Traffik

By Deon Taylor
(POP MUSIC PLAYING)
(MUSIC CONTINUES)
Do you wanna
get out of here?

CHRISTINE:
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(DOOR OPENING)
(CHRISTINE WHIMPERING)
Please.
Please help me!
(SOBBING)
Please!
- Wait! No!
- (DOOR CLOSES)
(CHRISTINE CONTINUES SOBBING)
No! Please!
(BREA PANTING)
(ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS)

JOHN:
what's up, baby? It's me.
I just wanted to tell you
happy birthday and, uh...
I have to work and stuff
tomorrow and today.
Save your energy
for tonight.
I'm looking forward
to seeing you.
We're gonna celebrate,
all right?
Have a good day.
All right, bye.
- (ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS)
- Hey, Brea. It's Malia.
I remember
it's your birthday.
That means
take a day off, please?
Okay, mama,
I'll see you tonight.
- (ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS)
— WOMAN:
Um, I just wanna give you
a quick heads up.
I know you weren't
planning on coming in today,
but, uh,
you might wanna hop online.
— (NOTIFICATION BEEPS)
— That real estate article
you've been working on
for about a year?
Yeah. Steven scooped it.
So, sorry to be the one
to break it to you.
I was hoping
to catch you in person.
Um... Okay.
Sorry. Goodbye.
(LAUGHING)
He stole my story.
Morning, Brea.
Come on in.
I...
I don't understand.
I brought you that real estate
corruption piece months ago,
and now you're gonna
run that asshole's
dumbed down version?
I'm actually
sitting right here.
Get out, Steven.
You should be
ashamed of yourself.
Carl, how could you
do this to me?
He took my research,
my sources.
We live in a 24-hour
news cycle.
Nothing takes months.
We spoke about this.
I was going to write a piece
about corruption
in society and...
And could society
exist without it.
I wanted to educate people
about Tiberius Gracchus,
the first politician...
How many times
do I have to tell you
that nobody gives a fuck about
Tiberius Gracchus, okay?
It's about a congressman,
one congressman who cost
nine families their homes.
That's it.
It's more than one person
and you know that, Carl.
- You should know better than that.
- I don't care.
I don't care, because you're
writing a piece of fucking fluff
masquerading itself as some
sort of an intellectual expose.
I know we have
to sell papers, right?
But we have a moral obligation
to tell the people
the whole story
at the very least.
I... I thought
you respected me.
Take this
piece of advice.
Read both stories
side by side. Do that.
Then tell me
he stole your story.
(SCOFFS)
You write around things.
I don't know why.
Why couldn't you just
nail down a simple story?
"A simple story"?
Brea, I'm just not sure
there's a place for you here anymore.

**JOHN:**
you have been nothing, but a positive force in my life and you've helped me to be my best self. I think you're just the most beautiful woman I know. Happy birthday, baby. (GLASSES CLINKING)

**DARREN:**
Just sayin'. Sounds like wedding vows to me.
- Darren.
- Easy.
That didn't come off the dome.
- Come on, man.
- It was beautiful.
- (CELL PHONE RINGING)
- Excuse me, guys. I got to take this call.
Babe, you have to work tonight?
- It's okay. It's fine.
- No.
I gotta, I gotta take this, all right? I'll be back.
Scott, talk to me.
Tell me something good.
Well, yeah, he didn't show up to training camp 'cause I told him not to show up to training camp. You okay?

**DARREN:**
his signing bonus?
Oh, yeah, I'm fine. What happened?
I had a fight
with my boss today,
and I'm not sure
I have a job anymore.
How come you didn't
say anything?
Wasn't the right time.

**DARREN:**
when the money's in escrow?
Until then,
don't even bother.
(SIGHS)
What's going on?
Why all the long faces?
I thought
we were celebrating here.
Brea thinks that she lost
her job today, so...
Oh, that's cold-blooded.
Fuck that. We doing shots.
Excuse me.
Can we have four shots
of Codigo 1530 please?
Absolutely. I'll be
right back with that.
Thank you. Chilled.
Just be happy
you don't do what I do,
'cause I'm supposedly
a sports agent,
but really, I'm just
a babysitter in a suit.
That's it.
Life would be so much simpler
if we just had simple jobs.
Like you, John.
Mechanic.
How much more simple
can that get?
You got one piece,
you got another piece,
put them together,
throw some oil and shit on it
and you're good to go.
That's good.
You know what I mean?
Simple.
I completely disagree with you.
There's nothing simple about what John does.
He doesn't just fix cars, he builds them.
I think that's pretty impressive.
I can't do that. I can't imagine doing that. Could you?
Currently, I see something else that's very impressive.
Don't you agree, John?
- (SIGHS)
- Really?

- DARREN:
  - Enjoy.
Mmm-mmm. We will.
(LAUGHING)
It's just a joke.
- Come on.
- You're such a jerk.
- Baby.
- God.
Yeah, listen, I can look, but I can't touch. Right, baby?
- Right.
- Come on. Give me a kiss.

- MALIA:

- DARREN:
To Brea,
the best reporter in Sacramento.
- (GLASSES CLINK)
- (CHUCKLES)

- DARREN:
- Thank you, Darren.
I know exactly what's gonna cheer her up.
Did you tell her what you got her for her birthday?
- Darren.
- No, I didn't.
It's a surprise.
Are you kidding me?
Babe, it's her birthday.
She knows
he got her something.
- D.

- DARREN:
tell her about the place that
I hooked y'all up with...
No, I didn't, D.
I'm just trying to cheer
your girl up, man.
D's company, they have this
pretty plush pad
up in the mountains,
get away from the city,
you know what I mean?
That's very sweet. Thank you.
It'll be fun.

