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Curve

By Kimberly Lofstrom Johnson

Ella.
Hey!
Hi, sister.
Where are you?
Taking the scenic route.
The long way, you mean.
I'm following my GPS.
It's fine.
It's beautiful, actually.
This isn't what
I think it is, is it?
No.
As long as you're all right.
Why wouldn't I be?
What do you think?
Please tell me
that's not for the wedding.
Brad's mom will have
an aneurysm.
It's for tonight.
Do you think it's too slutty
for a second date?
Depends on whether or not
you've already slept with him.
Promise me that whatever
you do buy for the wedding,
there'll be
a little bit more of it.
Hey, did you book
your flights yet?
No.
It's two weeks away.
I know!
I was just waiting for you to be sure.
Sure about what?
{just want you
to be happy, okay?
I am happy.
I am.
All right. ('H book
a refundable ticket.
Really?
I'm kidding. I'm kidding.
Look at it this way.

Two weeks from now,
this will all be over,
and all you'll have
to worry about
is whether four weeks in Europe
is really enough time
to see everything.
When will you get in?
About same time tomorrow,
if I go straight through.
Love you. Bye.
Bye.
Hey, it's me.
I guess you're stiff on the road.
{just wanted to check in,
see how you are.
Look, honey, I really appreciate
you going along with this,
just like you always do.
I mean, believe me,
I'm as bummed as you are
that! gotta cancel
our honeymoon,
but a huge deal's
come up at work and...
Anyway,
take care of my car for me and I
will make it up to you, I promise.
We'll go somewhere better,
like Hawaii or somewhere in a few months.
But right now Fm just
thinking of our wedding,
and Pm waiting
for you here in Denver.
I know this keeps...
Ella.
Shit.
Shit.
Shit.
Fuck you, Brad.
Nice.
Hi.
Fuck. Shit.
Sorry.

Fuck.
Having some trouble?
No. I'm fine.
No. I meant with your truck.
Right.
Um...
Yeah, it just
kind of died on me.
That's inconvenient.
Want some help?
I tried calling AAA,
but there's no service.
Well I... I'd offer to
let you borrow my phone,
but I don't have one.
Really? Um, okay.
Well, why don't I take a look,
see what we're dealing with?
Long way from home.
Where you heading?
Denver.
When was the last time
you had her serviced?
It's not my car.
No? You steal it?
That depends.
Are you a cop?
Okay.
Well. It doesn't seem
to be an oil problem.
No, I, checked the oil.
The belt is tight,
and I, saw the connection
on the battery is good, too, so.
Not making it easy for me
to save the day here.
Sorry about that.
Have you been
walking a long way?
I mean, do you live out here?
No, I used to come
out here with my dad,
and now I just come out
when I can and go hiking.

Okay.
I still have one more move.
Something my dad
taught me, actually.
Do you mind
if I check the trunk?
It's right here.
Turn the ignition like
you're turning it on.
Yeah, it's on.
Okay.
My gosh.
Yes!
I am very impressed.
I don't know what I would
have done without you, so...
No, don't mention it. Here.
Can I... I mean,
can I give you money or...
No, listen.
Your thanks is thanks enough, honestly.
And from the looks of it,
you're gonna need it a lot more than I do
with a wedding
and a honeymoon to pay for.
So.
Well, um...
It was nice meeting you.
I'm Christian.
Mallory.
Mallory.
That's a very pretty name.
Um...
Thank you.
Yeah, you got it.
Drive safe.
I would offer you a ride, but...
No, it's totally fine.
I got everything
I need right here.
Anyway, I get it.
Thank you.
You sure about this?
I can only take you

as far as the highway,
but, yeah.

Okay.

I'd have felt guilty
the rest of the drive.

Besides, you seem nice enough.

You don't know me that well yet.

I'll take my chances.

Do you mind?

Signal's terrible,
but the CD works.

You can tell a lot about
people by what they listen to.

Wow.

Yeah, it's a mix.

My sister made it for me.

Kind of to poke fun.

I don't know what you mean,

I love this song.

Right? How can you not?

She's back at home, your sister?

She's finishing law school
back in San Francisco.

That must have been
tough to leave her.

Yeah.

She'll be all right.

She is the perpetually
single type.

Different guy every month.

No ties.

Do you have her number?

Sure.

But then you'd have
to get a phone.

