedes SLAMS into his rear end causing the classic chain-reaction as Bryce slams into the rear of the Mercedes, Mary Potter hits Bryce and Shari barely has time to brake as she piles into the back of Mary's car. Several cars behind the accident swerve and screech to a halt, narrowly missing Shari and each other. There is a stunned silence for a few moments.

INT SHARI'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

She releases her death-grip on the wheel, realizes she's okay. She looks ahead through rear window of car in front. We see the driver first glance at Shari in mirror, then start to rub her neck.

SHARI

Oh, shit!

Shari gets out and runs to car in front.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bryce is talking to his accomplice through the driver's window, gesturing towards the Mercedes. He walks over to it, pretending to be concerned about the driver. He looks over towards Shari

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari is walking towards Mary Potter's car. She looks over towards Bryce, their eyes meet. She eyes him suspiciously, he just smiles.

INT MARY POTTER'S CAR -DAY

Mary rubs her neck in exaggerated agony as she watches Shari approach in her side-view mirror. Shari leans in.

SHARI
Jesus lady! Are you okay?

MARY
My neck ... !

SHARI
Oh, God!

MARY
My neck! I think it's broken.
Ooowww!

Mary really plays it up. Shari starts to panic as passerby either honk angrily or stare stupidly, none stops to help or even ask if anyone's hurt. It is L.A. after all.

MARY(CON'T) (CONT'D)
I need a Paramedic. Somebody call a
Paramedic!

SHARI
I am so sorry, lady.

MARY
PARAMEDIC!!!

SHARI
I'm sorry. I don't have a cell
phone.

MARY
I'm gonna sue your mother, I'm
gonna sue your father, I'm gonna
sue your entire family! You could
have killed me, you dumb-ass! You
need to pay attention when you
drive, there are other people on
the road besides you!

Mary grabs her purse and begins to search through it. A small crowd has developed on the sidewalk. A young HISPANIC MAN approaches Shari.

HM
You alright, Miss?

SHARI(CLOSE TO TEARS)
Oh, God, I can't believe this
happened.

HM
Please...calm down.

SHARI

She's hurt!

She said her neck was broken! Oh, GOD!!

HM

Let me check on her.

He turns to go, turns back to Shari.

HM (CONT'D)

I hope you have insurance, lady?

SHARI

Yes, of course I do. Why?

HM

'Cause this one's definitely a
suer!

SHARI

A what?

HM

You'll see.

He nods knowingly and walks towards Mary.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary holds her cell' phone in the crook of her neck as she furiously writes on a notepad, ranting and raving into the phone.

MARY

I'm hurt! I'm injured! I need to
get to a hospital!

HM pokes his head into Mary's window.

HM

You alright in there?

MARY

Can't you see I'm on the phone?
Piss off!

HM shrugs and walks back to SHARI. We hear SIRENS
approaching.

HM

Her neck's fine. Trust me.

ON SHARI

She starts to cry as Mary complains even louder. More impatient drivers honk and yell as the back-up worsens behind the accident. She sees Bryce, his accomplice and the Mercedes driver exchanging information. Bryce glances over at her again, she avoids his glance as she feels her world falling apart around her. The young HM tries to comfort her.

SHARI (TO HERSELF)
I'm so sorry....

EXT STREET-DAY

A fire truck, ambulance and police cars pull up to the scene. Shari rushes to a POLICEMAN, crying.

SHARI
I didn't mean to do this!

POLICEMAN
It's okay. Calm down, miss. Are you okay?

SHARI
Yes, I'm fine.

POLICEMAN
I'll be right back.

He goes to Mary's car.

SHARI'S POV

Policeman leans in and talks to Mary for a few seconds, and then waves in PARAMEDICS. They attend to Mary. Policeman walks back to Shari.

POLICEMAN
I need to see your proof of insurance, license and registration.

SHARI (CONFUSED)
Okay...

Shari goes to her car, digs through purse and glove box for all the papers, hands to policeman.

POLICEMAN
Stay here.

Shari is shocked and bewildered. She stands there looking helpless as Policeman returns to Mary's car.

BRIDGE OVER ACCIDENT SCENE-DAY

ZOOM/PAN away from Shari and her predicament over to BILLBOARD for accident attorney JOHN NASTIC Featuring a smiling photograph with the slogan: "When you need to get nasty, call Nastic!" 1-800 GET NASTY, and website www.get NASTY.com. The TRAFFIC HELICOPTER swoops overhead again and over the new accident scene:

KATIE'S VOICE(O/S)

Well, it looks like we've got a fender-bender on Burbank near the 405. As if things weren't bad enough already....

NATHAN AND SHARI'S HOUSE DAY

Shari pulls up in a Taxi, she gets out and heads for the front door.

INT HOUSE

Nathan is sitting at the kitchen table on the telephone. He has not gotten dressed all day and looks disheveled.

NATHAN

...but I lost my license and my job. They can't take my license. They have no proof whatsoever! I understand I need a high powered attorney that is why I called.... Yes, I know I have been screwed... no, I don't have ten thousand dollars to retain you, you told me you work on contingency....Hello...?

Nathan hangs up the phone and buries his head in his hands.

NATHAN (CONT) (CONT'D)

That was the fifth attorney I spoke too today. Not one was interested in helping me. When I told them that I had a co-worker fuck me with fraudulent paperwork to get my job, you know what they said? They said "Well, that's America"!

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT) (CONT'D)
They also came right out and told me that if the company paid them off, it's bye bye working stiff.

SHARI
Why don't you try calling the labor board? What they did to you was illegal.

NATHAN
Yeah, and what O.J. Simpson did was illegal too, didn't hurt him one bit.

SHARI
You don't need to be sarcastic, I'm just trying to help. Besides, I have more bad news.

NATHAN
Fabulous Shari, just what I need.

SHARI
Honey, I was in a car accident today.

NATHAN
Oh baby, I'm sorry...are you okay?

He gets up to comfort her. She starts to cry on his shoulder.

SHARI
I'm fine, but I think I am in big trouble. See, I rear-ended some lady, and she screamed that she was going to sue my whole family.

NATHAN
You rear ended her? That means it was your fault.

SHARI
There were other cars too, four total.

NATHAN
Four car accident? Jesus Shari, why weren't you watching where you were going? We really don't need this shit right now.

SHARI

I didn't do it on purpose! I was very upset. I happened to get fired from my job, too.

NATHAN

You lost your job? Today?!

SHARI

Yes, the new manager fired me for being five minutes late.

NATHAN

That's a very annoying habit you have! It was just a matter of time before you were canned.

SHARI

Thanks Nathan, nice to have a supportive man in my life.

NATHAN

Shari look, I'm in deep shit here. We are in deep shit here. I really, really don't know what to do. I have a little saved, and some room on my credit cards to tide us over, but I don't know what we're going to do.

SHARI

Me neither. But we'll get through It together, okay?

NATHAN

Okay.

They hug.

EXT OFFICE BUILDING DAY

CLOSE on the smiling face of John Nastic. PULL AWAY to reveal another, yet smaller billboard outside his office building. This one shows Nastic with a beaming recipient of an oversized check for "\$2.1 million."

INT NASTIC'S LAW OFFICE-DAY

Mary sits in the office of JOHN NASTIC, (mid-forties) her new-found attorney. She is wearing a neck brace.

MARY

I have pain and suffering due to my deep-tissue damage. I have insomnia due to the nightmares I have experienced because of this horrific accident. I have mental and emotional stress and as a result I am frightened to drive my car. And finally I have whiplash so, I think that ten million dollars is fair, don't you?

JOHN

Certainly. And that's just how I want you say it at your deposition next week. In the meantime, I want you to go see this doctor. He's an associate of mine. (Hands her card) I'll tell him you're headed over. Can you go right now?

MARY

I'm on my way. Do you think we can get ten mil?

JOHN

I'll see what I can do, but you have to understand, it all depends on how much liability coverage she has. I mean, you can't get blood from a turnip.

MARY

I could have her wages garnished.

JOHN(WINKING)

Have your eye on a mink coat?

MARY(GRINNING)

Hey, you gotta do what you gotta do.

JOHN

Okay, I'll find out how much she is insured for and then ...

MARY

...And then we can begin the litigation?!

JOHN

We can see about settling this first.

MARY

Do you know how much coverage she has?

JOHN

I'll find out. It's no secret, relax.

INT LAW OFFICE LOBBY SAME DAY

In the office waiting room we see a somber Shari and Nathan. Shari flips through a magazine, not really reading it, and throws it down. The door bursts open and Bryce strides in. He sees Shari and smiles.

BRYCE

Well, hello there. We have to stop meeting like this.

Shari eyes him, warily. He disappears into the conference room where John and Mary are.

NATHAN

Who was that?

SHARI

Guy from the accident.

NATHAN

What an asshole.

INT JOHN'S OFFICE SAME DAY.

Bryce smiles a sly smile at John. He puts his arm around Mary's shoulder.

MARY

Well, hello there my guardian angel.

BRYCE

How is the neck, Ms. Potter?

MARY

Hurts, but thanks to you giving me Mr. Nastic's card at the accident scene, I feel much better.

BRYCE

I am so glad I could help, ma'am.

JOHN

Is the attorney for the responsible party here yet?

BRYCE

Actually, she herself is here. I don't think she has an attorney.

JOHN

Really? Hmmmmmm

BRYCE

Should I go out and talk to her?

JOHN

Yes, fill her in on what's expected of her at this meeting.

MARY

He is such a helpful young man. We need more people like him in the world.

JOHN

Oh yes, I agree.

INT WAITING ROOM DAY

Bryce goes in and sits opposite Nathan and Shari.

BRYCE

I understand you're representing yourself.

NATHAN

We have no attorney.

SHARI

I have my insurance adjuster. Why do you care?

BRYCE

I know what is going on in there, I am just trying to help. I feel sorry for you, being a struggling waitress and all...

SHARI

I am no longer a struggling waitress, I got fired from there.

BRYCE

Aww, that's too bad, no cash huh?

