

TRAFFICK JAM

Written by

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*What would happen if a human trafficker abducted a female John Wick?*

FADE IN:

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

A dilapidated house in an impoverished neighborhood.

CAR pulls up, and the engine stops.

JASON (25), athletic build, dons a ski mask to conceal his face and steps out of the car.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG JAM (15) tends to her strung-out mother, YOLANDA (33). Yolanda's arms have track marks, and she's going through a rough withdrawal.

Two dinner plates, half-eaten pork chops and stuffing, are set out with steak knives, forks, and glasses of water.

Water marks and mold stains on the walls and ceilings. Window glass is broken and mended with construction paper and tape. Mouse droppings. The house should be condemned.

YOLANDA

Your teacher called and said you're reading at an advanced college level. How did you become so smart?

JAM

I'm your daughter. You helped me to love books. Now, I will help you to get well.

Yolanda manages to smile before grabbing her stomach and moaning in discomfort.

JAM (cont'd)

I'll make something easier on your stomach. Okay?

Yolanda manages a slight nod before shutting her eyes. She shivers, sweats, and shakes. Jam comforts her.

FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

Jam's eyes widen in fear. She instinctively grabs a steak knife. This isn't her first rodeo.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Jason points a gun into the unoccupied room. He listens. He hears Yolanda's faint groans from the bedroom.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM

Jason kicks the door open and aims his gun at Yolanda.

He scans the room - there's no one else. He pockets the gun.

He binds Yolanda's hands with cable ties.

He duct tapes her mouth shut.

CLOTHES RUSTLE in the closet.

Jason glances at the closet.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/CLOSET

Jam is wide-eyed and on high alert. She's partly concealed in the rack of thrift store clothes.

FOOTSTEPS approach.

Jam grips the knife tight in her trembling hand.

CLOSET DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

Jam and Jason come face to concealed face. He goes to grab her. She bursts forth, brandishing the knife. She misses slicing his arm.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM

Jam runs for the door leading out of the room.

Jason reacts with a swing of his leg that trips her up. He grabs a fistful of her hair, and they tussle...

The knife falls free and rests on the floor near them.

She pulls off his ski mask and gazes at his face. They are eye to eye for a moment as Jason gapes, stunned. He recovers and winks. He reaches for the knife...

She is faster and grabs the knife.

She buries the knife deep into his thigh.

He reaches down and pulls the knife from his leg.

She charges out of the room.

FRONT DOOR OPENS.

He peers out the window and sees her running from the house.

He turns and comes eye to eye with Yolanda.

She looks him in the eyes. He sees pure terror in hers.

He glances at his ski mask and frowns.

He reaches for his gun.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jam runs past vacant lots and dark crack houses.

GUNSHOT from her house.

Jam turns just in time to see Jason hobble from her house, his injured leg bandaged with one of Yolanda's shirts, and speed off in his car. She runs back to her house.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jam cradles her dying mother's head as blood pools on the floor. Jam breaks down and bawls.

INT. CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES/OFFICE - DAY

Overworked social worker's cramped office piled with paperwork. Post-it notes crowd an old computer monitor.

A SOCIAL WORKER sits across the desk from Jam as if waiting for Jam to answer a previously posed question.

Jam's eyes wander across the desk and land on a *Tips for Women in Distress* pamphlet.

SOCIAL WORKER

Look at me. This is important.

Jam reluctantly looks at the Social Worker without making eye contact. Jam's expression admits no emotion.

SOCIAL WORKER (cont'd)  
Did you hear me? The police found the  
devil that murdered your mother. Do  
you remember his face?

Jam hesitates before she finally nods.

SOCIAL WORKER (cont'd)  
I'm taking you to the police station.  
They need you to identify him.

Jam shakes her head from side to side, *no way!*

SOCIAL WORKER (cont'd)  
Don't you care about justice for your  
own mother?

Jam looks away.

Social Worker's mood darkens.

SOCIAL WORKER (cont'd)  
Because of cowards like you, bad  
people are free to do bad things.  
Shame on you.

Jam shows no emotion.

SOCIAL WORKER (cont'd)  
(Scoffs.)  
Gather your things. It's time to  
introduce you to your foster family.

Jam's head droops in sadness.

PHONE RINGS.

Social Worker answers and engages in a phone call.  
Indistinct phone conversation in the background as...

Jam uses the distraction to grab the *Tips for Women in  
Distress* pamphlet.

Jam flips open a page on hand signals to alert others that  
you are being abducted.

She studies the illustrated instruction of a hand signal...

*Hold your hand up with your thumb tucked into your palm,  
then fold your fingers down, symbolically trapping your  
thumb in your fingers.*

Jam pockets the pamphlet.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Richly appointed office.

DARRIN (35), average build and nondescript, looks across his desk at ANNA (25), a Ukrainian beauty who is stressed.

Anna struggles to understand what he says. Her English is perfect, but what he says makes no sense to her. *He is a human trafficker who trapped her posing as a legit employer.*

Darrin shows Anna her Ukrainian passport.

DARRIN  
I promise to keep it safe.

ANNA  
I do not understand. Why may I not keep my passport?

DARRIN  
You will get it back when you pay your debt.

ANNA  
Debt? What debt?

DARRIN  
You owe me thirty-six thousand American dollars.

She gives him a quizzical look.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Getting an educated professional like you out of Ukraine is expensive.

He slides the CLIENT BOOK across the desk.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
This is my client book. You will keep it and the accounts of the girl's earnings up to date.

ANNA  
What girls? I do not understand.

DARRIN  
I run a prostitution organization.

Anna gapes.

Darrin locks Anna's passport in a safe filled with US driver's licenses and passports from many countries.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
I also need you to cook and be my mechanic. I'll pay someone to teach you what you don't know. It's basic stuff, nothing too complicated. You will earn ten dollars a day. Of course, I must take four dollars a day for your living expenses. You may keep all that is left or use some of it to pay me back. Your choice.

ANNA  
I want to go home. Please.

DARRIN  
Sorry. No can do. Here in America, possession is nine-tenths of the law.

She does not understand. He hands her the Client Book.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
You start today.

Her eyes moisten.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jason sips coffee as he scrolls through local news reports on his phone. He finds a brief news article of interest. He intently focuses on the text highlighted in italics...

ON PHONE SCREEN:

In a heart-wrenching incident that has left the community reeling, a local single mother was found murdered in her home on Tuesday evening. Her teenage daughter miraculously survived the attack. The victim, 33-year-old Yolanda Taylor, was a beloved member of her church. "Yolanda was the kind of person who would do anything for anyone," said Jayla Harris, a close friend.

*Yolanda's surviving daughter (name withheld due to her age) is currently in foster care and is said to be in good spirits despite the tragic circumstances.*

Local authorities are urging anyone with information about the case to come forward.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jason sighs in exasperation and slams down the coffee mug.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Darrin sits at a computer with large monitors displaying the live security camera feed from every room in the house.

He selects the feed for a room labeled *basement dormitory* and watches six trafficked women get dressed as prostitutes. Anna pulls a red dress from a shelf of clothing. She stares at it, pondering if she should put it on. He gets excited.

DARRIN

Come on, Anna. Give in and put it on.

He watches Anna toss the dress and fly into a rage.

His phone rings. It's Police Chief Davis. He picks up.

DARRIN (cont'd)

Did the girl identify him?

DAVIS (V.O.)

She never showed. Your man walked.

## INT. FOSTER HOME/GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jam unpacks her suitcase in the dingy, frugal room. Her suitcase contains three books for every one item of clothing. Having no bookcase, she neatly sets the books, all classic novels, in a row on the floor. The last reading material Jam pulls from her suitcase is the *Tips for Women in Distress* pamphlet. She sits on the floor and flips open the pamphlet. As she reads, her eyes moisten.

## INT. FOSTER HOME/GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jam cries in bed, unable to sleep.

## EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Hooded Jason keeps a low profile as he drives slowly past the now vacant crack house where he murdered Jam's mother. He parks on the street and approaches the front door of the house. Posted on the door is a "do not enter" notice from the city inspector - the property is condemned. Jason peers in through a broken window - nothing of value remains, not even light fixtures.

Jason breaks into the house via the backdoor.



INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason searches via flashlight for anything that can help him identify Jam. He finds nothing with one room to go...

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM

Jason shines his flashlight at the bloodstained floor and walls without emotion. He rummages and finds a photo of Yolanda & Jam wedged behind a dresser. He flips the photo over: "First day of High School." He pockets it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jason is parked outside a school, watching kids file out to buses. He compares faces to Jam's photo - no matches.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL/LIBRARY - SAME

Jam reads a book on medical careers.

We glimpse through the window... Jason drives away.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Richly furnished room with high-end TV and sound system.

Darrin sternly addresses a stressed-out Jason.

DARRIN

I don't care if she saw your face.  
You'll never see that girl again.

JASON

I don't like loose ends. All I've got  
is her last name. You know how many  
Taylor's there are in this city?

Darrin stares sternly.

JASON (cont'd)

Her mother had no social media  
presence. This girl's a ghost. I need  
your network to find her.

DARRIN

Drop it. Forget her. That's an order.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER/AFTER-SCHOOL PROGRAM ROOM - DAY

A sign on the whiteboard makes it clear that this is an after-school program. VOLUNTEERS help teens with homework. Some teens are working on homework, most are socializing.

Jam reads quietly. She sets her book down and approaches a volunteer.

JAM

Restroom.

Volunteer nods.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER/COMMON AREA

Jam emerges from the women's room. She is making her way back to the After-School Program Room when something catches her eye behind the glass door/window of the Community Room - a group of women participating in a self-defense class.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER/COMMUNITY ROOM

Women, teens to older adults, in a self-defense class with a female INSTRUCTOR and ASSISTANT leading warmup exercises.

Jam steps into the room and hesitates.

The instructor notices Jam and warmly invites her inside.

Jam joins the class in the back row.

The instructor addresses the class. She demonstrates the positions and moves with her assistant...

INSTRUCTOR

Now that we're warmed up, let's review where we left off last session. Rule number one - fight back first from a non-confrontational stance in which you hold your hands up and open while you set verbal boundaries. Then, if your attacker steps into your comfort zone, you can attack back. Go for the soft tissue: throat, eyes, between his legs. Run away as soon as you can. Now, partner up and let's practice throat punches. Remember, just the motions. We don't want to have to call 9-1-1.

Mild laughter as the women pair up. Jam pairs with a partner. Jam's partner demonstrates the throat punch move. Jam's attempt is not bad for her first time. They spar.

INT. FOSTER HOME/GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

JAM (now 18) uses her phone to apply online for an Accelerated Nursing Program at the local community college.

SUPER: "A few weeks after Jam's 18th birthday."

Jam scrolls on her phone through a list of college sponsored clubs and activities. One in particular piques her interest - a College Shooting Sports Club. She signs up.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Series of shots spanning a school year:

- Jam fails to successfully field strip a handgun.
- Jam shoots a handgun at a target - misses the paper.
- Jam shoots a handgun at a target - hits the outer ring.
- Jam expertly field strips a handgun.
- Jam shoots a handgun at a target - gets a perfect score.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER/COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Jam spars with her partner in the women's self-defense class and expertly executes self-defense techniques to perfection.

YEARS LATER...

JAM (now 25) is the instructor of the women's self-defense class where she expertly demonstrates the throat punch on her female assistant, JANIS (20s).

SUPER: "Seven years later. Present day."

JAM  
Well class, that concludes today's  
lesson. See you next week and  
remember, always stay vigilant for  
yourself and for others. Thank you.

Class filters out of the community room.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER/BATHROOM

Jam and Janis change out of their workout clothes into their nurse scrubs.

Jam checks her old model phone: low power warning.

JAM  
Piece of shit won't hold a charge.

JANIS  
When are you going to finally spring  
for a new model?

JAM  
When they're free.

They zip up their workout bags...

As Jam zips her bag up, we glimpse a handgun within.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Low-income business district.

JASON (now 35) has a tight grip on the arm of a TRAFFICKED WOMAN (20s) dressed as a prostitute with a barcode tattoo on her wrist.

He drags the crying woman past a group of scraggly men who taunt her with catcalling.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - DAY

The Trafficked Woman stands in the kill zone - a dank corner of the basement without security cameras and with floors and walls covered in plastic sheeting. She bawls and pleads for her life indistinctly as her mouth is duct-taped shut. Her hands are bound by cable ties.

Jason winks at the frantic woman and shoots her dead.

