

EXT. MORNING FOREST ROAD

A wrecked car is smashed against the side of a tree. Near it, a truck is rolled over and mangled, it's engine idles. A man in his thirties, MORIR, is motionless with his eyes closed inside the car, his seat belt is fastened to him. Bits of glass are stuck to his face and sticky blood matted his hair to his forehead. From outside the car a woman's crying is heard.

The man slowly wakes up to the crying, he looks around confused and lethargic.

[MAN'S POV]

He looks out the passenger window and see the forest area, down to the passenger seat where there are maps, a thermos, a broken cell phone and a case showered in broken glass. The dash is mangled and the steering wheel is shoved into his ribs and right leg. Metal from the car door is gouged into his left leg. Blood coats the mans abdomen.

[FROM FRONT OF CAR]

The front of the car is smashed in upon itself. The man is visible through the broken window.

Instinctively the man tries to move but can't. The pain stops him and his eyes glaze over in shock as he becomes panicky. He looks around for a way to escape. The man grunts, trying to free himself by reaching out the window and grabbing the roof of the car to pull himself out. His arm shakes and he lets go, breathing heavily and rocking his head back and forth against the head rest in an uneasy motion.

The woman still cries.

MORIR reaches for the door handle and yanks, the door does not open. He tries to force his hand between the seat and the door to trigger the lever for the seat, but mangled metal prevents him. He pushes himself away from the steering wheel. His body does not move very far. We now notice the steering wheel is broken and a large spur of it is stabbing through his center. Blood begins to pour from around the steering spur. Placing the pressure of the steering wheel back into his abdomen slows the bleeding.

The woman still cries

MORIR looks out the driver side window and sees the truck, it is flipped on it's top with one turn signal blinking. One of the trucks back tires spins slowly.

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He tries the door handle from the outside with no luck. He then pulls on the inside door handle again. When it doesn't work he pulls on it sharply, quickly, and then yanks as hard as he can over and over and over. A man fearing his mortality, he screams incomprehensibly in panic.

MORIR

Shut up, shut up, shut up, Shut the fuck up. SHUT UP!

The woman's sobbing increases to wails.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh god, help me. I'm stuck, help me!
Please. Please help me.

The man starts crying and forces the tears back. Angrily he thrashes his arms.

MORIR

I can't! I can't help you. Just stop crying.
(beat)
Fuck!

The woman's sobs continue. MORIR puts his fingers over his eyes trying to stop tears from flowing.

MORIR (CONT'D)

(whispering to himself)
Just stop crying, stop crying so I can think.

The woman still pleads and sobs.

MORIR (CONT'D)

(whispering still)
I can't think like this. You have to stop crying. I can't think, I can't think, I can't think.
(now talking aloud)
I can't think like this. You gotta stop and help me think. You have to stop and help me fucking think! Stop fucking crying!

MORIR screams uncontrollably and slams his head in to the head rest. When he has run out of air, we can hear the WOMAN still weeping softly. MORIR breathes deeply a number of times, trying to collect his thoughts. He wipes sweat and blood from his forehead and continues to try to collect himself.

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CONTINUED: (2)

MORIR (CONT'D)

Hey,

(beat)

Hey you in there. What's your name, huh.

MORIR waits for a response. The woman still weeps softly.

MORIR (CONT'D)

What's your name?

(beat)

Can you hear me?

The woman weeps softly for a few seconds.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes.

MORIR

What's your name?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Lindsay.

MORIR

Ok. um, hi Lindsay. Can you get out of your truck?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

No

(weeping again)

I can't get out. I can't get out of here, you have to help me! I can't get out!

MORIR

Lindsay, Lindsay... Listen to me! You gotta listen Lindsay. I can't get you out.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Oh god no.. I don't want to die here. You have to help me.

MORIR

I can't Lindsay. Lindsay listen.

LINDSAY's moans become louder and more frantic.

MORIR (CONT'D)

Lindsay! I'm pinned Lindsay, and I am bleeding. I can't get to you Lindsay. I can't get to you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORIR (CONT'D)

I'm fucking pinned Lindsay!

(beat)

Can you hear Lindsay, can you hear me?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

(sobbing)

Yes, yes I hear you.

MORIR

I can't get to you! I can't help you
Lindsay. I'm stuck here. Do you
understand me?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yes.

MORIR

I have no way out. I have no way.. out
of this fucking

(beat)

car.

MORIR starts crying silently and thrashing his head around in anguish. LINDSAY softly sobs. MORIR slowly gains control of himself, he looks down to the passenger seat, reaches his hand out and touches the shard covered map.

MORIR takes a deep, centering breath.

MORIR (CONT'D)

Lindsay, are you bleeding?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yes.