NATHAN

Can you cut to the chase please
Mr...

BRYCE

Bryce, and you are?

SHARI

Shari, and this is my fiancé,
Nathan.

BRYCE

Nathan, what do you do?

NATHAN

Not that it's any of your business
Bryce, but I was recently let go
from my job too.

BRYCE

Times are tough.

NATHAN

They sure are.

SHARI

So, what's going on?

BRYCE

Unfortunately, Ms. Potter is
claiming whiplash and deep tissue
damage. She says she's in a lot of
pain.

NATHAN

Be thankful you have insurance,
baby.

SHARI

Oh, I am.

NATHAN

Because you would be really fucked
if you didn't.

SHARI

I know. I know that!

NATHAN

She's claiming deep tissue, huh?

BRYCE

Yeah. And whiplash, among other
things.

NATHAN

Deep tissue is the 'in' thing to say you have in California.

SHARI

Why?

NATHAN

Because it doesn't show up on the x-ray. They can't disprove it.

SHARI (TO BRYCE)

Is that true?

BRYCE

Yup. Sure is.

SHARI

Great.

NATHAN

Is she still rambling on about suing Shari?

BRYCE

She could garnish your wages! Can you believe that?! It all depends on what the judge says.

SHARI

No! Really?

BRYCE

Hey, you asked, I answered. I assumed you wanted honesty.

SHARI

Shit!

NATHAN

She can't garnish your wages, honey. That only happens in child-support and 'deadbeat dads' cases. I highly doubt that this bitch is going to get anything, except maybe some hefty lawyer's fees.

SHARI

She certainly is making my life a living hell. Jesus Christ! I don't want to go to court!

NATHAN

You won't.

SHARI
You think she'll settle?

NATHAN
If she has any brains at all, yes.

SHARI
But what if she doesn't have any
brains?

BRYCE
You two are pretty desperate huh?

SHARI
What if she wants a million dollars
or something?

NATHAN
Whatever it is, she won't get it.

SHARI
Are you sure?

NATHAN
Not even close. The lawyers will
hash out a settlement. No one wants
to go to trial. Too expensive.
They'll settle. Don't worry.

BRYCE
You might go to trial. I'm not
gonna lie to you. This could get
very ugly for you, Shari.

SHARI (SWALLOWING HARD)
Really? Shit!

NATHAN
Can you try not to upset her
please?

BRYCE
Hey, you asked...I answered. I
assumed you wanted honesty.

NATHAN (ANGRILY TO BRYCE)
Jesus! Will you quit saying that!

Bryce sneers at him and shrugs his shoulders. The two men
don't bother to hide their instant dislike for each other.

SHARI
God, I wish this didn't happen.

NATHAN

But it did and we have to deal with it. Your insurance adjuster will talk to the attorney for you.

SHARI

Yes, they said they would. I just wanted to talk to him myself.

NATHAN

Let them take care of it. They know what they're doing. Don't they, Brett?

BRYCE

It's Bryce, and yes, they sure do.

Bryce pulls out a pen and scribbles on a piece of paper.

BRYCE (CONT) (CONT'D)

Here's my phone number, call me if you need anything. Really, I can help you guys out, anytime.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER

Katie is fluffing her hair and grinning seductively into the camera.

KATIE

This is Katie Carlson again with the eye-in-the-sky traffic report. We seem to have a minor fender bender at the intersection of Hollywood Blvd. and La Brea involving seven cars. Can you believe it? Seven whole cars. People, please. Hang up and drive!

EXT NASTIC'S OFFICE-DAY-BILLBOARD/ESTABLISHING

The smiling faces beam down to the sidewalk below.

INT NASTIC'S LAW OFFICE-CONFERENCE ROOM-DAY

Seated at the table are Shari, Nathan, Mary Potter, John Nastic, DENISE DOBBS (mid-forties, attorney for Shari's Insurance company) and a COURT-REPORTER.

MARY

I said I can't sleep at night! I told you that six times! What are you, dense?!

JOHN

Calm down, Mary.

MARY

I have pain, suffering, insomnia, paranoia, nightmares....Shall I go on...?

DENISE

Ms. Potter, the damage to your car is minimal. I respect that you have neck and back pains, but I feel very confident your injuries are...

MARY

Are what?!

JOHN

Mary, please, let me handle this.

MARY (DISGUSTED)

Whatever!!

DENISE

What I was saying is that after inspecting the damage to both cars, we find that what your client is asking for is not exactly what our company is willing to give you.

JOHN

What is your company willing to give us then? After all, it was an accident involving four cars.

DENISE

Yes, but it was a minor traffic accident. Nobody was seriously injured.

MARY

I was!!!

DENISE

I feel your client deserves about ten thousand dollars.

MARY

Ten thousand dollars ? I want ten million!

DENISE

...To fix the body work and rear bumper.

MARY

You people are nothing but crooks!

NATHAN

Hello, Kettle? This is Pot. You're black...

Mary shoots him a look.

DENISE

Look, Mr. Nastic, the injuries your client is claiming are not consistent with the damage to her car. Which, by the way, is not extensive at all.

COURT REPORTER

Excuse me, Mr. Nastic...?

JOHN

Now wait a minute. We have medical reports confirming my client has substantial injuries to her head, neck, shoulders.....

NATHAN

Come on you guys, give us a break, okay? We all know that nobody here is really injured and ...

MARY

And you could be held liable for a remark like that, young man. Want me to sue you too? Huh?

COURT REPORTER

Mr. Nastic...?

JOHN

Mary, please be QUIET! Now, look everyone....

NATHAN

I'm just saying that going through all this just because somebody is so desperate for money ...

JOHN

Excuse me, sir are you a witness in this matter?

NATHAN

No, I'm just here for moral support.

JOHN

Well, listen Mr. moral support. Why don't you just keep your fuckin' mouth shut, hmmm?

COURT REPORTER

Mr. Nastic...?

JOHN

Yes! What is it?

COURT REPORTER

Is this all on the record?

JOHN

No! And I want to see your sheet before you transcribe!

COURT REPORTER

Yes, Mr. Nastic.

MARY

How dare you, you rat-bastard, accuse me of such a thing, when it's your girlfriend over there who should not have a license to drive an automobile, and is getting punished for injuring another person, for her reckless driving. And furthermore ...

NATHAN

Look, God dammit! It wasn't even her fault.

JOHN

Actually, the law states....

NATHAN

Oh, screw the law! You lawyers are all the same! Bunch of...

SHARI

Nathan...Mr. Nastic, Ms. Potter, it was a fender bender, okay?

DENISE
Everybody calm down ...

JOHN
Since this is getting ugly, why
don't we do this another time?

DENISE
No, we do this now, Mr. Nastic.
I've got enough information from
the parties. Do you need any more?

JOHN
Well, I uhm.....

DENISE
Good. Why don't we continue without
the clients in the room.

Everyone glares at each other for awhile, then rises and
begins to exit the room.

JOHN
Yes, alright. Your client seems
very emotional.

DENISE
My client!?

SHARI
Well wouldn't you be? We all know
what's going on here....

DENISE
Shari....Thank you for your time,
dear. Go on home, I'll talk to you
later. Ms. Potter....

She goes to shake Mary's hand, Mary storms off in a huff.

MARY
You're going to pay for your
negligence, missy. I have every
intention of getting what I'm
asking for. Every penny.

DENISE (TO JOHN)
We'll see about that.

SHARI
Why are you doing this to me? I'm
already up to my ass in debt, I
lost my job...

MARY

Here's a quarter, call someone who gives a shit.

SHARI

BITCH!!

MARY

You'd better believe it, honey!

They all exit the office. The two attorneys glare at each other and slowly sit down to haggle.

INT NATHAN AND SHARI'S HOUSE-EVENING

Shari prepares dinner for a glum, morose Nathan. He is sitting at the table.

SHARI

Well, look on the bright side, sweetie. At least everybody knows what's going on. She's the bad guy. She and that a-hole Nastic.

NATHAN

It doesn't matter what everybody knows, there's no way to disprove what she's saying. They probably have a doctor on the payroll. People do this kind of thing for a living.

Shari looks at Nathan in surprise.

SHARI

They do?!

NATHAN

Hell, yeah! Insurance fraud? Huge business!

SHARI

Really ... ?

NATHAN

Once I went for a ride with a friend of mine who had just gotten a brand-new Porsche. We rode up and down Sunset a few times and, I'm telling you, about five people cut in front of him and slammed on the brakes. It was sick.

SHARI
They would TRY to cause a crash?!
That's crazy!

NATHAN
Desperate times call for desperate
measures, I guess.

SHARI
Kind of like us?

NATHAN
Shari!

They laugh, the tension breaks for a second. The PHONE rings.
They jump.

SHARI
Will you please get it, Nathan
honey? I don't want to talk right
now.

NATHAN
Sure, baby. (picks up phone)
Hello...? Okay...I see....Well,
she'll be glad to hear that...
Okay...I'm sure she'll understand.
Okay...thank you.....'bye

He hangs up.

SHARI
Well... ?

NATHAN
Good news or bad news first?

SHARI
Good news, please!

NATHAN
The dumb bitch settled

SHARI
YES!! We're not going to court!
It's over!

NATHAN
Shari, wait ...There's still the
bad news. She got forty thousand
and your insurance is going to
double.

SHARI

Forty thousand dollars!? How?

NATHAN

Her sleaze-bag lawyer, some crooked doctor and a phony claim, that's how. She's still pissed she didn't get her half a mil'. Forty thousand for nothing! I'd be ecstatic!

SHARI

My payments are going to double?

NATHAN

You're going to have "Injury Crash" on your record for the next three years.

SHARI

Oh, God! What am I going to do? I can barely afford the payments now!

NATHAN

At least she settled, be very grateful about that! And as far as payments go...

SHARI

I just won't have insurance!

NATHAN

Bull shit!

Having Insurance is what saved your ass this time. And, if you get in another wreck, you'll be fucked. Then, they really will garnish your wages!

