

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDE

Bear right up ahead.

Philip continues to drive.

He looks in the rear-view mirror at Jude.

They exchange a long look.

FIONA

So, where're we going? I could use a drink.

Jude lifts his hand back and up.

We see a flat, brick-like truncheon in his hand.

Philip notices this out of the corner of his eye. He cringes away from Fiona and averts his eyes.

Jude brings the truncheon down on the back of Fiona's head with as much force as he can muster, but the angle is an awkward one. The blow stuns her, but glances off her head.

Fiona, too startled to scream, makes a groaning noise. She brings her hand to her head, a look of shock on her face. She's too startled to realize what's happening.

Philip's hands tighten on the wheel. He leans toward the door, away from Fiona.

Jude lifts the truncheon again. He had been hoping to get her unconscious with a single blow.

He hits her again.

She maintains consciousness, and her survival instinct begins to kick in.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Stop! What are you doing?

She looks at Philip, who refuses to turn his head.

Raw animal instinct takes over as Jude leans forward and continues to swing mercilessly at Fiona. She screams incoherently, not words, but sounds of fear and of suffering.

She begins to struggle violently, bringing her legs up to kick, flailing with her arms, trying to get at Jude, trying to reach the door lock.

In the struggle her glasses fly off and land on the floor.

EXT. PHILIP'S CAR - NIGHT

Philip's car begins lurching as it speeds along the suburban road.

INT. PHILIP'S CAR - NIGHT

The struggle continues. One of Fiona's legs comes up and hits the stereo, turning it on. Electronic dance music BLARES.

Philip, after a moment, somehow has the presence of mind to reach over and turn it OFF. He uses his left hand to fend off the kicking and swatting of Fiona, who is screaming.

Jude finally gets a solid swing at Fiona's head.

She collapses unconscious, her body awkwardly slumping forward.

There are a few moments of stunned silence.

Jude and Philip both breathe heavily as they try to collect themselves and take in what has just happened.

JUDE

Jesus.

Jude swivels the truncheon in the light, looking for blood. There is none.

He pulls a small plastic bag from the duffel bag next to him, and puts the truncheon into it.

Philip stares ahead at the traffic. He tries to avoid seeing Fiona even in his peripheral vision.

Jude reaches forward to her but can't quite get a hold.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Pull her back.

Philip glances over. He reaches over and pulls Fiona upright till Jude can get a hand on her and lean her back in her seat.

Jude feels for a pulse.

Philip repeatedly glances over.

JUDE (CONT'D)

I can't tell.

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He waits a few more seconds.

JUDE (CONT'D)  
I can't tell. Can you feel this?

As he says it, Fiona makes a slight movement, and a gurgling groan.

Without a word Jude reaches back and opens the second black plastic bag.

He places it over her head. It fits fairly loosely. He has to gather up her hair so it fits in the bag as well.

Jude reaches back with his free hand and pulls some elastics out of the duffel bag. He puts one, then another, over her head and around her neck, to make a tight seal.

The bag moves almost imperceptibly as she breathes. Very soon she will suffocate.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Philip's car makes its way away from the city. The road is slick and mostly deserted.

INT. PHILIP'S CAR - NIGHT

Fiona's body lies limp in the front seat.

Philip, distraught, refuses to look at the body.

Jude leans back.

JUDE  
Jesus Christ.

Another moment passes. Jude looks at Philip in the front seat.

JUDE (CONT'D)  
Philip?

Philip continues driving.

PHILIP  
Yeah.

JUDE  
What's done is done.

Philip is fighting back tears, trying to see the road ahead.

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