MORIR

A lot or a little?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I don't know.

MORIR

Where are you bleeding from Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

My face.

MORIR

(to himself)

Ok,

(out loud)

Is the blood still running? Is it
leaking out of you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LINDSAY (O.S.)
I guess a little, but not a lot.

MORIR
That's a good sign Lindsay. Do you feel like anything is broken?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
I don't know.
(beat)
My wrist hurts.

MORIR
Can you move it?
(beat)
Lindsay?
(beat)
Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
Yeah.

MORIR
You ok?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm just tired.

MORIR
Ok, I need you to keep thinking. Why can't you get out of the truck?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
I don't know.

MORIR
Reach around and figure it out Lindsay.
(beat)
Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
I'm looking.

MORIR looks down and remembers his situation.

MORIR
Lindsay?
(beat)
Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)
It's the seat belt. I can't move the seat belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The truck minorly shifts as LINDSAY screams in a mirrored panic of MORIR's earlier trepidation.

MORIR throws his head back closing his eyelids tightly.

LINDSAY's movements slow and her breathing becomes strained and gasping. LINDSAY begins weeping defeatedly.

MORIR

Your upside down aren't you?

(beat)

Lindsay.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yes, I'm upside down, ok?

MORIR

I need you to bend your head towards your knees as much as you can.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Why?

MORIR

I don't want the blood flow to knock you out.

MORIR looks around his surrounding, taking the morning.

MORIR (CONT'D)

Horrible way to meet someone huh?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

What?

MORIR

I say, not the best way to meet someone, don't you think?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yeah.

(beat)

I don't want to die here.

MORIR

Hey Lindsay, were you driving?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

No.

(beat)

Jim's

(beat)

gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

LINDSAY sobs mournfully, then out of fear. The truck begins to move again.

MORIR

It's OK Lindsay. We'll think of something. We'll figure this out.

(beat)

Can you hear me?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yes.

MORIR

Ok, don't worry, we'll get you out.

MORIR coughs up blood and uses his sleeve to wipe his mouth. Sounds of periodic struggle come from the truck.

MORIR (CONT'D)

So, what brings you out this way?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I don't know. We were taking a trip.

MORIR

Oh yeah, where were you going?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

To San Francisco. It's our anniversary.

MORIR

That's nice. So what were you going to do there?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

We were gonna walk the wharfs and go to a show. I was gonna go to that one really expensive Chinese restaurant. I forget what it's called.

MORIR

I don't know, I've never been there.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Jim loves San Francisco.

(beat)

Oh God, he's dead.

LINDSAY sob's quietly.

LINDSAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What about you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MORIR

I was going to pick my son up from camp.
(to himself)

I hope he called Becky.
(to Lindsay)

He's a good kid. I'm a little rough on him, but he really does have a good head on him.

(beat)

You know, I am really sorry that we met like this. You seem like a nice girl. I'm sure your husband's a nice guy.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yeah

(beat)

I'm sorry too.

MORIR

Hey, Lindsey, put your head between your knees if you can. You have got to stay awake Lindsay.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I'm sorry, I am just so tired.

MORIR

I need you to keep talking OK

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Ok.

MORIR

I'm sure you are in better shape than me. But you won't be if you don't keep talking.

(beat)

So think of something to say.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

How bad are you stuck?

MORIR

Pretty bad Lindsay. I don't think I'm getting out of here.

MORIR looks around the area again.

MORIR (CONT'D)

You know, you always wonder if you'd be the type of guy that would do anything to save your own life. You know, cut your leg off to save yourself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

MORIR (CONT'D)

And when you think about it you know you could never go through with it. It so frightening.

(beat)

I'll tell you what though Lindsay, if I could get out of this by cutting part of my up with a knife I'd...

(beat)

Hey Lindsay, did your husband carry a knife around.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Not on him.

MORIR

Check the glove compartment.

The sound of clutter falling from the truck.

MORIR (CONT'D)

Do you see a knife there Lindsay?

(beat)

Is there a knife there Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I don't know, I'm looking.

MORIR

Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I don't think so, I can't find one.

MORIR

Are you sure?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

No I'm not. I can't find one.

MORIR

Ok. What about under the seat?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I'm upside down, it would have fallen.

MORIR

Just try.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Ok.

MORIR closes his eyes and waits for a few seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MORIR

Lindsay, did you find anything?

(beat)

Lindsay?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Nothing.

MORIR

Are you sure.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

If I wasn't sure I wouldn't have told you
'nothing' would I?

MORIR

Ok, OK. Hang on. I'm thinking.

MORIR closes his eyes and thinks. HE looks around his car and picks up the cell phone. He looks at all of the broken glass and shakes his head. MORIR looks down dejectedly at the steering wheel pinning him to the seat. His car keys dangle as he moves his leg.