MALIA:
to the bathroom.
Brea, come with me, please.
Okay.
Great, now I'm in trouble.
I'll see you
outside, baby.
What'd I do?
Yo, you know how long
I've been trying
to plan this thing?
It's a surprise
and you just blowing
the whole spot like that?
You know I got
a good heart, bro.
It's just when this thing starts going, that's how I make my money. The motherfucker won't stop. It's got a mind of its own. Yeah, and that's how you get your ass in trouble, too. My bad, bro. I apologize, for real. It's all love. On another note, you sure you're ready for all this? It's a big step, man. This is the next step, bro. Just... She's the one. She's it, bro. Is what I think happening, happening? - (SIGHS) - Well... (INHALES DEEPLY) Oh, my gosh. Look at me. Hey. Look at me. You've got something real going on. You know that. John proposing to you is not a bad thing. It's a good thing. You know what's bad? Finding a guy that you think you love him because he gives you everything, but the one thing he can't give you is himself, you know? So, think about it. I'll talk soon. Oh, and by the way, bro, uh, Sunday, we're free. - We might come up.
- Why would you do that?
- Because I love you, man.
- Because you love me?
You my family.
I'm just fucking with you.
Drive safe
tonight, brother.
- Love you, my dude. All right.
- I love you, too.

BREA:
John's a great guy.
I just don't think
I'm ready.
John is the truth.
You have
an amazing career,
you have a guy
that adores you.
It's awesome.
I wanna have your life,
give me your problems.
- Come on.
- Yeah.
I can't be hurt again.
- You know?
- Hmm.
Let's talk.
No.
John?
Stop projecting your shit
from your job onto us.
(CRYING)
I don't know what I want.
I don't know what I wanna be.
I don't if...
I don't even know if I wanna
be a reporter anymore.
I don't know.
Everything's gonna
work out.
I'm...
(SIGHS)
Baby?
JOHN:
- What?
- Come here.
I love you.
(CAR HORN HONKS)
(CAR ENGINE REVVING)
(CAR DOOR OPENS)
- (CHUCKLES)
- (CAR DOOR CLOSES)
Hmm?
Happy birthday, B.
What?
It's your dream car.
I can't believe
you bought me a car.
(LAUGHS) I didn't
buy you a car.
I rebuilt it,
from the frame up.
It's amazing.
It... This is too much.
You didn't have to do this.
Just enjoy the moment.
Wow.
Told you I got you.
- Right?
- Yeah.
Oh, my gosh,
look at this.
- This is what I'm talking about.
- Look at that.
Open it up.
- Open her up.
- (LAUGHING)
You want me to, like,
punch the gas?
Punch it, feel it.
(ENGINE REVVING)
Okay.
Hey! Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa. Easy!
What? Come on,
you said punch it.
Respect the power though.
But I can feel the power.
It needs some balance.
You got to balance it out.
You can't just open her up,
let her go without...
- Are you gonna let me drive?
- Okay, babe.
- Just stay in your lane.
- Stop.
- Thank you.
- Come here.

(UPBEAT MUSIC
PLAYING ON RADIO)

JOHN:
Remember this joint?
(BREA SINGING ALONG)
- What, you don't sing?
- Nah.
(LAUGHING)
(BOTH SINGING ALONG)

BREA:

JOHN:
a quick stop.

BREA:
get a few things.
- A few things like...
- You'll see, you'll see.
What can I get you,
my friend?
A Slurpee.
- A Slurpee?
- Yeah.
Okay.
What kind of flavor?
- Blue.
- Blue's not a flavor.
Everybody knows
from New York to Chi-Town,
to LA, to Atlanta,
everybody know
- blue is the flavor.
- Yeah, okay.
What are you looking at?
- You.
- (CHUCKLES)

RED:
that's up to you.
Whoa.
No, no, no, nothing.
I'll, uh, call you back.
(COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYING
ON SPEAKERS)
Excuse me, can you tell me where
the gas cans are, please?
- Yeah, first aisle on the left.
- Cheers, thanks.

BOTH:
I am... Oh, my God,
I am so sorry.
(LAUGHING) It's okay. Don't
worry about it. It's fine.
It's totally my fault,
my bloody fault.
It's my fault,
I wasn't even...
I'm so sorry.
You wanna do that?
- It's... Yeah, thanks.
- Sorry, I'm so sorry.
Could I... Can I... Can I
get this for you, please?
No, don't be silly.
I'll feel a lot better
if you will.
- You don't need to do that.
- I know, but it would
make me feel better.
- Okay. (LAUGHS)
- Thank you.
Thanks, you sure?
Hey, quick question.
What flavor is blue exactly?
You know, I have been
asking myself the same thing.
  - Mystery flavor.
  - Mystery of the world, right?
  - (LAUGHS) Yeah.
  - See you.
  - Sorry.

  - RED:
    - And a Slurpee.

  - SALESWOMAN:
Do you mind if I
leave this for a moment?
  - No, no problem.
  - Where's the bathroom?
  - It's in the back.
  - Okay. I'll be right back.
  - Sorry again.
  - Don't worry about it.
Excuse me.
(TRUCK HORN BLARES)
Oh! Oh, my gosh.
It's okay. I didn't know
anyone was here.
It's okay. It's okay.
They're out
of paper towels?
Yeah.

MAN:
move your ass.
I'm coming.
  - (DOOR BANGS OPEN)
  - Cara, get your ass up.

CARA:
Just give me a minute.

  - MAN:
  - I'm coming.
Now.
(DOOR CLOSES)
I'm sorry.
No, don't be.
Um... (CLEAR THROAT)
It's fine.
Um... (CLEAR THROAT)
It... It feels a lot like
the Fourth of July, right?
(DOOR OPENS)

MAN:
in here? Let's go, now.
- Okay. I'm coming, okay. Okay.