Trafficked Women scream - forced to witness this murder.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Darrin (now 45) sips whiskey as he enjoys a comedic television show. He laughs and is having a great time.

Jason comes knocking.

DARRIN  
Is it done?

JASON  
(Nods head.)  
All but disposal of the body.

DARRIN  
Dump her in the usual place. The  
police know not to sniff there.

Jason nods.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Why must I endure such disloyalty?  
She was so young and such a talented  
nurse. Solid earner, too. Oh well,  
such is life. We'll need a new nurse  
for the girls. I found a community  
clinic in a shitty neighborhood. We  
haven't shopped there before. I'll  
text you the address. Good hunting.

Jason nods and walks out.

Darrin laughs at the television show.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

The old building is in disrepair and is in a low-income  
neighborhood. Cars in the parking lot are older models.

A sign posted on the door - this is a 24-hour clinic.

Jason sits behind the wheel of a nondescript CARGO VAN  
without windows in the cargo area. He observes female nurses  
at work through the clinic window, one of them is Jam but he  
does not recognize her out of context and years older.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Understaffed and inadequately equipped health clinic.

Patients wait in an open room, each at an intake station  
with a small table and two folding chairs.

Jason is among the waiting patients. He is dressed nicely in  
expensive jeans and a polo shirt. He has an athletic build  
and is in picture-perfect health. He surveys the nurses in  
the room. He finds Jam, who is finishing up with a patient,  
to be the most attractive.

Janis approaches Jason for intake. He checks her out and is not impressed with her in comparison to Jam.

Jason politely indicates another waiting patient.

JASON  
He was here before me.

Janis nods and goes to the indicated patient.

Jam, with an RN badge - name "Jam Taylor", hands a patient their paperwork. The patient heads to the exit door.

Jam scans the room and sees many waiting patients. They look at her hoping to be selected next. She sighs in exhaustion.

Jason catches Jam's attention: something is intriguing about him. His face is familiar to her.

Jason is gazing at her and smiles broadly. He winks.

Jam politely smiles back, but briefly as a memory stirs...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Young Jam pulls off younger Jason's ski mask and gazes at his face. They are eye to eye for a moment as Jason gapes, stunned. He recovers and winks.

END FLASHBACK.

Janis is bandaging a patient's arm as she steals glances at Jason. Jam notices this, and the two nurses lock their eyes.

Janis mouths "hot stuff" to Jam.

Jam rolls her eyes at Janis.

Jam checks her phone, then frowns. It's dead. No power.

Jam removes her RN badge and pockets it.

Another NURSE is making her way over to Jason, but Jam stops her with a raised hand.

JAM  
(To Nurse)  
I got this one.

Nurse gives Jam a look; *of course you'd take the hot one.*

Nurse turns to another waiting patient - an old man.

Jam gathers her equipment for taking vitals and approaches Jason. She sits across the small table from him.

Jason is impressed by Jam's looks and puts on the charm.

JASON

Hello --

Jason looks for Jam's badge - she's not wearing one.

JAM

Carly. I forgot my badge. Barely made it out the door with my head attached. What's your name, sir?

Jason gazes at her face uncomfortably long for her. There is something recognizable about her, but he can't place her...

JASON

Jason.

JAM

What brings you in, Jason?

JASON

Headache. Can't concentrate. I could barely drive here. It's relentless.

JAM

Let me get your vitals and we'll take it from there.

She sets up to take his vitals. He gazes at her face.

JASON

Excuse me, but have we met before?

Jam glances at his face. She deadpans with no hint that she recognizes him. She does.

JAM

Sorry. You don't look familiar.

JASON

Are you sure?

JAM

(Playfully)

Yours is a face I'd certainly remember.

He smiles in response to what he perceives as a compliment.

She smiles politely and goes about her work placing the blood pressure cuff on his arm.

Suddenly, he remembers her! We see a glimpse of recognition in his eyes before he plays it off so that he does not give himself away. He doesn't realize that she remembers him.

JASON

My mistake. I guess everyone has a doppelganger.

JAM

Or a twin. But not me. I'm an only child.

JASON

I come from a big family - seven brothers and sisters. I fought for attention but always lost. My family barely knows I'm alive.

JAM

I don't have a real family. Lost my mom when I was a teen. She was -- she died tragically.

She glances at his face to read his reaction...

He nods sympathetically - not betraying that he remembers.

She checks his blood pressure and Finger Pulse Oximeter.

JAM (cont'd)

Vitals are normal.

Janis eavesdrops as she puts away supplies. She is impressed by Jason.

JASON

What about my headache?

JAM

It could be brought on by dehydration. Help yourself to a water bottle, and I'll check your vitals again in a few minutes.

JASON

(Playfully)

How can you be sure it's not a brain tumor? Maybe you can do more tests? Is there an exam room we could go to?



JAM  
Start with a tall drink of water,  
hotshot, and take it slow and easy.

Jason is amused and cracks a broad smile.

Janis casually walks up to Jason.

JANIS  
I'd listen to her. She's the best.  
Going to be a famous doctor, someday.

Jam gives Janis a stern look; *go away!*

Janis thinks Jam is self-conscious and grins back at her.

Jason's smile broadens as he gazes at Jam.

JASON  
Really? A doctor?

JANIS  
Heck yeah! She's applying for medical  
school. You're getting expert care.

JAM  
(sternly)  
Janis.

Janis catches the hint to leave and waves as she walks away.

JASON  
The best nurse, eh?

Jam scoffs and rolls her eyes.

JASON (cont'd)  
My lucky day. God works in mysterious  
ways.

JAM  
Indeed, she does.

Jam glances at his intake paperwork.

JAM (cont'd)  
You failed to complete the form.

JASON  
Did I?

JAM  
Yes. We require your full name,  
current address, and a valid email.

She hands him the paperwork.

JAM (cont'd)  
I'll wait while you fill it out.

He forces an uncomfortable grin and grabs a pen.

Jam watches him slowly read the paperwork - he is stalling with no intention of revealing himself on the form, only checking a few harmless medical history boxes.

A commotion near the front door draws Jam's attention...

Hysterical MOTHER cradles her severely injured GIRL. Blood drips from a gaping wound on the girl's leg. The girl is unconscious and losing color as her life drains.

JAM (cont'd)  
Wait here. Don't leave until I  
release you.

JASON  
(Winks.)  
Of course, Carly.

Jam runs to the mother and her injured girl.

Jason keeps his eyes on Jam.

Jam takes the girl from her mother's arms and rests her on an exam table. Jam rapidly and efficiently assesses the girl's wound and finds a weak pulse. The girl turns ashen.

Janis runs up to offer help. Jam orders Janis.

JAM  
Call an ambulance. She needs to get  
to a level one trauma center.

Janis nods and takes off running.

Jam pokes her thumb and finger into the girl's open wound and feels for the artery. She finds the rupture and pinches the artery closed. She holds tight. Blood stops dripping.

MOTHER  
It's my fault. He came at me with a  
knife. She got in his way. She  
stopped him - my brave little girl.

Mother breaks down.

Jam maintains pressure on the artery.

All nurses run to the scene and stand by ready to help.

All the patients are watching the scene, especially Jason.

Janis returns and takes the girl's vitals. She comes eye to eye with Jam and shakes her head as she mouths, "Not good."

Janis runs to the door and watches for the ambulance.

Jam loses the artery as it moves in the girl's leg...

Blood squirts! Jam regains a grip, stopping the bleeding.

PARAMEDICS rush into the clinic with a gurney and are ushered by Janis to the severely injured girl. Mother sobs.

Jam holds fast the artery, preventing what little is left of the girl's precious blood from draining out.

PARAMEDIC  
Nurse, we'll take it from here.

JAM  
I'm not letting go.

Paramedics place the girl on the gurney. Jam maintains her grip on the artery as she speaks to Janis with urgency...

JAM (cont'd)  
That man I was attending to is a dangerous criminal.

JANIS  
The hottie?

JAM  
His name's Jason. Call the police.  
Keep him here if you can but don't do anything that endangers yourself.

Janis nods.

Jam maintains her grip as she and the paramedics rush the girl out the door and to the waiting ambulance.

Janis watches from the door until the ambulance drives off.

Janis pulls the door shut and breathes deeply, stressed.

Janis walks to where Jason was sitting. He is gone.

Jason's incomplete intake paperwork is on the table; name, email, and address fields are blank.

Meanwhile...

Jason stands in a back room by the rear door - the nurse's entrance. There is a whiteboard for nurse scheduling for the week. There is no one named Carly on the schedule.

He stares at a name of interest on the board: Jam Taylor.

He hears the ambulance drive off, the siren fading.

He exits the building via the rear door.

Janis walks in from the main clinic room, checking for Jason. He is gone.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Cargo Van is parked in the far corner of the parking lot. Jason is in the driver's seat. He places a call to Darrin. Phone RINGS. Darrin picks up.

JASON  
Darrin, you'll never believe it. I  
ran across Yolanda Taylor's daughter.

DARRIN (V.O.)  
The one I warned you to forget about?

JASON  
Yes, that girl. Her name's Jam and  
she's a nurse at the clinic.

DARRIN (V.O.)  
Did she recognize you?

JASON  
No. I can grab her, tonight.

DARRIN (V.O.)  
Too risky. Grab another nurse.

JASON  
She's hot. You'd like her.

DARRIN (V.O.)  
I'll get back to you.

Darrin ends the call.

Jason smirks.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darrin ponders, gripping his phone.

DARRIN  
Nurse, eh?

Darrin finds Jam Taylor's social media profile on his phone.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Jam's social media posts:

- Jam's birthday: donations for foster children charity.
- Jam graduating from an accelerated nursing program.
- Jam talking about her hopes for student loan relief.
- Jam is accepted to a medical school she cannot afford.
- Jam reflects on the anniversary of her mother's murder.

END MONTAGE.

Darrin dives deeper into Jam's social media profile and sees that she has no living parents and is not in a relationship.

Darrin searches Jam's Linked In and finds that she is seeking a better nursing job. He ponders.

He grins broadly. He places a call to Jason. Jason picks up.

JASON (V.O.)  
Yes, boss?

DARRIN  
She checks all the boxes. Follow her.

Darrin ends the call.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - EVENING

Jam is dropped off by an Uber.

In the background, we see the Cargo Van at the far end of the dark parking lot. Jam does not notice it.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - EVENING

Jam is emotionally and physically exhausted. Her scrubs are stained with the girl's blood. She drinks coffee at the break station. A half-eaten plate of cookies is on a table. She helps herself to a cookie. It tastes good.

Janis drags her tired ass to the coffee pot. She pours herself a cup, spilling some.

JAM

Hey, Janis.

JANIS

Hi, Jam. How's the little girl?

JAM

She's going to be fine. She was resting in recovery when I left her.

JANIS

You saved her life. You're a hero.

JAM

(Scoffs.)

The surgeon did all the complicated shit. It'll be me one day.

Janis gives her a friendly smile.

JAM (cont'd)

I suppose Jason is in police custody.

JANIS

Nope. He ghosted as soon as you left.

Jam's mood darkens.

JAM

Did he complete the intake form?

JANIS

No. Left it blank.

Jam raises her voice. Janis cowers, shaking her head in response to Jam's questions...

JAM

No last name? -- No address? -- Not even a fucking email?

JANIS

Nothing. Sorry.

JAM

This is a big fucking deal, Janis!  
Sorry doesn't cut it! Because of you,  
a dangerous criminal is out there!

JANIS

Please, don't yell at me. He bolted.  
It's not my fault.

Janis is shaken by Jam's sudden outburst of anger.

A tear flows down Jam's cheek. Janis offers her a tissue.

Jam accepts the tissue and wipes her cheek dry.

Janis places a caring hand on hers. Jam softens.

JAM

You're not at fault. I am. I've  
squandered my last chance.

Janis gives her a quizzical look. Jam contemplates...

JAM (cont'd)

He didn't recognize me. I know  
because his blood pressure and pulse  
were normal. Her death wasn't  
important enough for him to remember.

Janis is perplexed.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - NIGHT

Jam is physically and emotionally spent.

The parking lot is mostly vacant. There are a few cars...

The Cargo Van is parked in the far corner of the lot.

Jam walks up to her old beater of a car. She gets into it,  
and it takes her a few tries to start the engine. The car  
smokes burning oil as she pulls out onto the street.

Cargo Van headlights pop on.

Cargo Van follows Jam's car down the street.

INT. JAM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jam drives city streets, followed by the Cargo Van. She does  
not notice that she is being followed.