MORIR (CONT'D)

Shit.

(beat)

Lindsay, the keys are in the truck right?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

(mumbled response)

MORIR

Lindsay, Lindsay I need you right now.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Yeah.

MORIR

Are the keys in the truck?

LINDSAY (O.S.)

(groggily)

Yeah.

MORIR

I need you to grab those keys.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Ok.

(beat)

I can't get to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

MORIR

You have got to get to those keys
Lindsay!

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I tried-

MORIR

No! You have got to get to those keys
Lindsay.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I told you I can't reach them.

MORIR

I don't care what you told me, you are
gonna reach, and you are going to grab
those keys. Now!

(beat)

Reach!

(beat)

Reach Lindsay!!

LINDSAY is heard grunting, then screaming. MORIR begins
screaming in unison with her.

{Possible shot of female hand reaching for keys}

The truck stops idling. Lindsay begins crying. MORIR
breathing is strained and shallow.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I got them.

MORIR

Good. You have to find the sharpest one
and begin cutting on your seat belt.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Ok.

A jagged cutting sound comes from the car.

MORIR

You know, I've been thinking about it,
and I probably would have never met you
unless there was this accident. And it
can't be a coincidence either.

(beat)

I get this feeling like I am already know
you.

The sound of the cutting begins to fade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

MORIR (CONT'D)

Hey! You keep cutting.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

I can't. I haven't cut hardly anything.

MORIR

You can. Don't worry it will all start to go faster after a few more minutes. Keep cutting.

The sound of the jagged cutting continues with determined breaths coming from inside the truck. The panting becomes more ferocious by the minute.

MORIR (CONT'D)

(to himself through clenched teeth)

Come on Lindsay, come on Lindsay, don't stop now. Come on-

A large thud is heard from the truck and LINDSAY cries in emotional release. MORIR smiles to himself.

Scrapping sounds and glass moving against concrete. LINDSAY emerges. She is a mid-twenties woman with fairly pretty features. Her hair is messed and blood runs from a gash on one brow bone. Her face is bruised. She walks with a limp and her wrist is held protectively to her body.

MORIR (CONT'D)

Ms. Lindsay I presume. A pleasure to meet you.

LINDSAY tries to smile but stares at MORIR in shock.

LINDSAY

Oh my God.

(beat)

We've got to get you out of there.

MORIR

I don't think that's possible.

LINDSAY limps to MORIR's car.

LINDSAY

(in panic)

No, we've got to get you out.

LINDSAY begins to tug on MORIR's driver side door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

MORIR

You don't understand. I am not getting out.

LINDSAY keeps trying to find ways to get him out.

LINDSAY

No, you helped me I have to help you!

MORIR reaches out and grabs her by the back of the neck and pulls her to him.

MORIR

Look down.

LINDSAY trembles and slowly looks down. She sees MORIR push back enough to start bleeding again. MORIR places himself back into the steering wheel.

MORIR (CONT'D)

I am not leaving here. I'll walk twenty feet and bleed to death, OK

LINDSAY places her head to rest on MORIR's head. She cries.

LINDSAY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MORIR

It's alright, you have no control over any of this.

(beat)

I'm just glad someone made it out of this.

Both people sit in an awkward embrace for a moment.

MORIR (CONT'D)

You need to go get help Lindsay.

LINDSAY slowly opens her eyes and moves her head away from his.

LINDSAY

No, I need to stay here.

MORIR

No.

LINDSAY

I have to, you saved me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

MORIR

We don't know that yet, you need to start walking to the main highway to get help.

LINDSAY

I don't want to leave, what are you gonna do, just sit here and die?

MORIR

I don't know, enjoy the morning view.

LINDSAY starts crying.

LINDSAY

Who are you going to talk to?

MORIR

I don't know, I think the radio still works.

(beat)

Come on, it's time for you to go.

MORIR picks up his case and lifts it up weakly for her to take.

MORIR (CONT'D)

My address is in this, and so are a couple of other things. I want you to give it to my son. No rush, just whenever you can get to it. OK

LINDSAY

OK, I will.

LINDSAY takes the case.

MORIR

Nice to meet you. And I am sorry.

LINDSAY takes his hand and squeezes it as she slowly backs away.

LINDSAY

Nice to meet you to.

(beat)

What is your name?

MORIR

Jack Morir.

(smiles weakly)

Thanks for asking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

LINDSAY slowly walks backwards and then turns and walks as she cries. When she is no longer in view MORIR begins crying again. He looks around at the trees again.

MORIR turns on his radio. Music begins to play from broken speakers.

MORIR (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

CRANE BACK AWAY FROM CAR

END