

STUCK TOGETHER

by

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INT. CAR, DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

A tired old Torino hustles down the highway. It's dented, rusty, and being pushed a little too hard for its age. Inside the engine clatters. Beads hang from the mirror with expired air fresheners. Blankets cover the seats.

ALICIA snaps round concerned as a road sign breezes by. Clad in a well worn leather jacket, she looks like a discount store rockstar.

ALICIA
Shouldn't we be going a
different way?

SCOUT casually gazes over her imitation designer sunglasses at the map in her lap, a guitar on the backseat behind her.

SCOUT
No, if we hit Fairbank, we've gone
too far.

Alicia lays on the throttle a little. The engine hums along with the drone of the tires. The girls sit silent in the breeze. Scout guzzles back a soda.

ALICIA
Time?

SCOUT
Twenty-five-to.

ALICIA
Fuck! This place genuinely is in
bum-fuck-nowhere.

Scout pretends to check the map again.

SCOUT
Look, if this place is that fuckin'
small then it can't really matter,
can it?

ALICIA
Oh it matters. It really fucking
matters. You don't think it
matters? Cos I REALLY think it
matters, Scout.
(beat)
Fuck it, I'm calling them.

SCOUT
Oh, please! You any idea how
desperate that'll sound?

Alicia fumbles with her cell phone with one eye on the road.

ALICIA

Well... we are desperate.

(into cell)

Hey?... Hello?... It's Alicia?...

About the gig tonight?... Look,
we're running a little... Hello?

Alicia glares at her phone as she re-dials.

SCOUT

They hung up? You see, that's how
it works. You look desperate in
this business, and boom, you're
toxic, nobody wants to touch you,
nobody wants to know you...

ALICIA

We're driving into a black hole.
You got signal?

Scout wriggles in her seat as she checks all her pockets.

SCOUT

Shit! I was gonna Instagram the gig
too.

ALICIA

Our big break.

SCOUT

Alicia? Why do we always fuck up so
bad?

Alicia sighs and guns the engine harder.

EXT. CAR, DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Alicia reels as she releases the scolding hot radiator cap.
The Torino on the side of the highway with the hood up. Scout
watches her top up the water from a bottle and takes a swig
from it when she puts it down for a moment.

ALICIA

You mind?

SCOUT

Maybe I'm overheating too. You ever
thought of that?

Alicia snatches the bottle back.

ALICIA

Maybe that's got anti-freeze in it,
you thought of that?

SCOUT

Well, here's hopin'.

Scout, snatches the bottle back, rises to the challenge, and gulps back some more. Alicia has to wrestle it free, water splashes over Scout and the ground.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

We deserve better than this, Ali.
We really do. We've worked too hard
to be putting up with this shit.

ALICIA

Too hard and too long. So, let's
try to not fuck it up now.

SCOUT

I don't know if I'm scared or
excited about this gig, you know?
How can that seem like the same
feeling?

ALICIA

Because both are signs we're
pushing ourselves.

Alicia slams the hood down.

SCOUT

I'd say an overheating engine might
just be a sign we're pushing too
things too hard.

ALICIA

You know what really scares me?
Spending the rest of my sad little
life dreaming about how I'm going
to change the world, rather than
actually doing it.

SCOUT

You know what scares the shit outta
me? Spending the rest of my sad
little life with you?

Alicia shoots back a droll smile. Alicia cranks up the old engine and throws the Torino into gear.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Excited, yeah, I'm excited.

ALICIA
Really?

SCOUT
Yeah, really.

ALICIA
'Cause you should be fucking
terrified.

Alicia floors it. The Torino scrabbles back onto the highway.

INT. CAR, DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Alicia hums notes to herself as Scout strums the same one on the guitar. It's as if they are psychic. The humming and strumming gradually turn to a melody.

The Torino growls down the highway, bringing a little blast of music to an otherwise silent world. A sign for Fairbank passes by. The girls stop singing.

ALICIA
I knew it! FUCK!

Scout cringes at the map. She knows she's messed up.

SCOUT
Okay. No problem. Take the next
turn-off.

Alicia stares ahead at a dirt side-road approaching.

ALICIA
This one? It's not even a real
road, Scout!

SCOUT
It's a shortcut.

They close in on the road.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Ali, for once in our life could we
please take my advice and take the
easy route?