EXT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Jam walks out of the pizzeria, cradling a pizza box.

The Cargo Van is parked across the street with lights off.

Jam sets the pizza box on the passenger seat of her car.

Jam goes to start the car. This time the engine will not turn over. She swears and punches the dashboard.

LATER...

Jam stands holding the pizza box.

Cargo Van, lights off, parked across the street. Jam glances right past it. Nothing about it draws her attention. It's too dark to see inside the van, and her gaze does not linger long enough for deep inspection.

UBER CAR pulls up.

Jam gets inside the Uber with her pizza. Uber drives away.

Cargo Van lights pop on. Cargo van follows the Uber.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Uber drops Jam off in the lot of an apartment complex.

By the looks of the dingy apartment complex, the mix of loud music and commotion pouring out open windows, and the crappy cars in the parking lot, this is a low-rent neighborhood.

Cargo Van parks across the street. Lights go out.

Jam cradles the pizza box as she makes her way to the door of her apartment. Jam catches the gaze of sleazy men loitering near the stoop of a neighboring apartment, their gaze lasting uncomfortably long for her. She does not make eye contact with the men as she fumbles for her keys.

MAN 1 leaves the group and takes a step in Jam's direction.

MAN 2 grabs MAN 1 by the arm to stop him.

Jam unlocks her apartment door and steps inside. Door shuts.

MAN 1 shoves MAN 2's hand off his arm.

MAN 1  
What the fuck?



MAN 2  
You're new here, bro. Just looking  
out for you. She'll kick your ass.

The other men nod and mumble agreement with MAN 2's  
assessment of Jam's toughness.

Jason observes this interaction from the Cargo Van.

An apartment window lights up. Jam opens the window to let  
in a breeze. The loitering men stare up at her lustfully.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nasty dilapidated apartment with barely functional furniture  
that screams thrift store or dumpster dive.

Jam sits on a threadbare couch and sets a plate of pizza and  
a can of soda on a TV tray. There's no television.

She hears men making lewd comments about her indistinctly  
through the open window. She scowls. She runs to the window  
and slams it shut.

Jam glances wistfully at a photo of her mother, Yolanda,  
prominently displayed on the otherwise bare wall...

Her eyes moisten. She slumps to the floor and breaks down.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT (LATER)

Jason scans the apartment complex... All apartment window  
lights are out except for Jam's window. The parking lot is  
vacant - the loitering men are now gone.

Jason looks at Jam's apartment window... the light goes out.

Jason places a call on his phone to Darrin. Darrin picks up.

JASON  
She's snatchable. Do I have the green  
light?

DARRIN (V.O.)  
Negative. Stand down. Return home.

JASON  
Why? I'm in position. No witnesses.

DARRIN (V.O.)  
No hands on. I don't want any bruises  
on this shiny apple. I've got a plan.

## EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Cargo Van pulls up the driveway of a high-end home and enters the garage. The garage door shuts.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - NIGHT

Darrin types on a laptop. He's seated in a plush office chair at a desk fitting a CEO. Jason looks over Darrin's shoulder as Darrin types something we do not see. Darrin finishes typing and grins winningly at Jason. Jason smirks.

## INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Jam makes a mug of coffee.

Her high school and nursing diplomas are framed on the wall.

Medical college acceptance letters litter her desk.

She fires up her laptop and checks her bank account. She has a few hundred dollars. She checks the outstanding balance of her nursing school student loan. She owes thousands.

She fires up a web browser on her laptop and searches for medical jobs for nurses. A posting piques her interest:

Doctor in private practice seeks a nurse...

In addition to a competitive wage, the doctor will fund medical school if the candidate agrees to work in the doctor's practice for five years after graduation.

And...

The doctor and his wife offer to host the nurse at their home.

Jam ponders the post: *too good to be true?*

JAM

She does work in mysterious ways.

She clicks the APPLY button.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Darrin checks his job posting and can see that Jam applied.

He smirks.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jam fires up her laptop. She checks her email and finds a response from her job application. She opens the email and perks up. Her smile broadens as she reads.

Jam grabs her phone and types a text message to Janis:

"I got an interview!"

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jam sleeps. On the nightstand is a notepad upon which she has jotted down her prepared interview questions:

"How do your nurses keep current on the latest medical skills? -- What do you enjoy most about being a doctor? -- If you could return to medical school, what advice would you give to the younger version of yourself?"

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jam rummages in her closet for something professional. The options are few. She puts together her best outfit.

She sets up her laptop and fires up Zoom. She glances at the rundown apartment. She's embarrassed. She finds a picture of herself at the nurses' station in a hospital ER. She sets it as her Zoom background.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Darrin, well dressed and presenting a professional demeanor, opens a laptop and starts a Zoom meeting.

Darrin sees that Jam is waiting in the virtual lobby. He accepts her into the meeting, and she comes on video.

He's impressed by her looks.

VIDEO MEETING:

Both are on video and their best interview behavior.

JAM

Hi. I'm Jam Taylor.

DARRIN

Hello, Jam. I'm Doctor Flint. It's a pleasure to meet you.

JAM

It's so great to meet you, Doctor Flint.

DARRIN

I see you're sitting in a hospital. So, you're presently employed?

JAM

Yes. I'm a nurse at a community health clinic.

DARRIN

Well, that's a nice start.

JAM

Previously, I was an entry-level trauma nurse at a level one ER but ended up a victim of downsizing. I plan on becoming a doctor and running my own ER someday, so your job posting piqued my interest.

DARRIN

Wonderful. You stated in your application that your availability is immediate.

JAM

Yes. I can start as soon as tomorrow.

DARRIN

This position demands long hours.

JAM

That's not a problem. I often work doubles.

DARRIN

I understand you graduated high school at sixteen. Co-Valedictorian. You finished at the top of your class in an accelerated nursing program. You're a smart cookie.

JAM

I'm sorry, what's the question?

DARRIN

Do you play well with others?

JAM

We all worked in teams in the ER. I like to work that way. I understand I will be working closely with you.

DARRIN

Yes, indeed. There will be times when I must give you orders. Do you have any problem with authority?

JAM

I'm accustomed to following a doctor's lead.

DARRIN

Excellent.

JAM

The job description mentioned the possibility of room and board. If that's an option, it would suit me well. I'm saving for medical school.

DARRIN

Of course. That's the idea. You will stay with me and my wife. We have no kids. Our house is quiet. Would you like the job?

JAM

Ah, yeah, I would love the job.

DARRIN

Well then, it's yours.

JAM

Don't you want to hear more about my experience?

DARRIN

I checked your references, reviewed your credentials. You're everything I'm looking for.

JAM

Okay, great. I prepared a few questions. May I ask them now?

DARRIN

Go ahead.

JAM

Awesome. I want to learn more about you and your practice. -- What influenced you to become a doctor?

DARRIN

That's a good one. I was a sickly child in a family with no money and there was this kindly doctor who --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WHITNEY (40s), a fading natural beauty scarred by a rough life and the many bruises on her face, arms, and legs, cries as she hobbles past empty businesses in the downtown area.

She spots a POLICE CRUISER stopped at a red traffic light.

She picks up the pace and gets to the police cruiser before the light changes. She taps on the driver-side window.

POLICE OFFICER (male) lowers the window and comes eye to eye with the frantic Whitney.

WHITNEY

Please help me. I've been abducted and escaped my captor. If found, he'll kill me.

Police Officer instinctively glances at Whitney's wrist and spots the anticipated barcode tattoo.

POLICE OFFICER

Get in.

WHITNEY

Thank you, sir. You're my angel.

Whitney gets in the back of the Police Cruiser.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

The Police Officer drives. He glances in the rear-view mirror and sees Whitney whimpering. He places a radio call.

POLICE OFFICER

(On radio)

Officer 131. Inform the chief we have one of those special situations.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Police Cruiser pulls down a secluded rural road.

Cargo Van is parked with headlights off and the dark figure of Jason sitting behind the wheel.

WITHIN POLICE CRUISER...

Whitney gasps at the sight of the Cargo Van. She glances at the rear-view mirror and comes eye to eye with the Police Officer. He frowns and looks away. She flies into a panic.

The Police Cruiser parks near the Cargo Van.

Jason steps from the Cargo Van. He wears shorts. We see an old scar on his leg where Jam stabbed him.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

DAVIS (50s) is furious as he shouts into the phone. On a dresser, we see a Badge identifying him as the Police Chief.

DAVIS

No! You listen to me, Darrin. I agreed to run interference. Keep you in the clear. You don't pay me enough to clean up your fuck ups. This shit is getting old. Keep your girls locked up - no more runaways.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jason pushes Whitney along at gunpoint through the dormitory for six trafficked women in rows of beds, some awake, some asleep, none thrown off kilter as they have normalized nights such as this. One bed, Whitney's, is empty.

Jason marches Whitney to a door with an electronic lock. He enters a code, and the door unlocks.

WHITNEY

Is he going to kill me?

JASON

Only if he can't sell your sorry ass.

He shoves her into the SILENT ROOM and locks her in.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Whitney pounds at the door and screams.

The silent room is bare except for two twin beds, a plastic shelf piled with women's clothes, and an open door leading to a small bathroom with toilet, sink, and shower.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Outside the silent room door, we cannot hear her screams.

Women are emotionless and compliant as Jason walks past them and ascends the stairs.

Electronic Door Lock CLICKS shut at the top of the stairs.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin drinks whiskey to steady his nerves.

Jason comes knocking.

DARRIN

This better be good news.

JASON

She's safe in the silent room, boss.

DARRIN

Make sure she gets extra work. Make an example of her. I'll make some calls. Someone will buy the bitch.

JASON

That hottie nurse is a major upgrade. She'll attract higher-end clients.

DARRIN

That's all I need to hear.

JASON

I'll need Anna to seal the deal.

DARRIN

Fine by me. Make it happen.

Jason nods and walks out.

Darrin pours whiskey and makes himself comfortable in front of a large-screen computer monitor.



Darrin fires up the home security app, which shows a bird-eye view of every room in the house. He selects the silent room, which opens full screen. He scowls at what he sees on the screen:

Whitney bawls in bed.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/KITCHEN - EVENING (NEXT DAY)

Jason bags up four PB&J sandwiches and four water bottles.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Anna (now 35), dressed in grease-stained clothes, checks the windshield wipers on the Cargo Van. They are in proper working order. She pops open the hood and checks the oil.

Jason walks in from the house. He grasps the bag of sandwiches and water in one hand and a folded piece of paper in the other.

JASON

Hey, Anna. Going down on the van?

Anna pops her head out from under the hood, and the sight of Jason disgusts her.

ANNA

Make yourself useful. Watch the brake lights.

Anna jumps into the Cargo Van's driver's seat and pumps the brakes. The break lights work. Jason gives her a thumb-up. She operates the turn-signals, which blink.

JASON

All good.

She steps from the Cargo Van and circles to the hood.

ANNA

It is ready. There is nothing that a cop could pull you over for.

JASON

I have some extra work for you.

ANNA

I do not take orders from you.

She slams the hood shut.

JASON

This is an order from Darrin. I'm just the messenger. Do you want me to inform your boss that his best girl refused his order?

Anna glares at him.

JASON (cont'd)

You're a few years from earning your freedom, and I'm tired of your shit. So, don't be fucking stupid, okay?

ANNA

What is this extra work?

He thrusts the folded paper at her.

She unfolds the paper and reads it. She scowls.

JASON

Do this right, and you can get your passport back sooner.

She tries to return the paper, but he does not accept it.

ANNA

Tell him, no. I will not do it.

JASON

Think again. You remember what happened last time you defied Darrin. That poor girl lost an ear. She still doesn't know why, but you do. Want that to happen again, or worse?

She turns away, and her eyes moisten. He leans in close, too close for her comfort.

JASON (cont'd)

Fuck this up, and you'll be giving head to drug addicts for a year.

She gives in and slides the paper into her pocket.

He checks the van's glovebox - there is a handgun.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Jason drives. A bulkhead metal partition separates the cab from the cargo area.

Whitney and three other trafficked women are seated on the floor in the cargo area, each eating a PB&J sandwich. The women all have barcode tattoos on their wrists. They're void of spirit and sit there listless and compliant.

Jason pulls into the parking lot of a sleazy roadside motel.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Secluded sleazy rats' nest on the outskirts of town.

Jason unlocks the rear of the Cargo Van and peers inside at the women. He selects Whitney and motions for her to exit.