Yeah, the thing she didn't really
realize was that she was stuck.

After our parents passed away,
she was just... Sorry.

No, no. Don't be.

Feels like you need to tell someone.

Might as well be a stranger
you're never gonna see again.

What about you?

What about me?
You can't always
have been a hobo.
No.
Hey, where are you guys
going on your honeymoon?
Italy.
Brad's boss has a house there.
That's lucky.
Yeah.
Tell me about him.
Brad?
Yeah.
He's great.
He's smart.
Interesting. Driven.
On our first date,
he rented out the entire restaurant
and said he didn't want anybody
disturbing our first chances
of getting to
know each other. So.
He sounds like quite a guy.
Yeah, it wasn't as lame
as that sounded.
No, I'd... Listen, it...
You wouldn't be here if it was.
Moving across the country.
Giving up everything just to be with him.
You're almost rid of me.
Last chance to get on the
freeway for about 50 miles.
I never asked
where you were heading.
Next town over.
There's a little motel there.
Quiet, inexpensive.
As good a place as any
to spend the night.
Is it far?
Not by car, no.
Why do you ask?
Just wondering.
Thinking I could use a break.

Maybe grab a bite to eat.
You don't need
to be on your way?
Not yet.
It's interesting, isn't it?
All this.
You driving through here on this
particular day at that particular time.
Breaking down
right where you did.
It's incredible, really,
when you think about it.
All the things that have to occur in
sequence, all for two strangers to meet.
You know, you make
one different decision,
you take
a different fork in the road,
and then two people
just pass each other by.
But yet, here we are.
Is it all chance?
Simple serendipity?
Or is it something more?
Fate? Destiny?
Don't worry.
I'm not flirting with you. Honestly.
I don't think you could deep
throat my huge cock anyway.
I'm kidding.
It's not that big.
I think you could do it.
With that mouth,
I might even enjoy it.
That's not funny.
I think you should get out.
What? Did I say something wrong?
Did I spoil the mood?
Please, I'm asking nicely.
Get out.
No, no, no, no, no.
We're gonna go on a nice little drive.
I can drive the rest
of the way on my own,

but believe me when I tell you,
it'd be a lot less
fun for both of us.
The door, please.
Why are you doing this?
Doing what?
I didn't force you to stop.
You pulled over and invited me in.
And even then,
even after you'd done your good deed
and taken me as far as you could,
you still wouldn't let me out.
Maybe that's some subconscious
attempt to sabotage a marriage
you don't really want,
or maybe it's fate.
Either way,
it doesn't seem right for you to blame me.
Gas pedal's
the one on the right.
Where are you taking me?
I told you.
A little motel down the road.
Don't worry, there won't be
anyone there to disturb us.
It's been abandoned for years.
Suit yourself.
We'll be there before sundown.
God, that's annoying.
No! No!
Shit!
Shit!
Shit.
That was new.
I do believe I may ache
a little come the morning.
Awful lot of blood
you got there.
I guess you missed
your femoral artery,
because, frankly,
you'd be dead by now.
I don't think you realize
how much trouble you're in.

Nice knowing you, Mallory.
You're on your own now.
No, no, no.
Please, please. Please.
Please, please, don't.
Where's my phone?
Help!
Help!
Help!
Help!
Please, somebody!
Help!
Help!
Help, I'm down here!
Help!
Somebody help!
Help!
Somebody, please!
Help!
Help!
Help!
I'm down here!
Shit!
Don't you want to know
where I've been?
Found a cabin a few miles downriver.
A family place.
No one home,
unfortunately, and no phone.
But by the looks of it,
someone will be back soon.
In the meantime...
How have you been?
Couldn't have been easy,
out here all alone.
I gotta ask.
Why'd you do it?
Drive off the road like that.
Must have had a reason.
Did you think I was
gonna rape you?
You've been reading
too many stories, Mallory.
Let's be honest.

If I wanted to get into
that little box of yours,
I wouldn't have needed to rape you.
You were there.
Ten miles and a smile from
following me into a motel room.
You're wrong.
Am I?
What's the matter?
Cat got your tongue?
I need water. And food.
What do you want?
Let's start with...
A story.
About what?
I don't know.
How about the first time
you got fucked?
You have been fucked before,
haven't you?
If you'd rather not...
Wait! Wait!
Theo.
His name was Theo.
Of course it was.
And, where did you
meet this Theo?
On vacation.
When you were...
Seventeen.
Was it just the one night?
And he was older?
What'd he do to you?
What do you think?
Everything.
And you liked it?
Did he make you come?
How many times?
A lot.
You still think about him?
Do you think about him
touching you?
About having him inside of you?
Yes.