- MAN:
(DOOR CLOSES)
Wow, that is a hot rod.
Sweet ride,
smoking piece of ass
in the store,
you a ball player?
(SCOFFS) No.

SCOOT:
who you play for?
Nobody. I'm just
a regular dude, man.
What is she, a '68?
'69.
What'd you pay for her?
I built her myself.
Where'd you learn that,
the prison auto shop?
That's awesome.
(BOTH CHUCKLING)
Yo. Look, man, I'm just
trying to enjoy the day.
I'm not looking
for any trouble.

- BIKER:
- Trouble?
I'm a problem for you,
is that it?
Big bad biker,
long hair and tats,
can't a hold a polite
fucking conversation?
Is that about
the size of it?
Well, I'll tell you what.
As a token of my appreciation
for your racial profiling
and your snotty
fucking attitude,
here's a little something
to remember me by.
(SPITS)
- My word?
- (GROANS)

- JOHN:

- SCOOT:
- I'll gut you right here.

- BIKER:
- Hey!
- We got a problem here?

- SCOOT:
- We ain't got no problem.
- Hey, what's going on?
- (SIREN BLARES)
Come on, baby.
I guess
it's your lucky day, boy.
Hey, hey,
what's going on here, huh?
I keep seeing you boys
out here.
I warned you
about making noise.
It's cool.
I am not warning you again.
This is a small town,
we don't need this.
- Hey, you guys all right?
- Everything's all right.
I'm sorry about that.
We've been getting
a lot weird traffic up here.
Clearly.
Yeah, we're trying
to keep it clean, but...
We just stopping through.
We'll be on our way.
All right. Where are
you guys headed?
Uh, up the road,
Casa Velas.
Oh, that's a nice place.
Well, stay safe.
- Appreciate that, thank you.
- Take care. Of course.
- (CAR ENGINE STARTS)
- See you around, sexy bitch!
Fuck you, asshole!
(LAUGHING)

**SCOOT:**
Sheriff,
- we'll be good.
- (BIKE ENGINE STARTS)
(BIKE ENGINE REVS)
(CAR ENGINE STARTS)

**JOHN:**
- (SIGHS)
- I apologize about that.
No, do not say sorry.
Fucking whole gas station
was crazy, man.
- Yeah?
- This girl, she...
She was in the bathroom,
and she was all...
She didn't seem right,
I don't know.
And I feel like... I feel like
she was asking me for help.
Really?
A dude was there, he was
super aggressive, but...
I said I didn't wanna
butt in, I just said...
Yeah, that's
they business.
- Baby.
- What's up?
I think the guy from the gas
station is following us.
No, that's not
the same dude.
No, no, no,
that's one of the guys.
He is speeding. He's
gaining on you right now.
Fuck!
This motherfucker's crazy!

**BREA:**
He's right on your ass.
- Damn!
- Let's go!
Where's he at now?

**BREA:**
He's coming up.
- Pull the fuck over.

- **JOHN:**
- No cops can save your ass now, boy.
- Fuck you!
- Shit!
- Hit it!
He going for a gun?
B, listen to me.
- Just hold on, all right?
- All right.
- All right, just hold on.
- Okay.
Just hold on.
(ENGINE REVVING)
Trust me!
(TIRES SCREECHING)
Oh, my God!
(PANTING)
Fuck you!
What a dick.
We're not playing
their games.
It was crazy.

BREA:
Good driving.
What happened?
A little problem, Red.
Billy tells me
you've been chasing
a couple of fucking tourists
through the forest.
There's a schedule to keep.
So, if you're gonna go off
schedule, you tell me, okay?
If you don't understand
that, tell me now
before you cause me any more
fucking problems, you hear me?
Billy, get them
to send the truck, okay?
Make sure the contact's
at the border.
Okay.
Wow.
It's beautiful.
Almost there.
And here we are.
My God.
(GASPS) Oh, my gosh...
(CHUCKLES)

JOHN:
I didn't expect this.
(LAUGHS)
Oh! It's magnificent.
(INHALES DEEPLY) Wow.
I love it.
This is amazing.
I can't wait
to see inside.
Go check it out.
- Meet you in there.
- Okay.

Man, D came through.
(GASPS)
Wow.
Hmm.
What she pack in here?
(GRUNTS)
My gosh.
Mmm.
(CHUCKLES)
(CAR ENGINE STARTS)
Oh.
(DOOR CLOSES)
(EXHALES)
This is crazy.

**BREA:**

last night.
This is incredible.
There's, like, nobody here.
Look at this, it's unreal.
You never cease to amaze me.
A car, and then this?
(both chuckle)
- Okay. You get the wine.
- I'll get the wine.
And I'll get the pool warm
- and ready for us.
- What do you think? Yeah?
- All right.
(MELLOW MUSIC PLAYING)
(both laugh)
- Hey.
- Mmm.
It got chilly out here.
You know, right?
It's okay, baby.
- You do know, don't you?
- Mmm-hmm.
You show me.
Why do you put up with me?
Because I love you.
Oh, you are...
- (CHUCKLES)
- Come now. Come on.
I love you.
I know you do, baby.
I love you, too.
(CHUCKLES) Thank you.
Now this means
we can do this right here.
(CAR APPROACHING)
- (CAR DOOR CLOSES)
- That's weird.
Did you order food?
No.
Maybe it's the neighbors here.
- I'm gonna go check.
- Okay.
What the hell?
(DOOR OPENS)
John?
Brea.
Darren. What are you
doing here?
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to...
- What the hell is this?
- I... (STAMMERS)
- (STAMMERS)
- Are you kidding me?