Whitney is on the verge of tears as she complies and steps out of the Cargo Van.

WHITNEY

I'm the only one working. This is my sixth john. Please, no more.

Jason slaps her hard across the side of her bruised head.

She winces.

He shoves a wrapped condom in her hand.

JASON

Room 22.

Whitney complies and makes her way to Room 22.

Jason locks the women in the Cargo Van, gets behind the wheel, and watches as a rough-looking man in dirty clothes yanks Whitney into room 22.

Jason grabs his phone and searches for an upscale Airbnb home to rent. One piques his interest - a mini mansion - and he scrolls through the photos. It's in a wooded community. It's secluded. It's upscale. It's perfect.

Jason reserves the Airbnb mansion using a fake name that matches one of his many stolen credit cards.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The Cargo Van is parked in the drive. The impressive mini mansion is secluded in an upscale wooded community.

Jason uses the combination code that the mansion's owner sent him via email to unlock the front door key box and get the key to the mansion. He unlocks the front door and enters, holding his tool bag.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Jason ascends stairs to the second floor, tool bag in hand.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jam packs all her clothes worth keeping into a battered and well-worn carry-on suitcase. The rest she piles into a box to be donated. She takes down her mother's picture and her nursing school diploma. She packs them in the suitcase.

Jam packs her handgun in the suitcase.

Jam's phone DINGS. It's a text message from Janis:

"Sending positive energy! You'll do great!"

Jam types and sends a response:

"Thanks! I will call you when I settle in."

Jam gets a reply from Janis:

A happy face with heart-eyed emoji.

INT. APARTMENT OFFICE - DAY

Jam turns in her keys and pays the final rent in cash.

EXT. MANSION - EVENING

An Uber car pulls up the long driveway and stops in front of the splendid Airbnb mini mansion. Jam gets out with her suitcase and makes her way to the door. Uber drives off.

Jam rings the doorbell. Anna answers. Anna is professionally dressed and exudes executive presence. Jam is impressed.

ANNA

Hello. I am Anna, Doctor Flint's wife. You must be Jam.

JAM

Yes, ma'am. A pleasure to meet you.

They shake hands.

ANNA  
Pleasure is mine. Please, come in.

INT. MANSION - EVENING

Jam beams as she marvels at the lovely interior.

ANNA  
My husband is doing rounds at the hospital tonight. You shall meet him at breakfast. Would you like the nickel tour?

JAM  
That would be wonderful.

They tour rooms... Jayla's impressed.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM - SAME

Whitney, dressed as a cheap prostitute, waits compliantly.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Five women are dressed as prostitutes. They sit compliantly on the edges of their beds like emotionless robots.

BASEMENT DOOR LOCK CLICKS and DOOR OPENS.

The women scurry and stand neatly in a row, their arms outstretched in front of them. The redness around their wrists indicates that they have been bound in cable ties regularly.

Jason descends the stairs.

He pulls ASHLEY (20s) out of line and has her stand aside.

Ashley is terrified. Being pulled out of line is never good.

Jason addresses the other women.

JASON  
No work tonight. Get some rest.

He marches Ashley upstairs. BASEMENT DOOR SHUTS and LOCKS.

Women are concerned for Ashley but also glad it wasn't them.

INT. MANSION/KITCHEN - SAME

Jam and Anna poke their heads in, and Jam's eyes widen in joy at seeing a gourmet meal for two set out in fancy serving dishes. There's an uncorked bottle of wine and two empty crystal wine glasses.

ANNA

It is catered. I do not cook.

Jam's envious; *Anna's one fortunate doctor's wife.*

INT. MANSION/HALLWAY

Anna points out the bathroom. Jam enters.

INT. MANSION/DINING ROOM

Anna, alone, sets two full wine glasses on the table.

LATER...

Jam and Anna laugh as they enjoy the catered elegant meal.

Jam sips her wine.

Anna's phone RINGS...

Her screen displays a video chat request from Doctor Flint.

ANNA

It is my husband. Would you like to say hello?

JAM

I'd love to.

Anna answers the call.

VIDEO CHAT:

Darrin comes on video. He's walking a city street.

ANNA

Hello, honey; Jam is here. She would like a word if you have a moment.

DARRIN

That's great. Put her on.

Anna hands the phone to Jam.

Jam's supercharged with nervous energy and drunk from wine.

VIDEO CHAT:

JAM

Doctor Flint, I'm so excited to be here. I can't wait to meet you in person.

DARRIN

I look forward to meeting you, too. I trust the accommodation is agreeable.

JAM

Oh, for sure. Everything's wonderful. Your wife is a gracious host.

DARRIN

I'm glad. We're thrilled to have you as our guest. We'll start your on-boarding in the morning. I'm sure you'll acclimate quickly.

JAM

I can't wait to begin. Would you like to talk with your wife?

DARRIN

No. Nothing urgent. Just checking in on my break while I squeeze in a brisk walk. Have fun tonight.

JAM

Thanks. Bye.

Darrin ends the video chat.

JAM (cont'd)

He's so charming. You're fortunate to have him. I'm not so lucky at dating.

ANNA

He's a peach.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - NIGHT

Darrin sets aside his phone; the street was a stock video call background image.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

DARRIN

Come in, Ashley.

The door opens, and Jason ushers in a terrified Ashley.

Jason steps out and pulls the door shut behind him.

Darrin ogles Ashley before getting in her face.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
I've had complaints about you. I hear  
you're not leaning into your work.

Ashley trembles.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
No worries -- yet. I give all my  
girls the benefit of the doubt --  
once. On your knees.

Ashley cries as she assumes the position in front of him.

Darrin unzips.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
It's time we find out if the  
complaints about you have merit.

INT. MANSION/DINING ROOM - SAME

Anna watches Jam drink the last of her wine.

Jam, suddenly unsteady, places a hand to her head and grimaces. From her perspective, Anna is hazy and the room spins.

INT. MANSION/BEDROOM

Anna shows an unsteady Jam to an upstairs bedroom. Anna assists Jam to the bed. Jam passes out on the bed.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - SAME

Ashley cries, kneeling in front of Darrin. She buries her head in her hands.

Darrin zips up.

DARRIN  
The clients are right. You give  
shitty head. You best learn from the  
girls if you're to earn your keep.

Darrin taps on the door.



Jason opens it immediately. He's been waiting at his post.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Get her out of my sight.

Jason grabs Ashley by her arm and drags her out of the room.

INT. MANSION/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jam stirs in bed. She's surprised to be in her clothes.

She's nauseous and hurries to the door. It's locked from the outside - the doorknob is installed backward, with the lock facing out into the hall. She's perplexed by this oddity. She knocks on the door.

JAM  
Anna? -- Anna?

FOOTSTEPS approach.

JAM (cont'd)  
I can't open the door. I need to pee.

The doorknob jiggles and opens. Anna stands in the doorway.

JAM (cont'd)  
Can you help me to the bathroom?

INT. MANSION/HALLWAY

Anna assists the tipsy and nauseous Jam to the bathroom.

Jam stumbles in. We hear her vomit. The sink runs and stops.

Jam, moaning and holding her head, steps from the bathroom. The drugged wine she was slipped is kicking her ass.

JAM  
Hall's spinning. I can't make it  
stop. It must be the wine.

They make their way back toward the bedroom.

JAM (cont'd)  
What's up with the backward doorknob?

ANNA  
My apologies. This is a recently  
renovated house. We paid a fortune  
for shoddy workmanship. I shall call  
our handyman to fix it tomorrow.

Anna holds the bedroom door open for Jam as she enters.

JAM  
Sorry for disturbing you.

ANNA  
No worries. Get some sleep.

Anna pulls the door to shut it.

JAM  
Please leave it cracked.

Anna nods and leaves the door ajar.

INT. MANSION/BEDROOM

Anna's FOOTSTEPS recede.

Jam looks for her suitcase. It's nowhere to be found. She eyes the closed closet door. She opens the closet and locates her suitcase. She drags her suitcase from the closet, leaving the closet door open.

Jam plops the suitcase on the bed and rummages for a nightshirt...

She is too out of it to notice her handgun is missing.

We glimpse a tiny security camera in the upper corner of the room, where the wall meets the ceiling.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - SAME

Darrin sits in front of a security camera video feed on his oversized computer monitor, enjoying watching Jam, under the influence of the drugged wine, fumble around as she changes out of her clothes into a nightshirt. In the process, her phone falls out of her jeans pocket. She grabs her phone, places it in her jeans pocket, and drapes her jeans over a chair. Jam plops down above the covers. She's restless, and her nightshirt slides up, exposing her panties.

His smile broadens.

Jason comes knocking. He's dressed in all black. He glimpses Jam on video and grins.

JASON  
I see that all is going to plan.

DARRIN  
This chick packed a gun in her  
suitcase. Anna has it now.

JASON  
Girls with guns don't scare me.

DARRIN  
Yeah, well, let's not press our luck.  
Watch this one. She may be tricky.

Darrin turns and gazes at Jam sleeping on the computer monitor. Jason follows his gaze. They are impressed.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
I stand to make a fortune with this  
one. But, then again, I'd enjoy her.

Jason grins and walks out.

Darrin places a call to Anna. Phone RINGS. Anna picks up.

ANNA  
Yes, Darrin?

DARRIN  
Good work on grabbing her gun, but  
you failed to secure her phone. It's  
in the back pocket of her jeans.

ANNA  
I am on it.

Darrin ends the call. He watches the security camera video feed as Anna stealthily enters the bedroom. Jam does not stir from deep sleep. Anna pulls the phone from Jam's jeans.

DARRIN  
That's my girl.

INT. MANSION/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jam is asleep. Her suitcase is next to the bed, and the closet door is open. Her clothes are draped over a chair.

FOOTSTEPS of someone climbing stairs awakens her. She's groggy and hungover.

JAM  
Anna, is that you?

FOOTSTEPS suddenly stops.

Jam glances at the bedroom door. The door is shut.  
She tiptoes to the bedroom door and tries the knob...  
The door is locked from the outside!  
Jam rummages through her jeans for her phone...  
Her phone is gone!  
Someone CHAMBERS A ROUND in a semi-automatic handgun.  
Jam rummages through her suitcase...  
Her handgun is gone!  
FOOTSTEPS as someone climbs the stairs.  
Jam tries the window...  
The window is locked by a wood screw. It won't budge!  
She peers out the window and notices a NEIGHBOR LADY in her backyard through the trees as a dog takes care of business.  
Jam flips on the lights. She bangs on the window and gets the neighbor lady's attention. Jam frantically waves and mouths, "Help me!" The neighbor lady doesn't understand.  
Jam makes the *Woman in Distress* hand signal:  
Holding her hand up with her thumb tucked into her palm, then folding her fingers down, symbolically trapping her thumb in her fingers.  
The neighbor Lady looks concerned and runs into her house.  
FOOTSTEPS approach and stop outside the bedroom door.  
Jam is terrified.

INT. NEIGHBOR LADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The neighbor lady calls 911.

INT. MANSION/BEDROOM - SAME

The room is dark. Closet door is closed.  
Door opens.

Jason steps in with his gun leveled. He's stunned to discover the room is vacant. He eyes the closet door.

He tiptoes to the closet. He opens the closet door.

Jam comes eye to eye with Jason. They both hesitate, distracted by the memory of their shared experience...

Jason can see that Jam recognizes him.

Jam kicks and punches Jason in a violent flurry, one kick catching him between his legs. He folds over in agony and grabs his crotch.

JASON

God --

She runs out of the bedroom and down the hall.

INT. MANSION/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The house is completely dark.

Jam nearly reaches the top of the stairs...

Jason makes his way out of the bedroom and into the hall.

Jason has Jam at gunpoint. She freezes. He ogles her.

JASON

He's going to enjoy you.

She gasps and takes off, running down the stairs.

JASON (cont'd)

Shit!

INT. MANSION/STAIRCASE

Jason hobbles after Jam, but she's quicker and reaches the foot of the stairs when he's only a quarter of the way down.

INT. MANSION/FOYER

Jam runs to the front door and nearly reaches it when someone trips her up...

Jam collapses.

Jam looks up at Anna who is gazing wide-eyed down at her.

ANNA  
I am so sorry.

Jam gapes at Anna, disgusted by Anna's betrayal.

Jason hobbles up and presses his gun to Jam's head.

Jam glares at Anna.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A Police Cruiser pulls into the driveway. The house is completely dark. Two Police Officers step from the cruiser and approach the front door.

