



LOLA

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - CLEVELAND, OHIO - DAY (2003)

A warm, sunny afternoon.

A BLACK TOW TRUCK rumbles backward into the yard of a weathered VICTORIAN HOME. It grinds down the long driveway toward the back. Painted on the driver's door: "East Cleveland Recovery, LLC."

At the end of the drive, JEAN (late 50s, white, brisk and practical) motions with her arms, guiding the truck carefully down. She plants her palms out - stop.

The backyard looms ahead: a sprawl of weeds, rusted junk, forgotten furniture.

The tow truck hisses to a stop.

From the cab steps WILL (late 30s, Black, tall, bald, masculine with a sculpted five o'clock shadow). He slips off his sunglasses, perching them on his head, revealing sharp, steady eyes.

Jean strides over.

WILL
Ms. Armstrong.

JEAN
Please, call me Jean.
(extends a hand)
Will smiles, shakes her hand.

WILL
Jean. Nice to meet you.

JEAN
She's back here.
(points)

She leads him past a sagging TWO-CAR GARAGE.

They stop before a thick snarl of weeds, grass, and fallen branches.

WILL
Where?

JEAN
Right there.
(beat)
Peeping at us.

From the brush, a single HALF-CLOSED CLAMSHELL HEADLIGHT peers out – like a suspicious, sleepy eye.

Will exhales, sizing up the junk pile like a man calculating his own doom. He moves in.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Be careful...
(under her breath)
Please don't let there be a dead
body inside.

Will digs through the brush. Slowly, uncovering the rusted hood of a **1965 BUICK RIVIERA**. Faded red paint still clings to its curves.

WILL
How long's it been parked?

JEAN
Since... maybe 1973 or '74. So that's
been...

WILL
Fifty-one years.

Jean blinks, impressed by his instant math.

JEAN
Yeah... you're right.

Will clears enough to wrench open the driver's door. It CREAKS wide, revealing an interior cloaked in dust and cobwebs – but intact.

WILL
No dead body. Thank you, Jesus.

Will leans in, cautious.

WILL (CONT'D)
She's not in bad shape... for fifty
years buried. Why leave her sit
back here for this long?

JEAN

It was my father's. One day, after school, my mom told me Daddy had to go away for work. I never saw him again.

She shrugs – the sting still fresh after all these years.

WILL

That's sad.

JEAN

Anyway... My mom never liked the car or drive it. But she refused to get rid of it. So, Lola's been sitting right here... until today.

WILL

Lola?

JEAN

That's what my father called her.

(beat)

Mom passed a few years ago. Now I'm selling the house, leaving Cleveland. Moving to Phoenix.

Will slides inside. He wipes the dust off the dashboard – the speedometer reads: 51,474.

Then – his eyes catch the KEYS dangling from the ignition.

WILL

The keys are in here.

JEAN

Oh, that's awesome!

He twists them, just curious–

CLICK.

The RADIO crackles to life. Dusty console lights flicker – like a corpse remembering it has a pulse.

Will stares, disbelieving.

WILL

...Well, that's not creepy at all.

Static hums. Then –

RADIO (O.S.)
(singing)
♪ *Well, she's all you'd ever want,
She's the kind they'd like to
flaunt and take to dinner... ♪*

Jean freezes, hand over her mouth. Eyes wide.

Will stares, caught between awe and dread. He shakingly turns the knob, quieting music.

WILL
Well... Lola is alive.

The car seems to hum in agreement. Dust swirls in a sunbeam, like applause.

The car seems to hum in agreement.

EXT. RIVIERA - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the half-shut headlight twitches, then eases closed... like an eye going back to sleep.

The SONG swells, carrying us out:

SONG (O.S.)
♪ *She's a lady, whoa, whoa, whoa,
she's a lady... ♪*

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILL'S GARAGE - DAY

Will's garage looks like a neighborhood, home-based auto shop — long and narrow, about ten feet deep, thirty wide. Tools and car parts are scattered across the concrete floor. Two cars sit in disrepair.

LOLA's rear end comes into view as WILL pushes her into an empty bay. He takes an exhausted step back, hands on his hips, staring at the battered Buick: dents, scratches, all four tires flat. A neglected beauty.

WILL pops the hood. Leaves and twigs clutter the engine bay. He begins clearing them out, swiping debris until—

SCRAPE.

WILL

Shit.

A small cut bleeds along his arm. He pulls a rag from his back pocket and presses it against the wound.

He steps back to the trunk, pops it open. Inside: trash bags of old clothes, small boxes, a duffle bag shoved deep in the corner.

He leans in for a closer look when—

BANG!

The car jolts. The trunk slams down, pinning Will halfway inside. The *garage rattles with the noise*.

He fights free, startled.

WILL (CONT'D)

What the—

He turns to find TIFFANY (8), a tomboy on a dirt-scuffed bike. Helmet off, she's brown-skinned, scrappy, full of energy.

TIFFANY

Sorry, Dad! Are you okay?

WILL

Tiffany... what did I tell you about being so rough on that bike?

TIFFANY

I'm a ruff rider!

She flashes mock gang signs, forming her fingers into an "R."

Will shakes his head, returning to LOLA's hood.

WILL

Just watch yourself around here, okay? This isn't a dirt path.

TIFFANY

Yes, sir.

She eyes LOLA with confusion.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

This car looks like it belongs in a junkyard.

WILL
Looks can be deceiving, little
girl. When I'm finished with her,
she'll be as good as new.
She could even be yours one day.

TIFFANY
No, thank you. When I'm old enough,
I want a sports bike.

WILL
Is that right?

He grabs a air compressor, Tiffany trailing after him.

TIFFANY
Yes, sir. A Yamaha YZF - R-series.

WILL
We'll see. In the meantime, want to
earn a few bucks?

TIFFANY
Yes, sir!

WILL
Everything in that trunk goes in
the dumpster. Job pays five
dollars.

TIFFANY
Per hour?

WILL
Five total.

TIFFANY
...Okay.

She peers inside the trunk, stunned by the mountain of junk.
WILL goes back to BLOWING the engine.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
You want me to throw *all this*
away?

WILL
All of it.

She grabs a couple boxes, hauls them to the dumpster in the
driveway. On the way back, she sneaks a look at her dad and
rolls her eyes.

Will chuckles, shaking his head.

Tiffany drags a heavy duffle bag from the trunk, struggling. It *scrapes along the concrete with a hollow, dragging sound*. Finally, she wrestles it into her arms.

TIFFANY
This bitch is heavy.

She heaves it over the lip of the dumpster.

THUD.

The sound rings unnaturally loud in the quiet of the afternoon.

TIFFANY
Damn.

She dusts herself off and turns back toward the garage.

A BEAT OF SILENCE.

The CAMERA tilts up, peering into the dumpster.

The duffle bag has split open.

Something pale rolls into view.

A HUMAN SKULL. Bones spill across the trash with a dry, rattling CLATTER.

SUPER: **MR. ARMSTRONG**

CUT TO BLACK.

CLEVELAND, OHIO - PRESENT DAY

FADE IN:

INT. TIFFANY'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

The room is dark. Only the flickering glow of the television illuminates a king-size bed.

The CAMERA DRIFTS toward the screen.

ON TELEVISION - "SANFORD & SON" - EPISODE: "COFFINS FOR SALE"

Fred snores on the bed of his red pickup truck in the junkyard.

LAMONT

Say Pop.

FRED

What is it now?

LAMONT

You betta come back in the house.

FRED

Are those things still in there?

LAMONT

Yeah.

FRED

Then I ain't coming in.

LAMONT

But what about your arthritis? You only got it in your hands now. If you sleep out here, you'll be a cripple from the neck up.

FRED

And we'll be a perfect match, cause you're a cripple from your neck up.

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly - the SHARP RING of an alarm clock cuts through the quiet.

The CAMERA TRACKS across the bedroom - carefully decorated space with wood-trimmed floor-to-ceiling windows - before resting on the canopy bed.

The alarm BLARES. A body stirs beneath the covers.

TIFFANY is NOW an adult now, mid-20s, flings an arm out from under the blankets. She wears a black satin eye mask and a bonnet over her hair. Half-blind, she fumbles until the alarm finally stops.

The TV continues to play faintly in the background.

ON TELEVISION - "SANFORD & SON"

LAMONT
Pop, you sleep?

FRED
No, I'm just checking my eyelids
for cracks.

BACK TO SCENE

Tiffany sits up on the side of the bed, sluggish, and slumps forward. She pulls the bonnet off, leaving the eye mask on.

ON TELEVISION - "SANFORD & SON"

LAMONT
Say, Pop.

FRED
What's wrong with you?

LAMONT
If I get rid of them coffins, will
you come back in the house?

FRED
Are you gonna get rid of them
tonight?

LAMONT
No, first thing in the morning.

ON TIFFANY: frozen in place, like a dead person

LAMONT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No, first thing in the morning.

FRED (O.S.) & TIFFANY
Then I'll see you the first thing
tomorrow morning.

BACK TO SCENE

Tiffany LAUGHS along with the TV.

Still in her eye mask, she rises, shuffles into the ensuite bathroom, and closes the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY bundles up like she's about to climb Everest—layers of coats, scarf, gloves, and a stuffed backpack. She opens her door and starts the trek down the narrow stairway of her triplex.

At the bottom, she pauses at the wooden interior door, hand on the knob, and exhales like she's about to face a firing squad. She cracks it open—

HER POV THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR:

The outside world is an arctic nightmare. Streetlights bounce off endless mounds of snow. Flurries swirl like glitter in a snow globe.

TIFFANY grimaces. Tightens her scarf. Big inhale. Big exhale. She pushes through.

EXT. TIFFANY'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

RING CAMERA POV:

TIFFANY carefully tiptoes down the porch steps, one icy stair at a time.

TIFFANY
(muttering to herself)
Okay, Tiffany... take it slow. You
don't wanna end up on TikTok.

She makes it to the walkway. Shuffles down the icy path toward the sidewalk. Just as she's about to exit frame—

WHAM! Tiffany slips and disappears with a scream.

A beat.

She pops back into view, brushing herself off, dignity limping but intact. She trudges onward until she fades from the Ring cam's eye.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Snow whips violently through the air. The whole street looks shaken up like a toy snow globe.

At the bus stop, a huddle of frozen strangers squeeze together for warmth, penguin-style. The BUS arrives. Doors hiss open. One by one, people waddle on board. The bus pulls away.

Suddenly--

TIFFANY
(off-screen, yelling)
WAIT! PLEASE STOP!

TIFFANY comes tearing into frame, boots slipping with each step. She pounds on the side of the bus as she runs alongside.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
STOP! PLEASE!

INT. CITY BUS - CONTINUOUS

The BUS DRIVER, mid-50s, grizzled, guides the steering wheel as the bus eases into traffic.

He glances left. Safe.

He glances right. Whoa. TIFFANY is flailing alongside his bus like a stunt double.

The DRIVER sighs, pulls the brake, and opens the doors.

TIFFANY stumbles aboard, gasping for air, snow melting down her face. She grabs the handrail like it's a lifeline.

TIFFANY
Thank you... (panting)

The DRIVER deadpans, unimpressed.

BUS DRIVER
You're late.

The doors shut behind her with a hiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGBEE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND - CONTINUOUS

A city bus pulls up in front of the grand, glowing casino. Doors hiss open and TIFFANY practically tumbles out, still catching her breath.

She takes off running toward the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK CASINO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The AUTOMATED DOORS swing open dramatically. TIFFANY bursts inside, storming past SECURITY.

A SECURITY GUARD—a short, heavy-set Black woman in her 50s—crosses her arms.

SECURITY GUARD
You're late.

TIFFANY
(yelling, running past)
I know!

The casino buzzes with life. Slot machines chirp, cards shuffle, dice rattle. It's Vegas energy in Cleveland snow.

TIFFANY hustles up the escalator, dodging tables and players while peeling off layers of winter gear like she's in a pit stop at NASCAR.

She passes MR. MCKENZIE, an elderly white man tethered to an oxygen tank. He lowers his mask, unimpressed.

MR. MCKENZIE
You're late.

TIFFANY
(still running, yelling
back)
I know!

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO BACK OFFICE - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TIFFANY slams open her locker, tossing winter gear inside until she reveals her crisp dealer's uniform. Her name tag reads: TIFFANY.

She takes a breath, leaning on the locker. Behind her, ATHIELIA (late 20s, pale with stringy dark hair) sneaks in. Same uniform. Her tag: ATHIELIA.

ATHIELIA
You're late.

TIFFANY
(rolling her eyes, tired
of it)
I know, Athielia!

ATHIELIA

Todd is looking for you... I told him
your great uncle passed and you
were with family.

TIFFANY

(unimpressed)

That's what you told him the last
time.

ATHIELIA

Yeah, he reminded me of that...
Anyway... it's not like you can't
persuade him to turn the other
cheek.

TIFFANY

You're disgusting.

ATHIELIA

(grinning)

Girl, stop it... you know that old
man wants you to be his Sunshine.

TIFFANY gags dramatically. ATHIELIA slips into a deep Italian
mobster impression, hand to her face like a phone:

ATHIELIA (CONT'D)

(manly voice)

Yeah, Barbara, it's Richie... yeah,
look—I ain't eva' comin' home no
more... take it easy.

She slams down her imaginary phone. Both women burst out
laughing.

Enters TODD (60s, silver hair, sharp suit, goatee), their
boss, strides in. The laughter dies instantly.

ATHIELIA (CONT'D)

(innocent)

I found her, Todd.

TODD

(dry, sarcastic)

I see that, Athielia. Great job.

He turns to TIFFANY, trying to mask a clear crush.

TODD (CONT'D)

Look, Tiffany, I clocked you in on
time—7 p.m. But I can't keep
covering for you.

TIFFANY flashes him her best "save me" smile.

TIFFANY
Thank you, Todd!

She squeezes past him and bolts out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACKJACK TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany taps in. The previous DEALER eyes her with smug satisfaction, no words—just a look that says it all.

TIFFANY
(flat)
I know.

She forces a professional smile.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Good evening, folks. I'll be your
dealer tonight.

FADE TO:

INT. HIGBEE CASINO - CUSTOMER SERVICE STATION - ESTABLISHING

TIFFANY stands alone at the service counter; the glow of the computer monitor lighting her face.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: TIFFANY's worker profile. A cursor clicks
"Clock Out Time - 3:00 A.M."

The sterile quiet is broken by a voice from the darkness.

VOICE (O.S.)
Can I give you a ride home?

TIFFANY turns sharply. TODD stands behind her, closer than she realized. His shadow looms across the counter.

TIFFANY
Oh—no Todd, thank you. I appreciate
the offer.

TODD tilts his head, eyes unblinking.

TODD
Are you sure? I don't want to have
to go out this time of night alone.

He edges closer, invading her space. TIFFANY forces a polite smile, masking her unease.

TIFFANY
I'm sure, Todd.

He reaches into his coat. For a beat, TIFFANY stiffens—
Instead, he produces a small gift box, wrapped in shiny paper.