DARREN:
- Ooh!

- BREA:
I did not know you guys
were coming. I'm sorry.

MALIA:
to talk him out of this,
but he said
that you said it was okay.
- It was okay, right?
- No.
What? Are you kidding me?
- Oh, my God, Darren!

- DARREN:
That's fine. I'm always happy to see you.
Don't be silly.
Come here.
I'm so sorry.
You look beautiful.
I need a bathroom.
You know why.
Sour face. Relax.
- Darren, for real?
- I'm gonna change.

- JOHN:
- It's a celebration.

BREA:
you were coming.
I was celebrating the couple.
Come on. Lighten up.
What are you doing here?
I told you
I was coming up, right?
You said tomorrow.
You couldn't call?
Okay. Tomorrow, today.
I tried calling.
It went to voicemail.
We're in the mountains.
Anyway, the real question is, did she say yes?
I don't know, 'cause I ain't get the chance to ask her.
Thanks for ruining the moment.
You haven't asked her yet?
Did you hear what I just said?
Well, apparently by the look of your girl,
you did something.
(LAUGHING)
Bruh, you know how many girls
I've smashed in that pool?
(WHISPERS) A lot.
Bruh, you can't front.
I hooked you up.
I appreciate that, too, man.
It's just...
You don't have to say
all that, man.
It's incredible but just...
Just look. Look.
I'm trying
to create a moment.
I wanna give her something
she could remember
for the rest of her life,
that's all.
So, just please...
Enough said.
We'll get out your way.
Tomorrow, we'll go into town.
Leave you alone.
You handle your business,
and then when you're done,
just let me know and we'll
celebrate together.
That cool?
- All right.
- All right. Man.
It's a crazy ass
day anyway.
Why? What happened?
Anyway, so how was
your drive up here, guys?
Uneventful
compared to y'all's shit.

- MALIA:
- Oh, did you hear it?

- DARREN:
- We're like Bonnie and Clyde.
We are not to be fucking toyed with. I'm saying. It's shit. Wow.

**DARREN:**
do you think about the pool? Well, I quite like the pool.

**DARREN:**
just so you know... - Mmm-hmm? - It's a saltwater pool, so your pH, it keeps everything right. That is really good to know. You know what, Darren? You are always so full of helpful, healthy information. So full of shit.

**DARREN:**
I'm just trying to help. You know the only thing I hate about this place? - No reception. I'mma use the landline. - Yes, I noticed that. I'll be back, all right, y'all? Save me an egg roll. - I'll try.

- **JOHN:**
DT. What's up, champ? What's going on with you, man? - You must think I'm some...

- **BREA:**

- **MALIA:**
- I love you. No, no, no, no. Hold on, hold.
DT:
We've been rocking since you graduated from college, bro.
You... I'm on vacation right now.
I will leave right now.
I'll come right into the city.
We can talk about this.
Let's just talk about this man to man.
- Just face it.
- No, this is me hanging up.
- Hello?

- MALIA:
Hello?
(DIAL TONE BEEPING)
(ALL LAUGHING)

JOHN:

BREA:
I'm just...
(SNIFFING)
- Shit, it's amazing.
- Little weird.
So silly.
Everything good?
Everything's fine.
(SNIFFING)
An athlete gets arrested,
story of my life.
Nah, nah, nah, nah.
From now on, I'm just gonna represent women.
When's the last time you heard of Venus and Serena getting locked up, hmm?
(LAUGHING) That's...
That's a good point.
- Right?

- JOHN:
- DARREN:

- JOHN:

- BREA:
- A bunch of fucking divas.
  Some men just can't help
  but act like boys.
  It's like Peter Pan
  syndrome or something.
  (JOHN LAUGHS)
  (LAUGHS)
  John, get your girl, bruh.
  - "Get your girl"?
  - John, get your girl.
  Hey, when she's right,
  she's right.
  (MOCKINGLY) "When she's
  right, she's right."
  - You are...
  - (CELL PHONE RINGING)
  Babe, your phone's ringing.
  You guys get reception
  out here?
  - It's not ours.
  - That's not my phone.
  My phone's right there.
  No, it's coming
  from your purse.

BREA:
Maybe it's in the couch or
something from a former guest.
Let's see.
(CLEARS THROAT) Your girl
got two phones, bruh.
- That ain't good.

- JOHN:

- DARREN:

- JOHN:
Little side nigga action...
Babe, this is not my phone.
Hmm?
- Whose is it?

- BREA:
I used one of these when I was out doing a piece in Panama.
How did this get in my purse?
This is crazy.
That's strange.

BREA:
the house? I can't even...
This is the strangest thing.
Wait.
Babe, that girl.
Okay. Hello? What girl?

BREA:
to that gas station,
there was this girl in the bathroom, and she just...
I don't know,
it was like she was trying to tell me something.
All right?
You know, like she was reaching out to me and it was really awkward and I didn't tell you this, but before she left the bathroom, she looked me in the eye, and she said...
It... It feels a lot like the Fourth of...
July.

MALIA:
Sounds like drugs to me.
One day, I got so fucked up, I thought it was Christmas. (LAUGHING)
Malia, oh, my gosh. Seriously, though, what if she put this in my purse, and she was trying to tell me that was the code, Fourth of July? I mean, it's a number, right? Try it. Okay. Let's see. Zero, seven, zero, four. Hmm. No.

- Thoughts?
- Maybe try the, uh...
Try the first one. The, uh, 1776.

BREA:
And that did not work.

DARREN:
a six-digit code? Four is too easy to crack. Uh, what do you think? Uh...
Zero-seven-zero-four-seventeen?