INT. MANSION/FOYER - NIGHT

Anna, Jason, and Jam all hear the police officers converse indistinctly through the closed front door.

Jam goes to scream, but Jason clasps his hand on her gaping mouth. She cannot make much of a sound. He holds her still.

KNOCKING at the door.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
Police. Open up.

Jam struggles to free herself and scream, but Jason maintains control over her.

Anna is conflicted and offers neither of them assistance.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Police Officers walk around the house. Everything seems in order. They shine flashlights, peering in through windows.

INT. MANSION/FOYER - NIGHT

Anna, Jason, and Jam watch flashlights illuminate rooms.

Jam tries to reach a light switch, but Jason controls her.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Police Officers' radios SQUAWK.

Police Officer 1 answers the call.

RADIO CALL:

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Officers 117 and 234 on location of  
the reported domestic disturbance.  
Nothing here. House appears vacant.

DAVIS (V.O.)  
This is the Chief. Stand down. We've  
been getting calls all night about  
this neighborhood. All pranks. Don't  
respond to calls about this address  
unless you clear it with me. Got it?

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Roger that.

Police Officer 1 clicks off the radio call.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (cont'd)  
Let's saddle up.

Police Officers get into their Cruiser and drive away.

INT. MANSION/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Anna, guilt-ridden, watches Jason drag Jam, kicking, biting,  
and swearing through the kitchen and into the garage.

EXT. POLICE CHIEF'S HOUSE/DECK - NIGHT

Davis, sporting a robe, is on his cell phone.

DAVIS  
Another fucking close call, Darrin.  
You're getting reckless. Tighten up  
that ship of yours, or I'm out.

Davis ends the call. He grunts.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darrin, in bed, calmly sets the phone on the nightstand. He  
doesn't look the least bit concerned as he shuts his eyes.

We see multiple cameras mounted high where the walls meet  
the ceiling. They are all aimed at the bed. The cameras all  
have power indicator lights and are powered off.

INT. MANSION/GARAGE - SAME

The Cargo Van and a Car are parked in the garage.

Jason binds Jam's hands with cable ties.

She swears and spits at him.

He shuts her up with duct tape.

He shoves her into the back of the Van and locks her in.

She kicks at the van's rear (cargo) door with all her might.

He grabs his tool bag and enters the house.

INT. MANSION/BEDROOM

Anna packs up Jam's clothes in the suitcase. She has Jam's gun and phone.

Jason reverses the door lock so it's facing the conventional way - lockable from inside the room. He removes the wood screw locking the window. He conceals the hole with a dab of wood filler.

INT. MANSION/GARAGE

Jason steps into the driver's seat of the Cargo Van and drives out and down the driveway. Jam is locked in the back.

Anna tosses the suitcase into the car's trunk, gets behind the wheel, and backs out onto the driveway.

Anna gets out of the car, shuts the garage door, and enters the house through the front door, which she locks. She leaves the house key in the combination key box.

She gets in the car and drives off.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Jason drives down a rural road.

Jam pounds her feet against the divider separating the van's cargo area from the cab. She's relentless. Jason cannot concentrate and gets angry. He pulls off to the side of the road and gets out. He opens the cargo bay door.

JASON  
What the hell?



She attempts to speak but cannot. He rips off the duct tape.

JAM  
Let me the fuck out of here! Now!

JASON  
You're more trouble than you're worth. I should toss you into the woods, naked and beaten to shit.

JAM  
Go ahead. Do it. Trust me, it would improve both of our circumstances.

He goes to duct tape her mouth.

JAM (cont'd)  
I need to pee. Stop at a gas station.

Jason gives her a look; *really?*

JAM (cont'd)  
I'm not playing games. I have to go.

Jason indicates an empty plastic water bottle lying on the cargo area's floor.

JASON  
Make a mess, and you'll lick it up.

He manages to duct tape her mouth after a brief struggle.

He slams shut the door, gets into the cab, and drives away.

Jam tries to hold it until the urgency wins out. She relents and pees into the water bottle, making a mess. She can move her bound hands just enough to position and hold the bottle.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Anna pulls the car into a dark alley and up to a dumpster. She exits the car, pops open the trunk, and grabs Jam's suitcase. She tosses the suitcase into the dumpster.

She grabs Jam's phone from the passenger seat. She can see that Jam has an unread text from Janis:

"Hey, Jam! Are you living your best life?"

Anna takes a moment to process her conflicted thoughts.

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason drives the Cargo Van up the long driveway and pulls into the garage. The garage door shuts.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

Jason opens the back of the Cargo Van.

Jam's waiting for him with the bottle half full of pee...

He gets a splash of urine in the face.

JASON  
You little cunt!

He yanks her forcibly from the Cargo Van.

He yanks the duct tape from her mouth. She winces.

JASON (cont'd)  
Go ahead. Scream. No one here gives a fuck.

She glares at him.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Jason forces Jam at gunpoint through the rows of women on beds, some asleep, others gazing blankly at Jam.

JAM  
What is this place?

JASON  
Your new home.

Jam gives him a look; *fuck that!*

Jason types a code into the silent room's electronic lock, concealing the keypad from Jam with his other hand, and the silent room door clicks open.

Jam peers in at the two beds, one occupied by a sleeping Whitney.

He shoves Jam into the room and locks her in.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BATHROOM

Jason cleans himself up from the urine attack.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JASON'S BEDROOM

The bedroom apartment is nicely furnished.

Jason changes into clean casual clothes.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam, full of fury, sits on the bed and glares at the door.

Whitney is passed out from a long night of abuse.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin watches the live feed from the silent room security camera: Jam scowls and Whitney sleeps.

Jason comes knocking.

DARRIN

Jam's perfect. Nice work.

JASON

There's a problem. She recognized me.

DARRIN

Now that she's here, that's no longer a concern. Anna will manage her. She won't be yours to control. Just do your job and nothing more. Got it?

Jason nods and walks out.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/ANNA'S BEDROOM

Functional furnishings and a few small Ukrainian items.

Anna's wide-eyed in bed. She cannot sleep.

Darrin appears in the doorway.

DARRIN

I appreciate you helping Jason. I trust the mission was a success.

He kisses her neck. She pretends to like it.

DARRIN (cont'd)

I want you. My room in ten.

He walks out, grinning in anticipation. She scowls.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin fires up the security system app on the computer and brings up a page that displays a list of every room in the house. Each room has a security camera control (ON or OFF). All cameras are toggled ON except for the MASTER BEDROOM camera which is in the OFF position.

Darrin toggles the Master Bedroom camera from OFF to ON.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin waits in bed.

The cameras, all aimed at the bed, are active, as their glowing power lights indicate.

Anna, emotionless, walks in wearing something sexy.

Darrin pats the empty side of the bed.

Anna slides under the covers next to him.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JASON'S BEDROOM

Jason cleans and loads his gun.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Jason places his gun in the Cargo Van glovebox.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin's satisfied in bed and watches Anna walk out with as much dignity as she can muster.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM - MORNING

Jam, bleary-eyed, has not slept a wink.

Whitney wakes up and is stunned to find Jam in the room.

WHITNEY

Who the fuck are you?

JAM

Jam. You?

WHITNEY

Whitney. How the hell did they get their hands on you?

JAM

I interviewed well.

WHITNEY

Jason locked your ass in the silent room on your first night. Damn, girl. You must've kicked some serious ass.

JAM

I did okay for round one.

WHITNEY

Honey, there isn't ever a round two.

JAM

I've got a third chance. This time, things are going to end differently.

Whitney shushes her with a finger to her mouth.

Jam gives her a look; *really?*

Jam pounds on the door... No one comes.

WHITNEY

That door opens when they want you, not the other way around, girlfriend.

JAM

That will have to change.

Whitney grimaces.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/KITCHEN

Anna makes breakfast for an army. Darrin comes knocking.

DARRIN

The new girl, Jam, will work for me - only me. No client jobs.

ANNA

I must warn you. She is a spitfire.

DARRIN

All horses can be ridden once gentled. You're living proof.

ANNA  
You will have to break this one.

DARRIN  
Even better. Bring her to me. The red  
dress. You know the drill.

Darrin walks out. Anna's peeved.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Anna serves the trafficked women their breakfast. She  
carries a tray to the silent room and unlocks the door.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM

Darrin enjoys his breakfast and manages his impressive  
investments on a laptop.

Anna comes knocking with Jam in tow. Jam is dressed in a t-  
shirt and jeans and has not showered. She is a hot mess.

Darrin is as disappointed as Jam is defiant.

JAM  
How long are you going to attempt to  
keep me here?

Anna can barely hide her amusement.

DARRIN  
Well, look what the cat coughed up.  
(to Anna)  
Why isn't she wearing the red dress?

ANNA  
She refused.

JAM  
Is it fair for me to assume that  
you're not a doctor?

DARRIN  
You're smart. I like that in a girl.  
I hear you have spunk.

JAM  
Jo March has nothing on me.

DARRIN  
Who the fuck is Jo March?

JAM

I love my liberty too well to be in a hurry to give it up for any mortal man. That Jo March. Oh. I can see you have no idea what I'm talking about. That's okay; I know how to handle an ignorant man.

Anna's amused.

DARRIN

(To Anna)

Do you have any fucking clue what she's rambling about?

ANNA

A strong female character in a book. *Little Women*. You would not like it, I think. No pictures.

Darrin scoffs. He eyes Jam up and down. She scowls.

DARRIN

I bet you're pretty when you smile.

JAM

That will have to remain a mystery, motherfucker.

Anna looks away to conceal her pleasure with Jam's response.

DARRIN

Enough of your disrespect! I employ girls who'd otherwise starve. I give unfortunates like you a better life.

JAM

I get it. You're a nice guy. I'm sorry I mistook you for an asshole.

Anna gapes.

Darrin glares at Jam. Jam glares back.

DARRIN

I advise you to get on board, Jam. Follow the rules, do what you're told, and we'll get along famously.

Jam and Darrin in a stare down. He breaks his gaze.

Darrin glances at Anna.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Shower. Red dress.

Anna grabs Jam's shoulder. Jam pushes her hand away.  
Jam spits in Anna's face. Anna wipes her face clean.  
Jam holds her head high as she walks out, followed by Anna.  
Darrin pours a drink and gulps it down to calm his nerves.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Anna holds the door for Jam, and she steps into the room.

ANNA  
(To Whitney)  
Help her shower. The red dress. Do  
not disappoint me. I understand that  
you have run out of chances.

Anna shuts the door and locks them in.

Jam breathes deeply to collect her thoughts.

JAM  
Why isn't Anna on team women?

WHITNEY  
She's fucked, that's why. Darrin  
holds her passport and her life in  
his hands. Anna's our manager, the  
cook, and she keeps the van running.  
Jason's our enforcer. He keeps us and  
our clients in line.

JAM  
I'm going to kill Jason as soon as I  
get my chance. I'll watch him die.

WHITNEY  
It's time to quit fighting. You must  
play along to get along.

JAM  
I'm not going to play their game.  
They're going to play mine.

WHITNEY  
You need to chill, or they'll fucking  
shoot my ass.



JAM

They don't have the balls. Besides,  
they'd kill me, not you.

WHITNEY

Wrong. They never punish the offender  
for breaking rules if the offender is  
a good enough earner. I'm past my  
prime. And you're too cute to kill.

Jam gives her a quizzical look.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

The offender gets to watch as some  
other unfortunate woman takes the  
punishment for her. Like the first  
time I tried to escape. They caught  
me in the woods, dragged my sorry ass  
back here, and then I had to pick one  
of the women. It was ugly. It started  
with a severe beating like no other.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Whitney is forced to watch while a Trafficked Woman with  
fresh bruises on her face is dragged by Jason into a corner  
with floors and walls protected by sheets of plastic.

The woman pleads in darkness for her life to be spared.

Jason winks at the Trafficked Woman. He raises his gun...

GUNSHOT.

Whitney screams.

The woman's lifeless body collapses on the bloody plastic.

Whitney breaks down and bawls.

Jason gets right up in Whitney's face and threatens her.

JASON

Give me a reason and you'll be next.

END FLASHBACK.

Jam stares wide-eyed at Whitney.

WHITNEY

Darrin grants special privileges if you play along. I did. I got some in-house freedom. I wasn't allowed to leave, but it was nice not sleeping in this hole. I'm too old for this shit show. Clients want younger. That's why you're here. Well, that and they shot our nurse for breaking rules.

Jam's eyes widen.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

If I'm lucky, he'll sell me.