ALICIA
I don't know.

SCOUT
Make the turn Ali!

Right at the last minute, the Torino swerves off onto the dirt. Alicia sits up in her seat and concentrates as they race along, the tires on dirt like white noise.

ALICIA

I hope this is one hell of a shortcut.

SCOUT

Oh, it will be! This is the answer!
No more doubt! No more worrying! No
more anxiety! Demons be gone from
this creature of god!

Alicia opens the throttle and lets the old girl roar. They grin and whoop as they hold on tight. No rules out here.

Scout leans out her window into the rush of the passing air, watching the highway disappear behind a dust cloud.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

You hear that, world? Eat our dust!

BANG! The car hits a pothole. Laughter segues to silence.

ALICIA

Let's hold back on screaming at the
world until we get there, okay?

The car knocks and jolts. Alicia swerves potholes.

SCOUT

Okay, first thing we're doing when
we get discovered, getting an SUV.

They pass a decaying lonely structure some way off the track.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

And bodyguards. Really big
bodyguards.

The track ahead looks impassible. Alicia swallows her frustration and hits the brakes. They skid to a halt.

ALICIA

...and GPS.

Alicia angrily grabs her cell and checks it. Scout daren't say a word. Alicia tosses the cell aside. She doesn't have time to get angry. She throws the old tank into reverse and swings them round.

Scout remains silent as Alicia wrestles the wheel, slams the shifter into drive, and guns it, but--

Churning. The Torino heaves but won't move. Alicia mashes the pedal for a few long awkward seconds.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Fuck! Not now! Come'on!

She guns it. The engine roars as the tires spin.

SCOUT
Okay! Okay! I really don't think that's working.

ALICIA
Ya think?

Alicia tries backward, forward, feathering, and flooring but she's out of her depth. She catches Scout cringing.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
What?

Scout doesn't know what to say.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Could you at least do something?

SCOUT
What?

ALICIA
Push!

Scout pulls a face but Alicia wasn't really asking.

SCOUT
Fine!

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - DAY

A door creaks open. Scout steps out and circles round, trying to take in the vastness of the desert until she zones in on one of the tires buried up to the hubcap.

SCOUT
Oh god. It's real bad.

ALICIA
Just shut up and push, Scout, okay?
You think you can do that?

Scout braces herself against the trunk, flinching for a moment as her palms hit hot metal. Alicia guns it. Scout makes a pathetic attempt at pushing.

Alicia bounces in her seat desperate. Dust swirls around Scout causing her to give up and walk away coughing.

Alicia throws open her door and climbs out, shielding herself from the scolding sunlight. She looks at the stricken Torino and clutches her head.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Fuck! Are you kidding me?

SCOUT

Yeah, you're making me push this heavy piece of shit in this heat.

Alicia wrestles off her jacket and throws it in the car. She scans around. Nothing but the wind and the idling engine. Just the nearby structure among the badlands.

They stare for a few moments. Scout a little guilty.

Alicia lets out a long loud frustrated shriek, drops to her knees, and claws at the dirt around the wheels.

Scout squats by Alicia and tries to help dig, but the fine dirt just runs through their fingers. Scout gives up.

ALICIA

Go get some sticks, okay?

SCOUT

How are some sticks are gonna get us outta this mess? What you gonna do, build a tow truck out of 'em?

ALICIA

Please Scout, just... For once, just do what I need you to do without questioning it.

Scout sighs and trudges away. Alicia lets out a long sigh, shuts off the Torino's engine, slumps against the car and sulks, the scorching sun already frustrating her.

Not ready to give in yet, she goes back to digging, scraping away handfuls of dirty and, with her hands submerged deep in the lose dirt, she pauses startled.

She pulls out an old child's shoe and stares at it. It's glittery pink, the detail all scuffed and worn.

Footsteps pound louder and louder. She snaps round to find Scout sprinting back alarmed. Scout dives into the car, slams the door, and stares out the window with panic in her eyes.

SCOUT

We gotta get out of here, now!

ALICIA

Why?

Scout tries to crank up the Torino.

SCOUT

Just push!

She manages to get the old beast started, throws it into drive, and floors it.

ALICIA

Scout, no! Quit it!

The engine roars over Alicia's calls to stop. The tires spin and dig their way down to hell.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Stop! You're making it worse!