SHARI

Jesus Christ!

Nathan takes her in his arms.

NATHAN

Let's eat and forget about it. We can both use a good night's rest.

They sit down to eat, but neither is very hungry.

EXT LA STREETS- DAY(HELICOPTER SHOT)

Graphic: "TWO MONTHS LATER"

We swoop down from the skies towards the gridlock below

INT HELICOPTER-DAY

Katie Carlson primps in the glass, readying for her simulcast.

INT SHARI'S CAR-DAY

Shari is in traffic again. She has developed an overly careful style of driving; both hands on the wheel at '10' and '2', craning her neck to change lanes, stopping tenfeet from cars in front at stop lights, etc. The strain, concentration and sheer mental exhaustion show on her face. On the seat beside her, a stack of just-picked-up mail full of past-due, final notices. Things have gotten worse for Shari. The car is messier, dirtier. A little more beat-up.

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER

KATIE

Good morning, and welcome to the L.A. Eye-in-the-Sky report. We have an unusual situation on the Hollywood Freeway, where a man wearing nothing but a pink cowboy hat is riding his skateboard through the Northbound traffic.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The helicopter swoops overhead. Katie's voice is faintly heard from some distant speaker Shari has come to a stop far behind another car at a stop light.

ECU TENNESSEE LICENSE PLATE

On the back of a "Cowboy Cadillac" (pick-up truck)

INT PICKUP TRUCK-DAY

EURLYNE (red neck chick-late twenties+/-) bops along, eating a cheeseburger. She reacts a little too late to the red-light Shari sits at, hits the brakes and comes to a sliding stop against Shari's bumper at no more than 5 or 6 mph.

INT SHARI'S CAR

She is startled and slightly jolted. Looks in rear-view mirror and mumbles to herself.

SHARI (TIRED AND SARCASTIC)
I need this...

IN EURLYNE'S TRUCK

She looks up, blinks, and, still holding half-eaten cheeseburger, gets out of truck, goes to Shari's car and taps on window. She is barely understandable in her thick southern accent.

EURLYNE
You alright in there, ma'am?

Shari is silent

EURLYNE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry. Are you okay? Huh?

Ya okay, lady?

SHARI
UUUHHMMM... ??

EURLYNE
Lady ... ?

Shari is still for a moment, then her expression totally changes.

SHARI
Uhm..No... I'm not okay ...

EURLYNE
Oh no!

SHARI
My neck...my neck hurts...It really hurts...Uhm.. I think it's whiplash! Ooowww!

EURLYNE
Oh, God! She's hurt!

EURLYNE's rants have drawn a crowd and created another traffic commotion/nightmare. Shari just sits in her car calmly playing it up. Rubbing her neck absently and smiling to herself.

INT HELICOPTER-DAY

Katie looks down on the new accident in the middle of the report.

KATIE

...and in El Monte, a truck carrying paint collided with another truck carrying paint thinner! I guess cleanup was a breeze! Oh, I crack myself UP...!

INT NATHAN AND SHARI'S HOUSE EVENING.

Shari enters, looking chipper, and a little disheveled.

NATHAN

Where have you been? What happened to you?

SHARI

You will never guess what happened now.

NATHAN

What?

SHARI

I was in another car wreck this afternoon.

NATHAN

Jesus! Are you all right?

SHARI

I'm fine. I'm fine.

NATHAN

Are you sure? You're acting weird.

SHARI

Never better.

NATHAN

What happened?

SHARI

Well, let's just say our financial problems are OVAAHH..!

NATHAN

What ... ?

SHARI

Remember the incident that happened to me about six months ago?

The one that caused us all so much grief?

NATHAN

Yes....what's going on?

SHARI

Yes! Well, it happened to me again!

NATHAN

Oh, my God, Shari! Your insurance is going to quadruple now!

SHARI

Relax, honey. You see, this time, I was on the receiving end, got it?

NATHAN

You were rear-ended? When?

SHARI

Yes I was! Today.

NATHAN

Are you sure you're not hurt?

SHARI (LAUGHING)

What do you think? No way!

NATHAN

Oh, no, Shari ...

SHARI

Oh, yes!

NATHAN

What happened? What?

SHARI

Okay. I'm sitting in traffic. Being really careful, you know. Next thing I know this dumb bitch hits me, right? Really soft, just like the way I hit miss pig-face.

NATHAN

Okay. Go on.

SHARI

Anyway, I have a headache already so this really puts me in a shitty mood. This stupid country bumpkin from Tennessee or something starts tapping on the window and asking me if I'm okay.

NATHAN

And ... ?

SHARI

Well, I just started thinking about all our bad luck lately. Your job, my job. The lawsuit. So, I pulled a Mary Potter; "Oh, my neck, my neck. It's whiplash!"

NATHAN

Oh fuck, Shari. This is fucked. This is so fucked up!

SHARI

No it isn't.

NATHAN

Yes, it is.

SHARI

No. If I had hit her, it would be fucked, but that's not what happened.

NATHAN

So you gonna sue her? You are going to go through all this bullshit?

SHARI

Fuck yeah! Isn't it incredible?

NATHAN

No, It's not. It's horrible.

SHARI

Oh, Jesus Christ, Nathan. If the situation was reversed, that inbred country bitch would have my head on a silver platter. Then I'd be fucked. And you know it.

NATHAN

That doesn't give you the right to...

SHARI

Look, let's face a little reality here, okay? We need money, I need money to pay my fucking insurance bill!

NATHAN

Shit, don't get any ideas, Shari

SHARI

Too late!

Shari is rummaging through her purse. She pulls out a piece of paper.

SHARI (CONT'D)

Ah ha! Here it is.

NATHAN

What?

SHARI

Remember that guy Bryce? He gave us his number and told us to call him if we needed any help, remember?

NATHAN

That sleazy guy from the lawyers office? Oh no, don't call him.

SHARI

He seems to know a lot about this. I'm just going to ask him a question.

NATHAN

Don't get mixed up with him. He was bad news.

SHARI

Nathan, how are we going to pay next month's rent? Have we found jobs yet? No! Any more savings? No! We still gotta eat!

Shari picks up the phone and dials.

NATHAN

Just make sure you don't do anything illegal.

SHARI
Never!....Hello, Bryce please.
Bryce, this is Shari....from the
accident, remember me?

Nathan plops down in front of the TV.

EXT NASTIC'S OFFICE-DAY

Shari enters.

INT NASTIC'S OFFICE-DAY

Shari sits across from Nastic. Bryce is sitting next to her.

JOHN
You look familiar. Have we met
before?

SHARI
Well, I kind of was a defendant
against one of your clients a few
months ago. Mary Potter...?

John thinks, then smiles.

JOHN
Oh, yeah. She was a piece of work,
huh?

SHARI
Is there a problem? Some kind of
conflict of interest?

JOHN
No. Shouldn't be. Two separate
cases. But just to be on the safe
side, we can use one of my
partners' names. Did you go to the
ER?

SHARI
No.

BRYCE
She might need medical attention.

JOHN
Shouldn't be a problem. I want you
to remember two words. "Deep..

SHARI (FINISHING FOR HIM)
 "...Tissue. I know, I know.

JOHN
 Did you bring the paperwork with you? Her license number, the accident report?

SHARI
 No, my insurance company has all that. I just wanted to ask.....

JOHN
 Well, I need all that, sweetie.

BRYCE
 I have that information.

JOHN
 Okay. Good. Go to this clinic and do as they say. Now get outta here. I'm busy.

He hands her a card, just like before. They exit the office.

INT WAITING AREA DAY

BRYCE
 How are you feeling?

SHARI
 Fine.

BRYCE
 You'd better get a lot of rest today.

SHARI
 Oh, yes I know. My deep tissue is killing me...

BRYCE (OFF-HAND)
 Hey Shar', I've been checking on this girl who hit you and I have some news that is not going to thrill you.

SHARI
 What?

BRYCE

This chick, she's from out of state, from Tennessee.

SHARI

So?

BRYCE

It might be difficult to track her down. Suing her might be a little tough.

SHARI

What do you mean?

BRYCE

All she has to do is split. If she leaves the state and disappears, you're fucked. Ten bucks says that's what she does.

SHARI

Can't they bring her back here? Arrest her or something?

BRYCE

They're not about to extradite somebody for a fender bender. It's not like she shot you.

SHARI

Fuck, I was really looking forward to that money.

BRYCE

Yeah ...So, where's your fiancé?

SHARI

At home, going through the want ads.

BRYCE

Any luck?

SHARI

No, he's a stock broker. He got mixed up in a scam and lost his license.

BRYCE

That's too bad. You need a job?

SHARI

I'd do anything right now.

BRYCE

Really? Well then, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

SHARI

I don't know. What are you thinking about?

BRYCE

Porsches, BMW's, Jaguars....all with really bad drivers!

SHARI

Huh?

BRYCE

I'll show you. Let's go.

EXT LA STREETS-DAY

Establish Bryce & Shari in Bryce's car. Suggested music cue: "Highway To Hell" - AC/DC

INT BRYCE'S CAR-SAME

Bryce is driving, Shari, on cell phone.

SHARI

Okay, thanks. (hangs up) Well, you were right, our red-neck skipped town, plus, no insurance, no nothing.

BRYCE

Don't worry about it. That's why we're out today. Practicing.

SHARI

I'm pissed

BRICE

I'd be too! Okay.

Here's the deal. Most of the drivers suck. It is so easy to stage a wreck and have no one know who was really at fault.

SHARI

Why do you think most drivers are so bad?

BRYCE

Frustrated, angry people behind the wheel equals road rage equals crashes.

SHARI

Road Rage! Yeah. That's what I have!

BRYCE

Watch this.

BRYCE speeds up, begins to tailgate the car in front. Almost immediately, the driver in front taps the brakes! BRYCE backs off, car in front speeds away.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Did you see that?!

SHARI

Yeah!

They were trying to get you to hit them!