JAM

How did he --

WHITNEY

Capture my dumb ass? Is that what you want to know?

Jam hesitates before she nods.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

I was lonely for a man. Isn't that how all our misery starts?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Whitney (when she was in her 30s) makes an account on a dating app. She posts flattering photos of herself.

- Whitney scrolls through profiles of single men. She gets a personal message from a nice-looking GENTLEMAN (Darrin): "I dig your style. Want to meet for coffee?" She goes to his profile and is impressed with his photos and wealthy lifestyle - fancy house, luxury cars, the whole nine yards. She replies to his message: "Yes. Coffee would be lovely."

- Whitney and Darrin have a fun conversation over coffee at a cafe. His looks, charm, and fancy clothes draw her in.

- Whitney pulls up in front of a house in the woods. Whitney rings the doorbell. Darrin answers the door. She's overwhelmed as she gladly follows him in. Door closes.

END FLASHBACK.

Jam gapes.

WHITNEY (cont'd)  
I keep going over it in my head. How could I have been so stupid? I guess you're searching for answers, too.

JAM  
I thought I was interviewing for a nursing position.

Whitney gives her a quizzical look.

JAM (cont'd)  
I'm an RN. I intend to be a doctor.

WHITNEY  
Why would you want to go through all that work, honey? With your looks, you can marry some doctor.

JAM  
Because I couldn't save her.

Whitney doesn't understand. Jam doesn't explain.

Jam's mood darkens further.

JAM (cont'd)  
Given the chance, I'll kill Jason, with my bare hands if necessary.

WHITNEY  
Girl, get those thoughts out of your foolish head and play along.

Jam scoffs.

WHITNEY (cont'd)  
Listen to me. If you want to get out of this silent room, you've got to do what Darrin tells you to do. He runs the show. Jason's nobody. And keeping Anna off your ass ain't such a bad idea, either. She selects your clients, and some are rougher than others. Trust me, I know.

Whitney grabs Darrin's favorite red dress from the shelf. She hands it to Jam.

WHITNEY (cont'd)  
Keep Darrin interested. He can make life here easier for you.

JAM  
Red's not my color.

WHITNEY  
Honey, you won't be in it long enough  
for that to matter.

JAM  
We're getting out of here. I don't  
know how yet, but I'll figure it out.

WHITNEY  
Are you insane? They'll kill us both.

JAM  
Those motherfuckers come at us any  
nasty sort of way, and I'll kill  
them.

WHITNEY  
Girl, you talk too much. I'd keep  
those thoughts to yourself.

Jam glances at the barcode tattoo on Whitney's wrist.

WHITNEY (cont'd)  
His mark so the johns know we're his.

JAM  
The *johns*?

Whitney nods.

The door opens. Jason steps in and takes a long hard look at  
Jam who's still not in the red dress. He's peeved.

JASON  
Anna's had enough of you. It's my  
turn, and I'm not as nice as her. Get  
into that red fucking dress. Now!

Whitney cowers in the corner.

Jason grapples with Jam and wrestles the shirt off her.

She covers her bra with her arms.

He yanks off her jeans. She's half-naked in a bra and  
panties. He lowers the slinky red dress over her head.

He points at the open door. She scoffs and walks out. He  
follows and locks Whitney in.

Whitney glances up at a SMOKE DETECTOR and shrugs with a shake of her head. *I'm trying but nothing's working.*

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Anna connects Jam's phone to a computer and fires up a phone data extraction app.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

Phone (owner registration: Jam\_Taylor) connected.

Extracting security passcodes to social media... COMPLETE

Deleting Jam\_Taylor social media sites... COMPLETE

Removing Jam\_Taylor from contact info sites... COMPLETE

Deleting Jam\_Taylor financial and address info...

BACK TO SCENE.

Anna watches the screen without emotion.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Darrin watches television.

Jason escorts Jam into the room. She's in the slinky red dress and looks unhappy about it. Her face and hair are a hot mess. She is barefoot.

Darrin ogles her shape.

DARRIN

You must work out. Play your cards right, and you can win access to the treadmill.

JAM

Let me go. This is your last warning.

DARRIN

(Scoffs.)

Here's the deal. Give me a chance, and I'll elevate your living conditions to elite status. Refuse me, and I'll sell your hot ass to a lowlife sex trafficker in Vegas - lots of tourist trade. You'd be his star attraction.

JAM  
I'll never give you a chance,  
asshole.

DARRIN  
Why not?

JAM  
Fuck you. That's why not.

He forces a kiss. She slaps him hard. He smirks. She glares.  
Darrin presses a call button on an intercom. Anna answers.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Yes, Darrin?

DARRIN  
(Into intercom)  
What assignment do you have tonight  
for a defiant worker who's  
desperately in need of a teachable  
moment?

ANNA (V.O.)  
There's a bachelor party on tonight's  
schedule. The best man paid for extra  
services involving the groom and all  
the groomsmen. I'm sending Ashley.

DARRIN  
(Into intercom)  
Change of plans. Send Jam.

Darrin ends the intercom call.

Darrin smirks at Jam, then he nods to Jason.

Jason reaches for Jam's arm. She shoves him away.

JAM  
Don't you ever touch me again!

She walks out on her own with Jason following her.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Same secluded sleazy motel as before. Darrin has a special  
arrangement with the manager.

Jason parks the Cargo Van.

Jam sits emotionless in the van's cargo bay. She wears a much too large man's trench-coat that drapes over her.

Jason opens the van's rear door and cuts the cable ties off Jam's wrists. He holds the door open for her. She refuses to make eye contact and does not move. He reaches in to grab her by the arm, but she shoves him away. She steps out of the van and follows him to the motel room door.

Jam stands deadpan draped in the trench-coat.

Jason raps on the door. Door opens.

BEST MAN (20s) stands in the doorway. Best Man undresses Jam with his eyes and grins broadly. He hands a wad of cash - hundred dollar bills - to Jason.

Jason motions Jam for her to enter. She walks into the motel room without displaying emotion.

Door shuts.

Jason smirks as he fans out an impressive amount of cash. He pockets the money.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Music plays at medium volume on a high-end stereo speaker streaming music from the Groom's phone. Everything about these men screams wealth, including the polo shirted, Rolex sporting GROOM (20s) and GROOMSMEN (all in their 20s). The Groom wears a black armband, and a plastic ball and chain is affixed to his ankle. It is evident that these men have been drinking heavily.

Jam is enthusiastically introduced by the Best Man.

BEST MAN  
Hey, boys, check out the main  
attraction.

Groom and Groomsmen lustily gawk at Jam.

Jam, frowning, makes eye contact with each man, starting with the Groom, sizing them up. Men wait in anticipation.

Best Man pulls a chair into the center of the room and motions for the Groom. Groom stumbles to the chair and unsteadily takes a seat. The Best Man and Groomsmen stand around the seated Groom and rhythmically clap their hands, urging Jam to start the show.

Jam remains vigilant of the men as she unceremoniously drops the trench-coat revealing a short and sexy slinky dress.

Men hoot and holler their appreciation.

Jam makes her way to the stereo speaker where she cranks up the volume high. She glimpses the screen of Groom's phone streaming the music: romantic photo of Groom and his Bride.

Jam dances half-heartily. She is not a dancer and it shows.

The men get into the show until they suspect that she is not going to strip. She just continues her awkward dance moves.

Best Man starts a chant and the men join in...

MEN

Strip! Strip! Strip!...

JAM

Sorry boys, this is all you get.

Men glance at each other, confused.

Best Man approaches Jam and they come eye to eye.

BEST MAN

I paid extra for you to strip and, you know, the extra services.

JAM

Not going to happen.

BEST MAN

What do you mean, it's not going to happen? I paid good money for you.

JAM

I'd suggest you request a refund.

Best Man, enraged, grabs Jam by her shoulders.

BEST MAN

You're going to do everything I paid for, bitch, even if I have to pry those legs open, myself.

JAM

You've fucked me enough with your eyes, dickhead. Back the fuck off.

He laughs and reaches beneath her dress.

She gives him a wicked headbutt, rendering him unconscious.



A groomsman grabs at her, and she chops him in the neck, nearly collapsing his windpipe. He falls, gasping for air.

A kick to another groomsman's groin sends him writhing in agony. She kicks-ass one man at a time until they are all beaten and moaning in pain, including the Groom.

Jam grabs Groom's cell phone. She records a video of the scene - Groom and groomsmen writhing in pain. She speaks to the camera...

JAM (cont'd)  
These assholes attempted to rape me.  
My name's Jam Taylor. I've been  
abducted by a sex trafficker. I don't  
know where I'm being held captive.  
Please, help me.

Jam sends the video in a massive group message to every female name in the Groom's contact list.

Jam puts on the trench-coat and pockets Groom's phone.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Jason slides a cut of the cash to the grinning manager.

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Jason exits the motel office and glimpses the motel room door ajar where the Jam party should still be in full swing.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Jam runs past closed businesses.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jason glares at the scene of destruction - groom and groomsmen beaten and sprawled on the floor in pain.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Jason, furious, drives slowly searching for Jam.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jam rings the doorbell and pounds on the front door of a modest house. Lights pop on in a bedroom window.

Jason pulls up in the Cargo Van.

Jam sees him and takes off running. Jason drives after her.

Person opens the door of the house - no one is there.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Jason spots Jam running behind a strip mall. He pulls over and jumps out of the van.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Jason chases Jam down and tackles her in the dark vacant parking lot. They grapple and he gains control of her when he presses a gun under her chin. He marches her to the van, where he cuffs her wrists with cable ties and tosses her in.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - NIGHT

BRIDE (20s) bawls and is comforted by her MAID OF HONOR. One of her BRIDESMAIDS checks her phone.

BRIDESMAID

This Jam Taylor thing may be a cruel joke. I'm not finding her anywhere.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jason marches Jam toward the silent room. He pulls the trench-coat off her and the Groom's phone falls out of the pocket. He glares at her. She smirks and shrugs. He secures the phone. He unlocks the silent room door.

JAM

Let's go. Right now. You and me.

He scoffs and locks her in the silent room. He walks away.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin watches the security camera live video feed from the silent room. The security camera has a microphone...

VIDEO:

Jam paces in a fury. Whitney watches wide-eyed.

JAM  
I'm getting out of here, but not  
until I blow up Darrin's operation.

WHITNEY  
Don't make trouble for us. Besides,  
there's no way out. We're trapped.

JAM  
One thing I learned in nursing school  
is that all systems have weaknesses.

END VIDEO.

Darrin frowns.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam ponders a plan. Whitney is tense.

The door clicks open. Jason rushes in.

Jason grabs Whitney and she is compliant.

Jam throws punches at him, and he shoves her down.

Jam is quick to her feet but not quick enough...

Jason pulls Whitney out of the room. He locks Jam in.

Jam paces in a rage, a mixture of anger and frustration.

The door opens, and Darrin enters. He shuts the door behind him. He's peeved.

We catch a glimpse of his PHONE in his back pocket.

He grabs Jam and pulls her close. He forces a kiss.

She hits him hard, and he absorbs the blow with a smirk.

He grabs her and fights for control. She puts up a mighty struggle, but she's unable to free herself from his grasp.

DARRIN  
You want to run. Blow up my  
operation.

She's stunned; *how does he know?*

DARRIN (cont'd)  
I have cameras all over the house. I hear everything. If you so much as think about escaping, I'll beat the living fuck out of Whitney right before your eyes. But not you. You're too damn pretty to take a beating. Yeah. I have other plans for you.

She struggles to free herself from him.

He bangs her head down on the bed and holds her face against the mattress.

He yanks at her jeans.

JAM  
I'll behave. I'll do what you want.  
I'll follow the rules. I promise.

DARRIN  
I'm your fucking boss. Say it!

JAM  
You're my boss.

DARRIN  
Make me believe it! Convince me!

JAM  
You're my boss! You're my boss!

DARRIN  
Promise me you're not going to run.

JAM  
I won't run. I promise.

He pats her ass.

DARRIN  
That's all I need to hear.

He lets her go. She runs to the corner of the room with her back against the wall, panting and sweating. He ogles her.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Damn, girl! You're hotter than hell.

Darrin nonchalantly walks out.

Jason shoves Whitney into the room. She has been severely beaten, her face swollen and bruised.

Jason smirks and winks at Jam. Jam flicks him off.

Jason laughs and pulls the door shut. Door locks.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT STAIRS

Darrin ascends the stairs...