- BREA:

- MALIA:
Zero-seven-zero-four-seven-six?

BREA:
- (PHONE BEEPS)
- Ha!
It worked? Are you kidding me?

BREA:
Are you kidding me? (LAUGHING) You see?
- A lot of practice.
- (BOTH LAUGHING)
Okay. Let's see what this phone is all about. Huh. It looks like it's all encrypted or something. There's... Most of the numbers are, like, country codes and... That's weird. Why don't you go in the photos? Maybe we can see some sexy selfies. Yeah, I wanna see. I wanna see. Oh. Are you kidding me? You're...
- Let me see.
- You guys are nasty.
No, actually... Actually, you should check photos. You might see a picture of the girl you were talking about from the bathroom.
- See?
- That's a good point. Let's do that.

JOHN:
What's wrong with her? Oh, they need better filters, man. They look terrible. Oh, my God.

JOHN:
she got beat up. Oh, I can't look at that shit.

BREA:
one after... (GASPS) Oh, my God. - That's her? - Oh, my God. Oh, my God. That's the girl. That's the...
That's the girl.
- Are you sure?
- Honestly, her face has haunted me all day.
This is crazy.
(SIGHS)
I don't wanna
keep looking.

**JOHN:**
They're, like,
all in the same pose,
you know what I mean?
It looks like
profile pictures
like they're being
cataloged or some shit.
Cataloged for what?
I don't know, maybe...
Maybe to be sold.
- I've... I... (SIGHS)
- No, please. You're joking.
- It looks like human trafficking.
- Oh, no.
That makes sense.
It's a big business.
Second only
to arms dealing.
It's true.
So...
Probably.
It's true.
Maybe that's why the, um...
The country codes,
and the encrypted names
or whatever?
- Yeah.
- You really think so?
It's international.
This is...
Guys, we need
to call the police.
We're not
calling the cops, okay?
This is a corporate house.
I have ball players. I got big name people that come here, politicians, they're not gonna come here. The cops is gonna end up on the news, or some shit. You know, we're calling the cops. You're not calling the cops. Yeah, we absolutely are calling the cops.
- Did you see it?
- She ain't slick.
- I know what she's doing.

- BREA:
I know what you're doing. You're not fooling anybody. You're just... You... You scoop this story. You wanna write it up for your little paper, and get your job back. I get it, it's cool, but don't do that shit here, all right?

JOHN:
- What do you mean?
- You're talking about her?

- MALIA:
- DARREN:
She ain't worried about you.

- MALIA:
- Chill. Chill.
She might be worried about his dick, but she ain't worried about you.
What the fuck are you talking about?
Oh, why don't you tell your girl what I'm talking about?

MALIA:
You know what I'm talking about.
- Shut the fuck up, Darren!
- Am I lying?
- Am I lying?
- Are you fucking kidding me?
Shut up already, man.
Shut up!
Listen to me, it was just one time, all right?
You didn't even know him.
I wasn't even with Darren.
You know that!
I'm very sorry.
It's all right.
Once a whore, always a whore.
- Shut the fuck up!
- Hey, watch your mouth!
- (CELL PHONE RINGING)
- Answer the fucking phone.
I am not answering this phone.
I'm gonna leave.
I'm going home.
- At this hour?
- No, Malia, don't go.

- DARREN:
- MALIA:
- Malia, don't go.

- DARREN:
Hey.
(SIGHS)
(PHONE RINGING)
Please. Please.
I'm sick of all your shit.
I... I'm sick of being stupid.
I'm done!
- Listen to me.
- (SPEAKING SPANISH)
I went overboard.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
me a chance. Just give me
a fucking chance. Please just
give me a fucking chance.
I don't believe you.
I don't want
this life anymore.
I'm not happy.
Malia, I'm sorry.
Just let me
live my life, please.
Just hear me out.
I'm done, D. I'm done.
Please...
(FOOTSTEPS RECEDING)
(DOOR CLOSES)
- They're sending someone.
- All right.
No, please not right...
Just give a minute.
- Okay.
- Please?
I should have told you.
Yeah. You should have.
I didn't know how.
I understand
why you didn't.
(SIGHS)
It's just, um...
No more lies, okay?
Okay.
We tell each other
the truth, okay?
From now on,
no matter what.
Okay. Okay.
Come here.
I'm sorry.
I love you.
She's gone.
Bro. Bro.
I'm sorry.
All right?
I'm sorry, man.
I... I met Malia
before you even knew her.
All right?
It wasn't even like that
with me and her.
It was just like
a one-time thing.
Next thing I know,
we was all hanging out
and you brought her through.
So I just...
I didn't know how to tell you.
(CAMERA CLICKING)
I kind of felt stuck.
Man, we go back
to grade school.
It wasn't about her,
it's about us.
She fucked me up.
(DARREN CONTINUES
INDISTINCTLY)
She didn't just leave,
she's gone.
(DOORBELL RINGS)
Who the fuck is that?
It's the cops.
(GASPS)

BREA:
Just gonna handle
this thing real quick.
Let's finish talking
after this, all right?

JOHN:
- Hi.
- Hi.

Hey. I don't know
if you remember me.
Of course I do.
Uh...
I... I think I put my phone
in your bag by accident.
And sometimes, I... I don't
know, I, like, get confused.
That's okay.
Yeah.

Why don't you come inside?
- No, it's okay.
- Come on.
I'm just...

I was just wondering
if I could get the phone.
Did you find it?
Yeah, I did.
Great.
- Look, um...
- Don't do that.

How'd you get here?
How did you know
I was here?
Did you... You said you
found the phone, though?
Come inside.
You can call your family,
let them know
where you are.
You wanna do that?
- Call somebody?
- (CHUCKLES)

Come on.
Come on.