TODD
I got you a birthday gift.

TIFFANY laughs nervously, clutching the box.

TIFFANY
Wow. Thank you, ... you really didn't have to.

TODD
What kind of boss would I be if I didn't take care of my best worker?

His smile lingers too long. TIFFANY forces a chuckle.

TIFFANY
Not a good one. Just kidding—thanks, Todd. Good night.

She slips past him quickly.

CLOSE ON TODD: His polite smile melts into something darker as he watches her walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGBEE BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY stands at the lonely bus stop, breath puffing in the icy air. The city is dead quiet—only the shuffle of a few homeless figures passing through the snow.

The CAMERA spans over to a BLACK CAR that sits parked half a block away, barely visible under the streetlight. Its windows dark. Watching.

The bus arrives with a hiss. TIFFANY climbs aboard.

POV - FROM INSIDE THE CAR: Through the windshield we watch the bus pull away, taking her with it. The car doesn't move. Yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - 3:30 A.M.

The bus slows at TIFFANY's stop. She steps off into a silence so heavy it rings in her ears. The street feels abandoned, skeletal.

She pulls her scarf tighter and walks quickly, boots crunching on ice.

POV - INSIDE THE BLACK CAR: The engine hums. Headlights stay off. The vehicle glides forward, stalking her from a distance.

ANGLE ON TIFFANY: Her pace quickens. She glances back but sees only shadows.

Ghostly music bleeds under the silence as she rounds the corner, almost running now.

She scrambles up her porch steps, fumbles her keys, slams the door shut behind her.

CLOSE ON HOUSE: The front window glows faintly. Movement inside. Safe.

WIDE - FROM THE STREET: The black car idles at the corner, headlights still dark. It waits. Watching.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WILL'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

TIFFANY and WILL stand in the driveway.

WILL looks older now - black beard streaked with gray, his features weathered but kind.

WILL is holding a scarf covering TIFFANY'S eyes.

WILL

Before I remove this scarf, let me
just say-

TIFFANY squints, confused.

TIFFANY
Oh lord, here we go...

WILL
I just want you to know that you
are the most precious person in my
world. Raising you without a mother
was the hardest thing I've
ever-ever, ever, ever-

TIFFANY
Dad.

WILL
-but I'd do it all again, as long
as you're my daughter.

TIFFANY softens.

TIFFANY
For an old man, you can be very
(mocking WILL)... very, very
sentimental.

WILL releases the scarf.

POV - TIFFANY'S EYES. The screen blinks, focusing. Before
them sits LOLA - reborn.

The **1965 BUICK RIVIERA** gleams like a showroom queen, black
paint so polished it looks liquid. Clamshell headlights.
Matte wheels. Dark tint. A giant red bow crowns her hood.

WILL
Happy Birthday Little Girl.

TIFFANY gasps, circling the car, fingertips grazing the
flawless paint.

TIFFANY
Are you serious? Is this your
precious LOLA?

WILL
She was always meant to be yours.
Took me a little longer to get her
ready.

TIFFANY hugs him tightly. WILL kisses her head.

WILL (CONT'D)
Now who's being sentimental? (beat)
It's not a Yamaha YZF, but she'll
take of you.

TIFFANY
I don't know what to say.

WILL
That's half your gift. The other
half? Dinner. Let's go.

TIFFANY
Can we take Lola?

WILL
Not until you get insurance. We'll
take my car, but you can still
drive.

WILL tosses TIFFANY the keys.

She takes a long look at LOLA before climbing inside WILL's
custom Cadillac Escalade.

SFX: ENGINE RUMBLES.

The SUV creeps forward and rumbles out of frame, its sound
fading down the street.

Silence swells.

The CAMERA LINGERS on LOLA – too long for comfort – as if the
car itself is aware, biding its time.

FADE IN:

INT. TOWNHALL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place is alive. A packed, buzzing Cleveland hot spot.
Servers weave between tables, arms stacked with craft
cocktails.

Abundant greenery climbs the walls. An indoor moss wall glows
under warm light, softening the chatter with a sense of
calm-like nature tucked inside the city.

At a long table of ten, the energy is even louder. Glasses
CLINK. Laughter ripples down the line.

At one end, TIFFANY and ATHIELIA lean together, snapping
selfies in the glow of their phones.

ATHIELIA
(into phone)
We out in the Land tonight,
celebrating my bestie! Happy
birthday, girl!

TIFFANY
(grinning)
Thank you!

ATHIELIA lowers the phone, noticing the shiny gold watch
TIFFANY's wrist.

ATHIELIA
Ooo, nice watch. That's the kind of
gift that someone who likes you
would give... is there something
you're not telling me?

TIFFANY
No... Todd gave it to me.

ATHIELIA
Todd who?

TIFFANY
What do you mean, Todd who? Our
boss Todd.

ATHIELIA
(snorts)
For real? That man gave me some
funky socks for my birthday.

TIFFANY
Nothing's wrong with a pair of new
socks.

ATHIELIA
I didn't say they were new.

TIFFANY
(grimaces)
Gross.

ATHIELIA
Exactly. Probably off his
grandmother's dead feet.

JEFF, half-drunk, leans over from farther down the table.

JEFF

What did I tell you about getting involved with men you meet at the casino. They are all about the hustle.

TIFFANY

He's our manager, Uncle Jeff.

ATHIELIA

(mock gasp)

I know you are not talking... all the game you be running in that place.

JEFF

(bristling)

Mind your business.

WILL cuts in, his voice calm but heavy.

WILL

She's right.

ATHIELIA

(smirks)

Thank you, Pops.

WILL

(pointed, to Tiffany)

But so is he. You can't trust men in that place. If they'll gamble with their money, they'll gamble with you.

Servers arrive with cake. A single candle flickers in the center.

The table bursts into song.

SFX: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" – cheery at first, then swelling unnaturally loud, edges warping into something almost distorted.

EXT. RESTAURANT – CONTINUOUS

Through the glass: TIFFANY smiles, candlelight dancing across her face as the group claps and sings around her.

The CAMERA DRIFTS across the street—

A BLACK CAR sits in shadow. Inside: TODD. Watching. His breath fogs the glass.

SFX: MUFFLED LAUGHTER filters from the restaurant, but outside it's only TODD'S BREATH, ragged and heavy.

POV - FROM A SECOND CAR

Across the street. Hidden.

Someone else watches TODD.

A watcher... watching the watcher.

SFX: LOW ENGINE HUM builds, vibrating under the silence—then cuts off.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LOCAL GAS STATION - NIGHT

A lonely gas station hums under flickering neon lights.

CAMERA: WIDE ESTABLISHING. Will's SUV sits at the pump, bathed in buzzing fluorescent light.

SOUND DESIGN: distant highway drone, buzzing sign, faint metallic CLICK of the gas pump.

Will removes the nozzle, hooks it back, then circles the truck.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The interior glows only from TIFFANY's phone. Cold blue light flickers across her face as she scrolls.

The driver's door creaks. WILL climbs in, exhales, buckles his belt. He turns the key—

CLACK.

The driver's door rips open.

A black pistol presses hard against WILL's temple.

VOICE (O.S.)
You know what this is, old man... Get
the fuck out.

The muzzle trembles. The gunman—a YOUNG MAN, sweat shining under the street's neon bleed—stares wide-eyed. His breathing is erratic, almost wheezing.

WILL freezes.

TIFFANY's phone slips from her hand, smacking against the floor mats.

TIFFANY
(screaming)
Dad!!

WILL
(quiet, steady)
Stay calm... You can have it.
Tiffany just get out.

Another metallic CLICK.

TIFFANY's door yanks open.

A SECOND MAN looms, backlit in harsh neon, pistol raised. His outline wavers—shadow swallowing him from the gas station lights—until his face comes into view: blank, expressionless, as if hollowed out.

The two men stand in eerie symmetry, guns pointed inward.

The SUV's interior feels smaller, suffocating. The sound of WILL's heartbeat swells unnaturally loud.

SIMULTANEOUS - EXT./INT. SUV - NIGHT

Quick, jagged cuts—like memory fragments:

— CARJACKER #1 (CJ #1) yanks WILL's jacket, jerking him sideways.

— TIFFANY is ripped from the cab by CARJACKER #2 (CJ #2) and slammed hard onto the asphalt. Her scream cuts short on impact.

— A BOOT crushes her ribs. CJ #2 climbs into the cab, door slamming shut with a hollow thud.

— WILL thrashes in his seat, tangled in his belt, clawing at the strap digging into his chest.

CJ #2
Get in! Get in!

CJ #1
Get the fuck out!

WILL
I'm trying

The seatbelt snaps tighter as CJ #1 drags WILL, choking him against the strap. His face turns red, veins bulging, the world strobing in the SUV's flickering dome light.

EXT. GAS STATION LOT - CONTINUOUS

The SUV ROARS in reverse, tires SHRIEKING against asphalt.

WILL is yanked off his feet, half-dragged, half-choked by the seatbelt strangling him against the doorframe.

WILL
(yelling, panicked)
Wait! I'm stuck!
(running alongside the
SUV)

TIFFANY claws her way upright, clutching her ribs, eyes wide with horror.

TIFFANY
Dad!

The SUV jerks again, fishtailing. Sparks fly as WILL's shoes grind the pavement.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

CJ #1 slams the gearshift into DRIVE, veins bulging, hands slick with sweat.

CJ #2
(feral, screaming)
Go, Ty! Go!

CJ #1
I'm going!

The RADIO EXPLODES with bass, distorted and monstrous, rattling every bolt in the cab.

WILL's body jerks against the frame, his voice drowned beneath the thunder of tires and sound.

EXT. GAS STATION LOT - CONTINUOUS

The SUV LURCHES forward, engine howling.

CUT TO TIFFANY'S POV

Her vision swims, breath ragged. The headlights bleach the world white.

WILL'S body whips and jerks, tangled in the seatbelt - dragged like a broken doll.

Tiffany stumbles after the truck, hand outstretched, useless against the speed, against the violence.

TIFFANY
Help! Somebody call 911! Stop that
truck!

Her cry echoes across the empty lot. The SUV vanishes into the dark, dragging WILL into the night.

Tiffany collapses to her knees, snow and grit sticking to her palms.

Silence.

Only her ragged sobs remain.

The SUV fishtails, dragging Will across gravel. His fists pound the steel door, unheard over engine roar and radio.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SUV BLASTS into traffic.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Chaos inside. Radio BASS shakes the frame.

CJ #2
(pointing, frantic)
Right! Turn right!

CJ #1 jerks the wheel, teeth gritted.

CJ #1
I got it, man! I got it!

--

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

WILL is dragged mercilessly, flesh GRINDING on asphalt, his body SLAMMING against curb and wheel well.

SFX: SKIN TEARING. BONES CRACKING.

Blood streaks the snow.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

CJ #2 leans forward, barking like a GPS possessed.

CJ #2
Left! Left at the light!

CJ #1
(shaking, panicked)
I said I got it!

EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The SUV BLOWS a red light.

SFX: METAL ON METAL - a HONDA and LEXUS COLLIDE in their wake.

Will's body RAGDOLLS with every swerve, bones bending wrong, his cries drowned by the chaos.

AERIAL SHOT - THE CITY GRID

The SUV fishtails through the labyrinth of glowing streets, tires SCREAMING.

Below - WILL'S LIMP BODY drags like a rag doll, leaving a dark smear across the asphalt.

CJ #2

Be careful, Ty! This ride's worth a hundred grand!

CJ #1

(teeth clenched)
Just let me drive!

The SUV veers into a HARD TURN-

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

WILL'S HEAD SMASHES against the pavement.

SFX: DULL CRACK.

Blood fans out behind him.

The truck hits a large pot hole.

SNAP - the seatbelt tears free.

WILL'S BODY hurtles forward, bouncing violently across the asphalt before CRASHING into a curb.

Silence.

The CAMERA HOLDS on Will - twisted, broken. A faint trickle of blood creeps toward the gutter.

Headlights from passing cars sweep across him.. but no one stops.

Only the sound of the SUVs ENGINE fades into the night.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CRIME SCENE - LATER

Police strobes stutter against snow-dusted houses. YELLOW TAPE flaps in the cold wind. Neighbors cluster in murmuring knots, breath visible in the air.

TIFFANY sits on the curb, hollow-eyed, arms wrapped around herself.

Across the street, EMTs load WILL'S BODY into an ambulance.

A tall figure approaches—DETECTIVE CHRIS, early-30s, sharply dressed in a black leather jacket and fedora, the strobe lights cutting his face into shadow and light. Calm. Unshaken.

He stops in front of her, voice low and steady.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Ms. Powell... I'm Detective Chris.
Homicide division. I'm so sorry for
your loss.

The ambulance Doors SLAM shut. Sirens wail as the vehicle pulls away.

TIFFANY lurches to her feet, panic breaking through the grief.

TIFFANY
(pleading)
Where are they taking him?

DETECTIVE CHRIS
The city morgue.

The word crushes her. TIFFANY's sobs tear through the night. She folds, buckling—Detective Chris catches her, holding her steady against the chaos.

DETECTIVE CHRIS (CONT'D)
My first priority is you. (beat)
Are you hurt?

She shakes her head, barely able to speak.

TIFFANY
(hoarse whisper)
No.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Then let me get you checked anyway.
You've been through hell.

He gently guides her, protective but professional, as the CAMERA HOLDS on the empty curb where she sat—now just flashing lights, blood stains, and silence.

VOICE (O.S.)
Tiffany! Tiffany!

TIFFANY whirls—JEFF barrels through the police line. Rough around the edges but fiercely protective, his voice cracks with panic.

JEFF

Tiffany!

She collapses into his arms, clutching him like a lifeline.

TIFFANY

Uncle Jeff!

They hold tight, grief colliding with relief.

Jeff pulls back just enough to look at her, his eyes blazing.

JEFF

I'm here, baby girl. What the fuck happened?

DETECTIVE CHRIS

(interjects, measured)

They were carjacked. Suspects fled with the vehicle. I was offering to take Ms. Powell to the hospital.

Jeff stiffens, gripping Tiffany tighter. His eyes narrow on Chris, protective and suspicious.

JEFF

My brother...

DETECTIVE CHRIS

I'm sorry... he didn't make it

Tiffany's knees buckle and lets a loud cry.

JEFF

I'm her uncle. I'll take care of her.

(beat)

Thank you, Detective.

Det. Chris studies them both, unreadable. Jeff shields Tiffany as if daring anyone—including the police—to take her from him.

The strobing lights stutter across their faces, the night hanging heavy with unspoken tension.

EXT. THE CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Jeff leads Tiffany away, arm around her shoulders.

Detective Chris lingers, watching them disappear into the night. He exhales, then turns toward his car.

INT. UNKNOWN CAR - NIGHT

The interior is cloaked in shadows. We can't see the driver—just vague silhouettes and the faint reflection of city lights bouncing off the windshield.

