

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A WOMAN'S TERRIFIED FACE fills our vision. This is PEARL (25) blonde, sweat smeared makeup, lips curled back, eyes bulging as she

SCREAMS her lungs out, struggles desperately.

Large HANDS yank a PLASTIC BAG over Pearl's head. She's sucking in plastic, her screams become muffled gasps.

PEARL'S POV: through fogging, sweating plastic we see the face of olive-skinned BRUTE. The bag's distortion makes him deformed, monstrous.

He seizes us roughly. The world TUMBLES and we FALL into darkness, land with a THUD

in the TRUNK of car.

Looming over, looking down at us, is the BRUTE.

We frantically snap bicycle KICKS up at him; he bats them aside.

BRUTE cocks a meaty fist

SMASHES US INTO:

INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

BLACKNESS

FOOTSTEPS and MUFFLED MALE and FEMALE VOICES

An engine ROARS into life.

PIN PRICKS OF LIGHT stab into the BLACKNESS transforming it to GLOOM.

Pearl lays unconscious in the trunk, bag over her head, hands behind her back, jostled by the car's movement.

She SPASMS, one huge SUCKING in of plastic.

She arches up, RAKES her face against an internal TRUNK HINGE.

The plastic is RIPPED open and Pearl GASPS, collapses back.

She stares, wild eyed, SUCKING in breath. BLOOD OOZES from her lacerated cheek, pooling inside the remains of the plastic bag.

Pearl bursts into action, writhes about, slides her hands under her butt, gets them out in front of her; they are bound with a thick PLASTIC BAG TIE.

Pearl wiggles herself over onto her front, comes face to face with

a WOMAN'S CORPSE, face battered to pulp, mouth a rictus of agony, wearing a blood-stained white HOODIE.

Pearl whimpers. She strokes the corpse's BLOOD SOAKED HAIR, kisses its RUINED LIPS lovingly. Closes the woman's eyes.

Pearl transforms from grieving thing to trapped animal. She breaks into a frantic search of the corpse's attire, discovers something in one of the HOODIE pockets, holds up a

BOX CUTTER

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - DAY

A lone black CHRYSLER 300 car bounces along a crumbling asphalt road.

Driving the Chrysler is IVAN (40s) Russian with goatee, smooth dome head, silk Armani top, haunted expression.

In the passenger seat is Farhid (55) olive skinned, hard core biker, face of a crazed pit bull.

Farhid has a GLOCK PISTOL trained on Ivan.

Up ahead the dilapidated remains of an INDUSTRIAL SITE. The Chrysler is heading for it.

A turnoff appears; a trail nearly hidden by overgrown forest.

The Chrysler slows.

Ivan checks on Farhid out of the corner of his eye. The crazed pit bull is staring ahead at their destination.

Ivan sneaks a peak in the rear view mirror. Expressionless, he witnesses the Chrysler's TRUNK LID rising.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

CLICK

A SLASH OF LIGHT blinds Pearl. Her jostling lessens, brake pads SQUEAL.

Pearl grips the BOX CUTTER defensively, shuffles forward, peers out of the trunk.

WEEDS and ASPHALT roll by.

No time to think. Pearl coils, SPILLS out of the trunk.

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

THUD

Pearl SMACKS onto the road, TUMBLES after the Chrysler.

Her limbs flail about as she slows, then stops; a bloodied and bruised pile.

The BOX CUTTER CLATTERS on a short distant.

Pearl painfully lifts her head.

The Chrysler's TRUNK bounces shut and the car disappears around the turn off.

Pearl, staring in disbelief, spots the BOX CUTTER. Fighting her body's injuries, she scrambles to the implement, saws at her bindings like a madwoman.

brrrrrrBRRRRRR SCREEEEEEEECH

Pearl's head snaps up.

A white CHEVROLET IMPALA is fishtailing towards her, SMOKE billowing from its locked tyres.

Too late to move! Pearl throws up her hands.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

BWAAAP BWAAAAAAAAAAA a car horn howls angrily.

Pearl's arms are crossed protectively over her face. She's dressed in a worn, loose fitting tracksuit, a backpack slung over her shoulder.

TAXI DRIVER (O/S)
You trying to get yourself killed?

Pearl drops her arms. She wears GLAMOROUS MAKEUP and her hair is STYLED. She's georgous.

She's frozen in the middle of a city street blocking the path of a TAXI. Behind Pearl, a BUS pulls away.

TAXI DRIVER (50) angry Pakistani, neatly dressed, waving a fist out the driver's window.

TAXI DRIVER
Stupid woman--

CLANG