Do you touch yourself?
Yes.
No, you don't.
Nice try, though. Really.
You almost had me going.
It was Ella, wasn't it?
Theo, the guy.
That was her story.
You should know
you can't fool me, Mallory.
Boy.
No, no, no, no, please, please!
Shit!
You shouldn't just tell people
what they wanna hear, Mallory.
Try being yourself.
Help, I'm down here!
Help!
I'm here, somebody!
Help!
My name is Mallory Rutledge.
Kick back and unwind with
non-stop relaxing music...
Last one, my fucking ass.
Shit!
Fuck you.
Okay. Okay.
Fuck!
Morning, sunshine.
Shit.
Beautiful day, isn't it?
Hey, sorry it took me
so long to get back.
Things got a little
crazy at the cabin.
Bill and Sue finally got back
with their son and granddaughter,
and I decided to throw them an
impromptu welcome home party.
You know, I'd have
brought you some cake,
but I didn't think
you'd like it much.
Katie's a sweet kid,

but she isn't much of a baker.
Besides,
looks like someone had a party
of their own last night.
Still, you're learning.
I'm proud of you.
You're starting to fight.
What's in it?
This and that.
You see, I was doing a little work,
fixing that sign you hit.
Making sure no one else would
accidentally end up down here.
Might be there's
something you can use.
In that case...
Give me that, you bitch!
No...
Shit! No!
Let go!
Get the fuck away from me!
God damn it!
Fuck!
No, Ella!
Help, Ella!
Ella!
Help!
You're too late.
I already called the police.
They know where I am!
No, you didn't.
That's not what your phone says.
What are you gonna do to me?
To you?
Nothing. Not yet, at least.
For now,
I'm just enjoying the show.
Please, just let me go.
Now where would be
the fun in that?
You don't get it,
do you, Mallory?
No one is coming to save you.
You're on your own.

If you want out,
you're gonna have to get yourself out.
Now, as much fun as this has been,
I really should be going.
Get back before my
hosts start to wonder
who's been eating
their porridge.
No, please! Please!
I guess I can give you one more chance.
All depends how far
you're willing to go.
And what you're willing to do.
Anything!
Are you sure?
Well, okay then.
Let's see what we have.
My God. No.
What are you...
What are you gonna do?
Me? Nothing.
It's for you.
What?
The...
That's not gonna
cut through the door.
No, I don't expect it will.
No. No, no, I can't.
I can't do that.
Then you'll die here.
Why are you like this?
What happened to you?
What happened to you?
You must have
been a person once.
You had a family.
A mother.
You had a sister.
What would she think?
Finding out who her
little baby brother is?
Maybe... Maybe
you've already shown her.
Is that it?

Is that what happened?
You found the photograph,
I take it.
That does look
a little like me, doesn't it?
It's amazing what you can
pick up at a garage sale.
You're here for a reason,
Mallory.
It's no more coincidence than
you and I meeting on the road.
And there's only one way
you're gonna get out of this.
You have to
accept responsibility.
Take things into your own hands.
Now, I'd love to stay and chat,
but I've gotta get going.
But I will be back
to say goodnight.
Assuming you're still here.
Fuck! Shit!
Fuck!
Fuck.
No.
Fuck.
Shit.
God, thank you.
We interrupt this
program with a severe weather warning.
Drivers are advised to
take alternate routes
where possible due
to severe flooding.
Emergency procedures
are in place.
Stay tuned for
further information.
Now returning to our program.
Help!
Help, I'm down here!
Help!
Help!
Help!

Hey, Mallory.
It's me.
Did you actually try it?
Mallory. I didn't think
you had it in you.
Jesus, fuck!
What are you smiling at?
Car keys.
Really? That's your plan?
Actually, I was planning
on cutting your throat first,
but I guess a girl
can't have everything.
Ain't gonna do you any good.
Fuck you!
I suppose you think you're pretty clever.
There's nobody up there.
The road's abandoned!
Is it?
That's not what I heard!
You're gonna regret that,
I promise you.
Then what the fuck
are you waiting for?
God damn it!
God!
Help!
Help!
Standby, all units.
Jesus.
Be prepared to copy
for a missing persons report.
Afternoon, Officer.
Howdy.
Car trouble? You need me
to call for a tow?
You know, I think I got it.
Are you sure?
Believe me, you don't wanna be stuck
out here if this weather gets worse.
You bet.
You wanna give it a try?
Just in case?
I'll do that.