CAMERA holds on the radio dial as **Bob Dylan's "Knockin' on Heaven's Door"** (1973) begins to play.

The opening chords bleed through the static, soft but unmistakable.

RADIO (V.O.)
(singing)
♪ *Mama, take this badge off of me... I
can't use it anymore... ♪*

Outside: flashing police lights, yellow tape, murmuring neighbors, the faint echo of sobs.

POV - Through the windshield, we see Detective Chris framed in the glow of red-and-blue police lights, looking in the CAR's direction. He pauses, looking right into the windshield - before walking off.

The unseen observer taking in every detail. Their presence feels predatory, patient... waiting.

RADIO
♪ *It's gettin' dark, too dark to see
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's
door.. ♪*

The camera hovers on the rearview mirror, catching only a shadow, then drifts back to the street.

CAMERA MOVEMENT

Slow push-in toward the windshield, closing the gap—until the screen fills with Tiffany's distorted, crying face. Linger on TIFFANY and JEFF, silhouettes retreating down the block.

RADIO (CONT'D)
♪ *Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's
door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's
door ♪*

(MORE)

RADIO (CONT'D)
*♪ Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's
 door
 Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's
 door ♪*

CUT TO BLACK. (WHILE THE SONG FADES)

SOUND ONLY - SOMEONE KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

CUT IN:

EXT. POWELL RESIDENCE - LATE MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Sound Design: faint suburban hum, birds chirping, distant lawnmower. The neighborhood feels deceptively calm.

Detective Chris approaches the front door, carrying a crossover tote. He pauses, exhales, and presses the RING doorbell.

Inside: TRUDY's barking erupts, escalating in volume and intensity.

CAMERA - POV: Ring doorbell screen. Chris leans close, voice gentle.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
 Ms. Powell. It's Detective Chris.

The door swings open. TIFFANY appears, disheveled: messy frizzy hair spilling from under a hood, dark circles under her eyes, baggy sweater hanging loosely, jeans wrinkled. She clutches TRUDY, who yaps and darts around her legs.

TIFFANY
 Please... call me Tiffany, Detective.
 Come in.

She sets TRUDY down. The dog pauses, ears flicking toward the street—alert but wary. Tiffany gestures for Chris to enter and walks off into the house.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
 Of course.

He removes his hat, glances at the quiet street, the empty curb, then steps inside, the door shutting softly behind him.

INT. POWELL'S RESIDENCE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

TRUDY barks, circling Chris, teeth barely visible in a nervous grin. Tiffany steps forward, voice sharp but controlled.

TIFFANY

TRUDY! Stop!

TRUDY freezes, tail wagging hesitantly, and settles at Chris's feet, still alert but compliant.

CAMERA: handheld, slightly low-angle, capturing both the tension and the small warmth of the moment.

Chris scans the hallway. Family photos line the walls—only Tiffany and her father are pictured. Her mother is conspicuously absent. The soft light highlights trophies and ribbons along a narrow console, telling a quiet story of Tiffany's childhood and her bond with her father.

Chris pauses, studying the photos. A shadow of understanding crosses his face, unspoken.

Sound Design: subtle creaks of the hardwood, TRUDY's nails clicking softly, the faint ticking of a hallway clock.

INT. POWELL'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is cluttered, disarrayed—burnt pans, scattered utensils, a faint haze of smoke lingering in the air.

Tiffany stands over the stove, cooking bacon that's already blackened. She cracks two eggs into the same pan, ignoring the sizzle.

DETECTIVE CHRIS

(concerned)

Is this still a good time for you to look at a few pictures. I'm hoping you can identify these men.

TIFFANY

(mocking, taking a sip of coffee)

Sure. Coffee?

CHRIS

I'm good, thanks. This shouldn't take long.

Chris pulls a tablet out of his bag and lays it on the table. Noticing Tiffany's trembling hands, her messy hair, and red-rimmed eyes from crying. TRUDY sits alert at his feet, tail stiff.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm very motivated to catch these bastards.

TIFFANY
(quiet, calculating)
You know... my father's truck had a tracker.

CHRIS
(nods)
We tried tracking the SUV. It was disabled. Last ping was somewhere around the Flats.

The smoke alarm begins to beep intermittently, shrill and jarring.

Chris steps closer to the stove, gently taking the pan from Tiffany and handing her the tablet.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
(softly)
Don't worry... I've got it. You focus on the lineups.

He scrapes the burnt bacon into the trash and adds fresh strips to the pan, cracking eggs beside them. The motion is deliberate, steady—small acts of care amidst chaos.

Tiffany sits at the table, sipping her coffee.

CAMERA: CLOSE-UP on Tiffany's face. Eyes flick between the tablet and Chris, grief raw, vulnerability sharp.

TRUDY watches, alert, sensing the tension.

Sound Design: bacon sizzles, faint clicks of the smoke alarm fading, the subtle hum of a fridge in the background.

Tiffany studies the lineup on the tablet, eyes red, tear-streaked. Her fingers tremble as she scrolls through each face.

DETECTIVE CHRIS (CONT'D)
(gesturing gently to the tablet)
Do you think you can recall their faces?

TIFFANY
(quietly, almost
whispering)
I see their faces... every time I
close my eyes...

CAMERA: OVER-THE-SHOULDER shot of Tiffany. Her hand hovers over the tablet, knuckles white, brows furrowed in concentration.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(pointing)
This one... he's the one who threw me
to the ground.

Chris leans closer, patient, supportive, hands her the S-Pen.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Great job. Circle the picture.

He sets a bacon and egg sandwich he prepared in front of her. The plate steams slightly, a small comfort amidst chaos.

DETECTIVE CHRIS (CONT'D)
One bacon and egg sandwich.

TIFFANY
(soft smile, faint
gratitude)
Thank you.

She takes a careful bite. Chris sits nearby, making himself small in her space—protective, patient, non-intrusive.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I don't see the other guy here.

She hands him the tablet.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
(gently)
That's okay. The one you identified
will lead us to the other guy.

CAMERA: SLOW PUSH-IN on Tiffany as she eats. Her vulnerability is palpable; grief and trust slowly intertwine.

TIFFANY
Is this standard procedure?

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Yes... photo lineups are standard.

TIFFANY
Not the lineup... breakfast?

DETECTIVE CHRIS
(smiling softly)
No.

CAMERA: TRACKING SHOT across Tiffany as she quietly eats, the mundane act of breakfast contrasting the weight of her trauma.

TIFFANY
So... what's next?

DETECTIVE CHRIS
We go hunting.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CLEVELAND CEMETERY - DAY - FUNERAL PROCESSION

A muted gray CLEVELAND sky hangs heavy over the cemetery. Wet leaves cling to gravestones, and the air smells faintly of damp earth.

A line of cars inches along the narrow, winding path: a black limousine, sleek and polished, leads the procession. Behind it, a HURST hearse carries WILL's casket, gleaming and solemn in its black lacquer, the nameplate catching the pale light. More cars follow, their engines low and somber.

CAMERA: SLOW PAN along the procession, wheels crunching over gravel, tires kicking up small sprays of mud.

The limousine and hearse crawl past the ancient oaks, branches swaying in the cold wind. Leaves fall like slow-motion confetti.

The procession comes to a halt in front of a freshly dug grave. Doors open, and mourners begin to spill out. Jackets brush against rain-soaked grass. Shuttered umbrellas flip open.

Uncle Jeff steps out of the limousine first, his face set, eyes glossy with unshed tears. Tiffany follows, clutching TRUDY tightly to her chest, shoulders tense, jaw tight. She glances at the casket being unloaded from the hearse.

A team of six ushers—formal, silent, and methodical—grabs the handles of WILL's casket. They lift it with measured precision, muscles straining under the weight, stepping carefully on the uneven earth.

CAMERA: LOW ANGLE on the casket moving toward the fresh mound of soil, dust swirling around polished shoes and the hem of Tiffany's coat.

The mourners fall into a hushed semi-circle, heads bowed, the only sounds: the soft rustle of coats, the distant caw of a crow, and the muted clink of rain on umbrellas. Tiffany's eyes lock on her father, still and solemn in his coffin, her grief tightening like a vise.

CLOSE ON HEADSTONES

The camera lingers on WILL POWELL's headstone:

"WILL POWELL - BELOVED FATHER, HUSBAND - 1965-202X."

Next to it, a weathered marker reads:

"RACHEL POWELL - BELOVED MOTHER & WIFE - 1968-2001."

TIFFANY stands nearest the grave, statuesque but hollow-eyed. Her grief is tightly coiled beneath a fragile composure, lips pressed together, hands clenched around TRUDY.

JEFF is beside her, hands shoved deep into his pockets, gaze lowered. A stoic sentinel, his jaw tight, shoulders squared against the cold wind.

The PREACHER, Bible open, steps forward. His voice is steady, solemn, carrying across the cemetery.

PREACHER

(intoning)

"We commit Will Powell's spirit to the earth, returning him to the arms of the Creator. May his memory endure in those who loved him, and may his soul find the peace he so deserves. Let us pray."

The mourners bow their heads. A gentle breeze rattles the bare branches overhead, swirling dead leaves across the fresh soil.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

O Merciful and Compassionate One,
we gather here today with heavy
hearts, to bid farewell to our
loved one, WILL POWELL,
who has departed from this earthly
life.

(beat)

We ask that You grant us strength
and solace in this time of sorrow.
May the memories of this man's life
bring comfort. May his soul rest in
Your embrace, standing once more
beside his beloved wife, REGINA.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
Guide us through our grief,
that we may support one another.
Let us cherish the time shared with
WILL and honor his legacy through
love and kindness. In Your wisdom
and mercy – hear our prayer. Amen.

A soft "Amen" ripples through the crowd.

Jeff glances to Tiffany, then pulls her close. His arm drapes protectively around her shoulders.

Tiffany leans into him, her stoicism faltering.

An ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN steps forward, her voice rising in raw, soulful melody.

BLACK WOMAN SINGER
(singing)
*"I can only imagine...
what it will be like, when I walk
by Your side...
I can only imagine, what my eyes
will see
when Your face is before me...
I can only imagine... Yeah..."*

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tucked among the bare trees and gravestones – is a cardinal-colored GMC SUV.

INT. INSIDE THE SUV - CONTINUOUS

Inside is Detective Chris. He sits low, eyes sharp-scans the faces, the movement, the atmosphere—every detail under his microscope. Then—something flickers in his line of sight..

LOLA.

EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

LOLA sits perfectly still, yet there's a weight to her presence, as if she knows why she's here. The freshly polished chrome and flawless curves mark her as a creation of love and care—restored by Will himself.

CAMERA PUSHES IN — slow, deliberate.

Blackout window tint are mirrors, reflecting everything except what's inside—secretive, watching. No one knows how she arrived, or why she is here. She is at the funeral of her beloved owner, attending in silence, mourning him in her own quiet, mechanical way.

The wind stirs dead leaves across the asphalt. Lola's clamshell headlights catch the movement, flickering faintly as though her pulse quickens. She is not just a car. She is aware. Waiting. Watching.

A soft, almost imperceptible hum vibrates from her engine bay—an echo of grief, a whisper of life awakening.

BLACK WOMAN SINGER (V.O.)
*"Surrounded by Your glory... what
 will my heart feel?
 Will I dance for You, Jesus... or in
 awe of You be still?"*

LOLA'S ENGINE STIRS — a low, velvety purr that seems almost sentient.

She glides forward from the curb, perfectly smooth, unhurried, her matte wheels whispering against the asphalt.

CAMERA TRACKS her movement — graceful, deliberate — before she slips into the distance, leaving only the hum of her fading engine.

The street lies empty, still. The space she occupied feels charged, as if the air itself remembers her presence.

CAMERA HOLDS on the deserted road, the void where she had been, the mourning figure now gone... but not forgotten.

CUT:

EXT. LAKE ERIE DOCK - DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND - NIGHT

A crisp winter wind howls across the deserted dock. The full moon glitters over the black waters of Lake Erie, the downtown skyline a distant lattice of lights.

The park is closed, silent, except for the soft lap of water against wall. Then—headlights pierce the darkness, slicing through mist and shadows.

Three cars roll in, one after another:

- Neon green Dodge Charger Hellcat – engine growling like a predator, low and threatening.

- Black 2025 Porsche Taycan – silent, electric, almost spectral.

- Matte grey Mercedes G-Wagon – a lumbering beast, exuding control.

They come to a slow, deliberate stop beside a cardinal red GMC Sierra Denali – already waiting, as if expecting them.

ENGINES click off, one by one. Silence descends. The dock seems to hold its breath, the faint echo of waves the only sound.

CAMERA PANS across the vehicles, capturing their sleek menace, the glow of moonlight reflecting off polished metal – a tableau of controlled chaos, tension, and imminent action.

The doors of the Hellcat swing open first. A tall, wiry man, DETECTIVE TROY, steps out, neon green reflections dancing across his face. He moves with predatory grace, surveying the dock like it's his territory. He's all teeth and confidence, the kind that makes the wind seem to hesitate.

From the Porsche Taycan, a slim woman emerges, DETECTIVE NIKKI, silent as a shadow. Every movement fluid, precise, electric tension humming from her every step. She glances at the water, then the other cars, calculating, always calculating.

The G-Wagon doors open next. A massive figure, DETECTIVE BRUCE, broad-shouldered, seems to absorb the night around him. His boots thud against the wooden planks, sending vibrations through the dock. He surveys the group, a silent enforcer, letting the air know he is strength incarnate.

Finally, the red Denali—its engine already silent—spits out its DETECTIVE CHRIS: a calm, measured presence, sitting just a beat longer behind the wheel before stepping out, hands clasped, observing. He doesn't rush; he commands the scene with stillness, the other three almost answering to him in subtle deference.

The wind picks up, tugging at jackets and hair. The dock creaks under the tension. Waves lap against the wood like a warning.

CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly: four figures, four cars, perfectly framed against moonlight and skyline—a visual manifesto of power, menace, and secrets about to unfold.

SFX: faint engine hums ripple through the night as if the cars themselves anticipate what's coming.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
(steady, low)
Detectives! I appreciate you all agreeing to come out tonight.

The others nod – silent acknowledgment.

DETECTIVE NIKKI
You think we'll get lucky tonight?

DETECTIVE CHRIS
If we keep our eyes open... post up at the hot spots where these jackings go down...
(beat, a faint grin)
Yeah, I got a feelin' we'll get lucky.

DETECTIVE TROY
I've got intel from my East Cleveland UC – somebody's calling the shots. Hand-picking which cars get hit. You think they'll come after one of ours?

DETECTIVE BRUCE
The Browns are playing tonight, which means—

DETECTIVE NIKKI
—Another Browns loss.

A couple chuckles. The tension bends but doesn't break.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Which means Downtown's gonna be a mix of DRUNK angry Browns fans and wolves on the hunt. Thieves are greedy – they'll take the easy prey every time.
(beat, looking them over)
That's you. Easy prey.

