GET IN

Written by

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1 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DUSK

An old car on a deserted road speeds through dense fog, its headlights hardly piercing through it.

2 I/E. OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside, RICHARD, late 60's, disheveled, grips the steering wheel, whitening his knuckles.

His face is pale, eyes wide, jaw clenched. A faint tremor runs through his features.

The radio crackles. He turns the knob, but the sound persists.

RICHARD
Damn thing.

He turns it off. Silence fills the car, heavy and oppressive, broken only by the faint hum of the tires and engine.

Richard glances at the rearview mirror, as if expecting someone there.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Fuckin' hell...

(beat)

A shadowy figure looms in the fog in front of him, waving a tired arm. A HITCHHIKER.

Richard slows, squinting through the mist. The car comes to a stop on the road.

(beat)

The hitchhiker stands motionless, his parka hood pulled up. His posture is hunched, as if in pain.

He limps toward the car, each step deliberate, fixated on it, as if observing it.

Richard hesitates, his hand hovering over the window crank before he lowers it.

The hitchhiker's face remains shrouded in shadow.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You alright, mate?

HITCHHIKER
(Muffled, shaken)
I'm fine. Could use a lift.

Richard lingers, uncertainty flickering across his face.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

RICHARD
Sure... Get in.

Richard exhales, unlocking the door and pushing it open.

The hitchhiker slides into the car, water dripping from his jacket.

He shifts in his seat, his movements stiff, breathing heavy.

(beat)

HITCHHIKER
Thanks for stopping.

RICHARD
No problem. What happened?

HITCHHIKER
I... I'm not sure. Just drive. I have to get out of here.

(beat)

Richard's eyes flick to the side, his grip tightening on the wheel as he frowns.

RICHARD
Alright... Where you headed?

HITCHHIKER
I don't know. Anywhere but here.

Richard eases the car forward, his eyes moving nervously toward the man beside him.

The hitchhiker's face remains hidden beneath his hood.

The hitchhiker exhales sharply, his breath catching in the heavy silence.

RICHARD
Are you hurt? Do you need help?

HITCHHIKER
I was attacked...
(beat)
I think...
But I'm okay.

RICHARD
Attacked? Out here? By who?

Richard's grip tightens on the steering wheel as he glances at the hitchhiker. His breath quickens.

(beat)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

He stares ahead, biting his lip, lost in thought. The silence in the car feels almost suffocating.

Richard glances at the rearview mirror again, his eyes searching for answers.

(beat)

For a moment, he catches a fleeting glimpse of his reflection, but quickly looks away, somehow unsettled.

HITCHHIKER
I'm not sure.

Richard glances at the hitchhiker, then quickly returns his focus to the road, his face a mix of suspicion and concern.

(beat)

The hitchhiker's body tenses, as if struggling to recall something.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)
I can't remember.

The hitchhiker's posture stiffens more, his breath shallow.

(beat)

He turns to Richard, now seeing him for the first time.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)
(Whispering, barely audible)
What the fuck...

(beat)

RICHARD
What's wrong?

(beat)

HITCHHIKER
(Whispering, trembling)
Get out...

Richard glances to his right, surprise flickering over his face, but the hitchhiker's face remains hidden.

RICHARD
What?

HITCHHIKER
Get out... of the car.

Richard's eyes narrow as he strains to catch a glimpse of the hitchhiker's face.

2 CONTINUED: (3)

RICHARD
What's wrong with you?

The hitchhiker's voice rises, now frantic.

HITCHHIKER
(Louder, panicked)
Get out, get out, Get out! GET OUT!

The hitchhiker attacks, grabbing and punching Richard uncontrollably.

The car swerves violently, lurching on the foggy road.

Richard struggles to shield himself, kicking at the brake, his voice cracking in panic.

RICHARD
(Shouting, desperately)
Stop! What are you doing?

HITCHHIKER
(Screaming)
STOP THE CAR!

The hitchhiker pounds on Richard, his fists a blur. Richard scrambles, kicking the brake as the car screeches to a stop.

Desperate, Richard tries to fight back, his hands raised in defense.

RICHARD
(Frantic)
What the hell, man! STOP!

Richard, disoriented, fumbles to open the driver's side door. He's ready to flee.

HITCHHIKER
(Snarling)
Get out! Get the fuck out!

The hitchhiker shoves Richard out of the car with brutal force.

RICHARD
(As he tumbles out, exasperated)
Jesus fuckin' Christ, mate!

Richard crashes to the road, dazed. The hitchhiker tosses Richard's jacket out, as he moves over to the driver's seat.

He takes a deep, ragged breath, locks the door, and starts the engine, ready to leave.

2 CONTINUED: (4)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(Scrambled, panicked, pulling at the door handle)
What are you doing? Let me in!

They exchange a tense look. Richard freezes, disbelief spreading across his face. The hitchhiker pulls back his hoodie, revealing *another* Richard.

Their eyes lock —recognition, shock, something unspoken.

(beat)

The hitchhiker drives off, leaving Richard standing in the middle of the road, utterly stunned.

3 EXT. DESOLATED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Richard stands motionless, the fog thickening around him. His car disappears into the distance, swallowed by the thick mist.

RICHARD
(Quietly, to himself)
Fuckin' hell.

As the tail lights fade, Richard stares at his jacket. He picks it up slowly, brushing off the dirt, as if grounding himself in this new reality.

He clumsily puts it on, pulling the hoodie over his head.

(beat)

In the distance, faint headlights cut through the fog. A car approaches, its engine a low growl in the stillness.

Richard raises his arm. The car slows, headlights casting long beams through the fog.

He limps forward, breath shallow, then freezes.

It's *his* car.

(beat)

He continues toward it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(As he approaches the car, voice trembling, to himself)
What the hell.

The window slides down slowly.

3 CONTINUED:

DRIVER / ALSO ANOTHER RICHARD
(Muffled)
You alright, mate?

Richard's hands tremble.

RICHARD
(Shaken)
I'm fine. Could use a lift.

(beat)

DRIVER / ALSO ANOTHER RICHARD
Sure... Get in.