Scout won't listen and stares ahead determined. The engine screams. The tires throw up dirt. Alicia tries the door but it won't open. She leans through the window and manages to shut off the engine.

SCOUT

There's a body, Ali! A dead body!
In the bushes! A dead fucking body!

ALICIA

You sure?

SCOUT

It was a girl, okay, a fucking half
buried girl.

ALICIA

A little girl?

SCOUT

What? You've seen something,
haven't you?

Scout goes to restart the car, but Alicia snatches the keys out the ignition.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Ali! Please!

ALICIA

Scout! Look at me! It's okay.

SCOUT

It's not okay! Why did you ask if it's a little girl?

ALICIA

Because I know why it would be such a big deal.

Alicia hugs Scout tight until Scout's breathing gradually calms. Scout looks up at her haunted.

SCOUT

Go look if you don't believe me.

MOMENTS LATER

Alicia searches the scrub as Scout watches from the safety of the Torino.

ALICIA

Here?

SCOUT

A bit further out!

ALICIA

Here?

Alicia waves flies away and stares down at a branch which looks like a part buried arm.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

It's just a branch, Scout!

SCOUT

You sure?

Alicia kneels down and lifts the branch out to find numerous feathers tied to it and sections painted. She makes her way back to the Torino, holding it up.

ALICIA

It's a prayer stick?

SCOUT

What the hell's prayer stick?

ALICIA

Well, it's complicated, you see?
It's a stick... That's used for
praying.

SCOUT

Well, can you use your magic stick
to get this car out the dirt?

ALICIA

Ain't no amount of sticks going to
get us out of here. We need help.

SCOUT

We need professional help.

ALICIA

In more ways than one.

EXT. ROCK PILE - DAY

From a high vantage point, the girls stand aghast at the sprawling barren alien landscape surrounding them. No sight of the highway they left behind.

ALICIA

We'll walk to the road, flag down a
car, call somewhere for help. That
sound like a plan?

Scout is busy rechecking the signal on the cell phone.

SCOUT

Or, we could chose not to die in
the desert, and wait in the comfort
of our car until someone passes by.

ALICIA

And what if someone doesn't "pass
by", you thought of that?

SCOUT

There's seven billion people in the
world, Ali. All I'm asking is for
one to pass through here.

ALICIA

So, you just want to sit around
waiting for divine intervention?

Alicia starts to make her way down the rock pile angry.

SCOUT
What's your problem?

ALICIA
I wonder what it takes, Scout.
That's all.

SCOUT
For what?

ALICIA
For you to take control, do
something, rely on something else
other than the calvary to come
riding over the horizon and fix
everything. You comin', or not?

EXT. DESERT TRACK - DAY - LATER

The girls wearily trudge along the track with the sun beating down on them. They've been going some time. The bottle of water, nearly empty, sloshes back and forth in Alicia's hand.

SCOUT
Jeeze! Where's the highway gone?

ALICIA
It could be just round the corner.

SCOUT
Your positivity is literally
killing me. You know, every step we
take away from the car is another
step back to the car. Can I get
some more water?

Alicia checks the bottle and begrudgingly hands it over. Scout sips while Alicia watches like a hawk.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
I gotta drink, Ali!

Alicia rolls her eyes and carries on walking. Scout struggles to tail her, stumbling as she steps. Scout trips, falls, and hits the deck hard. Alicia hurries back over and cradles her.

ALICIA
Scout, Scout.

Scout gazes back delirious. Alicia gives her some water.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Stay with me, okay?

She pours a little water on Scout's head.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Don't worry. It'll be dark real soon, and it will get cold.

SCOUT
How cold?

Alicia stares at the endless trail ahead, no sign of the highway. Scout holds her hand tight.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
Don't leave me here, Ali. I just can't keep up.

Alicia thinks for a few long moments.

ALICIA
We'll sleep in the car overnight, make the trek in the morning.

SCOUT
Together?

Alicia doesn't answer. She takes Scout on her arm, helps her up, and starts to limp her back.

As they hobble along Alicia sees bulky footprints in the dirt and double takes, but the wind blows any trace away. She shakes herself to her senses and stares back to the rock pile. A small puff of smoke seems to rise from behind it.

ALICIA
You see that?

She looks back to Scout, who's head rests on her shoulder with her eyes closed.

SCOUT
What?