DETECTIVE NIKKI
(smirk)
Speak for yourself.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Our main objective is the big fish.
But tossing out some bait? That
can't hurt.
(beat, serious again)
Keep your ears open. Call it out
when you're on the move.

A heavy pause. The cold presses in. Everyone nods.

DETECTIVE CHRIS (CONT'D)
Let's get after it.

The detectives break apart.

DOORS SLAM. ENGINES ROAR back to life.

The four vehicles peel out one by one, scattering into the night like wolves on the prowl.

CAMERA HOLDS on the empty dock – the hush of water lapping at the pylons.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND STREETS – NIGHT

The streets glisten with patches of melting snow, reflecting the glow of neon bars and the cold wash of traffic lights. The city hums, restless.

A CAR cruises slowly through the downtown grid.

We never see it in full – only FRAGMENTS.

– Headlights sliding across brick walls.

– A black hood gliding under streetlamps.

– Tires whispering over wet pavement.

CAMERA drifts from alley to alley, always catching just enough of the car to suggest presence... but never reveal who, or what, is inside.

INSIDE THE CAR – a RADIO crackles.

RADIO (O.C.)
“♪ I see the bad moon a-risin’... ♪”

Creedence Clearwater Revival's *Bad Moon Rising* plays, faint at first, then swelling as if the car itself is **singing** to the night.

The music bleeds through the city air as the car turns a corner, vanishing into darkness. The red glow of its TAILLIGHTS disappears, leaving only the echo of the song.

RADIO (V.O.)

*"♪ Don't go around tonight, well
it's bound to take your life...
There's a bad moon on the rise. ♪"*

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND - NIGHT

CCR's "Bad Moon Rising" still crackles faintly, carried from the car radio into the night air.

MONTAGE - THE STAKEOUT

- A dimly lit BAR PARKING LOT. Troy leans against the neon-green Hellcat, scanning the entrance, pretending to smoke while his eyes sweep the cars.

- A SHADOWED SIDE STREET. Nikki sits behind the wheel of her Porsche, eyes sharp in the glow of her dashboard, snapping quick photos of passing traffic with a telephoto lens.

- A PACKED STRIP CLUB. Bruce slouches in the driver's seat of his G-Wagon, baseball cap low. His eyes flick up every time a group of kids in hoodies rolls by.

- AN OVERLOOK BY THE FLATS. Chris's Sierra Denali idles, headlights dimmed. Chris watches the city sprawl from his vantage, tapping a pen against his notepad, the radio clipped to his dash.

SOUND DESIGN: The song threads through the montage, distorted and ghostly, as if playing from the city itself.

CUTS: Quick, restless, almost rhythmic with the beat of the music - headlights, neon reflections, laughter spilling from bars, silhouettes moving in and out of cars.

INSERT - DETECTIVE CHRIS (IN DENALI).

He adjusts the police scanner, static crackling. The music fades into the hiss, blending diegetic and surreal.

OVERHEAD SHOT: The four vehicles scattered across Cleveland's nightlife grid – a pack of lone wolves circling the city.

WIDE SHOT – DOWNTOWN.

The hum of the city stretches on. No movement. Just the waiting.

CAMERA HOLDS.

Time feels suspended, the night bloated with tension.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR – CONTINUOUS

In front of Nikki's Porsche, TWO HOMELESS WOMEN explode into a fight over a battered shopping cart.

Nikki jolts upright, bolts from the driver's seat.

DET. NIKKI
Hey! Hey—stop that!

INTERCUT – SPLIT SCREENS

The other detectives hear the commotion over her earpiece.

DET. BRUCE
What's wrong, Nikki?

DET. NIKKI
(grappling with both
women)
I said STOP IT!

DET. CHRIS
Nikki... what's happening?

DET. NIKKI
Two women fighting—over a cart!

DET. TROY
Why don't you just flash your
badge? That'll really help
undercover.

DET. CHRIS
Stand down, Nikki. Get back in your
car.

DET. BRUCE
She needs to move. Now.

DET. CHRIS
(raising his voice)
NIKKI! Back inside. Leave.

A beat—then Nikki relents, shoving free of the women.

DET. NIKKI
I heard you.

She dives back into her Porsche, engine growling as she peels away.

DET. CHRIS
The only thing I care about right now is catching these carjackers. I don't care if you see a drug deal. Everybody's high tonight. Eyes open. Stay sharp.

A pause. The city hums through the open comms.

DET. TROY
You know... Cleveland's beautiful at night.

DET. CHRIS
(beat, deadpan)
Detective Troy... are you high?

All four LAUGH simultaneously across the split screens. Chris shakes his head, smiling despite himself.

DET. TROY
I'm serious. You'd never know you're in Cleveland.

ALL DETECTIVES (V.O.)
He's high.

EXT. WESTSIDE SPORTS BAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The chaos of the Browns' win bleeds out of the bar: voices, laughter, slamming car doors.

INT. PARKED SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside: silence. Condensation fogs the windshield. Breathless stillness. The muffled cheer of the crowd seeps through the glass.

Two SHADOWY FIGURES stumble from the bar — CJ #1 and CJ #2, the same carjackers who killed Will.

They slip into their beat-up SEDAN, parked crooked under a buzzing lamp.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

CJ #1 twists the key, engine coughing to life. He cranks the heat.

CJ #1
That was a great game, man. If they
move the stadium to Brookpark, I'm
going to every home game.

CJ #2 leans forward, scanning the lot.

CJ #2
Hey... look over there.

POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Across the lot. Parked in the shadows.

LOLA.

Her body gleams under the sodium lamps - menacing,
immaculate. Still. Waiting.

The CLAMSHELL HEADLIGHTS shut. Sleeping. Like eyelids just
before they open.

A low, almost imperceptible hum bleeds into the night air -
not mechanical, more animalistic.

The carjackers freeze, unsettled, but can't look away.

INT. SEDAN

CJ #1 narrows his eyes, uneasy. CJ #2 smirks, cocky,
convinced it's an empty car.

CJ #2
Pull up... no one's inside.

CJ #1 throws the sedan into gear, creeping forward. Every
wheel squeal feels louder in the frigid night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The sedan glides across Lola's line of sight, cutting off escape. A low fog rolls along the asphalt, curling around her polished black frame.

CJ #2 slips out, his breath misting in the cold. His hand trembles as he approaches Lola's driver-side door, the snow crunching under his boots.

He lifts the handle - CLICK. The door pops open.

CJ #2 slides inside, his grin wide, eyes darting - a hunter entering unknown territory.

INT. SEDAN (CJ #1)

CJ #1 taps the wheel impatiently, unaware. He sees CJ #2's thumbs up, misreading confidence.

INT. LOLA

CJ #2 fumbles with wires. A spark arcs - fleeting. Then - LOLA ROARS.

The engine bursts to life like a beast, low and feral, reverberating through the lot. Dash lights flare, gauges spin, and the black hood seems to pulse in the glow of streetlamps.

CJ #2 freezes. His grin evaporates.

INT. SEDAN

CJ #1 pumps his fist, thinking the job is clean. He's blind to the sound - to the growl creeping across the lot like a shadow crawling toward them.

INT. LOLA

LOLA shifts - almost imperceptibly - her headlights flicker, as if eyes opening, and the dashboard hums like a predator sizing up its prey. The engine revs again, low and threatening, vibrating through the pavement.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

LOLA glides forward first, headlights slowly open, like predator eyes. The SEDAN follows, unaware, shadows stretching across the asphalt.

The predator leads its prey into the night.

INT. LOLA - NIGHT

CJ #2 grips the wheel, phone pressed to his ear, still grinning - confident.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

CJ #1 leans back, relaxed.

CJ #1
What's up?

CJ #2 (V.O.)
Man, she's clean. Bad as hell. I might keep her.

CJ #1
If she's that clean, let's take it in and get the bag.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

CJ #2 caresses the wheel, flashing a greedy smile, eyes roaming the interior.

CJ #2
Nah... we're askin' for a bigger bag for this beauty. She's nice.

The dash flickers, subtle at first - then the radio twitches, STATIC hissing and crackling. CJ #2 frowns, unease creeping in.

RADIO (DISTORTED, GHOSTLY, THROUGH STATIC)

♪ "Smiling faces... sometimes pretend to be your friend..."

CJ #2's grin fades. His knuckles whiten on the wheel.

CJ #2
(whispering, muttering)
What the... the fuck...?

He turns the knob violently – it won't change. The song bleeds through louder, warped, as if the car itself is breathing through the speakers.

The interior hums low, almost alive. The lights flicker again, as if Lola is breathing. Outside, the seems to edge closer, shadows warping around her polished black frame. Every subtle vibration under the tires feels deliberate, predatory.

INT. SEDAN – CONTINUOUS

Through the phone, CJ #1 hears the music crackling in the background.

CJ #1
(irritated)
Why the hell are you playing that?

INT. LOLA – CONTINUOUS

The song grows, vibrating through the cabin.

RADIO (LOUDER, DISTORTED)
♪ *"Smiling faces... show no traces...
of the evil that lurks within."*

CJ #2
(panicking, shouting)
It's not me! It won't turn off!

He begins to panic, slamming the volume knob – it doesn't budge. Every button resists.

The volume CRANKS UP on its own, rattling the windows.

EXT. WET CLEVELAND STREETS – NIGHT

LOLA's headlights cut sharp turns. The sedan follows close, tires hissing against the slick pavement.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

The SEATBELT jerks suddenly, strapping tight across CJ #2's chest.

He fights as the belt wraps around him like a python, cocooning his body tighter and tighter to the seat.

The steering wheel spins on its own. The gas pedal slams down.

CJ #2
(terrified, thrashing)
HELP ME! HELP—

Smoke pours from the vents, hissing like breath.

CJ #2 claws for the window crank, nails scraping, but can't reach. The smoke thickens, black and suffocating.

The RADIO WAILS:

RADIO (WARPED, ALMOST DEMONIC)
*"Beware... of the handshake... that
hides a snake..."*

CJ #2 convulses, coughing, eyes watering. He fights, then goes limp. The seatbelt squeezes once more before releasing him, letting his limp body slump.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

CJ #1 grips his wheel, confused.

CJ #1
Joe? ... Joe! Answer me!

The faint, uncanny sound of the song still leaks through the phone.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

LOLA suddenly veers down a dark, narrow alley. The sedan jerks to follow.

LOLA peels off, leaving the SEDAN in a cloud of smoke

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

CJ #1's eyes dart, panic setting in.

CJ #1
Where the fuck did he go?

CJ #1 crawls around the block, looking for his partner.

The phone hisses with the song's chorus.

RADIO (V.O.)
♪ *"Smiling faces... smiling faces
tell lies... and I got proof..."*

Suddenly, a bright, intense RED LIGHT flares in his rearview mirror.

It's not headlights – it's an unearthly red glow.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

LOLA roars forward. The camera POV is directly ahead of her – the clamshell headlights revealing a bright, blood-red beam.

She SCREAMS past CJ #1's sedan, leaving smoke in her wake.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

CJ #2 is unconscious. His head lolls side to side as the car breathes around him – the vents sighing, the speakers whispering faint echoes of the song.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

CJ #1 claws at his windshield, blinded by thick smoke glowing red.

Through the haze – LOLA emerges head-on.

CJ #1 has no time to react.

CRASH!

The impact EXPLODES in metal and glass.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The wreckage burns with smoke and sparks. CJ #2's body is hurled through LOLA's shattered windshield, slamming onto the hood of the sedan. CJ #1 hangs halfway out of his own windshield - both men are DEAD.

LOLA sits mangled, headlights cracked, hood twisted.

Then, with a SHRIEK of bending metal, she slowly reverses out of the wreck. Her engine rumbles low, guttural, almost like a growl.

The smoke swallows her, until only the faint radio can be heard.

RADIO (FADING, WHISPERING)

♪ *"Smiling faces... sometimes..."*

Silence.

FADE OUT.

INT. IPIC MOVIE THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The lobby hums with life: patrons at the concession stand, groups laughing in line, an in-house lounge buzzing quietly. Retro-contemporary décor catches the ambient light.

The camera finds JEFF at a self-service kiosk. He's edgy, scanning the room with hawk-like intensity. Every reflection, every shadow seems to draw his attention.

POV - JEFF:

He spots an off-duty police officer patrolling near the lobby exit.

Jeff purchases a ticket, moves toward the usher. He presents the ticket, which the usher tears in half.

MOVIE USHER

Your movie is showing in Theater #5. First right behind me, then your theater's at the end of the hall... enjoy.

Jeff crumples his half-ticket, tossing it onto the floor. A group of TEENS rush past, bumping him down slightly.

TALL TEEN
My fault, sir.

Jeff straightens, masking his agitation with a stiff smile, and moves forward.

INT. THEATER 5 - NIGHT

Dim, empty, almost reverent. Only DEBORAH "DEB" DICKENS and HANK DICKENS are seated at the back of the theater.

DEBORAH is tall, slim, middle-aged, with long bleached blonde hair cascading over her shoulders. Her face is heavily made up, lipstick bright, eyeliner sharp. Her presence is glamorous but precise-calculating.

HANK is a country man, late 60s, weighing 350 pounds, wearing overalls over a thick plaid cotton shirt. His gait is slow but deliberate. Despite his size, his presence dominates the row.

Jeff ascends the steps cautiously. Deb stands and moves one seat over from Hank, leaving a gap.

HANK
Hello, Jeff. (deep southern drawl)
Please, sit.

DEB
Yes, right here. (taps the middle seat)

Jeff sits. Deb brushes the corner of his mouth with a soft kiss and playfully rubs his knee. He eyes her warily.

JEFF
Interesting choice for a meeting place.

HANK
You think so?

JEFF
Yes, I do.

HANK
The Mrs. and I have been waiting to see this movie. She just loves Denzel Washington. (he leans in to whisper) I think she has a hanker for the unforbidden fruit.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
(tone picks up) How have you been
my friend?

JEFF
How do you think Hank? I buried my
brother yesterday.

DEB
(teasing, rubbing his thigh)
Anything we can do to help?

JEFF
Bring my brother back... (turns to
Hank)

HANK
I sympathize, Jeff. What
happened—tragic—but not the intent
of this partnership. We've kept
things clean, ensured people get
home safe. What occurred... could've
been planned better.

JEFF
So... you're saying my brother's
death was my fault?

HANK
I am going to have to hold you
accountable for this one, Jeff. Now
if it was me, I would've hired some
boys who knew what they were doing.
Carjackings isn't our business.
What them boys did was messy and
juvenile. Our work? Upscale,
sophisticated. There's an order in
which we do things. We have to
ensure our "products" are obtained
and delivered properly.

Jeff lowers his head, conflicted. Hank's words sting but are
undeniably true.

HANK (CONT'D)
The product was delivered, sho'nuff
- but now there's blood on my hands—
on yours too(pause) according to my
calculations, you still owe me
close to \$250K.

Deb hands Jeff an index-card-sized photo.

Jeff studies it carefully.

HANK (CONT'D)
Isn't she gorgeous? 1971 Jaguar E-Type, wing convertible top, 77,000 miles... all original. Should bring over \$100K.