BRYCE

Well, I was tailgating them, I would have deserved it. You see, there are all kinds of games and bullshit out here on the road.

SHARI

Why is that?

BRYCE

People drive like assholes then swear on their graves that is was your fault.

SHARI

Hmmmmmm.

BRYCE

The key to all of this is defensive driving. Watch out for your own ass and blame the other guy, it's the American way!

SHARI

Yeah?!?

BRYCE

Yup! We have an overblown sense of entitlement in this country. We are raised to be selfish assholes.

(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

The whole thing just astounds me,
the way we behave. It's sad what we
have been reduced to. But what the
hell, everybody else is doing it,
why shouldn't I get my share?

SHARI

So, lawsuits are the new lottery?

BRYCE

Girl, where have you been?!?

SHARI

Maybe they should start having
people take psychiatric evaluations
before giving them a driver's
license.

BRYCE

Not a bad idea.

SHARI

It's a wonder everybody's not dead.

BRYCE

Don't worry, we're not going to
kill anybody. Just wound their
wallet a little. Like this.

Bryce swerves around the car in front & slams on the brakes.
The car in back lays on the horn, then swerves in front of
Bryce, hits brakes, gives Bryce the "finger", then speeds
away. Bryce laughs, Shari is fascinated.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Yeah right back at'cha buddy! (to
Shari) So, what do you think?

SHARI

Is it really possible to pull this
shit off?

BRYCE

Hell, yeah!

People do this all the time! It's a science now!

SHARI

Will we get in trouble?

BRYCE

Not if we have a witness. That, my
friend, is where your boyfriend
comes in.

SHARI

Nathan would never be part of this.

BRYCE

We can convince him.

INT NATHAN AND SHARI'S HOUSE THAT EVENING

The trio is discussing the plan. Nathan stares in disbelief at Shari

NATHAN

Have you lost your damn mind?

SHARI

Well, no, not exactly ...

She looks to Bryce for help, he just shrugs.

NATHAN

Let me get this straight. You are going to stage car accidents with this guy to get insurance money, and, to avoid any legal mess, you want me to be your planted witness?

BRYCE

Uh ... Yeah! Pretty much.

NATHAN

Who the hell thought of this? (no answer) Jesus Christ, you guys!! Is this what we've been reduced to?!

BRYCE

Yes.

NATHAN

Shari, do you have any idea what you're getting yourself into? You could be killed, arrested ... no telling what!!

SHARI

Well, Nathan, you yourself said that insurance fraud is a huge business!

NATHAN

Yeah, but I didn't mean ...

SHARI

Look, it's not like we haven't been through hell already. I mean, we deserve a little payback, right?

NATHAN

Sure, but not like this. This is nuts.

BRYCE

Not really.

NATHAN

You butt out!

BRYCE

I'm just trying help you with your bills, Nathan. Paid off that ring yet?

NATHAN

Fuck you!

SHARI

Baby, let's just try it once, okay? All you have to do is be the witness! Bryce and I will do the rest!

NATHAN

What happens if you get killed?

SHARI

I won't get killed. We'll be okay. Besides, we really need the money.

BRYCE

It will just be little fender benders. Make a little money, you know. Help out a little. Trust me, everything will be fine.

NATHAN

Okay, I'll do it, but just this one. No more!

Shari squeals with delight and excitement.

BRYCE

YES!! See Shari, you just might get your forty grand after all!

SHARI

When can we get started?

BRYCE
Let's go!

NATHAN
Now?

SHARI
Yes, dear.

NATHAN
Why now?

SHARI
Because we have bills due now!

NATHAN
Alright.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE THEIR APARTMENT-DAY

Bryce sits in his car with a walkie-talkie. Suggested Music cue: "Breaking The Law" - Judas Priest

BRYCE
Testing...Testing...One, two, three. Shari...? Are you there?

EXT SIDE STREET-SAME

Shari sits in her car, also with walkie.

SHARI
I hear you, Bryce. Nathan? Can you hear me?

EXT ANOTHER SIDE STREET-SAME

Nathan sits in his car, walkie. (*ALL DIALOGUE ON WALKIE THIS SEG*)

NATHAN
Roger. Over and out. Whatever. Won't texting be easier?

SHARI
It's illegal to text and drive, hun.

NATHAN
Of course!

SHARI
Where are we going?

BRYCE
You guys just follow me and do what
I tell you, okay?

SHARI
Aye-Aye, sir!

NATHAN
Yeah right, Bryce.

BRYCE
Let's do it!

NATHAN
Rock and roll!!

SHARI
Broadway show tunes!!

The three whoop and holler as they pull expertly out of their respective parking spaces and hook up on the main street, Bryce in front.

EXT ANOTHER SUBURBAN STREET-DAY

A quiet, well-tended neighborhood. Small houses, lots of trees, light traffic. The three cars pull in and stop near the intersection. NOTE: One of the corners has a huge tree or other obstruction that would help conceal a car.

BRYCE
Okay. Park on this street, Nathan.
Shari, park on a different street.

SHARI
Got it.

They all move into position. Three different spots around the little intersection. Bryce's car is partially obscured.

NATHAN
Now what?

BRYCE
We wait.

SHARI
For what?

NATHAN
Our innocent victim?

BRYCE
Yup.

NATHAN
Then what?

SHARI
We need a game plan here, Bryce.

BRYCE
I'm starting to think you guys
don't trust me.

NATHAN(TO HIMSELF)
I don't!

ANOTHER ANGLE

A car drives up to the intersection, stops, then turns left.

BRYCE
This is what we're gonna do. The
next car that pulls up to the stop
sign, I'll pull up at the corner to
his left. Nathan, you pull up
across from me, to his right, so
you can view the accident from the
best vantage point.

NATHAN
Then ...

BRYCE
When he goes, I go. If we're lucky,
CRASH!! He hits me, you jump from
your car, screaming you saw the
whole thing, it's the other guy's
fault, and so on.

NATHAN
Where'd you learn all this stuff?

BRYCE
Well, I could tell you, but then
I'd have to kill you!

NATHAN
Oohhh! I'm SO scared!

SHARI

Chill BOYS! Sheesh! What do I do,
Bryce? Huh?! What do you need me to
do?!

BRYCE

Just hang tight, okay?

Shari's obviously disappointed. A CAR is heard in the
distance. Bryce starts his car.

BRYCE(CON'T) (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Everybody ready?

NATHAN

Sure.

BRYCE

Stay in the car until the hit,
okay, Nathan?!

NATHAN

Alright, Bryce.

Another car approaches. Bryce times his approach to match the
mark car so that they both reach the limit lines at the same
time. The other driver looks over but can only see the front
end of Bryce's car. He pulls ahead, Bryce floors it, but the
other driver anticipates, braking and maneuvering around the
surprised Bryce, flipping him the "bird" in the process.

DRIVER

Fuck you, asshole!!

Bryce is left in the in the middle of the intersection,
stunned.

NATHAN

That was great, Bryce. I'm
impressed.

BRYCE

If at first you don't succeed... We
just have to wait for someone a
little more spacey and stupid.

SHARI

Spacey and stupid? In LA!? What're
the odds?

An ENGINE SOUND o/s gets their attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A FORD EXPLORER, driven by a WOMAN putting on make-up. She approaches the intersection, oblivious to her surroundings.

BRYCE
Bingo!

SHARI
Shit.

BRYCE
Are you ready to do this?

Bryce approaches the intersection as before.

BRYCE (CON'T) (CONT'D)
Nathan, when the time is right, do your stuff, okay?

NATHAN
Okay, OKAY!

Bryce eyes the distracted woman. As soon as she starts through the intersection, he darts in front of her.

INT SUV-SAME

The woman has no time to react. She drops her powder puff.

EXT INTERSECTION-SAME

The SUV strikes Bryce's car broadside at about 8-12 mph. On the woman.

WOMAN
Oh, my God!!

BRYCE
Oh, shit!!

SHARI
Jesus Christ!!

NATHAN
Fuck!

Everyone sits still, momentarily stunned. The woman seems to be fine. So, of course, is Bryce.

INT BRYCE'S CAR

Bryce hams it up, writhing and screaming in false pain and agony.

BRYCE
My leg! I can't move my leg.

Nathan gets out of his car and runs to the scene. Shari watches affixed from her car. The young woman cautiously opens her door and runs over to Bryce.

NATHAN
Oh my God, are you okay?

BRYCE
Did you see what happened, sir?

NATHAN
Uhm... Yes, I did ... Uh... Sir.

The Woman approaches the scene.

WOMAN
Are you alright?

BRYCE
I can't move my leg. Oh God, it hurts!

WOMAN
I'm sorry, I didn't see you! Oh my God!

BRYCE
I think it's broken...

As usual, a small crowd of neighbors has developed around the scene.

WOMAN
Sir, I am so sorry. I guess I was distracted. Let me get my information for you.

She runs off. Nathan pokes his head into Bryce's window.

NATHAN
Now what do we do?

BRYCE
Just go along with it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari, feeling left out, decides to join in. She approaches Nathan.

SHARI(PUT ON)
OMIGOD! Is he DEAD?? Oh Jesus. Are you okay, sir?

BRYCE
Call an ambulance.

She approaches one of the bystanders.

SHARI
Did you see what happened?

The bystander shrugs, walks off.

SHARI (CONT'D)
Did anyone see ... ?

Bryce and Nathan shake their heads and begin to laugh but straighten as woman returns.

WOMAN
Sir, here's all my information. My husband insists on full coverage....

Bryce and Nathan exchange a look

WOMAN(CON'T) (CONT'D)
. ...I've called for an ambulance. You just try to relax and....

BRYCE
I can't move my leg, God dammit!!

The woman is startled by his outburst. SIRENS are heard approaching scene. Bryce smirks with self-satisfaction. Nathan returns to his car - the reluctant participant. Shari watches, brooding from her car.

NATHAN AND SHARI'S HOUSE-THAT NIGHT

The trio eats a celebratory dinner, Bryce pours wine, sits.