(Sighs)
It's okay.
- Listen to me, okay?
- We're gonna help you.
Listen to me. (WHISPERS)
They will kill you.
Who?
I saw the phone. I saw everything on the phone.
I know.
I wish you hadn't seen that.
I can't give it to you.
What do you mean?
Yes, you can.
It's more than you.
Just give me the phone and let me go, please.
I have to go.
You don't understand.
- I wanna help you.
- Give me the fucking phone!
- Fuck!

- BREA:
- Fuck!
- Oh, my God.
- Brea.
- Hold on!
- Brea!
- Come back here!
- Shit.

- BREA:
- Brea, don't go out there.
- She's not giving it to me.

- BREA:

- JOHN:

BREA:
Wait, I'll give it to you.

CARA:
and I said to her.
(PANTING) Okay, Red.
I got them to come out.
She's bringing the phone
right now.
I told you we could do this.
Baby, I got it.

RED:
You're telling me...
You're telling me
that you don't
have the phone?
I was gonna get it from her,
but you got
to close the deal, right?
Because I got them,
I got them worked out.
But we're gonna do this
together, right?
We're a team. We can do this,
baby. I told you.
(BOTH GASP)
Oh, fuck.
(EXHALES)
I want my phone back.
Now.
Hold. Check this out.
There's only one person
in this house
that knows
where that phone is.
And that's her.
Let us go back in the house,
we'll get you your phone,
bring it to you, nobody has
to get hurt, all right?
All right?
All right.
Brea. Brea, come here.
Come on, Brea. Let's go.
Brea.
Fuck, fuck, fuck.
Where are they?
Why aren't they here yet?  
It's dead.  
(OBJECTS CLATTERING)  
Holy shit.  
- (COCKS GUN)  
- What the fuck are you doing?  
What are you doing?  
(WHISPERS) I have a plan.  
Okay. Listen,  
give me the phone.  
- No.  
- Let me go out there.  
I'll talk to him.  
I'm a negotiator.  
This is what I do.  
Trust me, Brea.  
We're not gonna  
fight these bullies.  
Brea, please,  
let's not fight right now.  
I'm not giving you the phone.  
- We'll wait for the cops.  
- Let's wait for the cops.  
- Cops.  

- JOHN:  
- for the cops to get here.  
- We're in a fucking  
glass house,  
they'll shoot their way in.  
They just fucking killed  
a girl out there.  
What do you think  
you're gonna do?  
Whose hands  
is that blood on? Hers.  
D, you're trippin'. Let's wait  
for the cops to get here.  
- (CELL PHONE RINGING)  
- Answer the phone.  
Answer the phone.  
We got to turn it off.  
That's how they've been  
tracking us the whole time.
That's how they know we're here.

- JOHN:
  - Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

- JOHN:
  - Give me the phone.
  - Give me the phone.
  - D, put the gun down, man.
We ain't playing no more games,
  - no more fucking games!

- JOHN:
  Give me the fucking phone.
  No.
  - Give me the phone.

- BREA:
  - You know what I'm doing.
  - You're fucking high, man!
(PHONE CONTINUES RINGING)
  - Darren.
  - Shut up.
You fuck my girl, you remember that?
  - Back up. Back up.
You want your man to live?
Give me the phone.
You do this, they're gonna kill us.
They're gonna kill you.
Just give me the phone and I'm gonna protect us.
Give me the fucking phone.

JOHN:
Just give it to him.
  - Yeah.
  - Just give it to him.

DARREN:
(RINGING STOPS)
Come on, come on, come on.
- Phone...

- JOHN:
All right. Stay in here.
- Don't do this.
- I got this.
- D.
- I got this.
D. D.
- (FOOTSTEPS RECEDING)
- We got to get out of here.

DARREN:

BREA:

DARREN:
There's been
a huge misunderstanding.
I wanna apologize for all
the bullshit that's going on.
And obviously,
you have the power.
We wanna get you
your phone back, all right?
But you have my girl, man.
And I need her back.

JOHN:
it's the basement.
(BREA WHIMPERS)
(BREA GASPS)
Oh. Oh.
Oh, come on.
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
Okay. Let's see
if we can lift it,
come on. Let's try it.
(SHUSHING)
All right. Go, go, go.
Okay. Let's try to lift it.
(METAL CREAKING)
JOHN:

BREA:
- What do you see?
- Nobody's there.
There's just some wood,
nothing.
You okay? Are you okay?
Yeah, yeah. Okay.
All right. All right,
I'm gonna try and lift it.
You go out, get the wood,
maybe we can wedge it, okay?
Okay.
Okay. Hey, be careful.
Come on. Let's do it.
(JOHN GRUNTING)
- Hurry up. Hurry up.
- (GRUNTING)

DARREN:
we're all sensible here.
Here's your phone.
All right?
My other two friends, they're
about a mile down the road.
They're gone.
It's just me here.
Please, let me get my girl.
Gentlemen, you got your phone,
I need my girl.
That doesn't have
to be a problem.

RED:
about that?
She's not part of
this whole thing, man.
I need my girl back.
Now I got your phone,
but I need my girl.
The phone has
been unlocked.
Oh, fuck.
Now listen, I sent the
girl to get the phone.
See if you've been looking
into my business.
Now we gave her my word
that if she came back
without it,
or if it'd been
compromised in any way,
that I would fucking kill
her, you understand me?
Okay. Let's take a...
Let's take a step
back here, all right?
Listen.
I will shoot you,
motherfucker...
- (GUN FIRES)
- (MEN GRUNTING)

DARREN:
(GROANING)
No.
(GASPING)
(WHIMPERING)
B. B.