ALICIA
Nothing.

EXT. DESERT TRACK - SUNSET - LATER

The sun now setting, the girls a lumbering silhouette against it. Alicia gives Scout water and freezes shocked, she stares into the glaring sun at--

The Torino in the distance. A bulky ominous MAN walking away from it in a long heavy coat and cowboy hat.

Alicia drops Scout and paces up the track.

ALICIA
Hey! Hey! Over here! Hey!

He carries on walking. She sprints to exhaustion and falls to her knees in pain, dropping the water as she collapses and folds over. Scout slowly catches up.

SCOUT
Who are you calling?

Alicia looks back up. The Man gone.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
I think you got heatstroke too.

Alicia looks to the bottle, all the water now in the dirt.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER

Scout rests against the Torino as Alicia searches the trunk.

ALICIA
I swear I had some more water just for a situation like this. Typical!

SCOUT
Ali? Look at his.

Scout points to dusty fingerprints smothering the body of the Torino. She looks to Alicia worried.

ALICIA
No, I know what it is. It's just dust sticking to grease from our own fingers. That's all it is.

SCOUT
Ugh, grease from yours maybe.

Scout trudges away, too tired to get scared. Alicia holds her hand over the prints, her hand is too small to match.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The engines rattles and squeaks behind the grille, the headlights glaring into the darkness. The girls sitting in the beam sharing a bag of potato chips.

ALICIA
There's no reason to be scared.

SCOUT
I didn't say I was.

Alicia scrunches the potato chip bag, gets up, and shuts off the engine. They climb into the Torino, crawl under the blankets covering the seats, and lock the doors.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Alicia tosses and turns as Scout sleeps soundly, wrestling with the blanket. The wind howls and bushes rustle. Alicia stares at the condensation forming on a window.

SCREECH! BANG! Alicia lurches up, wipes away a peephole, and peers at the structure in the distance. Nothing. She slowly eases back and--

The Man! At the window. She freezes, swallows a gasp, and stares. He peers in, searching, his face old and weathered.

She remains still. He seems to look directly back into her eyes. She can't tell if he can see her, a few eternal moments pass and then--

He disappears. Alicia draws in the breath she's been holding and lies scared. She clenches her eyes shut and pulls the blanket tightly over her.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - MORNING

Alicia carefully climbs over Scout as she sleeps and crawls out the window. Dropping to the ground, she takes in her surroundings with a new found sense of composure.

She revisits the fingerprints and checks her hand against them. A perfect fit. She strolls into the scrub, searching for the branch she saw. She can't find it.

Scout climbs out the Torino wrapped in the blanket. She pops on some sunglasses, looks round for Alicia, and spots a crystal clear bottle of water on the roof.

Crosses back to find Scout drinking the water.

ALICIA
You found water?

Scout spits out a mouthful.

SCOUT
You found it? Didn't you?

Alicia tries to shake herself to her senses.

ALICIA

Sure. I must have. I mean. I did.
I'm just really hazy right now.

Alicia takes the water and goes to drink. She pauses for a moment unsure and gulps some back.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

You hear or see anything last night?

SCOUT

No. Did you?

Alicia nearly goes to share what she thinks she saw but keeps it to herself and hands the water back. Scout drinks.

ALICIA

I think it's easy to let our imaginations get the better of us out here.

(nodding to structure)

I'm going to check that place out.

SCOUT

I'm not going anywhere near there, Ali. Seriously, I just want to go home.

ALICIA

Me too, but I'm doing something about it.

Alicia leaves for the structure.

SCOUT

-Ali! Be careful, okay?

INT./EXT. STRUCTURE - DAY

Alicia approaches the structure, struggling to see clearly with the sun in her eyes and the dark nooks but then--

A glimpse of The Man in darkness. She hides while stalking him. He seems nonchalant one moment, evasive the next. She continues searching, as if drawn to him.

She enters the structure to find an old dreamcatcher hanging from the ceiling, stirring in streams of sunlight.

ALICIA
 (timidly)
 Hello?

Nothing. She creeps around the back of the structure and--

BANG! Scrap metal clangs to the ground. She startles and regains her composure. She looks up and discovers--

A beat-up old Chevy Blazer. She crosses to it, the engine ticking and pinging as if recently run. She moves to the back and peers inside. A shovel, rope, and something big and bulky wrapped in trash bags.