Deborah hands Jeff another photo.

HANK (CONT'D)
1965 Dodge Dart. Not my style, but hey... I'm just the order taker. 5.7L Gen 3 Hemi under her hood. Worth \$120K. Questions?

JEFF
Where is the pickup spot?

HANK
Temperature-controlled garage, private residence. Owner's out of the country for two days. Deb has the address.

Deb hands Jeff a slip of paper with the address.

JEFF
I don't know if I can get new guys in 2-days. I need more time Hank.

HANK
Jeff, my patience is starting to run really short. Your gambling problem is writing checks that your black ass can't cash. If I were you, I would take this opportunity to clear a debt that can otherwise send to meet your brotha'.

Lights dim. The big screen flickers to life. The movie starts. Jeff, frustrated, tries to negotiate.

HANK (CONT'D)
Shhh... (index finger to lips) The movie is starting.

Jeff, frustrated, rises and crosses in front of Hank, walking away.

Deb slides next to Hank, kisses him on the cheek.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BARLEY'S BILLIARDS & LOUNGE - NIGHT

Upscale. Warm neon spills across the sidewalk. Muted chatter and the muffled thump of jazz seep into the night air.

At the curb—LOLA. Gleaming. Immaculate. Chrome polished to liquid black, clamshell headlights shut like eyes in meditation.

INT. BARLEY'S BILLIARDS & LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Low light. Jazz hums. Cigar smoke and the clink of ice undercut the conversation. DETECTIVE CHRIS sits in a leather lounge chair, cigar in one hand, an Old Fashioned in the other — composed, careful, alert.

The doors open. TIFFANY enters — dressed to be noticed, but not for show. She scans the room, finds CHRIS, and crosses the floor.

Chris rises. They hug briefly; it's warm, protective.

DET. CHRIS
How are you?

TIFFANY
(bashful)
I'm okay.

He gestures to the seat beside him.

DET. CHRIS
Please. Sit.

DET. CHRIS (CONT'D)
Can I get you something to drink?

TIFFANY
Water.

Chris flags the waitress.

DET. CHRIS
Two waters, please.

TIFFANY
(quick)
With lemon..

The waitress nods and disappears. Tiffany sits, restless — crossing her legs, uncrossing, finding and losing composure.

Chris watches her, calm, reading the small nervous gestures.

DET. CHRIS
Are you sure everything's okay?

TIFFANY
(forcing a smile)
Oh yeah. I'm fine.
(beat)
This is a nice place. Do you come a lot?

DET. CHRIS
Yeah. Great spot to decompress after a long day – one drink, maybe two – and I leave the day behind me.

Their eyes lock. The waitress returns and sets down the waters.

TIFFANY
You said you had an update... on the guys who killed my father.

Chris folds his hands, steady.

DET. CHRIS
My team set up a sting last night. We got a call – both suspects were involved in an accident. – Looks like someone else sentence them to death before we could.

Tiffany releases a breath she didn't know she was holding. Relief and disbelief fight across her face.

DET. CHRIS (CONT'D)
Case closed in one sense. But the war's not over. We're still tracking what looks like an organized car-theft ring.

TIFFANY
(confused)
I don't understand.

DET. CHRIS
We think your father's SUV was a targeted selection. Certain vehicles are worth a fortune to these people.

Tiffany's face hardens – pride, protectiveness, pain.

TIFFANY

My dad's truck was one-of-a-kind.
Everybody in Cleveland knew that
truck.

DET. CHRIS

Which is why they'll strip any
identifiers – or worse, ship the
parts overseas. We're trying to
stop that.

A beat. Tiffany chews the corner of her lip, looking small
and fierce at once.

TIFFANY

(quiet)

If they stripped it... if they took
it... what happens then?

Chris leans forward, voice low and deliberate – not just
speaking procedure, but offering a promise.

DET. CHRIS

Then we find the receivers. The
fences. The men who move the cars.
We follow the money and the
shipment routes. We close every
door.

Tiffany studies him – measuring, trusting, not yet ready to
be consoled.

TIFFANY

(soft)

Thank you. For everything.

DET. CHRIS

(half smile)

Don't thank me yet. We got work to
do. But you – if you see anything,
anything at all – call me. No
hesitation.

Tiffany sits back, processing the weight of the news. DET.
CHRIS leans slightly forward, earnest.

TIFFANY

(beat)

I see.

DETECTIVE CHRIS

(smiling lightly)

You look amazing. I know it's not
easy losing your father.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE CHRIS (CONT'D)
May I asked about your mother? If
it's too personal, I understand.

TIFFANY
(proud, soft)
Thank you. No it's okay. My mother
passed away when I was 3-months.
It's always just been me and Pops.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Sorry to hear that.

TIFFANY
(resolute)
It's okay really!
(rises)
I appreciate you, Detective. But
I've gotta go.

Chris rises with her.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
I'll walk you to your car.

EXT. OUTSIDE - BILLIARDS HALL - NIGHT

LOLA waits at the curb like a black widow, sleek and
immaculate. Her chrome sparkles under the streetlamps.

LOSER - LOW ANGLE

Beneath her bumper, a faint scorch mark lingers, black
against the shine. A reminder of the carnage she left behind.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Where'd you park?

TIFFANY
Across the street. (points at LOLA)

DETECTIVE CHRIS
That's your car? The Buick?

TIFFANY
That's her!
(notices the inquisitive
look on his face) What's
look about?

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Nothing! Nice car!

TIFFANY and DETECTIVE CHRIS approach LOLA. The mark shivers in the glow of the streetlight – like it wants to disappear. Tiffany doesn't notice.

INT. SEDAN – CONTINUOUS

Inside another car. Pale, white hands grip the steering wheel tightly. The camera pans up to reveal – Todd. His face simmering with jealousy.

Through his windshield, Todd watches: Chris walking tiffany across the street.

EXT. OUTSIDE – CONTINUOUS

Chris gestures, ever the gentleman, unlocking Lola for her.

They hug – a touch warmer than it should be.

Tiffany slides into the driver's seat.

ANGLE ON LOLA

The quiet Buick sits in the glow of a streetlight.

When Tiffany turns the key –.

CLICK.

Clamshell headlights SNAP OPEN.

LOLA purrs to life, as though nothing had ever scarred her.

Extreme close-up: beams flicker like a heartbeat. Hum vibrates through the chassis. Engine growls low – predator-like.

Tracking shot: Scorch mark beneath bumper vanishes. Lola seems alive. A slow inhale/exhale of light through the headlights.

Medium shot: Chris steps back, watching silently. Tiffany drives off, unaware.

The light rises and falls like a slow, unnatural breath.

Chris shuts the door. Lola's engine growls low, like a suppressed growl in a predator's throat.

Chris steps away, back toward the billiards hall. Tiffany pulls off down the street, unaware.

Inside Todd's sedan, his jealous eyes burning as he watches Lola glide away with Tiffany.

CUT TO.

EXT. POWELL RESIDENCE STREET - NIGHT

LOLA's headlights pierce through the dark like twin eyes.

The Buick rolls to a stop in front of the Powell house.

She reverses into the driveway, with predator-like precision.

Her clamshell headlights close, but not smoothly—slow, almost hesitant. A faint breath-like hum echoes as if the car itself exhales.

TIFFANY climbs out.

She heads toward the side door, fumbling with her keys. Just as she finds the right one and slides it into the lock—

A HAND smothers her face with a cloth. Tiffany thrashes—eyes wide—then slumps unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dim, outdated, but meticulously clean. The linoleum floor shines. Old appliances hum softly.

At the small two-person kitchen table, a single candle flickers between two dinner plates.

TODD sits at one end, wearing a grin too wide, too gleeful—like he's watching a kitten play.

The camera slowly spins to reveal TIFFANY at the opposite end.

Her curly hair is damp with sweat. Eyes red, terror-stricken.

A rag is tied cruelly around her mouth. Her wrists are cuffed to the table.

TODD
(soft, blissful)
You look gorgeous, my love.

Tiffany's eyes brim with tears.

Todd rises, gliding a hand through her curls.

TODD (CONT'D)
I love your curly hair. It makes
you look so innocent... so cute.

She jerks her head away in disgust.

TODD (CONT'D)
(ignoring it)
I hope you didn't eat on your date
with the detective. I made stuffed
shells.

He drifts to the oven, pulling out a baking dish. Steam coils upward. He sets it at the center of the table like it's a holy offering.

TODD (CONT'D)
(takes a deep inhale)
Ummm. I hope it tastes as good as
it smells.

He spoons heaps onto both plates, then retrieves a bottle of wine.

TODD (CONT'D)
My I pour you a glass?

He fumbles for an opener, clumsy with the cork.

TODD (CONT'D)
I always have trouble with this
thing.

Finally—POP. He pours two glasses, sets the bottle down with a prideful flourish.

TODD (CONT'D)
There. Now, isn't this romantic?
Do you like it?

Tiffany glares—if looks could kill, his heart would already be in pieces.

Todd circles behind her, bending close to her ear.

TODD (CONT'D)
I'm going to take this out of your
mouth so you can eat.

If you scream.. it goes back in. Okay?

She hesitates, then nods.

He buries his face in her hair, inhaling deeply, audibly.

TODD (CONT'D)
What shampoo do you use? It smells
intoxicating.

He yanks the cloth away. Tiffany stretches her jaw, her lips
trembling.

TIFFANY
(quivering)
Have you been stalking me?

TODD
(motions to gold watch on her arm)
No, I've been tracking you. There
is a difference.

TIFFANY
(quivering, pleading)
Todd... please. You don't have to do
this.

TODD
I didn't see any other way.

TIFFANY
So you kidnap me? That's crazy!

TODD
(agitated)
If I would've asked out, you'd say
no. Right?

TIFFANY
(quietly)
Right.
(beat)
How long do you think you can keep
me here, Todd?

TODD
(angry, defensive)
Why? You sound very ungrateful. I
went through a lot to make this
happen for us.

She flinches. Then, softer—

TIFFANY

What about Trudy? My dog... she's
home alone.

Todd's face lights up. He darts out of the room—then
reappears with TRUDY in his arms, wagging tail and all.

TODD

She's right here - safe and sound.
You see, I thought of everything.

He sets Trudy down. The dog leaps toward Tiffany, whining.

TIFFANY

Todd... please. Let's just start
over, okay?

TODD

I'm not going to hurt you. I love
you! One day we'll be married. I'm
going to do all I can to make you
happy.
(beat, almost childlike)
Would you let me make you happy?

Trudy barks suddenly—ears perked, staring toward the side
door.

Todd rushes over, peers out the window.

TODD (CONT'D)

What is it, girl? I don't see
anything.

He cracks the door. Trudy bolts out.

TIFFANY

No! Trudy!

TODD

Don't worry! I'll get her.

Todd bolts after her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Todd chases the dog down the driveway.

TODD
Trudy! Come here, girl!

Trudy stops in the middle of the road, staring.

Todd inches closer—then she bolts again - causing TODD to fall over.

He peels himself off the ground.

He sprints forward in search for the dog.

His breath ragged, until he stops—bent over, gasping.

TODD (CONT'D)
TRUDY...! I'm going to kill and stuff
you when I catch you... stupid bitch.

He strolls down the street, carefully looking through yards and down side streets.

A low growl cuts through the silence.

Todd freezes. Slowly turns.

LOLA.

Her silhouette gleams under a streetlight—still, waiting. Her engine rumbles like a predator's chest.

Todd staggers back.

TODD
What are you trying to do? Run me
over? - Go around!

INT. LOLA

The radio lights flicker, STATIC hissing and crackling, LOLA is trying to say something -

♪ *The grungy guitar intro of "Run Through the Jungle" rips to life through her speaker* ♪

LOLA's engine roars. She lunges.

Todd is struck, flung onto the hood.

LOLA accelerates—brakes hard. He's thrown off, crashing onto the asphalt.

RADIO (O.S.)

♪ "Whoa, thought it was a
nightmare..." ♪

Dazed, he scrambles to his feet and takes off running.

LOLA hunts him—barreling across lawns, smashing through fences, bushes, even a street sign. She doesn't stop.

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

♪ "Lord, it was so true..." ♪

INT. TODD'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Tiffany strains, pulling one hand free from the cuff. The other remains tight.

She drags the entire table across the floor, dishes crashing, the hot stuffed shells splatter across the floor.

A set of keys hang on the wall—just out of reach—until finally she snatches them.

One by one, she fumbles through until—CLICK.

She's free.

She creeps to the side door—gone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TODD staggers into the center of the road. Sweat-soaked, gasping, bent over like a man twice his age. His chest heaves; he looks ready to collapse.

Behind him—LOLA waits.

Her once-polished frame is now scratched and streaked with dirt. Bits of leaves, branches, and splintered bark cling to her chrome like fresh wounds. A trail of mud spatters her tires.

Her headlights flare open with a slow, mechanical click. For a moment, the faint scorch mark beneath her bumper glows like an ember—then vanishes the instant her lamps flicker, breathing.

She is still. Watching. Hunting.

♪ "Better run through the jungle..." ♪

TODD
(pleading, broken)
Who are you? Why are you chasing
me?!

LOLA's engine revs in response—a deep, guttural growl. It's not mechanical anymore. It's animal.

RADIO (O.S.)
♪ "Don't look back to see..." ♪

TODD
(shouting, desperate)
Leave me alone!

LOLA's headlights flare crimson, washing him in blood-red light.

The sound of her idle deepens into something unnatural—half exhaust, half heartbeat.

She creeps forward.

RADIO (O.S.)
♪ "Better run through the jungle...
Lord, don't look back" ♪

INT. LOLA - POV

From behind the windshield: Todd shields his eyes from the burning red light.

He turns—runs.

LOLA screams forward. Todd is swallowed beneath her grill.

RADIO (O.S.)
♪ "Whoa-oh, thought it was a
nightmare..." ♪

Dragged. Screeched across asphalt.

Then—dropped.

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

♪ "...Lord, it was so true..." ♪

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Buick vanishes into the darkness.

RADIO

♪ "...Better run through the jungle...
better run through the jungle..." ♪

The lyric fades into static as Lola disappears.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY runs breathless down the street—hair wild, chest heaving—until a sudden wash of headlights sweeps across her.

She turns.

LOLA rolls forward, slow, deliberate—like a predator that knows the chase is already won.

Her once-flawless body gleams through the dark, but now—scratches score her paint, branches cling to her grille, dirt smears her fenders. Jammed tight in the chrome fender: Todd's torn, bloodied shirt.

Tiffany freezes. Her lips part in horror.

TIFFANY

Where'd you come from?

LOLA idles before her. The clamshell headlights flutter, opening and narrowing again, like eyes blinking with patience.

The driver's seat is empty.

Tiffany edges closer, trembling. As she nears, her face appears faintly in the dark glass of the windshield—but it's wrong.

The reflection lingers a beat too long after she moves, as if Lola is studying her, trying her face on like a mask.