RED:
Come on. Come on.
Guys, find the case.
Let's do this.
Let's go, move.
Oh, shit.
(BREA GRUNTS)
(BANGING ON DOOR)
Oh, shit.
- B?
- Come on, baby.
B!

BREA:
Come on, come on. Come on.
(GRUNTING)
(BOTH PANTING)
(BOTH YELP)
- Oh, crap!
- Stay down, stay down.
Come on, come on.
Go look over there.
Oh, my God. I have the case.
- We're gonna call for help, huh?
- Okay.
(CELL PHONE CHIMES)
Shit.
Move, move.
- Are you okay?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
(TWIGS SNAPPING)
I will fucking find you!
You hear me?
Okay. Come on. Come on.
(CSHUSHING) Come on.
- I'm sorry.
- Come on. Come on.
(ENGINE STARTS)

**RED:**
(MEN SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY)
(JOHN GRUNTS)
(BOTH GRUNTING)
(SCREAMING)
(GRUNTING)
(GROANS)
Argh!
(GROANS)
(PANTING)
(RED SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY)

**BREA:**
Should we check it out?

**RED:**
Let's go.
Okay.
(ENGINES REVVING IN DISTANCE)
(GRUNTS)
(BREA PANTING)

CROWD:
Salvation is to the name...
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
- Hi.
- Hi, sir.
Hi, sir. Um...
This is hard to explain,
but can we please come in
your house just for a minute?
Um... We just need to use
your phone, okay? Please.

MAN:
- Thank you.
- Thanks.

BREA:
I copied a bunch of photos
to my phone.
I'm gonna try to upload
the information,
get it to Carl, yeah.
Do it.

BREA:
may I use your computer?
Yeah, you can use it.
It's very old.
It's fine. It's just...
You have Internet?
- Yes, I do, right here.
- Okay. Thank you.
- Hello?

- OPERATOR:
- What's the emergency?
- Thank you so much.
Yeah. I need help right now.
(POWERING UP)
They were shooting at me
and my girlfriend.
- Ma'am, please. Please.
- Is anybody hurt?
I don't know
where I'm at, ma'am.
I'm... I'm not
from around here.
I think it's off of
Chickasaw Road or...

**OPERATOR:**
Stay on the phone, sir.
I'll talk you through this.
(EXHALES)
Come on, come on, come on.

**MAN:**
Okay. Thank you.

**MAN:**
Salvation is to the...
(GUN COCKS)
(MAN SCREAMS)
(GROANING)
- (GROANS)

**BIKER:**
(BIKER LAUGHING)
(MAN SCREAMS)
(BOTH GRUNTING)
- (GROANS)
- (GRUNTING)
(BIKER GROANS)
(YELLING)
(BIKER SCREAMING)
You bitch!

**JOHN:**
(PANTING)
Are you okay?
Yeah. Oh, my God.
(BREA SOBBING)
It's okay. Come on. We're
gonna go. We're gonna go.
- I can't.
- We're gonna go right now.
  We're gonna go.
Come on, come on.
Did it work?
Did it work?
- No.
- Listen, listen.
I... I took that guy's
car keys.
I got the key. All right?
Take the keys. Get to safety.
- (SOBBING) No.
- Okay?
- No.
- I'm not gonna slow you down.
No, we're...
You're going with me.
Please, okay?
Take the keys.
I love you.
(SOBBING)
No.
Baby, no. Baby, no.
No, no, please.
(CONTINUES SOBBING)
No!
No. I'm sorry.
Oh, my God.
Oh, baby.
(SOBBING) You...
No, baby.
(DOOR CLOSES)
(PANTING)
(GRUNTING)
(DOGS BARKING IN DISTANCE)
Come on, come on.
(ENGINE SPUTTERING)
Come on.
Come on, come on.
Come on, come on, come on.
(BREATHING HEAVILY)
(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)
(ENGINE SPUTTERING)
Come on.
Fuck, come on.

**RED:**
Oh, fuck. (BREATHING SHAKILY)
- (GUN FIRES)
- (YELPS)
(SCREAMING)
- Get out!

**BREA:**
- No!
- Get out! Get out!
No!
(BREA SCREAMING)
No! No! No!

**RED:**

**BILLY:**

**RED:**

**BILLY:**
Where is it, huh?
(SPITS)
(SIREN BLARES)
Hold it right there!
(PANTING)

**SALLY:**
Now!
All right, ma'am.
You're okay. Shh.
(BREA WHIMPERING)
Nice and slow.
Don't you try anything.
It's okay.
Nice and slow.
(BREA SCREAMING)
(WHIMPERING)
It's a fucking mess!
You know how much information is on that phone?
That is why I've said over
and over that you erase it
and then you dump it
after every trip.
And that's why I tell my guys
to erase it after every trip.
You got a fucking journalist,
a journalist
found on that phone?
Please tell me
you got it back.
Right here.
She got two calls off
to the station, two calls.
Do you understand that?
This is on you.
You fucked up,
you clean it up.
Do you understand?
- I got it.
- (BREA WHIMPERING)
Hey, these girls are product.
They're not
for your fucking pleasure.
Listen, I want you
to take her out,
find out who she talked to,
and dispose of her,
and then dispose
of that fucking phone.
This is a
multimillion-dollar operation,
we are not
fucking it up again.
Can I go now?
Let's get moving, Billy.
- Let's go.
- No.
( BREA SCREAMING)

**DISPATCHER:**
Central.
Code three, code three,
shots fired.
This is Sheriff Marnes,
Deputy Lowe is down.
I repeat, Deputy Lowe has been shot.
Two suspects on foot, black male, mid-thirties, black female mid-thirties, possible home invasion, drug deal gone bad.
(PANTING) Send backup.