His back pocket no longer holds a phone.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/ANNA'S BEDROOM

Anna finishes the accounting and updates the sex trafficking Client Book. She secures the accounting ledger and Client Book in a locked file cabinet.

Darrin appears in the doorway.

ANNA

I have added your new clients and updated this month's earnings. The girls did very well. Nine percent up.

DARRIN

Good to hear.

He walks in and kisses her neck. She pretends to like it.

He pulls her close and feels her up. She deadpans.

He pats her on her ass and walks out grinning. She scowls.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Whitney is in a panic.

Jam scans the room, looking for the camera. All she sees is a smoke detector. She points at it and glances at Whitney.

Whitney nods.

Jam stands on the bed to reach the ceiling. She punches the crap out of the "smoke detector" security camera until it's rendered useless.

WHITNEY

This isn't going to end well.

JAM

Why didn't you fucking warn me about the fucking camera?

WHITNEY

Are you serious? He'd have killed me.

Whitney glances at the smashed "smoke detector" camera.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

He'll replace it with a new one.

JAM

Is there no safe place to talk?

WHITNEY

The kill zone.

JAM

The kill zone. That fucking figures.

Jam reaches behind her back and holds up Darrin's phone.

Whitney gapes.

JAM (cont'd)

Darrin's. I'm calling for help.

WHITNEY

Oh, hell no! Find a way to return it without him knowing.

Jam enters "9" on the phone keypad before Whitney grabs it.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

I can't let you do this. The police help him. They're in his pocket.

JAM

You're paranoid. Give it back. Now!

They grapple for control of the phone. Whitney puts up a solid fight, but Jam wins. Whitney is in a panic.

Jam places a 911 call. Phone RINGS. 911 AGENT picks up.

911 AGENT (V.O.)

911. What's your emergency?

JAM

My name's Jam Taylor. I've been abducted and being held captive. I'm not the only one. There are others. Please send help. Our captor intends to kill us.

Silence.

JAM (cont'd)  
Hello? -- Are you there?

911 Agent ends the call. Jam gapes at the phone, stunned.

WHITNEY  
I warned you.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin glares at the security camera monitor. All the rooms display a live video feed except for the safe room, which shows "signal not found."

He checks the security system app on his computer and discovers the silent room camera is offline. He's furious.

Computer DINGS with an incoming video meeting invite from Police Chief Davis. He accepts the meeting invitation.

VIDEO MEETING:

Darrin and Davis come on camera.

DARRIN  
Hey Davis. What's up?

DAVIS  
Your new piece of ass just called 911  
on your phone! That's what's up!

DARRIN  
What? That's impossible.

Darrin reaches for his phone in his back pocket. It's gone!

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Fuck me! The bitch grabbed my phone!

DAVIS  
Your operation is a Goddamn shit  
show! Control your girls, or else!

DARRIN  
I'll make this up to you.

DAVIS  
You're damn right you will! Your  
incompetence is grinding my gears!

Davis ends the video meeting.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JASON'S BEDROOM

Jason gets ready for bed. Darrin appears in the doorway. Darrin's in a dark mood.

JASON  
Everything okay, boss?

DARRIN  
Jam lifted my phone. Bitch called 911. No damage was done. The 911 agent recognized my number. It will cost me a few bucks. They expect big tips for their good service.

JASON  
Want me to dispose of her?

DARRIN  
No. We may be holding a tiger by her tail, but she'll come around. They always do. It took Anna three years.

JASON  
I remember.

DARRIN  
Let's show Jam the cost of betrayal.

Jason grins broadly.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam watches the door in anticipation of a fight.

Whitney nervously paces.

The door unlocks and flies open.

Jason storms in and has Jam at gunpoint.

Darrin stands in the doorway. He glares at Jam. He totes a bucket of cleaning supplies. He sets down the bucket.

Whitney sees the bucket, and her eyes widen in fear.

Jason reaches to shut the door while aiming the gun at Jam.

DARRIN  
No. I want the girls to hear her screams.

Jason nods and leaves the door wide open.



DARRIN (cont'd)  
(To Whitney)  
You know the drill.

Whitney cries as she complies by lying down on the bed.

JASON  
(To Jam)  
Lift a finger, and you'll only make  
it worse.

Jam makes a threatening move towards Jason.

Jason steps back and levels the gun at Jam's head. He looks as if he's ready to pull the trigger.

DARRIN  
Easy, Jason. She's my property now.

JAM  
I'm no man's property.

Darrin scoffs. He cable ties Whitney's hands to the bed to spread her arms wide. He does the same to her ankles.

Whitney quivers in fear.

Darrin retrieves his phone from under Jam's mattress.

Darrin grabs a hunting knife buried deep in the bucket of cleaning supplies.

Darrin teases Whitney with the knife. She's terrified.

DARRIN  
What shall it be, Jam? An ear? -- A  
nose? -- An eye?

JAM  
Leave her alone, you sick fuck.

DARRIN  
You bitches need to learn the meaning  
of respect. Choose, or I will.

Darrin slides the knife harmlessly across Whitney's cheek.

Whitney's wide-eyed with terror. She struggles and screams.

JAM  
Leave her alone. This is my doing.

DARRIN  
That's not how we roll here, sweetie.  
When someone breaks the rules, they  
get to pick the body part and watch  
their friend suffer.

Darrin slides the knife harmlessly across Whitney's eyes,  
then her ears...

DARRIN (cont'd)  
One last chance, Jam. Pick or I will.

Whitney cries in terror.

JAM  
If you harm her, I'll kill you.

Darrin scoffs. He takes a quarter from his pocket.

DARRIN  
Heads an eye, tails an ear.

Darrin flips the coin.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Heads. An eye it is.

Darrin presses the knife under Whitney's eye and draws a  
drip of blood. She screams.

JAM  
Okay, okay! You win. I'll do what you  
want. I'll follow the rules. I won't  
run. You're my boss.

Darrin leans in close to Whitney's face...

DARRIN  
Get her in line. You've been warned.

Darrin pockets the knife.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
You look old, Whitney. Finding a  
buyer is going to be tough sledding.

Whitney, wide-eyed, hyperventilates.

Darrin grabs a spray bottle of cleaning solution and sprays  
a blast into Whitney's eyes.

Whitney screams, and her eyes turn red.

JAM  
You heartless motherfuckers!

Darrin cuts Whitney's hands and feet free.

Whitney, partially blinded, watches Darrin walk out.

Jason grabs Jam by her arm.

JAM (cont'd)  
Get your hands off me, asshole.

JASON  
Time for your on-boarding, bitch.

Jason pulls Jam out of the room.

Whitney bawls in agony as she holds her injured eyes.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/TATTOO ROOM

Nasty room in the basement with no windows.

Jason straps Jam into a chair. He stands guard.

TATTOO ARTIST (male) takes photos of Jam.

TATTOO ARTIST  
So they can track you down if you try  
to escape.

Tattoo Artist grabs the tattoo gun.

TATTOO ARTIST (cont'd)  
Which wrist?

JASON  
Why not a tit?

Jam gapes. Tattoo Artist and Jason laugh it up.

Tattoo Artist goes to work on a barcode tattoo on Jam's wrist without concern for her comfort. She cries in pain.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam gets water from the bathroom sink and tends to Whitney's red and swollen eyes.

Jam groans in pain as she examines her barcode tattoo.

JAM

These monsters are not so tough. What we experienced was a desperate act. This is all going to work out fine.

Whitney gapes at her in disbelief.

JAM (cont'd)

This girl will never be conquered. I have a plan, but I need your help. Are you in?

Whitney hesitates.

JAM (cont'd)

The camera's dead. Same as us unless we act while we have the upper hand.

WHITNEY

I'm confused. How exactly do we have the upper hand?

JAM

I need to know. Are you with me?

Whitney hesitates, then nods; yes.

JAM (cont'd)

Okay. Here's what we do.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Janis takes a break from patients and checks her phone...

We see that she has sent Jam numerous text messages and has received none in return from Jam.

Janis is deeply concerned.

EXT. APARTMENT OFFICE - DAY

Looking in through the window, we see Janis questioning the Apartment Manager. The Apartment Manager shrugs and shakes his/her head, and Janis droops her head in disappointment.

SOCIAL MEDIA MONTAGE:

Janis posts a picture of Jam with a caption asking if anyone has seen or heard from her. There are many reactions to the post - no one has heard from Jam nor seen Jam. All are concerned.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Janis, distraught, finds it difficult to concentrate on her work with a patient. Missing person sign is posted for Jam.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Police Chief Davis drinks scotch and laughs with Darrin.

A new WOMAN (20s) comes in scantily dressed. We had not seen her before.

Davis ogles her, and he approves.

DARRIN  
I promised I'd make it up to you.  
She's on the house.

DAVIS  
(Scoffs.)  
They're always on the house.

DARRIN  
Yeah, but this one's special. She's a  
new arrival from Europe - a virgin.  
You're her first.

Davis gives Darrin a look; *yeah, right!*

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Seriously. I saved her for you. I owe  
you for all your protection. I'm  
aware that I put you to the test  
lately to keep your officers off my  
ass. This is my way of saying thanks.

DAVIS  
(Smile broadens.)  
Turn the camera off.

Darrin nods.

The woman nervously escorts Davis out of the room.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/PRIVATE CLIENT ROOM

The woman's awkwardness reveals that she doesn't know how this works or even what to do. She's terrified.

Davis takes great delight in her naivete.

Davis glances up at the camera and waits for the power indicator light to turn off. It does.

DAVIS  
Relax. I'll show you how it's done.

He kisses her on the neck. Her eyes moisten with tears.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Whitney and the women line up. Jason makes his way down the line, clasping hands in cable ties.

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Davis is about to step into his car when he sees the garage door open and the Cargo Van drive out.

Cargo Van makes a metal-on-metal grinding noise.

Davis whistles and gets Jason's attention. Davis motions Jason to stop the van, which he does. Davis approaches the van. Jason lowers the window.

JASON  
What's up, Chief?

DAVIS  
Your van's making a noise.

JASON  
I'm aware. I noticed it on my last run. Anna's been busy.

DAVIS  
Get it fixed. I wouldn't want you to get pulled over. I don't need any more late-night messes to clean up.

Jason nods.

Davis gets in his car.

Jason drives down the driveway with Davis right behind him.

They turn in opposite directions when they reach the street.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Jason opens the Cargo Van's rear door, selects one of the women, Ashley, as Whitney looks on.

Jason hands Ashley a condom and sends her off into one of the motel rooms.

Jason locks up his Cargo Van and drives off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley is treated excessively rough by her john.

Anger swells up from deep within Ashley. After years of putting up with this shit, she's reached her breaking point.

She fights back!

Fortunately for Ashley, the john is drunk off his ass. She uses everything she can grab in the room to fight him and knocks the john out. She runs out the door and is careful not to be seen by anyone at the motel, especially the management. She stealthily makes her way to the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ashley panics as she realizes what she has done. *She's free and alive, but for how long?*

She is careful not to make eye contact as she passes by the occasional person.

The first business with lights on is a DINER. She walks up.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Just as Ashley nears the door, a COOK (scruffy man) steps out of the diner and lights up a cigarette.

She avoids making eye contact with him as he ogles her.

She reaches for the door handle...

Cook sees the barcode tattoo on Ashley's wrist.

COOK  
You're one of his girls.

She lets go of the door handle and looks down and away.

COOK (cont'd)  
Never seen your pretty face before.  
Your boss has been holding out on me.

Ashley stares at the ground.

Cook glances about.

COOK (cont'd)  
I don't see the van. Are you running?

She's trembling.

He grabs her by the arm.

COOK (cont'd)  
Your boss makes a killing off you  
girls. I wonder how much he would pay  
to get you back.

She screams and makes a scene. Patrons in the diner look out the window. Cook drops his grip. Ashley takes off running.

COOK (cont'd)  
Cunt.

He grabs a phone from his back pocket and places a call.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Jason rocks out to music on the radio as he drives.

The media system indicates an incoming call from CLIENT 105.

He picks up the call.

JASON  
You're not on tonight's schedule.

COOK (V.O.)  
What's it worth to you for me not to  
tell your boss that you lost one of  
his girls?

Jason swears and slams his fist on the dashboard.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ashley is crying as she runs past closed businesses. She spots a group of scary men hanging out up ahead. She turns down a side street.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Jason is furious as he drives past the diner, windows down and radio silent, searching for Ashley.



EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ashley runs. She's paranoid with her head on a swivel - everyone's a threat.

She's not paying attention to the sidewalk as she runs and trips on uneven pavement.