Tiffany shivers, breath caught in her throat. Yet something in the reflection seems to draw her closer—curious, entranced.

Her fingers hover at the door handle. She hesitates—then the lock clicks open on its own.

She whispers, almost to herself—

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
How is this possible?

Her father's statement echoes in her head "If you take care of her, she will take care of you"

Inside, the cabin breathes warm. The faint scent of leather and smoke wraps around her like an embrace. The vents exhale—soft, steady, alive.

She stares into the hollow seat—and confusion melts into quiet, unnerving recognition.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
You're... not just a car.

Slowly, willingly, she slides inside.

The door closes gently—on its own.

For a beat, the world holds still.

Her engine purrs low, vibrating through Tiffany like a pulse shared between them.

Tiffany puts the car in gear and pulls off turning the corner.

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

A block away, TRUDY is sitting in the middle of the road.

TIFFANY brakes, leaps out.

TIFFANY
Trudy!

She scoops the dog into her arms, cradling her tight, tears streaming.

She tosses Trudy inside, slams the door, and grips the wheel.

INT. LOLA

TIFFANY
Let's go home.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

LOLA skids to a stop in the middle of the street.

The driver's side window hums down on its own.

A glint of gold catches the streetlight—TIFFANY'S GOLD WATCH tumbles out, clattering against the asphalt.

The radio lights flicker, STATIC hissing and crackling.

A faint, distorted version of "**Hit the Road Jack**" begins to hum through the air—warped, slowed, almost breath-like. The rhythm pulses unnaturally, as if Lola herself is singing the words, taunting.

LOLA lingers for a beat, engine idling low like a growl, the song creeping in louder, whispering:

RADIO (V.O.)
*"Hit the road... you... don't come
back no more..."*

Tiffany freezes, eyes wide, mesmerized and horrified by the combination of sound and Lola's unnatural presence.

Then—she peels off into the darkness, taillights bleeding red into the night. The warped, spectral echo of the song lingers, fading into the distance.

FADE TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A dim, sterile light hums overhead.

TIFFANY stares at herself in the mirror. Her reflection is tired, worn transformed.

The silence breaks with a sharp BUZZ.

Hair clippers vibrate in her trembling hand.

She raises them to her head.

CHRRRRRT.

Curly locks fall into the sink, strand by strand.

Her breathing steadies. Her eyes harden.

The Tiffany in the mirror is no longer the girl she was.

She is something else.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CLEVELAND APARTMENTS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Lola is traveling on the wet streets on Cleveland. Brand-new again. Her black paint flawless. No dirt. No blood. No trace of the carnage from the night before.

The car pulls into the PARKING lot of an apartment complex.

INT. INSIDE LOLA

TIFFANY is driving. Her look: transformed. Confidence in every step. Her face harder, sharper. She's no longer the uncertain girl we met—she's carrying something darker now. Something Lola has fed.

POV through the windshield, standing outside an apartment building, dressed in winter clothing and shivering is Athielia.

She scurries to the door and jumps.

ATHIELIA

Whew! The cold is so disrespectful.
My bones hurt.

TIFFANY

Hey girl!

ATHIELIA

Thank you for picking me up. My car
froze up and won't start.

TIFFANY drives off.

Athielia examines the inside of LOLA.

ATHIELIA (CONT'D)

This is nice Tiff! It's old but
nice.

Tiffany being a little overprotective, did not appreciate Athielia calling Lola old.

TIFFANY

She's a classic Athielia, not old.

ATHIELIA

Isn't that same thing? No touch screen or Bluetooth, and these seats are not very comfortable

TIFFANY

Watch what you say about LOLA. She's perfect. I don't need a touch screen or Bluetooth. All I need is her.

ATHIELIA

Lola - Tiff, that's an old person's name.

TIFFANY

A - that's enough. You're here cause your new car wouldn't even start. So, chill out okay - or you can walk.

ATHIELIA

Okay, okay. Why the attitude? Are you okay? Wait (examines TIFFANY) Bitch, did you cut your hair?

Out of nowhere, the radio lights flicker, STATIC hissing, and crackling.

TIFFANY knows that LOLA is getting ready to say something.

The song "**Respect**" by **Aretha Franklin** plays through the speakers

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Find out what it means to me

R-E-S-P-E-C-T (CONT'D)

Take care, TCB, oh

TIFFANY turns the radio off.

Athielia is startled.

ATHIELIA

What was that?

TIFFANY

It has a mind of it's own. I can't control it.

Tiffany stifles a giggle, trying not to look too obvious. She knows Lola played that song for a reason.

CUT.

INT. JACK CASINO PARKING DECK - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Tiffany and Athielia stroll past the lone SECURITY GUARD at the entrance. No rush. No nerves. Just presence.

SECURITY GUARD

You both are late.

TIFFANY / ATHIELIA

We know.

INT. VIP ROOM - JACK CASINO - NIGHT

A high-stakes hum fills the room. Poker chips clack. Cigars smoke. JEFF sits at a crowded table, sweat streaking his temples, his face gaunt with defeat.

Before him—a pathetic, dwindling stack of chips.

Jeff studies his hand, fingers trembling.

The DEALER lays down the TURN card.

A mix of cheers and groans ripple across the table.

Jeff's hand looks grim—but he shoves his pile forward anyway. ALL IN.

He scans the faces of his opponents, desperate to read something. Nothing.

The DEALER flips the RIVER card.

Gasps. Silence.

Jeff's shoulders collapse. Defeated

JEFF

(erupts, pointing at the Dealer)

You cheated! This whole damn place is crooked—mob-owned, rigged from the start!

He SLAMS the table. Chips scatter like gunfire. Spectators pull back. Jeff's rage builds—wild, erratic.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO FLOOR - TIFFANY'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany deals cards with cool efficiency. A SECURITY GUARD slips behind her shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD
It's your uncle. He's losing it.
They're close to locking him up.

Tiffany freezes, eyes flashing.

TIFFANY
Where?

SECURITY GUARD
VIP Room.

A nearby DEALER steps forward.

DEALER #2
I'll cover your table.

Tiffany nods, taps out, and hurries away.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. Jeff is now surrounded by CASINO SECURITY and UNIFORMED POLICE. His tie is crooked, his eyes bloodshot.

JEFF
(shouting)
Back up! No, fuck that. I ain't
going no where. I want my money
back!

POLICE OFFICER
Jeff, stop. If you keep this up,
I'll have to arrest you.

Jeff thrusts his wrists forward, daring.

JEFF

Do it! Arrest me right now—'cause
if I don't get my money back,
somebody else is catching a case
tonight!

The DEALER, rattled but firm, shakes his head.

DEALER

Nobody cheated you, Jeff.

JEFF

Bullshit!

He LUNGES across the poker table, reaching for the Dealer's
throat. Security drags him back.

At that moment—TIFFANY pushes through the crowd. She plants
herself between Jeff and the chaos.

TIFFANY

Uncle Jeff, stop! They're going to
arrest you!

JEFF

(eyes wild, wrists out)
Then let 'em! Take me in!

TIFFANY

No. Please—he's drunk. Let me take
him home.
(pleading with security)

She grabs his arm, struggling, dragging him away with all her
strength. His body resists, half-collapsing, half-raging.

The officers hesitate, allowing her to lead him out

EXT. CASINO - PARKING DECK - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY and JEFF burst through the exit doors. Jeff is still
fired up, staggering with anger and frustration.

TIFFANY

Uncle Jeff, please... calm down.

JEFF

(voice cracking, then
softening)
You're right, sweetheart! I should
be the one taking care of you... not
the other way around.

He pulls her into a sudden, drunken embrace. Tiffany holds him steady, her eyes soft but wary.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Don't worry about me. I can drive myself.

TIFFANY
No you cannot. You're intoxicated. The last thing I need is for something to happen to you. You're all I've got.

Jeff nods, sobering just a touch at her words. They separate, and Jeff slumps into LOLA's passenger seat.

TIFFANY moves to the trunk, pulling out her purse.

Inside the car, Jeff removes his phone from his jacket pocket

He types a TEXT MESSAGE: To HANK: 911. Meet now.

Tiffany climbs in, setting her purse aside. She fires up the ignition—LOLA's dashboard lights flicker awake, casting an unnatural glow across their faces.

JEFF
I need to see someone. Just drop me off in The Flats

Tiffany studies him, uneasy.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(relentless)
I'll be okay. Trust me.

A tense beat. Tiffany exhales.

TIFFANY
Okay.

LOLA's dashboard flickers... then the radio dial spins on its own.

The opening groove of **"Back Stabbers" by the O'Jays** pulses through the speakers.

RADIO (THE O'JAYS - LYRICS)
"What they do... they smile in your face...all the time they want to take your place..."

TIFFANY freezes. Her eyes flick to Jeff. Knowing this is LOLA's way of speaking to her - what can she possibly be saying.

RADIO (THE O'JAYS - LYRICS) (CONT'D)
"the back stabbers... back stabbers..."

JEFF doesn't notice. He continues on his phone, tapping furiously, muttering to himself.

TIFFANY swallows hard.

Her reflection shimmers faintly in the windshield—superimposed with LOLA's empty seat.

Her grip on the wheel tightens.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE FLATS - NIGHT

LOLA crawls down a dark, graveled road—sleek, predatory—like a black panther on the prowl.

Only the pale moonlight illuminates the crisp night air. Lake Erie mirrors the sky, holding its own moon.

The streets are lined with icy snow piles. Industrial warehouses loom, their trailers backed into docking bays like sleeping beasts.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY sits behind the wheel, cautious, eyes darting as she creeps along.

Across from her—JEFF, restless.

TIFFANY
Detective Chris told me that this area was where dad's truck was last tracked.

JEFF
Really? What else did he tell you?

TIFFANY
He believes that the truck was targeted by a car-theft gang, or something like that.

JEFF

Let me out up here at the stop sign.

TIFFANY

What is this place?

JEFF

Listen, baby girl... when I get out... I want you to get out of here and go home. Okay? It's late and I don't want you becoming another victim of these Cleveland streets.

TIFFANY

Uncle Jeff, I'm twenty-four.

JEFF

I'm not sure what your age has to do with anything.

Tiffany starts to fire back—

JEFF (CONT'D)

Go home.

TIFFANY swallows the words. She nods, reluctantly.

Jeff slips out and dodges across the road, vanishing into the shadows. Tiffany's eyes linger on him until he's completely swallowed by the dark.

She turns left at the stop sign, pulls to the side of the road.

EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

LOLA sits, idling low, almost too quiet.

Tiffany slips out and crosses the street, footsteps muffled by snow. She stalks through a large lot toward the lone warehouse that shows signs of life.

Suddenly—two sets of headlights blaze toward her.

TIFFANY ducks behind a tall snowbank, breath ragged.

The cars pull up to a garage door. One honk. The steel door rattles open. Both vehicles slide inside.

Tiffany crouches low and sprints, hugging the second car's bumper—slipping through as the door grinds closed.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany ducks behind a mound of discarded car parts.

The warehouse glows under bright fluorescents, but it's not what she expected.

It's immaculate—like a twisted showroom. Over a dozen classic cars glisten under the lights.

A small army of men and women move like programmed drones: some cleaning, some wrenching under hoods, others herding cars onto trailers. Armed guards stalk the perimeter, rifles slung but ready.

Tiffany's eyes lock on the center.

At a round table—JEFF sits with HANK, DEB

Deb slides a thick envelope across the table.

DEB

That's fifty-five grand.

JEFF

I really need this, Hank. Those fuckers just cheated me out of everything.

HANK

Maybe you should call a gambler's hotline. You've got a bad addiction... to losing.

JEFF

I'll get this back to.

Hank motions to the two young men.

HANK

Jeff meet, Lou and Rocky. They're going to assist you with the mission at hand.

JEFF

Whoa, wait a minute. I've got who I need to pull this off. Where'd you get these guys?

HANK

We don't have time for your ghetto antics, Jeff. These guys are professionals.

From her hiding place, TIFFANY strains to hear. Out the corner of her eye—she freezes.

WILL'S TRUCK is being hauled toward a trailer.

Fury boils over. She bursts out from behind the pile—

TIFFANY
(boiling over)
What the fuck is my dad's truck
doing here?! Uncle Jeff—what the
hell is going on?!

The entire warehouse jolts. Guards swing rifles her way, fingers tight on triggers.

HANK
(to Jeff, cold)
Did she just say... Uncle Jeff?

Jeff rockets to his feet, storms over, and—CRACK—backhands Tiffany to the floor.

He leans close, hissing in her ear:

JEFF
If you want to live, stay down and
shut up.

Hank chuckles darkly, shaking his head.

HANK
Damn, Jeff. You're not much of a
family man. First your brother... now
your niece.

DEB
How the hell did she get in here?

JEFF
I had her drop me off, but she was
supposed to go home right after.

DEB
She can't walk out alive.

JEFF
Let me deal with her.

TIFFANY
(defiant, through blood)
Deal with me? Like you dealt with
my father?! Who are these people?!

Jeff strikes her again, sending her sprawling.

Before anyone can move—

CRASH!

LOLA explodes through the garage door in a storm of splintered wood and twisted metal. Smoke pours in, swallowing the fluorescent lights.

Music kicks in, right on the lyric:

THE ROLLING STONES (V.O.)
*♪ Pleased to meet you / Hope you
 guess my name... ♪*

Gunfire erupts—guards open fire blindly into the smoke, hitting people scattering about. Bullets spark and ricochet off Lola's steel body.

Her headlights flare—searching, breathing.

THE ROLLING STONES (V.O.)
*♪ But what's puzzlin' you / Is the
 nature of my game... ♪*

The passenger's door swings open on its own. Tiffany crawls inside, trembling but compelled—as though the song is meant for her.

LOLA reverses, tires screaming, smoke and gunfire trailing like a cloak of chaos.

EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

LOLA screams down the street, riddled with bullet holes, front grill bent and mangled. Smoke trails off her body like steam off a predator.

THE ROLLING STONES (V.O.)
*♪ I stuck around St. Petersburg /
 When I saw it was a time for a
 change... ♪*

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany clutches her face, shaken. Her wide eyes lock on the windshield—

—where bullet holes ripple like liquid, closing one by one.

THE ROLLING STONES (V.O.)

*♪ I killed the czar and his
ministers / Anastasia screamed in
vain... ♪*

Metal bends back into place with an unnatural squelch. The torn chrome smooths, panels melting seamlessly together.

LOLA is reborn in front of Tiffany's eyes—impossible, terrifying, mesmerizing.

Her engine hums like laughter.

THE ROLLING STONES (V.O.)

*♪ Pleased to meet you / Hope you
guess my name... ♪*

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Pristine again, Lola rips down the road—howling like a devil unleashed.

THE ROLLING STONES (V.O.)

*♪ But what's puzzlin' you / Is the
nature of my game... ♪*

Smoke and fire fade in her wake as the night swallows them whole.

CUT.

INT: CHRIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. CHRIS comes into view, opens the door. TIFFANY stands there — bruised, swollen, dried blood beneath her nose.