Something the matter?
Would you believe
I locked my keys inside?
It really ain't your day, is it?
Hey, you think
you can give me a ride?
There's a spare set
in the cabin downriver.
The Goldman place?
Yeah, you know Bill and Sue?
Sure. Sure. Yeah, hop in.
I'll take you.
All right, just give me one sec.
All right.
Did you...
Did you hear that?
Subject is Mallory Rutledge. White female,
5'4", 110 pounds,
blonde, blue eyes.
It was this way, I think.
Subject was last seen traveling
from San Francisco to Denver
in blue 1995 Ford Bronco.
Possibly being held
against her will.
Any unit coming into contact,
please hold and notify authority
of an on-duty supervisor.
You sure you're not
hearing things?
No.
Shit.
Help!
Hey, it's really
starting to come down.
Help!
Yeah.
Yeah, you're right.
Help!
Help!
Please!
Please, I'm down here!
Whoa!
Jesus!

Nice catch.
Reflex.
Come on. This damn weather.
Driving me crazy.
White female, 5'4", 110 pounds.
Blonde, blue eyes.
Subject was last seen traveling
from San Francisco to Denver.
Come back!
Please, come back! Please!
No! God!
My God.
No! Shit!
Shit! No!
God! Shit!
Shit!
God, no!
Okay.
Shit!
Shit!
No!
God!
No! No!
Fuck.
Shit!
God!
Fuck.
Shit.
Get off! Help!
Get off me!
Please!
Shit!
Fuck.
Help!
You see, my pa was a preacher.
Any time I'd dare misbehave,
which wasn't that often,
he'd take me out to the barn
and strap me up just like this.
He'd leave me there.
All day, all night.
You stopped to help me.
I didn't ask you to.
Like I didn't ask

the family to invite me in.
You got me into this.
You made the choice to stop.
You people go about your life
making these choices
that you think
have no consequences.
I'm here to show you
that they do.
Well, Officer?
Anything to say?
Fuck you.
That's more like it.
Can I help you, ma'am?
Having a little trouble
with your car, ma'am?
License and registration,
please.
License and registration,
please.
Quiet, Katie.
I told you to be
quiet down there.
Good evening, ma'am.
License and registration,
please.
Be down in just a minute.
Shh!
It's okay, okay?
He's upstairs.
Please, help me.
It's okay, it's okay.
Hurry.
Everything okay in here?
Now, we've talked
about noise, haven't we?
I thought we had
an understanding,
but if we need to
discuss it some more,
I'm sure I can find
a needle and thread.
Don't you fucking touch her!
You move, you breathe,

you're dead.
Get off!
Katie, run!
Run!
Mallory?
Mallory?
Mallory?
You really are
full of surprises.
Been a long time since
I've had so much fun.
Really, I ought to
thank you for that.
I am curious, though,
how you managed to get out.
I thought you were gonna die in there.
One way or another.
Perhaps this was how
it was meant to be.
Boo!
No!
Get the fuck away from me!
Can't run from fate, Mallory.
Shit! No!
No matter how hard you try.
Almost!
Get the fuck away from me!
This was how
I hoped it would end.
I always knew it
would happen this way.
Does this feel like
your destiny now?
Argh!
Mallory.
I know you're out there.
Fuck!
Fuck!
It's okay.
That looks painful.
You need some help?
Now, now, I don't think you realize
how much trouble you're in.
That's an awful lot of blood.

I'm guessing you missed
your femoral artery,
because, frankly,
you'd be dead by now if you hadn't.
Fuck you.

But God knows what other
damage you've done.

Doesn't look good.

Now, I'd love to stay and chat,
but I gotta get going.

I wouldn't want you to think
that I was being unfair.

So I'm gonna give you the
same chance that you gave me.

I've been thinking a lot
about what you said.

About fate.

Maybe you were right.

Maybe it was
supposed to be like this.

Maybe you just got in
the wrong fucking car!

It's okay.

It's over. It's over.

You're gonna be okay.