NATHAN(RAISING GLASS)
Well, Bryce, It didn't think you'd actually pull it off.

Bryce winks at Shari. They all clink glasses.

SHARI
I knew he would.

BRYCE
We. We pulled it off. Together. The
dumb-ass was fixing her make-up
while driving. She deserved it.

NATHAN
Oh no, Bryce. This was your show.

BRYCE
But you were the co-star.

SHARI
Then what does that make me?

NATHAN
The supporting cast.

BRYCE
Featuring Shari as the Concerned On-
looker!'

NATHAN
You know, Bryce, I was really
nervous. I thought for sure we'd
get busted, but she believed it!
Cops too!

BRYCE
People eat what you feed them.

NATHAN
Yeah, I suppose so.

SHARI
No one ever went broke
underestimating the American
Public!

NATHAN
I'll drink to that...

They clink glasses again.

SHARI
Know what, guys? I tought it was
fun.

NATHAN
Really? Fun? Wow.

SHARI

Yup! I can't wait to do it again.

NATHAN

Do it again ... ?!

SHARI

Sure! We can't stop now, we're just getting started.

NATHAN

Honey, it worked, you got lucky a couple of times. Don't you think enough is enough? Bryce, try and talk some sense into her!

BRYCE

Actually, I was kinda thinking the same thing. She's a natural. Did you see that panic act?

NATHAN

Now you guys are starting to scare me.

SHARI

I am serious though.

NATHAN

You really want to do this again?

SHARI

Uh, Yeah! I mean, can't you see we're on a roll?!

NATHAN

No. Not really.

BRYCE

Sure we are! Just think positive, Nathan.

NATHAN

I AM thinking positive. I'm positive it's stupid and wrong. Let's think positive about ripping people off! Jesus, you two!

BRYCE

America rips us off!

SHARI

It's really not that bad, Nathan.

NATHAN

Oh, no! Sure, it's not. No, it's fine, just fine. Good. Yeah.

BRYCE

We're just doing what we gotta do. It's survival!

NATHAN

Thank you, Mr. Darwin. Look, guys, I just think...

SHARI

You think too much.

BRYCE

I have an incredible idea. It'll make both of you very happy.

SHARI

What?

BRYCE

Shari wants to do it again, and you need a reason not to be neurotic about all this, right?

SHARI

He's right, honey.

BRYCE

We go out again tomorrow, and this time, our boy Nathan will do the dirty deed!

NATHAN

Fuck that shit! No way!

SHARI

YES! YES It love it! Let's do it!

NATHAN

Uhm... I don't think so.

BRYCE

Come on, Nathan...

SHARI

It'll be good for you...

NATHAN

What part of 'Fuck that shit, No way' didn't you understand?

SHARI
Lighten up, dude!

NATHAN
I think you two have gone crazy.

BRYCE
Be that as it may, I think it's a terrific idea.

NATHAN
I think it sucks. I think you two suck.

SHARI
Right. What time tomorrow, Bryce?

BRYCE
I'm thinking morning rush hour. We should leave here no later than seven AM.

SHARI
Sounds good.

NATHAN
Sounds bad.

SHARI
I'll set the alarm. We'll be up at six.

BRYCE
That's fine.

NATHAN
Wait a minute! It's not fine! Have you been listening to me?! Has it gotten through to you that I want no part of this!?

BRYCE
You sure seemed to be having fun this morning.

NATHAN
Yeah, but that was...

BRYCE
...Different. Yeah, no shit.

SHARI

Okay, Nathan, I have an idea. I'll ride shotgun with you, hold your hand...Give you moral support, whatever!!

NATHAN

Moral support for an immoral act
...

SHARI

Nathan, please.

BRYCE

Come on, it'll be fun, you'll see.

NATHAN

Someone could get hurt.

SHARI

I'm a tough bitch.

NATHAN

Oh, I know that! I could get hurt!

BRYCE

You're a tough bitch, too, Nathan.

NATHAN

Thanks. I think.

SHARI

Please, Nathan? Please... ?

NATHAN

It's just this once, right?

SHARI

I promise.

BRYCE

I'll be beside you the whole way,
Nathan.

NATHAN

How comforting...

SHARI

We won't let anything happen to
you.

BRYCE

How much in debt are you?

NATHAN (SIGHING)
 Alright, fucking wake me up at
 6:00!

BRYCE
 Good! Now, here's how it works....

Bryce grabs some Hot Wheels/Matchbox cars and dumps them on the table and begins to set them up, simulating a mock car crash.

EXT STREETS-NEXT MORNING

(Music: "I Can't Drive 55" - Sammy Hagar)

BRYCE in his car, Nathan and Shari in Nathan's car. Establish walkie-talkies in both cars. Nathan is wearing dark glasses, his collar turned up.

SHARI
 What's with the get up?

NATHAN
 I don't want anybody to recognize me.

SHARI
 Don't be silly, who cares?

NATHAN
 I care...

SHARI
 Come on, James Dean, let's get this over with.

BRYCE pulls alongside, speaks into walkie.

BRYCE
 Ready Freddie? Hey, nice shades...

NATHAN
 Shut up. Let's do it.

BRYCE
 Follow me.

BRYCE gives a thumbs up, Nathan flips him "the bird" in return.

SHARI
 Nathan! I can't believe you did that!

NATHAN

I have a feeling I'm going to be using that gesture a lot today. I might as well get some practice now.

SHARI

Okay ...

NATHAN

So, where's this corrupt little pilgrimage take place?

SHARI

Wherever you want, this is your day. What do you think?

NATHAN

I'm thinking someplace where people don't drive too fast. I really don't need to execute anybody on top of everything else.

SHARI

Nobody's going to die. Why don't we let Bryce pick the spot?

NATHAN

Okay, but I'll still have the final decision.

SHARI

Whatever you say.

BRYCE (ON WALKIE)

Nathan, there's a good spot ahead. Let's get started. Stay behind me. When I say, get in front of the hammer and hit the brakes.

NATHAN

The what?!

BRYCE

The hammer, man! Don't you remember? You're the nail, the other car's the hammer. Weren't you listening last night?

NATHAN

I must've blocked it out.

Shari punches his arm.

SHARI

Listen to Bryce, he knows what he's talking about.

NATHAN

Yeah. That's what scares me...

They approach a traffic light, it goes to amber after Bryce goes through, Nathan crosses over moments before it goes to red.

BRYCE (ON WALKIE)

Way to run that red, baby. I knew you had it in you.

NATHAN

It was orange!

They approach the area for the accident.

BRYCE (ON WALKIE)

Okay, do your stuff, Nathan

NATHAN

Now?!

BRYCE

No, next Tuesday, burrito head!

NATHAN

What do I do, again?

SHARI

Just got in front and hit the brakes. Hammer and nail, nail and hammer.

NATHAN

Easy for you to say, miss "Demolition Derby."

BRYCE

Try it without anyone behind you, get a feel for it.

NATHAN

I can't do this, you guys.

Nathan zips through traffic again, Shari gets into it.

SHARI

Sure you can, do it. Come on, do it!!

NATHAN
I'm looking for someone alone in an
upscale car.

SHARI
So you WERE listening...

She and Nathan search the road. Something catches Nathan's
eye ahead.

NATHAN'S POV

A BMW pulls up next to them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nathan pulls alongside, checking out the driver. A well-
dressed OLDER LADY is chatting on her cell phone, and
gesturing with her hands.

NATHAN
Is she okay? What do you think?

SHARI
Looks fine to me.

NATHAN
Look at her yacking away.

SHARI
Yeah, she's so oblivious. Go for
it.

NATHAN
Oh Jesus ...

SHARI
Relax. Take a deep breath.

NATHAN
Okay.

SHARI
Just pull in front of her...

NATHAN
And hit the brakes. I know, I know

SHARI
Piece of cake.

Nothing to it.

NATHAN

Right.

Well, here goes nothing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nathan pulls his car in front of BMW, lines up for a moment, then hits the brakes.

INTERIOR BMW-CONTINUOUS

The woman screams, drops her phone, jerks her wheel and slams on the brakes.

EXT STREET-CONTINUOUS

the BMW careens wildly, slamming into the back of Nathan's car.

INT NATHAN'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Nathan and Shari, although braced, still take a pretty good hit.

NATHAN (SURPRISED)

Shit! Are you okay?

SHARI

Yeah, I'm fine! You?

NATHAN

Yeah I guess so. That was some jolt.

SHARI

You get used to it.

NATHAN

Yeah ...

INT BRYCE'S CAR

He has watched everything, seems satisfied, grabs walkie.

BRYCE

Atta boy, Nath'!

You guys, okay?

NATHAN
Yeah, we're just fine....

He looks in rear view mirror.

NATHAN'S POV

The woman starts to get out of her car and approach
Nathan's

ON NATHAN

He panics, turns to Shari.

NATHAN
Oh, shit! Uh ... What part of me
hurts ...? What do I do..? What
should I say hurts...?

SHARI
Your neck, your neck!

NATHAN
Right, my neck. (rubs neck) Owww,
my neck, ouch ...

SHARI
That's it.

Here she comes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The lady approaches Nathan's window, taps, Nathan rolls
window down. The woman is very sweet and apologetic.

BMW LADY
Are you alright in there?

NATHAN
My neck hurts! Owww....

Shari stifles a giggle, Nathan nudges her, hiding it by
shifting in his seat.

BMW LADY
Young man, I am so sorry! I
probably shouldn't have been
driving and talking on my cell
phone.

NATHAN
No, you probably shouldn't have!

SHARI
It's probably illegal

BMW LADY
Is it?

SHARI
My father's a cop. I could have you
busted.

BMW LADY
I didn't know. I'm very sorry. I
should have been watching where I
was going. You did stop kind of
suddenly though.....

Shari nudges Nathan, he resumes his act, rubbing his neck.
wincing and grimacing.

NATHAN
I had to stop...there was a kid
..he ran out didn't you see him?

INSERT-THE WALKIE TALKIE

Shari has been keying the microphone.