Chris immediately ushers her inside.

CHRIS

Whoa... come in here.

Tiffany shuffles past him, unsteady on her feet.

He leads her into the living room, gently placing her on the couch.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't move.

He disappears into another room. Tiffany slumps over, exhausted, defeated, no longer able to hold herself upright.

Chris returns with an ice pack and first aid kit. He carefully places the ice pack against her cheek.

Tiffany flinches from the cold against her tender face. Tears stream down.

TIFFANY

(whispers)

Thank you.

CHRIS

You're welcome. I'm glad you thought to call me. You're safe now.

He dabs the blood from her face, precise and gentle, as though handling delicate fabric.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What possessed you to go in that warehouse by yourself?

TIFFANY

I don't know. (rethinking her actions) I was concerned for my uncle, and I wanted to see what he was into. When I saw my father's truck, I lost it.

CHRIS

What has gotten into you, Tiffany? You could've lost your life.

TIFFANY

Stop acting like you know me. (upset) I'm so tired of everyone treating me like some naïve little girl.

CHRIS

No one thinks of you that way. I know I don't.

TIFFANY

Really? Then how do you think of me?

Chris blushes.

CHRIS

I think of you as someone who is coming into her own.

TIFFANY

That's what someone would say to a little girl.

CHRIS

Okay, I'm having a hard time putting together the right words for this situation. What I do know is that I feel like I should protect you — and that's what I'm going to do.

TIFFANY

I don't need anyone to protect me. I got Lola. She'll protect me.

CHRIS

Lola? Your car?

TIFFANY

She's more than a car. She's takes care of me.

CHRIS

Okay. Look, you've been through a lot, and the trauma of losing your father has—

TIFFANY

has what, Chris?

CHRIS

(softly, patient)

It has changed you. Hardened you.

TIFFANY

And what's wrong with that?

CHRIS

Nothing. Change can be expedient, or it can happen over time. Maybe... you should have a little patience for change. Take it slow.

Tiffany shifts, restless, impatient with the lecture.

TIFFANY

What are we going to do about my
uncle? He had my father killed.

CHRIS

I'm working on it. After your call,
I made a few of my own. Trust me.
I've got it handled.
Just rest.

He takes a sofa pillow, places it on his lap, and gently
guides Tiffany to lay her head down. She does, without
resistance, stretching out along the couch.

She closes her eyes.

MUSIC CUE: **"A Change Is Gonna Come" - Sam Cooke**

- The opening verse rises as Tiffany exhales, surrendering:

"I was born by the river, in a little tent..."

- Chris looks down at her, brushing a strand of hair from her
bruised face.

- Tears slip from her eyes, but her breathing steadies.

The song swells at the chorus as the camera lingers on her
resting face.

EXT: OUTSIDE - NIGHT

LOLA sits idling at the curb, headlights dimming like eyelids
closing. For the first time tonight, she rests.

The song carries through, fading with the line:

*"It's been a long, a long time coming... but I know a change
gon' come, oh yes it will."*

CUT.

INT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

TIFFANY scrambles around the living room, stuffing items into a bag. TRUDY, her loyal dog, follows her every step, tail low with concern.

In one hand, Tiffany clutches her iPhone—ATHIELIA's face fills the screen.

ATHIELIA

If I see Jeff at the casino tonight, Tiffany, I swear on everything I love, I'm going to jail.

TIFFANY

I don't think you'll have to worry about seeing him. When I spoke with Chris, he told me he believes Jeff is hiding and the police are planning on raiding the warehouse.

ATHIELIA

This all sounds like an episode of Law & Order.

TIFFANY

It feels like a bad nightmare.

Tiffany kneels to fill TRUDY's food and water bowls, her hands trembling slightly.

ATHIELIA

Speaking of nightmare, did you hear that Todd was killed last night.

Tiffany freezes—her eyes widen just enough. She waits, knowing more is coming.

ATHIELIA (CONT'D)

He was hit by a car. Killed.

TIFFANY

Really... Did anyone see who hit him?

ATHIELIA

Apparently not. He was found in the middle of the street. No one saw or heard anything. The police have been here all day—questioning the staff.

Tiffany absorbs it. Her expression is unreadable except for the faintest curl of satisfaction at the corner of her mouth.

TIFFANY
That's sad..

ATHIELIA
I think you should pack a bag and
come stay with me for a while.

TIFFANY
I'll be okay. I've got LOLA.

ATHIELIA
LOLA? Your car? I don't get it...
how is your car goin to protect
you?

TIFFANY
(frustrated)
Listen, I've gotta go. I'm running
late to meet Chris.

ATHIELIA
Okay. But promise me you'll think
about what I said. You shouldn't be
alone.

TIFFANY
Okay, I promise I'll think about.
Goodbye!

The call ends. ATHIELIA's face vanishes from the screen.

TIFFANY's shrugs into her jacket, snatches the keys from the
table, and heads for the door—

She swings it open—

A BIG-BUILT MASKED MAN looms in the doorway, gun raised.

MASKED MAN #1
You must be Tiffany.

Tiffany freezes, her breath catching. Her eyes lock on the
gun.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)
I need you to come with me. Please
don't do anything that'll make me
use this.
(beat, motions with gun)
Keys. Please.

Shaking, Tiffany hands him her keys.

The MASKED MAN gestures with the weapon, forcing her out the door.

EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They move down the porch steps.

Next to LOLA, another MASKED MAN waits.

MASKED MAN #1 tosses him the keys. MASKED MAN #2 catches them and slides into LOLA's driver's seat.

Tiffany's eyes flash to LOLA—pleading silently. Help me.

LOLA does nothing. She sits inert, just a car. No glow, no sound. Nothing.

Tiffany's face falls. Betrayal.

MASKED MAN #1 grips Tiffany's arm and marches her toward a black SUV idling at the curb. He yanks the back door open. Tiffany climbs in. He slips in beside her, gun still drawn.

The SUV pulls away.

LOLA's engine turns over, mechanical and ordinary. She follows. Silent. Obedient.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The black SUV glides through the neighborhood, tires crunching over icy patches.

Behind it—LOLA follows. Not too close. Not too far. Just steady.

From the SUV's back window, TIFFANY watches. Her bruised features tighten with a cocktail of fear and confusion.

To her, LOLA looks lifeless, hiding any trace of humanity Tiffany once thought she saw.

She's just... a car.

The SUV accelerates.

LOLA matches its speed—silent, unwavering, a predator on the hunt but cloaked in disguise.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CLEVELAND SUBWAY TUNNEL - ESTABLISHING

The SUV and LOLA descend into the century-old abandoned Cleveland subway.

Dark, clammy tunnels stretch endlessly, rats scattering in the shadows.

Every drip of water echoes like a warning.

The SUV slows, pulling to the wall. LOLA glides past, halting twenty feet short of a rusted 1950s railway streetcar.

The doors open. Figures emerge. TIFFANY is tugged from the SUV by THE MASKED MAN, dragged into the railcar where JEFF, HANK, DEB, Lou, and Rocky are waiting.

TIFFANY yanks her arm free.

TIFFANY

I can walk.

Her eyes lock on JEFF — anger simmering.

HANK

Well, look at here. It's a family reunion. Thanks to you, we had to move operations to an underground railroad.

DEB

Can we move this along, please?
(glancing around, uneasy) This place is freaking me out.

HANK

Really? I kinda like down here.
Reminds me of a hideout for runaway slaves.

JEFF

That's because it was. (to Tiffany)
Don't worry. Everything will work out.

DEB

Why do we have to stay down here to babysit this little black bitch?

TIFFANY

Babysit this black eye, ho!

She launches a fist — CRACK! — right into DEB's face.

DEB stumbles, then lunges. The two women grapple before the MASKED MAN yanks TIFFANY back.

JEFF wedges himself between them, yanking TIFFANY behind him.

JEFF
Nobody touches her.

DEB
You better get her in line. I'm not
the one.

TIFFANY
(heated) You the one and the two,
bitch!

She lunges again, JEFF restrains her. HANK chuckles, lighting a cigar, entertained.

JEFF grips TIFFANY's shoulders, lining up his nose with hers. His tone softer now.

JEFF
I screwed up. Bad. It was supposed
to be quick. Nobody was supposed to
die.

TIFFANY's knee rockets upward – WHUMP! – JEFF doubles over, choking.

TIFFANY
Fuck you! My father is dead because
of you.

The second MASKED MAN moves to grab her, but JEFF waves him off, still bent in pain.

JEFF
(snarling) She's fine...
Let's go. (gesturing to
Lou and Rocky)

Jeff stumbles out and all three men climb into a tow truck and rumble away.

The tunnel grows quiet.

Inside the railcar – DEB glares at her bruised face in a mirror.

HANK leans back, puffing smoke.

HANK
When your uncle return, we'll leave
you two to kill each other.

INT. INSIDE LOLA - CONTINUOUS

A RADIO sparks to life— faint music bleeding into the tunnel.

SONG CUE **"Another One Bites the Dust" - Queen**

EXT. THE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

HANK freezes.

HANK
Who's in there?

ARMED MAN
Nobody. (squints at LOLA) Maybe the
radio just glitched.

HANK
Radios don't glitch by themselves.
Go check it out, please.

- The gritty bassline kicks in, faint at first, like it's coming from LOLA's speakers.

- As the ARMED MAN inches closer, the opening lyrics sneak in:

RADIO (O.S.)
*"Steve walks warily down the
street..."*

- When LOLA's headlights blast open, the chorus hits:

RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*"Another one bites the dust!" —
right as she slams him into the
railcar, crushing him.*

- The impact echoes in the tunnel, synced to the heavy bassline, taunting HANK and DEB as they're knocked to the floor.

- As Tiffany scrambles into LOLA, the track keeps pulsing — building the sense that LOLA is fully awake, fully in control.

• The song rides with her all the way as she backs out of the tunnel, fading only once they burst onto the open road.

EXT: THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

LOLA bursts out of the abandoned tunnels, her frame battered but unbroken. She tears through the wet, rainy streets until the dark gives way to the buzzing lights of Downtown Cleveland.

She slows... then stops at a crowded intersection, headlights glowing steady.

INT. INSIDE LOLA - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany sits upright, confused, worry flickering across her face. She glances at the rearview mirror, then at Lola's still silhouette.

TIFFANY

Why are you stopping here?

The radio clicks alive. A soft, tender intro rises—

RADIO

♪ *"You and I must make a pact, we
must bring salvation back..."*

The sound fills the cabin like a gentle hug. Tiffany's eyes widen slightly, realizing the message isn't anger or rejection.

The driver's side door swings open on its own.

TIFFANY

Are... you leaving me here?
(voice trembling, almost a
whisper)

The chorus swells, smooth and warm—

RADIO

♪ *"I'll be there... to comfort you..."*

Tiffany swallows hard. Her chest rises and falls as she lets the truth sink in: Lola isn't abandoning her. She's stepping away for now, but she'll return.

A beat passes. Tiffany's lips curve in a small, determined smile.

TIFFANY
 I understand. I'll let you go!
 (softly, but with quiet
 strength)

She climbs out, the door clicking shut behind her. The music fills the momentary silence as Tiffany steps to the curb, shoulders straight, eyes forward.

LOLA pulls away, chrome glinting under the streetlights, the car's movement syncing with the rhythm of the song.

POV - INSIDE LOLA

Through the rearview mirror, Tiffany watches her from the sidewalk—small but unbroken—as the chorus rises one last time.

RADIO (O.C.)
 🎵 *"Whenever you need me, I'll be
 there..."*

EXT. DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND - CONTINUOUS

Tiffany stands on the sidewalk, breath steady, hands relaxed at her sides. The last notes hum faintly through the air, a promise of reunion and protection.

LOLA's taillights glow, then she eases back into the street, disappearing into the night with purpose.

POV - INSIDE LOLA

The rearview mirror holds Tiffany one last time, small and brave under the city lights. Then—LOLA flicks her headlights forward, locking in.

The radio hisses—then slams into the dark, grinding intro of **The Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter."**

RADIO (O.C.)
 🎵 *"Oh, a storm is threat'ning... my
 very life today..."*

MONTAGE - WAR PREP

• LOLA cruises through Cleveland's downtown arteries, neon signs streaking across her windshield.

- She threads past steel mills and freight yards, her black frame cutting like a shadow.
- The city's grit reflects off her chrome—Cleveland is her battlefield now.

RADIO (O.C.)

♪ *"If I don't get some shelter... oh
yeah, I'm gonna fade away..."*

Her engine growls deeper, syncing with the rhythm. She pushes harder, blowing through lights, carving downside streets like a predator circling its prey.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP - CONTINUOUS

LOLA rockets up the incline. Tires screech. Headlights blaze.

RADIO (O.C.)

♪ *"War, children... it's just a shot
away! It's just a shot away!"*

The Buick hits the highway, wide open, roaring into the night.

She's on the hunt.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASINO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

DET. CHRIS' truck pulls up to the casino entrance, windshield wipers smearing sheets of rain. He jumps out to open the passenger side door.

TIFFANY bursts through the doors, soaked, hair plastered to her face. She sprints across the slick pavement and dives into the passenger seat.

DET. CHRIS runs back around to the drive side and jumps inside.

The truck pulls away.

INT. DET. CHRIS' TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Chris glances at Tiffany, unsettled by her bruised face and jittery energy.

DET. CHRIS

You okay?

TIFFANY

Yeah. (shaking rainwater off) We need to find LOLA.

Chris studies her a beat longer, doubtful.

DET. CHRIS

When we met up the other night, I didn't tell you... but I saw LOLA before. The first time was at the scene where your father's body was discovered, and again at his funeral.

TIFFANY

You were at the funeral?

DET. CHRIS

Yes. Surveilling. I saw her drive off but I didn't think much of it.

TIFFANY

She's been watching out for me through everything. If she finds Jeff before we do, she's going to kill him.

Chris shakes his head, skeptical but listening.

DET. CHRIS

So... we've got a self-operating car, running loose on the streets of Cleveland, tearing things up.

TIFFANY

Lola only does what she has to do to protect me.

Chris' phone BUZZES. He answers.

DET. CHRIS

Yeah, what's up?

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY - SAME TIME

Floods of red and blue lights fill the tunnels. Police swarm, CSI snapping photos.

A DETECTIVE BRUCE surveys a mangled body, nearly torn in half.

DET. BRUCE (ON PHONE)
We've got a deceased male. Brutal.
The other two suspects are long
gone.

INT. DET. CHRIS' TRUCK - SAME TIME

Chris grips the wheel tighter.

DET. CHRIS
Got it. Lock it down—document
everything.

DET. BRUCE (V.O.)
Copy that.

Chris hangs up. His eyes flick to Tiffany—hesitant, but curious.

DET. CHRIS
What else can you tell me about...
"Lola"?

TIFFANY
(swallows hard) My dad brought her
home when I was nine. She was beat-
up. He told me that he got LOLA
from some lady whose father owned
the car until he disappeared.