- BILLY:
  - Hey.
  (WHIMPERING) No. No. No!
  No! No! Don't! Please, look at me, look at me!
  No! No! No!
  (SCREAMING)
  (GROANING)

BILLY:
(SOBBING)
(SHIVERING)
(ENGINE STARTS)
(GASPING)
(WHIMPERING)
(BREATHING SHAKILY)

SALLY:
due respect, sir.
We have these types of things happen quite often.
No, sir, we have it completely under control.
Well, we know who the suspects are, and I assure you we are gonna find out.
I assure you we are gonna find out who killed Deputy Lowe.
Well, he was my partner, okay.
Yeah. I know.
We reached out to the family, it's... It's awful.
All right, I'll get back to you tomorrow. They're coming by tomorrow, yes. Okay, we'll go there. Okay, sir, all right. I appreciate that, sir, thank you.

(WOMAN GROANING)
(BREA GASPS)
(WOMEN GROANING)
M... M...
Malia? Malia?
Malia?
(SOBBING)
Brea?
Malia, what are you doing here? Where's Darren?
What happened to John?
Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, God.
I left the house, and they grabbed me. I couldn't scream. I wanted to help, but I couldn't. I'm so sorry.
Don't... Don't do that.
Don't do that.
I'm so sorry, Brea.
(DOOR OPENS)
Oh, God.
They're coming. They're coming. Don't look at them, don't look at them. Don't look at them.

RED:
the girls set up. We got to be out of here in less than an hour.
(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)
(EXHALES)
I might stay here
awhile, Billy.
Will you do the honors?
Done.
Time for lunch, ladies.
Hello, sleeping beauty.
Look at you.
(GROANS)
Hey.
You've been a naughty, naughty girl, yeah?
You've been a bad, bad girl.
You know
what I'm gonna do, huh?
You know what I'm gonna do?
I'm gonna keep you
just for me.
- Just for me, look at you.
- (GROANS)

RED:

(GROANS)

RED:
all smiles now.
What's this? It's pretty.
You won't be needing this now.
Because I'm the boss.
And I kept you just for me.
You're gonna behave yourself.
Let's see
about this merchandise,
(UNBUCKLES BELT)
How does that feel, huh?
(SOBBING)
Brea.
- (SCREAMS)
- (BREA YELLS)
(both grunting)
(BREA GROANING)
(both grunting)
(BILLY SCREAMING)
(WOMEN GASping)
Come on. Come on.
Come on, we got to go.
MALIA:
I'll be back.  
I'm coming back.  
(PANTING) 
No. 
No. 
(TRUCK HORN BLARES)  
(EXHALES)  
(BREATHING HEAVILY)  
(PANTING)  
(COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYING OVER SPEAKERS) 
Help.  
Can you please, I am...  
- I was kidnapped...  
- Oh, my God.  
And I witnessed murders,  
and there's these girls,  
they need help.  
Can you please  
call the police?  
- Hold on a second. Hang on.  
- Thank you.  
(PHONE RINGS) 
Marnes. 
- (ON PHONE) Waynewright.  
- Carl.  
All right,  
I'll be right there.

CARL: 
I'm on it.

SALESWOMAN: 
on her way, honey. 
(BREATHING HEAVILY)  
(WATER RUNNING)  
(WATER STOPS)  
Where is she? 
She's in the bathroom.  
- Is she armed?  
- I don't think so.  
You might wanna wait
in the back, Pat.
Okay, Sheriff.

CARA:
the Fourth of July.
(DOOR CLOSES)

SALLY:
you're back there.
I need you to come out now.
- (DOOR OPENS)
- You're wanted for murder.
You're gonna shoot me?
Right here?
In front of all these cameras?
Hmm?
Big city journalist.
You think you're so
fucking smart, don't you?
Look where you are now.
Proud of yourself?
Women,
girls,
caged like animals.
Treated worse than a dog.
Fucking traitor.
I hate to break it
to you, sweetheart.
But this is the real world.
Everything is trafficked.
(INHALES SHARPLY)
All this shit
in this store?
That pretty little top
you're wearing?
When you go
get your nails done,
where do you think
those girls come from, huh?
I'm just a part of a system
that already exists.
And you are fucking
with my system.
Does trafficking make it sound
more sophisticated to you?
It's slavery.
Pure and simple.
I've had about
enough listening
to your fucking mouth.
Now turn around,
and put your fucking hands
on your head.
Turn around!
Come on. I'm gonna
take you for a ride.
(SIRENS WAILING)
(HELICOPTER APPROACHING)
You weren't
the first person I called.
- Get your hands up!
- Dennis, you got it covered?
Miss? Everything's
gonna be okay.
Open your feet, spread them.

BREA:

AGENT:
to remain silent.
If you waive that right,
anything you say
can and will be
used against you...
(HANDCUFFS CLICKING)
(CHATTERING INDISTINCTLY)

CARL:
This is incredible.
Are you okay?

BREA:
And it's all true?
It's all been corroborated
by the victims
and the information
found on the phone.
Names, phone numbers,
bank accounts. This goes worldwide to the highest reaches of power. World leaders, US Senators who looked the other way. The people who abducted me, they're just one cog in the wheel. A way station before these women are shipped off. This will be on the front page, every word. But, Brea, this goes out, they will target you, not just professionally. They will try to slander your name, they will try to ruin your reputation, and they may come after you. Let them come.

FEMALE REPORTER 1: A shocking story, developing out of Northern California, where a sex trafficking ring has been exposed, leading to the arrest of, among others, a local sheriff, who plays an integral role in the trafficking ring.

FEMALE REPORTER 2: Coming out of Northern California, a sex trafficking ring has been...