INT BRYCE'S CAR

He listens in, getting details to be a 'witness.'

BMW LADY
No..I'm so sorry. Are you hurt,
dear?

NATHAN
Yes.

Shari nudges Nathan. Hard.

NATHAN(CON'T) (CONT'D)
Yes, we're both hurt...(to Shari)
Ouch! (To BMW Lady) Owww, my neck!

BMW LADY
Should I call an ambulance?

NATHAN
Yeah! Are you fuckin' deaf!?

Shari is surprised by Nathan's uncharacteristic outburst. So is Nathan. They are further emboldened by Bryce's timely arrival on the scene.

BRYCE

I saw the whole thing. I saw...

SHARI

Oh, good. A witness. Did you see her hit us, sir?

BRYCE

Yes. I saw everything. Lasy, you slid right into them. Thank God that poor kid ran out in front of him and not you!

BMW LADY

Oh my God ...

Bryce moves Woman aside, leans into Nathan's window, feigning concern.

BRYCE

Are you people alright? (sotto voce) That was great guys! Nice touch about the kid running out. (normal voice) Yes, I think you need immediate medical attention. Someone call 911 right away!

NATHAN

Uhhmm....Ouch, my neck!

BMW LADY

Oh, dear. Let me call for help. I have my cell phone right here.

SHARI

Yeah, we know!

BMW LADY

I'll call right away. Oh, dear!

SHARI

I hope you have a good attorney; we were on our way to visit our dying aunt in the hospital ...

NATHAN(SOTTO VOCE)

Shari ...

SHARI

If we don't get to say goodbye to her on her deathbed, I'm holding you personally responsible.

NATHAN

Relax please...

BRYCE

Ma'am, please call 911. Did you say you had a cell' phone?

He leads the frazzled woman away, back to her car.

NATHAN

You need to chill out.

SHARI

I'm just having fun.

Bryce returns to window.

BRYCE

I just called for help. Are you guys okay, man...?!

NATHAN

Oh, cut the shit, Bryce.

BRYCE

Shhh! Lower your voice, please.

NATHAN

I think my neck is really starting to hurt now. And you two are the reason.

We hear SIRENS approaching. Shari giggles and relaxes back in her seat, Bryce acts officious, Nathan just looks sick.

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER

Katie is taking one last drag off a cigarette before the cameras roll. She quickly stubs it out.

KATIE

Looks like a typical LA gridlock traffic. There is a minor injury crash in Beverly Hills involving a Metallic Grey 2004 BMW, which, by the way, is such a bitchin' car. Oh my God, I can't begin to tell you How hot I look in one.

INT THEIR APARTMENT-DAY

INSERT : ONE MONTH LATER

Establish CRUTCHES in corner. The place has been spruced up; some new furniture and decorations. Entertainment center, etc. The little scam has obviously worked. Shari enters, arms full of bags. Nathan enters from bedroom.

NATHAN
Shopping again?

SHARI
I never met a sale I didn't like.

NATHAN
Well, you might want to slow down a little. Don't go through all the money so fast.

SHARI
If I do, I'll just jump behind a car parallel parking at rush hour.

NATHAN
Look, we pulled it off once, but that was just to get us out of the hole. Plus, a little payback. Let's not get greedy.

SHARI
Are you kidding? I can't wait to do it again! I mean, it's so easy. You scream 'my leg hurts' and the insurance company gives you \$40,000 to shut up! This is incredible!

NATHAN
Wait a minute, Shari. We can't get hog wild, and pig distracted here. Don't you feel the least bit guilty? She's got all those kids to feed and now her insurance is going to double!

SHARI
Fuck them! You said that, remember?

NATHAN
Yes., but ...

SHARI
It was your idea to go along with it!

NATHAN

I know but I just don't think we should do it again. I've got a really bad feeling about this whole thing...a really bad feeling, hun.

SHARI

Fine. Then I'll do it on my own. I don't need your help anyway.

EXT STREETS-DAY

Shari careens through traffic, desperate and anxious. Cars honk as they barely miss her, or she them.

INT SHARI'S CAR

Shari scours the cars, seeking the right victim, the light area. The concentration and near-madness shows on her face.

SHARI

God, I hope I can do this ...

Something catches her eye up ahead.

EXT STREETS-SAME

SHARI'S POV of a Shiny red Ferrari. The driver is a MAN about 50-something.

INT SHARI'S CAR-SAME

SHARI

Bingo!

EXT STREETS-SAME

The Ferrari weaves and slaloms through traffic. Shari follows move for move - she's actually getting the hang of this and starting to enjoy the chase. She makes a particularly clean move...

INT SHARI'S CAR

SHARI

Yesss! Come on, baby!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ferrari turns off toward residential area. Shari is right behind.

SHARI(VO)
That's it, pops. Let's do this...

EXT SUBURBAN STREETS-DAY

The Ferrari slows, the man peering out of passenger side, looking for an address. Shari zips around him, getting in front.

INT FERRARI-SAME

The man's eyes are on the passing houses. He does not know Shari's in front of him.

INT SHARI'S CAR-SAME

She looks around, sees ...

SHARI'S POV

A dog running loose in the neighborhood. There is no one else around.

INT SHARI'S CAR-SAME

Shari smiles to herself. In INSERT we see her foot slam on brake pedal.

EXT STREETS-SAME

Shari's car screeches to a halt, the Ferrari smacks into rear-end of Shari's car at about 15 mph without braking.

INT SHARI'S CAR-SAME

She takes a pretty good hit which jolts her a little more than she anticipated - Her body jerks with the impact, her head flying against the support. She screams in shock - and a little pain - but she's otherwise okay.

INT FERRARI-SAME

The man is momentarily stunned, then instantly shocked/furious.

FERRARI MAN
Jesus Christ!!!

MAN'S POV

Of Shari through her back window, looking at him in rear-view mirror, rubbing her neck.

INT FERRARI-SAME

The man's smirk says he knows what has just happened. He storms out of car.

EXT SUBURBAN STREET/INT SHARI'S CAR-SAME The man goes to Shari's window.

FERRARI MAN(NEW YORK ACCENT)
What da fuck do you think you're doing, ya crazy bitch?!

SHARI
My neck hurts! Thanks for asking.

FERRARI MAN
Bull shit! I saw what you did. I know these games. You pulled out in front of me and slammed on your brakes. I saw you, you fucking, stupid, little bitch!

Shari is slightly intimidated and caught off-guard by this brusque and aggressive man. Without her backup, she nervously tries bravado.

SHARI
I pulled around you because you were going so FUCKING slow! Then a dog ran right out in front of me. See?

She points o/s, man turns to look

THEIR POV

The dog roams around, sniffing trash cans, etc.

SHARI (CON'T)

So I had to slam on the brakes!
Besides, you rear-ended me! It's
not my fault you weren't watching
where you were going!

The man gets right in her face.

FERRARI MAN

Bull-fucking-SHIT!! You made me hit
you! You think I haven't seen this
kind of thing before? You did this
on purpose. You think I'm stupid?

Shari is really scared now. Plus, she has suffered a mild
case of whiplash, the pain is starting to kick in. She is
close to tears.

SHARI

It's your fault ...

FERRARI MAN

If you need money this bad, got a
job. Me, I work for my money. I
don't scam people.

SHARI

It was an accident.

FERRARI MAN

Bull-Goddam-mother-fuckin' SHIT!!

Shari starts to cry, the man checks his watch, looks around

MAN'S POV

The inevitable small crowd has started. Just 2 or 3 for
now...

FERRARI MAN

Okay. What's done is donw. How much
do you want?

SHARI

What ... ?

FERRARI MAN

I'm asking you, how much money do you want from me, you stupid greedy asshole? Come on...come on....how much?

SHARI

I don't know!?

FERRARI MAN(MOCKING)

I don't know!? Well, that's a start. Look, If we report this my insurance... Do you have any idea? The insurance on a Ferrari? Forget about it! I don't need this and I'm sure you are gonna try to sue me and I really don't need that. So, let's just settle this bullshit right now. I just give you some cash to keep your little lying mouth shut. It will save us both lotta headaches, capiche?

He pulls a wad of cash out of his pocket. Shari is unsure what to make of this.

FERRARI MAN(CON'T) (CONT'D)

So, how much? \$5,000? \$7,000?

The man starts to pool off hundreds. Shari can't believe her luck. If it's too good to be true...

SHARI

Uhm... It guess five-thousand would be fine. Thank you.

FERRARI MAN

I needed this like I need a fuckin' hole in the head.

He flings the money at Shari, right in her face. Shari is floored but still upset by his treatment of her.

FERRARI MAN (CON'T) (CONT'D)

Next time you pull something like this, I hope your neck gets broken.

The man strides to his car and peels away. Shari digs through her purse and gets her cell phone. She tries to start the car, no luck.

XT SHARI'S APARTMENT BUILDING-LATER

A TOW TRUCK, with Shari's car on the hook, pulls up to the front. Shari gets out, waves to the driver, goes inside.

INT SHARI'S BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

Shari soaks in a bubble bath. Nathan enters.

NATHAN
Knock-knock

SHARI
Hey.

NATHAN
Tired?

SHARI
I had a bad day.

NATHAN
I know, I heard.

Bryce told me. He is gonna swing by later to see how you feel.

SHARI
I feel sick.

NATHAN
Do you want to go to the doctor?

SHARI
It's not that kind of sick.

NATHAN
You know, Shari, that jerk from New York did a very kind thing to you.

SHARI
Yeah, verbally abusing me.
Threatening me. Very kind.

NATHAN
Shari, this guy could have really fucked you. He could have been a high-powered attorney or something. You should be grateful.

SHARI
It was his fault! He hit me!

NATHAN
Shari, please. Don't insult my
intelligence right now.

SHARI
Whatever.

NATHAN
Look, maybe we should just quit all
this staged accident stuff. It's
getting too creepy. Not to mention
dangerous.

SHARI
Yeah, well, I just made \$5,000.
Cash! Today!

NATHAN
Was it worth it?