She reels and backs away but draws toward the glass and focuses on the shovel. She wants it but she's terrified.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
 Hello? Anyone here?

She checks around and tries the tailgate handle. No dice. She moves around and tries a door, it clicks ajar. She eases it open and spies the shovel in the far corner of the trunk.

She carefully leans over the trash bags and tries to reach the shovel. It's just out of her grasp. She stretches, her fingers touch the edge and--

RUSTLE. The bags seem to move. She ducks back out shocked and snaps round to see crows flutter away cawing loudly as if shouting to one another. She shuts the door and heads away quickly, trying her hardest not to run.

She glances back. The Man hurrying out and watching her leave. She runs and looks back again. Nobody there.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - DAY

The Torino stereo blasting. Scout dances and sings softly in front of it, lost in the music and wrapped in a blanket. Alicia rushes up out of breath, trying to stay composed.

ALICIA
 A shovel. I found a shovel. I found
 a way out, but...

SCOUT
 What? What did you see?

Alicia stands fixed. The music blasts.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
 What? What did you see down there?

Gazing around deliriously, Alicia reaches for water, trying to get away from Scout, there's barely a sip left.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Tell me what you saw!

Alicia snaps round furious.

ALICIA

You want to know what'll kill us out here? Not taking things seriously will! Drinking all the water will! Draining the car battery with the stereo will! YOU will! YOU will kill us!

SCOUT

Seriously? I'm trying to find some normality, Ali! I'm trying to help us deal with this shit!

ALICIA

No! You're trying to ignore it.

Alicia grabs a scarf and hurries away. Scout cries.

SCOUT

Don't you dare walk away from me, Alicia! You've NEVER walked away from me! Ever!

Alicia paused conflicted, gathers her strength, wraps herself in the scarf, and carries on. Scout gasps back tears, wraps herself tight in the blanket, and looks to the structure.

EXT. ROCK PILE - DAY

Alicia sits alone on the peak. Her emotions flood out. She wipes back tears and lets the atmosphere cradle her. Sat forlorn and exposed, the breeze gradually comforts her.

She composes herself and finds peace. She sniffs the air. A wisp of smoke floating up from the other side of the rock pile. She climbs down to the smoke within a sheltered nook.

A campfire nearly burnt out, barely still crackling and hissing. She stares darkly at the fading embers.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - DAY

Alicia marches back to the Torino, takes her shirt and jacket out, and re-dresses ready to leave for good.

ALICIA
Scout, get your stuff together.

She looks around for Scout.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
Scout? Scout?

She walks round the Torino to find the blanket lying on the ground on the path to the structure. She shakes her head shocked, her bravado draining fast.

She picks up a branch and warily moves toward the structure.

INT./EXT. STRUCTURE - DAY

Alicia eases close to the metal frame, branch ready to use if needed. She picks up the sound of heavy breathing.

She psyches herself up and bursts in to find--

Scout in a corner, hugging her knees. Alicia rushes to comfort her. Scout stares into the middle distance.

SCOUT
I saw him. You've been hiding him
from me. But he's looking for us.

ALICIA
Were'd you see him?

Scout nods back outside. Alicia peeks out to see the Man crossing to the Torino and searching around it, the wind picking up dust around him.

SCOUT
It's just a matter of time now.
You know the crazy thing? I'm not
scared. Not at all. I'm ready.

ALICIA
I'm not.

SCOUT
Not scared or not ready?

They stare intense. Alicia looks back to the Blazer outside. She narrows her eyes and marches out to it.

She swings open the door determined, leans in, pauses with a moment of fear, reaches over the trash bags, and snatches the shovel. It catches the bag, revealing long hair inside.

Alicia re-enters, sits opposite Scout, and lays down the shovel beside her.

ALICIA

Look, I get it. You're scared, you feel hopeless. You don't think I feel that? But if we don't do this, neither one of us is gonna to make it.

Scout stares back growing angry.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

And if what we're about to do means one of us doesn't make it, I can accept that. But to give up now? No way, no way in hell. So the way I see it, you're either with me or against me.

Scout raises a branch, ready to use it as a weapon.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

So which one is it?

They stare at each other with a deadly look. Alicia raises the shovel and pats it ready to fight.

They look at each other for what they know might be the last time ever and embrace in long tight a hug.