DET. CHRIS
Did your father install any
enhancements that would allow for
it to drive on its own.

TIFFANY
No... He was determined to restore
LOLA back to her original
condition. (beat)
She's all I've got left, Chris. We
have to find her.

Chris nods, resigned.

DET. CHRIS
Okay. Okay.

CUT.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AERIAL SHOT - LATE NIGHT

Rain slicks the pavement, streetlights shimmering against steel fences guarding sprawling estate homes.

A BLACK UNMARKED TOW TRUCK creeps down the lane and halts in front of a large estate. Behind it, a MASSIVE FOUR-CAR GARAGE looms.

The headlights cut.

JEFF, LOU, and ROCKY climb out.

LOU slings a backpack over his shoulder.

They move quickly toward the garage. LOU pulls out a strange-looking FLASHLIGHT—its glow isn't white but infrared.

JEFF
(whispering)
What kind of flashlight is that?

LOU
This flashlight the reason why Hank
hired us.

LOU sweeps the beam across motion sensors tacked to the side of the house. The infrared disables them, cloaking their movements.

ROCKY stops at the garage keypad. He unlocks his phone with a quick pattern, opens a CODE BREAKER APP, and lets the device scan the infrared screen.

On his phone: a code appears.

He punches the six digits into the pad. The security system CLICKS, disabled.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Inside: gleaming steel, polished chrome. A 1971 Jaguar E-Type and a 1965 Dodge Dart sit like jewels under fluorescent lights.

The men fan out, rifling for keys.

JEFF
(whispering, impatient)
We don't have time. Break in.

LOU and ROCKY pick their targets. They wedge in jackhammers, tearing open the locks. A beat—they pause to admire the immaculate interiors.

JEFF flips two switches on the far wall.

GARAGE DOORS #2 and #3 slowly groan open.

LOU and ROCKY heave the cars into NEUTRAL, muscling them out onto the driveway.

JEFF lowers the tow truck's flatbed.

LOU straps the JAGUAR down. Chains clink.

ROCKY dollies the DART into place, locking it secure.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

JEFF climbs into the driver's seat. ROCKY slides in passenger-side, leaving LOU standing outside with his backpack.

LOU
Forget it. I'm not squeezing in
with you two. I'll ride in the Jag.

JEFF
You can't do that - it's illegal

LOU
I'll stay low.

He leaps onto the flatbed and ducks inside the Jaguar.

The tow truck rumbles to life, pulling away into the wet night.

As it disappears down the block, the CAMERA HOLDS on the now-empty driveway.

Somewhere in the distance—barely audible at first—the low, unmistakable GROWL of a car engine rumbles against the rain.

The HUM builds, steady, predatory.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - NIGHT - RAINING

The tow truck barrels forward, rain hammering the windshield.

INT. JAGUAR - CONTINUOUS

LOU lounges in the Jag on the flatbed, air pods in, bopping to his own tune. Dark shades. Hands on the wheel like he's driving.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

JEFF and ROCKY ride in tense silence.

Suddenly blinding white lights floods the cab. Both men shield their eyes.

JEFF
What the hell is he doing back
there?

INT. JAG - CONTINUOUS

The Jag GLOWS with the same furious light.

LOU tilts the rearview mirror—panic flashing.

LOU
It's the cops... shit!

LOU ducks down.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

ROCKY leans out the window into the rain, drenched.

ROCKY
The lights aren't from the Jag!

JEFF
Then what—?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck engine ROARS, pushing faster, trying to outpace the glare—

POV — the blinding beams sharpen, resolving into LOLA.

Her ENGINE HOWLS, headlights cutting through the storm.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS (POV DRIVER SEAT)

Through the rain-drenched windshield, she locks on her target.

"Immigrant Song" - Led Zeppelin - EXPLODES on the SCREAM.

The guitar riff syncs with her RPM climbing higher.

INT. JAG - CONTINUOUS

LOU sticks his head out, middle finger up.

LOU
Well... not the cops.

Slides back in, knuckles white on the wheel in time with the beat.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

LOLA whips into the oncoming lane—TIRES SCREECH dead on the GUITAR RIFF. Water sprays like shrapnel.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

JEFF glances in his mirror, heart racing as LOLA creeps up alongside.

POV — STREETLIGHTS blur overhead like a warpath drumbeat.

Then LOLA slides into view, side by side.

JEFF freezes, stunned.

ROCKY
Isn't that your niece's car?

JEFF leans out, rain pelting his face.

JEFF
(yelling with the riff)
You're outta your league, baby
girl! GET OUTTA HERE!

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS (POV)

The tow truck swerves—nearly sideswiping her—

But LOLA holds the lane. The riff drives her forward, relentless.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Oncoming headlights blaze: an 18-WHEELER thunders their way.

INT. 18-WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER, blinded, jerks the horn chain.

HOOOONK! HOOOONK!

The blasts land on the downbeat, rattling the road.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

JEFF trades glances between the rig and Lola.

JEFF
You're gonna kill yourself-

ROCKY

This is the craziest family I've ever seen!

♪ Plant's WAIL builds-tension mounting. ♪

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The 18-WHEELER grows larger-filling LOLA's windshield.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS (POV)

The headlights devour her vision. The HORN BLARES endlessly.

LOLA's speed climbs-55... 60... 65-each number syncing with the drumbeat.

INT. JAG - CONTINUOUS

LOU, panicked, slams his hand against the door.

LOU

STOP FUCKING AROUND, MAN! YOU'LL KILL US!

He straps his seatbelt tight, hands braced on the wheel, whispering a frantic prayer.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

ROCKY closes his eyes, preparing for impact.

JEFF pounds the wheel, caught between terror and disbelief.

♪ The guitar riff crescendos, screaming toward the drop. ♪

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

At the last possible moment—LOLA VEERS HARD off the road, disappearing down the embankment into the dark.

The sound of her crashing into trees replaces the song.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The 18-WHEELER blasts past the tow truck, horns roaring.

INT. JAG - CONTINUOUS

LOU frantically makes the sign of the cross. Breathless.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

JEFF slams his fist against the steering wheel.

JEFF

WHOA!

His face adorned with sorrow and guilt, but he's in too deep. He must press on.

Rain and silence consume the cab.

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck barrels forward. Rain lashes down.

Eight seconds later—

HIGH BEAMS BURST BACK INTO VIEW.

Out of the tree-line, LOLA ERUPTS back onto the roadway.

Her body is mangled—dents and cracks everywhere, tree limbs speared into her frame.

Passenger window gone.

Her headlights blaze like eyes of vengeance.

She guns forward—

BAM! LOLA SLAMS into the back of the DODGE DART being towed.

The tow truck fishtails wildly.

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

JEFF grips the wheel, teeth clenched.

ROCKY pales, gripping the dash.

JEFF

That can't be my niece.

ROCKY

Who the fuck else could it be?!

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS (POV DRIVER)

Her vision locks on the DART.

She drops back one car length—then RAMS it again.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The chained DODGE SLAMS into the tow truck, sparks bursting.

POV shifts between JEFF, ROCKY, LOU in the Jag, and LOLA's merciless advance.

JEFF

She's tryin' kill us!

The DODGE wobbles loose, spins around and-

WHAM! LOLA PLOWS INTO IT HEAD-ON.

BOOM! The DODGE ERUPTS in a fireball.

All three men scream—flashes of terror lit by the explosion.

The tow truck swerves away, speeding off into the night.

EXT. CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

Flames consume the wreck.

Through the fire—LOLA BACKS OUT of the inferno.

Her front end is twisted like an accordion, bumper dragging, one headlight busted. Her engine wheezes, broken but unyielding.

She circles the burning wreck like a predator.

POV — From the front, her jagged grill glares like a set of teeth.

LOLA ROARS straight at us—

The lens fills with her flaming form as she BLASTS past, fire streaking off into the night.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck screeches to a stop at a dark, closed gas station.

JEFF stumbles out and VOMITS.

ROCKY slumps against the seat, white-knuckled.

ROCKY
Feels like I survived a horror
movie...

Out of the darkness—a GLOWING RED LIGHT emerges, smoke curling around it.

It races closer.

JEFF looks up, eyes wide.

JEFF
Oh shit...

He BOLTS.

LOLA RISES out of the smoke.

A monster. A demon on wheels.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

WHAM! LOLA SMASHES into the side of the tow truck.

The truck tips, crushing a gas pump.

LOLA backs up—then RAMS it AGAIN.

KABOOOOM! The station EXPLODES in a pillar of fire.

CUT

EXT. POWELL RESIDENCE - NIGHT

LOLA limps into the driveway, battered and broken, smoke trailing her like the last breath of battle. She shudders to a halt beneath the full moon.

Her ENGINE COUGHS. FALLS SILENT. Stillness descends.

The night waits.

Then—A LOW RUMBLE. Metal stirs. Sparks of light flicker within her frame.

Her wounds begin to close. Paint flows like molten gold, sealing scars. Glass shimmers, reforms—perfect, unbroken. Her tires rise from the ruin, renewed with strength.

It is not repair. It is resurrection.

A pulse of energy surges through her, ancient and defiant.

The RADIO IGNITES. 🎵 **Deep Purple - "Highway Star"**

RADIO

*"Nobody gonna take my car, I'm
gonna race it to the ground..."*

The anthem rises, triumphant, shaking the night air. Her HEADLIGHTS BLAST ON—twin beacons, blazing like the eyes of a goddess returned.

LOLA stands immaculate. Gleaming. Eternal. A legend reborn beneath the moonlight.

Her ENGINE THUNDERS with the music, not merely alive— but victorious.

The CAMERA BEGINS TO CIRCLE—low and reverent—catching her curves as they glisten under the moonlight, chrome like silver armor.

The smoke clears around her tires, swirling like mist at the feet of a deity.

The MUSIC peaks. Her headlights flare brighter, burning through the darkness.

The CAMERA LIFTS—rising above the driveway, above the neighborhood— until LOLA is seen from the heavens themselves: a flawless, gleaming machine standing alone beneath the moon, a warrior's spirit cast in steel.

The night bows to her.

The CLAMSHELL headlights close -

The war is not just won.

It is legend.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - OUTSIDE CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

Snow falls from the sky in relentless sheets, turning the parking lot into a mirror of neon and puddles.

A Cadillac SUV slides through the storm, tires hissing, moving like a predator hunting the shadows.

DEBORAH and HANK step out, cautious, deliberate, water dripping from their clothes. They approach ROOM #2321.

DEBORAH knocks.

JEFF opens the door. His face is raw and burned, his clothes tattered, his body a map of survival. His eyes scan the lot, calculating, before closing the door behind him.

DEBORAH
(softly, touching his
face, awed and horrified)
That's... ugly.

HANK
What happened, Jeff?

JEFF
The boys are gone.

HANK
And the package?

JEFF
Gone.

HANK
How are you the only one left?

JEFF
(puzzled, haunted)
I barely escaped, Hank. My GOD...

HANK
The devil definitely has a hard-on
for you, partner.
(beat, grim)
Four bodies. Half a million owed.
Someone cursed you good.

DEBORAH slides silently behind HANK.

HANK (CONT'D)
Life's taught me to cut my losses.
Time to cut mine, Jeff.

JEFF
(alarmed)
What are you saying?

HANK
(motions to DEBORAH)
Darling...

DEBORAH pulls a gun from her shoulder bag, she steps back, aim steady.

JEFF closes his eyes.

POW.

A heartbeat stretches, electric and heavy.

When he opens one eye, HANK is crumpled, lifeless on the wet asphalt.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

DEBORAH and JEFF sprint to the Cadillac SUV. Rain streaks their faces, reflecting neon in chaotic shards.

Doors slam. The engine ROARS. Tires SCREAM as they reverse with violent force, peeling out into the storm.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

JEFF grips the wheel. Heavy wet-snow lashes the windshield, droplets freezing midair in slow-motion, like shards of glass suspended in a legend.

JEFF

I've still got a few tricks left,
baby. We're gonna be okay.

DEBORAH

I know, daddy. I love you.

JEFF

Ditto, baby. Ditto.

He takes her hand, kisses it—an intimate moment framed against the chaos.

Suddenly, a blinding WHITE LIGHT explodes across the cabin.

WHAM!

A massive DUMP TRUCK slams into the SUV. Slow-motion metal and glass erupt, snow catching every shard. Tires lift, spinning, reflections scattering like stars in a shattered sky.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Time stretches. The cabin twists, contorts, exploding in metallic opera.

JEFF and DEBORAH are thrown, their forms silhouetted against lightning-like flashes of splintered glass. The world slows—the final, tragic ballet of heroes meeting their end.

The snow hammers down. The neon signs flicker. The night itself seems to mourn.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - OUTSIDE CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

Rain pours in relentless sheets, turning the parking lot into a mirror of neon and puddles.

A Cadillac SUV slides through the storm, tires hissing, moving like a predator hunting the shadows.

DEBORAH and HANK step out, cautious, deliberate, water dripping from their clothes. They approach ROOM #1223.

DEBORAH knocks.

JEFF opens the door. His face is raw and burned, his clothes tattered, his body a map of survival. His eyes scan the lot, calculating, before closing the door behind him.

DEBORAH
(softly, touching his
face, awed and horrified)
That's... ugly.

HANK
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SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. THE POWELL RESIDENCE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A "FOR SALE" sign leans in the front yard. The house is quiet.

TIFFANY loads boxes and luggage into LOLA, her movements steady, resolved. TRUDY trots up with her blanket, dropping it proudly at the car's side.

An unmarked SUV pulls up. DETECTIVE CHRIS steps out, watching her with a hint of heaviness.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
Going somewhere?

TIFFANY
Hello Detective!

DETECTIVE CHRIS
(he takes a suitcase, sets
it in the trunk)
Where you headed?

TIFFANY
Out west... I've always wanted to go
to Las Vegas.

Chris takes a small box from her arms, lingering close.

DETECTIVE CHRIS
So this is the last time I'll see
you?

TIFFANY reads the disappointment in his tone. She steadies herself, staying professional.

TIFFANY
I hope not.

They embrace. As she pulls away, he leans in and kisses her softly.

TIFFANY slips into the driver's seat. TRUDY hops into the passenger side.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY glances at TRUDY.

TIFFANY
You ready, girl?

TRUDY barks once.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Let's get out of here, LOLA.

The radio flickers **"Just the Two of Us" by Bill Withers and Grover Washington Jr.**, fills the cabin.

EXT. POWELL DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris stands in the driveway, watching as LOLA eases forward. He raises a hand in a quiet wave.

POV: From his perspective, LOLA glides down the street, sunlight glinting off her polished hood until she disappears at the horizon.

INT. LOLA - CONTINUOUS

TIFFANY drives, one hand stroking TRUDY's head.

She glances at the dash - at LOLA herself - a look of gratitude and trust.

The music carries us.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

LOLA's silhouette against the long stretch of highway.

"Just the Two of Us" rises in the mix.

FADE OUT.

THE END.