No reply from Shari.

NATHAN (CON'T) (CONT'D)
Shari ... ?

SHARI
I don't know.

NATHAN
I say we quit while we're ahead.

SHARI
Sure.

NATHAN
Look, why don't I make you a nice
dinner? Steak & fries, your
favorite. Sound good?

SHARI
Sure, yeah. Sounds great.

Nathan leans into tub, brushes her cheek with a kiss.

NATHAN
I love you.

SHARI
Thanks ...

Nathan exits bathroom. Shari stares into space, her eyes wild
and wide. She is going mad.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Shari is on the phone, talking a mile a minute. We HEAR aKNOCK at the door. Shari opens the door.

EXT. DOOR

A short, balding MAN - HAROLD VARMUS - stands there, smiling blankly at SHARI.

HAROLD
Shari Barnes.

SHARI
Yeah.

HAROLD
Harold Varmus.

He hands a business card to Shari.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Consolidated Insurance.

SHARI
I'm pretty busy now, and I already have....

HAROLD
I'm not here to sell anything. I'd like to speak with you for a minute.

SHARI
I'm tied up.

HAROLD
Ma'am, I really think we need to talk.

SHARI(SIGHING)
Okay.

Shari motions for Harold to come into the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT

SHARI
Have a seat.

Harold sits down on the sofa. He looks around the apartment, noticing the new stereo, DVD player, etc.

HAROLD
I'm part of a special unit. We investigate car accidents. I look for patterns of....

SHARI (INTERRUPTING)
I don't see how this relates to me.

HAROLD
Well, you see...

SHARI
I'll be having dinner in about twenty minutes, so can we cut to the chase.

HAROLD
Miss Barnes, you've been in three automobile accidents....

SHARI
So.

HAROLD
In the last seven months. That's a lot of bad luck.

SHARI
Ever driven in LA?

HAROLD
At Consolidated, we think you represent an aberration. Coincidence? Pattern? That's what I intend to find out.

SHARI
Hey.... Shit happens. If you did your research properly, you'd find that I was the victim in all three accidents.

HAROLD
Oh you're right, ma'am. You're very right. We do our research pretty thoroughly. And I find you, in all due respect, a little puzzling.

SHARI
Look, all the accidents were investigated by the LAPD. They didn't find anything puzzling.

HAROLD
You're right. I just went over the reports this morning.

SHARI
I'm gonna have to go. I have some dinner guests.

Harold gets up and stares at Shari.

HAROLD
It is that time, isn't it? Well, we'll be in touch.

SHARI
You know where I live.

HAROLD(SMILING)
Take care.....

Harold exits, Shari closes the door behind him.

SHARI
Shit!

EXT. CAR NIGHT

Bryce, Shari, and Nathan are in the desert somewhere, cruising along.

INT. CAR

BRYCE
Don't worry about that investigator, Shari. They won't do shit.

NATHAN
I told you. What goes around...

SHARI
Shit, you guys. I don't want to go to jail

BRYCE
You won't.

NATHAN
It was just a matter of time.

BRYCE

They are just trying to scare you.
I've never been caught.

NATHAN

That's something to be proud of.

BRYCE

At least I can pay my bills.

NATHAN

At least I'm never going to prison.

SHARI

Shut up, both of you.

BRYCE

So, what do you want to do?

At that moment, they pass a vintage Cadillac with an old man behind the wheel. Shari and Bryce share an evil look. Nathan catches their glance.

NATHAN

Oh no! Enough is enough. Don't you
guys think we've created enough bad
karma already?

Bryce answers by changing lanes suddenly, placing the car a few yards in front of the old man and adjusting his mirror.

INT OLD MAN'S CAR-SAME

The man cruises along, almost oblivious to his surroundings.

BRYCE

Fuck karma!

Shari smiles wickedly, Bryce gauges the timing and distance in the mirror, Nathan buckles seat belt.

NATHAN

Here we go...

They all brace for the crash as Bryce slows.

EXT HIGHWAY-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

The bumpers of the two cars got closer and closer..

INT OLD MAN'S CAR-NIGHT

The man squints, not sure of what he sees ahead, but keeps going.

EXT HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The bumpers are now inches apart.

INT TRIO'S CAR-NIGHT

Shari is licking her lips with excitement.

SHARI

Now!

Bryce slams on his brakes, the old man's car hits at full speed going out of control as it hits the guardrail. Bryce has to speed up and swerve to avoid being swept up in the impact. Old man's car goes off the road and flips over several times. Bryce pulls over, they run to crash scene, can see old man motionless in car. They stare in shock but are too scared to go any closer.

BRYCE

Oh, Jesus.

NATHAN

Did you see the car flip over?

SHARI

He was barely moving, how could he lose control of the car like that?!

NATHAN

We should go for help.

SHARI

No! Let's get the hell out of here!

NATHAN

What if he's still alive? What if he needs our help.

SHARI

Come on, Nathan, what's the first thing people do for the good Samaritans who save their lives? Sue them!

BRYCE
I'll go check on him. You two stay
here.

EXT ACCIDENT SCENE-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

BRYCE walks to old man's car, leans in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The man is obviously dead. Bryce returns to car.

SHARI
Is he dead?

BRYCE
Let's just go.

SHARI
Is he dead, Bryce?

NATHAN
We can't just leave him.

BRYCE
You want to go to jail?

SHARI
It was an accident!

NATHAN
Let's call the police and say we
witnessed an accident.

BRYCE
You think the police would believe
us, especially with that
investigator sniffing around?
They're gonna start asking
questions, then we're fucked.

SHARI
He's right, honey. I could get in
big trouble.

NATHAN
I don't know, guys. This ...

BRYCE
Look, there's no one around.

SHARI
No one saw this.

BRYCE
Think you can keep a secret?

SHARI
Nathan...

NATHAN
Sure...

BRYCE
That's my boy!

SHARI
Go, Bryce. Please. The car pulls
away, leaving the grisly scene
behind in the desert. They drive
home in silence, arriving home at
dawn

(MONTAGE)

INT HAROLD VARMUS' OFFICE -DAY

Harold is on the phone, taking notes on a legal pad.

HAROLD
...Okay....Uh huh...Okay....

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT CELL PHONE-CONTINUOUS

ECU a woman's hands nervously clutching the iPhone.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Do you need any more information?

HAROLD
Just the time and date.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From the back, the woman looks around furtively. She is wearing a scarf on her head and dark glasses. We do not see her face. The woman digs through her purse, extracting a business card. She flips it over before we see the printing.

WOMAN'S VOICE
March 4th of this year.

HAROLD
That's all I need for now. Thank
you.

He hangs up. She hangs up. CAMERA closes on the front of
business card. It reads: "Stephanie Hall, Court
Reporter/Stenographer." PAN UP to her face as she exits
booth. We now see it's the Court Reporter from the
deposition.

EXT. SHARI AND NATHAN'S HOUSE- DAY

ESTABLISHING A typical sunny LA morning.

INT. THEIR HOUSE- SAME

The three sit morosely on the couch. Sunlight streams
cheerily through the windows on the otherwise somber scene.

SHARI
My stomach hurts. I feel sick.

NATHAN
Me, too!

BRYCE (A WHISPER)
Oh, God.

SHARI
Now what?

BRYCE
Now what, what?

SHARI
Now what do we do?

NATHAN
There's nothing we can do. He's
dead.

SHARI
I didn't mean about that ...

NATHAN
Then what did you mean? Now what
about your damned money?

SHARI

I just meant ... Never mind what meant.

NATHAN

Do you even care at all, Shari?

SHARI

Of course, I care! Do you think I'm some narcissistic bitch or something?

NATHAN

Actually, Shari, Yes, I am starting to think just that.

SHARI

Well, fuck you very much.

BRYCE

Guys, come on. let's got some rest and forget all about it.

NATHAN

Forget all about it, Bryce ... ?

BRYCE

We didn't do anything wrong! It was an accident!

NATHAN

Bryce, do you really believe the things you tell yourself?

SHARI

What if somebody did see us, got your license number, Bryce.. ? The police would come here... What if his family turns around and sues us ...?

BRYCE

Nobody saw! They're not gonna find us, okay ... ?

NATHAN

You can't be sure. Shari's right. What if....?

BRYCE

What if, what if, what if. Blah blah, blah.

NATHAN

I think Shari has a good point.

BRYCE

I don't!

SHARI

Too bad! You're out numbered.

The tension breaks. A little. The three settle and ponder the realities.

NATHAN

Actually, if any one did see, they probably would have found us by now, don't you think?

SHARI

Yeah, that's right. We haven't had a call or anything. I'm sure we're okay.

BRYCE

Yeah, we're fine.

NATHAN

I guess.

SHARI

It's a shame about the old man. But that part was an accident. We didn't mean for him to die! Besides, it's not like he was cut down in his prime or anything! It's social Darwinism, survival of the fittest.

NATHAN

You really have a way with words, babe!

SHARI

Listen. Shit happens. We're here, we're okay. No harm, no foul...

NATHAN

Shari...

SHARI

Shut up, Nathan! That old fart shouldn't have been driving at all, he was blind for Chrissakes. How many kids of tricycles are alive today because of us?

BRYCE
Yeah! You go girl!

NATHAN
Will you just listen to yourself?
Do you have any idea of what you
are saying?

SHARI
I know exactly. Nothing's ever been
clearer. It was all meant to
happen, I'm sure of it.

NATHAN
I'm not sure of anything anymore

BRYCE
One thing's for sure. We're broke
again ...

SHARI
I know. We need to go again. Now.

NATHAN
Shari, please.

SHARI
One last time. On the freeway,
it'll be easier to look like an
accident. Now. Less traffic.

NATHAN
No!

SHARI
Now. While we're hot. Now before
the high wears off. NOW!!

NATHAN
Shari, stop it! No more! We just
killed somebody.

BRYCE
No, we didn't.

NATHAN
You shut up!

SHARI
Please. One last time, I promise.
No more. A big hit, a bit score.
Look, I have a plan. We'll make
enough to live high, I swear.