They release and smile teary eyed. Their sadness turns to fury. They leap to their feet.

EXT. DESERT BADLANDS - DAY

Dust swarms through the stormy air. The girls run out the structure, faces gritted, Alicia leading with the shovel, a mean look in her eyes, screaming like a banshee with Scout backing her up.

The Man faces them fearlessly and draws a rusty metal bar from under his coat.

The girl's feet pace across the dirt, their legs cut through the scrub.

Alicia braces the shovel like a baseball bat and--

BANG! She strikes him hard. SMACK! He takes another. THUD! Scout hits him across the back with the branch.

CRACK! SMACK! THWACK! Alicia swings over and over. Scout grabs his arm. He grabs at the shovel.

A flash of the part buried arm flickers to the branch.

Alicia screams and hangs onto the shovel tight, trying to wrestle it out of his grasp. Scout leaps onto his back.

A flash of Scout dancing in-front of the Torino flickers to Alicia dancing in her place.

He throws Scout off him. She falls to the ground.

A flash of the smoldering campfire reigniting in the wind.

He swings the bar at Scout. CRACK!

A flash of the fire roaring, Alicia staring through the crackling flames. The Man and Scout staring back.

With Scout down, The Man turns his attention back to Alicia and swings for her. She dodges but falls to the ground. She edges back as his swipes skim by her.

She looks to Scout, lying on her front, and crawls toward her. WHACK! The Man hits her in the back.

A flash of Alicia sleeping in the back of the car flickers to her lurching awake in the trash bags in the SUV.

Alicia hits the ground, but gets back on her hands and knees and keeps crawling. THWACK! He hits her again, in the leg.

A flash of Alicia lying in the same position as a corpse, the wind blowing dirt over her.

Alicia desperately drags her prone body toward Scout, reaches her, turns her over, and finds--

Scout is fine, she's been playing dead, and letting Alicia take the beating.

Alicia stares down at Scout unsurprised but still with a dark look of betrayal, betrayal that goes back decades.

Scout stares back guilty. The Man rears over Alicia with the shovel raised high and-

He swings hard. Although she can't see it coming, Alicia dodges and dives to the ground beside Scout. THUD!

Alicia opens her eyes to see Scout cough her last few bloody breaths and quickly pass away.

Alicia looks up at The Man towering over her, he lines up the edge of the shovel.

She stares right up at the razor like edge glinting in the light and--

CRUNCH! It slices down right beside her head and pins her hair into the ground.

She lies shocked, blood weeping from a hairline graze on her forehead. He stares down.

She tries to move but writhes in place, unable to free herself, her un-injured leg scraping in the dirt, tears eeking from her eyes and running down her dirtied face.

She won't give up, she feebly kicks and swings at him.

His shadow sweeps away. The sound of dragging.

Alicia manages to turn her head enough to watch him dragging Scout's limp body away.

Scout's feet drag across the dirt, her slumped corpse hanging in the Man's bulky arms as she glides through the wiry brush toward the structure, her eyes closed and face peaceful.

Alicia waits static for her moment. The tension builds as Alicia waits as long as she can and--

She fights furiously to escape, grabbing the shovel with both hands and trying to free it from the ground.

She twists and gasps, pulling her head forward with everything she's got, tearing away hair, and freeing herself.

She snaps up, grabs the shovel, and digs around the Torino's tires fast, frantically throwing dirt behind her.

The Man stops and turns around. She jumps in the Torino, fires it up, and floors it. The tires spin.

ALICIA

COME ON!

He stands motionless, watching her struggle. She stares back. This can't be it. So close. Wait. The blanket!

She leaps out, grabs the blanket, and stuffs it in the hole she's dug. She gets back in, throws the shifter into gear and punches the accelerator.

She screams as the tires find traction and the old Torino crawls it's way out of the holes it's dug.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Torino races through gears, the revs high. Alicia fights the wheel and glances in the rearview.

The Man turns and solemnly carries on dragging Scout away, fading into the dust she's kicking up until he disappears.

Alicia's panting ceases, a look of cautious relief creeps over her as a huge weight lifts from her shoulders.

She adjusts her position to something more comfortable and focuses determined on the road ahead.

The track turns and twists, rises and falls, and eventually flattens out under the endless bright blue sky, and we see it once again in all its shimmering glory, the highway.

THE END