

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

A bloody-knuckled hand grips a steering wheel.

Hard eyes reflected in the review mirror.

LYNN, 21, agitated, drives.

GIA, 19, face sullen, lip busted, sits in the passenger seat. She glances at Lynn. She wants to say something but is hesitant.

GIA

I --

LYNN

Nope! Don't wanna hear it.

Gia sighs and looks out the window. The two sit in silence for a span.

LYNN

How? How could you let him do that to you? Again!

GIA

I - he --

LYNN

If you're about to tell me he was just having a bad day, or he's not normally like that, or it was your fault --

GIA

But if I --

LYNN

Stop! There's no excuse! None! If I hadn't shown up when I did...

Lynn doesn't have to say anymore. Gia turns her face down.

LYNN

Son of a bitch has worn you down so far you've forgot who you are, where you're from.

Gia turns away from Lynn as she looks at her.

LYNN  
Lemme hear you say it.

Gia shift uncomfortably.

GIA  
Come on.

LYNN  
Tell me who you are.

Gia sighs.

GIA  
Gia.

LYNN  
Gia who?

Gia shakes her head.

LYNN  
Say it!

GIA  
Gia Moretti.

LYNN  
Who?!

Gia becomes agitated.

GIA  
Gia-fucking-Moretti!

LYNN  
And who fucks with the Morettis?

GIA  
Those looking to eat a bullet.

LYNN  
Damn-fucking-straight.

Silence returns.

GIA  
Does... Does Mom know about --

Lynn shakes her head.

GIA  
Thanks.

Silence again.

GIA  
How is she?

Lynn looks at Gia like she wants to swear at her.

**Choice 1: Tell Gia Mom's not doing well.**

LYNN  
How you think? You don't come around, you don't call, you don't even text. Only time I hear from you is when you need help.

Gia drops her head in guilt and shame.

GIA  
I... I'm sorry. He just... He keeps me away, y'know?

LYNN  
Yeah, well not anymore he don't.

GIA  
Yeah... Guess not.

**Choice 2: Tell Gia Mom misses her.**

LYNN  
She asks about you all the time.

GIA  
Yeah? Whaddaya say?

LYNN  
That you're busy with school. That you're doing great. Gonna be a fine lawyer some day, y'know.

Gia nods and smiles.

GIA  
Thanks.

**Main thread:**

LYNN  
You uh... You should visit. She'd like that. We all would...

GIA  
Yeah... Yeah I'd like that too.

Gia looks deep in thought.

GIA

Whaddya think dad would say if he saw us now?

**Choice 1: Tell Gia he'd be disappointed.**

LYNN

Whaddya think? That he'd be jumping with fucking joy seeing you like this? Knowing you let some guy - some piece of shit, treat you like dirt.

Gia looks physically hurt by those words.

GIA

I just... I got in a bad sitch, y'know? It happens to people.

LYNN

He raised us to never be those people.

Gia sighs.

GIA

I know...

**Choice 2: Tell Gia he'd be proud.**

LYNN

He'd... He'd be proud, to see his girls looking out for each other like this. To know we don't let others push us around.

GIA

Proud of *you* maybe.

LYNN

You got lost. All I did was pull you back.

GIA

Thanks.

LYNN

It's what we do.

**Main thread:**

GIA  
Is he, y'know. Gonna be a problem  
for us?

Lynn shake her head.

LYNN  
I know some people. They'll make  
like neither of us were ever there.

GIA  
What about your job? I mean --

LYNN  
Family first, right? Just like dad  
taught us.

Gia nods.

Lynn glances in the rearview mirror.

LYNN  
We've got a tail.

Gia starts to turn to look out the back.

LYNN  
Don't.

Gia stops. She looks panicked.

GIA  
He had friends. They might've --

LYNN  
Lemme think.

**Choice 1: Tell Gia to hand you your gun.**

LYNN  
Gun. In the glove box.

Gia opens up the glove box and moves aside a claw hammer -  
the head wrapped in a bloody rag, then reaches beneath Lynn's  
police badge for the gun. She hands it to Lynn.

GIA  
What're you gonna do?

LYNN  
Shoot out their tires.

GIA  
What?!

LYNN  
Take the wheel.

**Choice 2: Try to lose your pursuers.**

LYNN  
I'm gonna shake em.

GIA  
What?!

LYNN  
Hold on.

**Chosen action plays out.**