The guys look at each other, back at Shari.

SHARI(CONT.) (CONT'D)
So, we'll jump on the 405, find the right mark, Bryce will do his thing and Nathan and I will be the witnesses.

BRYCE
How do I know who the mark is?

SHARI
I'll pick it. I've got something special in mind.

NATHAN
What is it?

SHARI
Patience, my dear. Patience. Bryce, get the radios and let's get in our cars. I want to get this over with.

BRYCE
You're the boss (leaves)

NATHAN
Okay, Shari. Lead the way.

SHARI
I plan to.

She walks off, Nathan watches her go, reluctantly follows, Bryce piles after them with the radios.

EXT 405 SOUTHBOUND ON-RAMP-DAY

Traffic is medium-light. The trio joins the flow. The traffic helicopter surveys the traffic. We can faintly hear Katie Carlson's voice on the car-radios

INT SHARI'S CAR-SAME

Shari speaks on her walkie-talkie.

SHARI
Follow me on to the freeway. Once we're on, take the lead, Bryce. I'll hang back. Nathan, stay at least five car lengths behind me. I'll call the mark then it's all you, Bryce.. got it?

INT BRYCE'S CAR/INT NATHAN'S CAR-SAME

They respond ad-lib to Shari, are both a little surprised at how in charge Shari has become.

NATHAN/BRYCE
Gotcha. Copy that...

EXT FREEWAY-CONTINUOUS (AERIAL VIEW)

They cruise in formation.

NATHAN(VO)
Where are we driving to?

SHARI
Just waiting for the right mark...

BRYCE
If we wait much longer, we're going to wind up in San Diego.

SHARI
Okay, okay! (looks ahead, smiles)

SHARI'S POV

A TANKER TRUCK barrels along about 1/4 mile ahead.

INT SHARI'S CAR/INT ALL CARS-CONTINUOUS

SHARI
Bryce, do you see the gas truck?

BRYCE
Yes. I see it ... How could I miss it, it's fuckin' huge!?

SHARI
Well ... ?

BRYCE
Well what?

SHARI
Pull in front., hit the brakes, let him hit you, what do you think?

BRYCE
I think I don't wanna get hit by no gas truck!!

SHARI

Oh, come on! Just make him lock it up and tap you, you can do it! Do you know how much we could get from an oil company!?

NATHAN

Do you know how fast that truck is going? Shari? A gas truck? That's the 'something special'

SHARI

Stay out of this, Nathan. you're just a witness.

BRYCE

Listen, Shari, I don't ...

SHARI

No, you listen! We gotta make this last one count. This is a oil company. We are going to be millianaires! If we're going to get out, let's get out with a bang!

BRYCE

So, you think if I got far enough ahead of the truck ... ?

SHARI

Yes, you can determine when and how hard he hits you, you can judge the distance, I've seen you do it. As long as he locks his brakes, and you don't ...

BRYCE

I'm in control of the sitch!

SHARI

You got it!

NATHAN

Easier said than done, guys!

SHARI

Thanks for the vote of confidence! I told you to stay out of it, Nathan.

BRYCE

Well, Shari, playing this game on a freeway is risky enough, but an eighteen-wheeler?! A tanker no less?!

SHARI

Don't be such a pussy, Bryce. You know you can do this. You're the best driver I know. Now, do you want the good life or not?

Bryce battles within himself, finally comes to a decision.

BRYCE

Wish me luck!

SHARI

Alright Bryce! This is it, baby. Don't fuck this one up.

NATHAN puts walkie-talkie down on seat.

NATHAN(TO HIMSELF)

Good luck, Bryce...

EXT FREEWAY-VARIOUS ANGLES-CONTINUOUS

Bryce accelerates, pulls in front of TANKER at high speed and hits his brakes, tanker locks his brakes, starts to JACK-KNIFE. Bryce backs off his brakes, setting his timing, trucker backs off his brakes to stop jack-knife, blasts air horn. Bryce resets, braces and slams on his brakes again. The truck doesn't brake as well this time, and slams into the rear of Bryce's car HARD, causing it to tip up on its front end as the tanker jack knifes behind it. As the trailer comes around, Bryce's car is tumbling end over end, his body, although seat-belted, is thrown violently around in the cabin, the truck now starts to roll over sideways. Gasoline spilling from ruptured lines and tanks is instantly ignited by the sparks of the screeching metal. As Bryce's car comes to rest from it's deadly tumble, it is engulfed by the fireball. Bryce, on fire, crawls from the wreckage, stumbles a few feet before collapsing on the side of the road. The trucker, partially aflame, jumps out of overturned cab, rolls on ground to extinguish flames, runs to Bryce and kneels beside him. Shari and Nathan pull over and run to where Bryce lies motionless. Smoldering. Dead.

INT TRAFFIC HELICOPTER-SAME

Katie witnesses the horrible crash below. She is visibly shaken. She stares into CAMERA, trying to regain her composure.

KATIE

Did you get that, Charlie...? Okay.
Uhm..There's been a terrible
accident... ..As you saw...Oh my
God, I am like so totally freaked
out right now! Ewww there is this
huge explosion and dead bodies all
over and it is like so gross.....

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shari and Nathan stop a few feet from the grisly scene. A trucker looks up at them, shakes his head.

SHARI

Bryce... Oh no...

NATHAN

Oh God...

They inch closer, trucker moves away, revealing a charred, unrecognizable pile of flesh that used to be their friend. Shari is near-hysterics, can barely stand. Traffic has obviously come to a standstill. A few other cars have scraped and hit, but no one else is seriously hurt. People rush from their cars, offer help, make cell phone calls. Shari runs away, collapses at side of road, Nathan turns and vomits. SIRENS begin to be heard; the chaotic scene grows.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

POLICE and PARAMEDICS begin to approach the scene. One goes to Bryce's inert form, checks quickly, shakes his head, covers with a blanket, walks away.

ON SHARI

Ever the self-preservationist, she deftly avoids the cops and runs to Nathan

SHARI

Let's got out of here, Nathan.
Please! Before the cops start
asking questions, please?

Nathan glares at her. Incredulous at her selfishness. She pulls him away; they get into their respective cars and drive off.

INT. THEIR APARTMENT-SAME DAY

They sit on the couch like zombies.

SHARI

What're we going to say if somebody calls here?

NATHAN

I'm sure the police will contact his family.

SHARI

I didn't mean that ... What if the police ...or that trucker... ?

NATHAN

Oh, just shut up, Shari! No one's gonna connect us to that accident!

SHARI

But what if ... ?

NATHAN

God-dammit! Don't you ever shut the fuck up?

SHARI

Don't you speak to me that way, fucker!

NATHAN

It's all about you, huh? 'Me, me, me. My friend's dead and all I care about is me, me me.' Damn! You're one sick, selfish bitch!

Shari grabs purse, jacket and keys, heads for door.

SHARI

Well, you can sit here and fuck around all you want, I'm going to get rich.

NATHAN

What the hell are you talking about?

SHARI

Idiot! I still have yet to get my
40,000!

NATHAN

What?

SHARI

Hey, you asked, I answered. I
assumed you wanted honesty.

NATHAN

Jesus Fucking Christ! did you not
see what happened out there? Did
you see BRYCE HUH? Did you see his
car flipping end-over-end? Did you
see him burned to a crisp? Did you
not see that? Did you?! And you
know what? It's all your fault!
It's your fault Bryce turned into a
crispy critter on the 405 freeway.
Your fucking greed caused our
friend to die. How do you feel
about that, you shit-sucking little
cunt?

SHARI

- Let me explain something to you
Nathan. Sometimes in life, people
need to learn lessons, and
sometimes people only learn those
lessons when they are taught in an
ugly way. Now get out of my way.

NATHAN

What the hell are you talking
about?

SHARI

It's called survival. In case you
haven't noticed, it's a hard thing
to pull off.

NATHAN

You're fucking crazy.

SHARI

Excuse me?

NATHAN

Nothing, Shari. Nothing at all

SHARI

You're just jealous. You're jealous because you're weak, and I'm strong. Now, get the fuck out of my way.

NATHAN

If you walk out that door, I'll be gone when you got back, and I won't tell you where I'm going.

SHARI

Then I guess I'll keep all your mail!

She storms out the door, Nathan follows, yells after her.

NATHAN

Yeah, see ya!

She glares back at him, gets into her car, peels out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A BLACK CAT crosses Shari's path as the car speeds away.

ON NATHAN

He watches her go, angry, sad and confused. He goes in, closes door. Alone.

INT NASTIC'S OFFICE-DAY

John sits behind his desk. His intercom buzzes. He pushes the talk button.

JOHN

Yes, what is it?

Before the receptionist can answer, the inner door bursts open. Three large detectives and Harold Varmus enter his office flashing badges and guns. Nastic raises his arms and allows the men to lead him off peacefully past his crying receptionist.

INT SHARI'S CAR-DAY

Shari drives, her moods shifting and twisting inside her.

At once angry, crying, laughing and cursing. DAY turns to DUSK turns to NIGHT.

EXT FREEWAY-NIGHT

Shari comes up behind a LARGE MOVING VAN, accelerates, and goes around it as the vehicles approach a dark TUNNEL.

INT SHARI'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Shari's devilish, grinning face goes in and out of light as the car enters the tunnel.

SHARI
Come on, baby!!

EXT FREEWAY-CONTINUOUS The vehicles disappear into the dark tunnel.

SCREEN BLACK. SOUND of a horrible crash is heard.

KATIE(VO)
This is Katie Carlson signing off.
Everybody have a safe drive home.
Be considerate of other drivers, no
speeding, tailgating....oh, why am
I tell you all this. I'm late for
my French manicure. Good night,
everybody.

END CREDITS ROLL

AERIAL SHOT/HELICOPTER POV

(Music: "Cars" - Gary Numan) Various radio, traffic and helicopter SOUNDS

VARIOUS ANGLES

The traffic and the helicopter, mutually dependent.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END