She crashes hard on her knee.

She screams in pain, holding her injured knee.

INT. CARGO VAN - SAME

Jason hears Ashley's screams in the distance.

He drives in the direction of her screams.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ashley gets to her feet and hobbles a few steps...

She's illuminated by the Cargo Van headlights.

She tries to run, but her injured knee betrays her.

CLICK of a GUN being cocked.

She turns around and comes eye to eye with Jason, who has his gun aimed at her from the Cargo Van.

Caught and hopeless, she breaks down sobbing.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jam, Whitney, and the other trafficked women are forced to watch as Jason marches a bawling Ashley onto the plastic-covered floor in the corner of the basement - the kill zone.

JASON

Ashley's been a bad girl. And you  
know what happens to bad girls.

Jason winks and shoots Ashley in the head, killing her with one shot. Women witnesses are horrified.

Jam and Whitney exchange glances of women scorned.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - LATER

Two women clean up the bloody mess in the kill zone using the cleaning supplies. Jason supervises.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM BATHROOM - EVENING

Jam steps out of the shower and wraps herself in a towel. She does her hair and dolls herself up with makeup.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam steps into the red dress. Whitney zips her up.

Jam helps Whitney put together her best look from the collection of clothes on the shelves. Jam helps Whitney select and apply makeup. They both look amazing.

LATER...

The door opens, and Jason enters with a tool bag and a new security camera. He's stunned to find the women looking their best and sitting compliantly on their beds.

JASON

What the fuck?

JAM

We want out of this prison cell.

WHITNEY

We don't want to end up like Ashley.

JASON

I see. Are you prepared to do some making up with the boss?

JAM

Oh, yeah. Whatever it takes.

Whitney uncrosses her legs and treats him to a flash. He's impressed.

WHITNEY

(Playfully)

We want things to be better with you, too.

Whitney teases him invitingly.

He enjoys the show as he installs a new security camera...

JASON  
You girls are smart.

JAM  
One's got to use their assets, right?

JASON  
And you girls have some nice assets.

LATER...

Jason is finished installing the camera. He packs his tools.  
Jam stands and adjusts her dress alluringly.

JAM  
Let's get this show started.

Jason grabs the tool bag.

JASON  
(To Whitney)  
I'll be back -- to check on the  
camera.

WHITNEY  
(Coy smile.)  
I'll be here.

Jason holds the door for Jam. She steps out, and he follows  
with his tools, shutting the door behind him.

He locks Whitney in.

Whitney sighs and looks disgusted.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin manages his investments on his laptop in bed.  
The power indicator lights are off on all the cameras.  
Jason comes knocking with the smoking hot Jam.  
Darrin's pleasantly surprised.

JAM  
I'm here to fluff your pillows.

She treats him to an inviting smile.

Darrin glances at Jason, looking for answers.

Jason can only shrug.

Darrin motions Jason to leave.

Jason grins broadly and pulls the door shut behind him.

Darrin makes his way to the bar service.

DARRIN  
Gin? Vodka?

JAM  
Anything but wine.

Amused, he pours her a vodka and a whiskey for himself.

He offers a toast.

DARRIN  
To new beginnings.

Jam smiles alluringly, and they clink glasses. They drink.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Tell me. What got your mind right?

JAM  
I don't like prison cells. Do you?

He gives her a dubious look.

JAM (cont'd)  
Powerful men turn me on. I hate  
myself for admitting it, but I want  
you.

She leans in with a passionate kiss. They make out. She feigns pleasure. He's turned on. She's a good actress.

He goes to unzip his fly...

She gently takes his hand and stops him.

JAM (cont'd)  
Let's not spoil our new beginning by  
moving too fast.

DARRIN  
My house, my rules. I want you.

JAM  
Then, you'll abide by my rules.

Darrin gives her a look; *what the fuck?*

JAM (cont'd)

No client jobs. I get an upstairs room of my own. One nicer than Anna's. Jason stays hands off. Anna cooks what I want when I want it. I get in-house freedom. Only then, will I give myself freely to you. Do we have an agreement?

DARRIN

You're quite the negotiator. Deal.

They shake hands to seal the deal.

She returns her vodka to the bar service.

JAM

Thanks for the drink.

Darrin knocks at the door. No answer. He's confused. He opens the door and is disappointed that Jason is not at his post standing guard outside his door.

DARRIN

Come. I'll show you to your new digs.

Jam smiles and follows him out the door.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE - SAME

Jason walks into the dark garage. He goes to the security system and enters the password. He scrolls to the security camera (on/off) control screen and toggles the Silent Room camera from ON to OFF.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jason opens the door and enters. *He's here for a booty call.* He shuts the door.

Whitney treats him to a show as she slowly slips out of her clothes down to her bra and panties.

WHITNEY

Too bad Darrin doesn't share. It must suck to be all work and no play.

JASON

I shut down the camera. What he will never know won't hurt us. Got it?

She nods and invites him to come closer, which he does.

She places his hand on her breast. He's turned on.  
She gives him a long-wet kiss. He fondles her ass.  
She hands him a condom. He goes to the bathroom.  
She looks disgusted as she gets under the covers in bed.  
He comes out of the bathroom - we see him from the waist up.  
He slides under the covers with her.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LUXURY BEDROOM

Darrin introduces Jam to her new luxurious second-floor bedroom suite with fine furniture and king-sized bed.  
He kisses her, pats her ass, and walks out.  
Jam settles into her new room.  
She notices the camera. The power indicator light is on.  
Anna comes knocking with gifts from Darrin - a bottle of expensive wine, a wine glass, and a charcuterie board. She sets up the spread and pours the wine.  
Anna and Jam come eye to eye. Jam smirks. Anna frowns.  
Anna walks out.  
Jam takes a bit of cheese and savors it paired with wine.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Whitney sleeps soundly in the basement dormitory.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Jam jogs on a treadmill.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/KITCHEN

Jam pops in and grabs a snack.  
Anna comes in from the pantry with her hands full of ingredients for dinner.  
Jam smirks at Anna as she munches on her snack.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darrin lounges in bed, anticipating sex.

The power indicator lights on all the cameras are on.

Anna darkens his door, dressed in a nightgown. He refuses her. She's confused until Jam enters the room, dressed in a nightshirt, and slides under the covers with him.

Anna scoffs and walks away.

Jam and Darrin passionately kiss.

He reaches to lift her nightshirt. She teasingly stops him.

JAM  
Bad timing. TOM. Sorry.

DARRIN  
You can still do me.

JAM  
Another night.

Darrin scoffs. He's obviously annoyed.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - DAY

In the kill zone, away from the cameras...

Whitney practices self-defense moves with Jam. Jam wins every match. They stop to catch their breath.

WHITNEY  
This is hopeless. I'm not as fast as you, and you're much stronger.

JAM  
It has nothing to do with speed or strength. It's all about your will to resist. Let's try again.

WHITNEY  
I need a moment.

They sit and relax.

WHITNEY (cont'd)  
The women are with us.

JAM  
That's good news.

WHITNEY

Yes, but they grow more tentative every day. No one wants to be the next Ashley. If we're to go through with your plan, it needs to be soon.

JAM

There's a problem.

WHITNEY

Big or little?

JAM

Monster. I haven't been able to get that asshole Darrin to slip up and divulge the security system password.

WHITNEY

What? Without that, we're fucked.

JAM

I'll figure something out.

WHITNEY

Make it fast. The women are restless. They keep talking about Ashley.

JAM

I can imagine they're conflicted. Attempt escape with the possibility of being caught and killed or persevere as a sex slave with the hope of earning freedom. That's a fucked up short list of options.

WHITNEY

I don't know if I'll be able to keep them bought in much longer.

JAM

I'll come through, somehow.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Whitney and the women line up with their hands outstretched in front of them as Jason makes his way down the line, clasping hands in cable ties. He stops at Whitney.

JASON

Whitney, you have the night off.

He winks at her. She feigns a polite smile.



INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna updates the girls' earning ledger. She stops on Jam's entry and can see that Jam's this month's top earner.

ANNA  
How can Jam be our best earner when  
she is never with a client?

Anna locks the ledger in the file cabinet. She ponders.

ANNA (cont'd)  
She plays him better than I do.

INT. TRAFFICKING/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin and Jam, both fully clothed, are making out heavy. He reaches to pull down her jeans, but she teasingly stops him.

JAM  
Good things come to those who wait.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/HALLWAY - SAME

Anna's eavesdropping at the Master Bedroom door. She's furious.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - DAY

Jam freely roams the house unsupervised, going from room to room like she owns the place. Her in-house access does not extend to stepping one foot outdoors.

Anna runs across her and scowls at her.

JAM  
Did I take your place?

ANNA  
Come with me. Now.

Jam rolls her eyes and follows Anna.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Anna leads Jam into the garage.

Anna fires up the security system control panel and enters the correct password to gain access. She then disables the garage security camera.

Jam glances at the security camera. Power light turns off.

JAM  
He trusts you with the password?

ANNA  
Of course. I run this place.

JAM  
That, and where could you go? An illegal without credentials.

ANNA  
Now you listen to me. I have worked hard to earn my few freedoms. Darrin trusts me to do work off-property, which means I can escape the stench of this hellhole now and then. This little game of sexual manipulation you are playing to win a nicer room and a run on a treadmill is not okay.

JAM  
Is that what you think I'm doing?

ANNA  
You are a threat to my ability to achieve my goal of getting back my passport and going home to a life I have lost and can hardly remember.

JAM  
Why aren't you on our team?

Anna glares at her.

JAM (cont'd)  
Help me to help others. We all can benefit from what I'm doing with that disgusting motherfucker. If you're not going to join me, at least stay out of my way, and I'll see to it that you get home. That's a promise.

ANNA  
Why do I not believe you?

JAM  
Because this place fucks with your head. That's why. Don't let him win. Work with me. I can use your help.

ANNA  
I do not understand. How can I help?

JAM

Simply forget to arm the security system one night, or give me the password, and I'll disarm it. I could use the password to Darrin's computer as well. That would help a lot.

ANNA

You know I cannot do that. Besides Darrin, only two other people know the password: Jason and me. He will come after me first. It would be bad.

JAM

He'll never suspect you. I'll make sure of it. You'll be fine. Trust me.

Anna considers her words.

ANNA

Trusting people has not worked out for me. You will run, and I will be left here to suffer the consequences. No passwords. I am sorry for what I must do. I have to look out for me.

Jam gives her a quizzical look.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Anna serves Darrin breakfast.

ANNA

There is something we must discuss.

He ignores her.

ANNA (cont'd)

What I have to say cannot wait.

DARRIN

Fine. What is it?

ANNA

I want Jam gone.

DARRIN

Why?

ANNA

She is a hot mess. She is filling the girls' heads with ideas, and I am concerned they may rebel against you.

DARRIN

(Scoffs.)

The girls tend to be overly dramatic.  
You can't believe the shit they bitch  
about. They're fucking exhausting.

He takes a sip of coffee.

DARRIN (cont'd)

As for Jam, you're jealous. You  
should be. She's an upgrade.

ANNA

I am serious. Jam is a troublemaker.  
Sell her. With your recommendation,  
she will command top dollar.

DARRIN

Jam stays. She knows my every need.  
Maybe I'll sell you. Warm my coffee.

Defeated, she warms his coffee.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Whitney and the women line up compliantly, arms  
outstretched, as Jason descends the stairs.

JASON

You got the night off, girls. Van's  
out of commission. Don't worry,  
Anna's got things well in hand.  
You'll be earning again tomorrow.

Jason makes his way up the stairs and locks them in.

Whitney gathers the women around her in the kill zone.

WHITNEY

Let's practice. Do you remember that  
hand signal Jam taught us?

Women all do the *Woman in Distress* hand signal in unison:

Hold a hand up with thumb tucked into the palm, then fold  
fingers down, symbolically trapping thumb in fingers.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin enjoys himself as he watches a recorded video of Jam  
treating him to a striptease down to her bra and panties.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Cargo Van is on jack stands, and Anna works underneath.

The tires are off the wheels. One of the jack stands is slightly off-center of the Cargo Van's lift point.

Anna reaches for a tool and inadvertently swings her leg out wide knocking the jack stand over and causing the Cargo Van to crash down, pinning her foot under one of the tireless wheels in the process.

Anna screams in agony.

Darrin and Jason come running in from the house and find Anna trying in vain to free her pinned foot. The two men try to lift the cargo van and succeed on the third attempt.

Anna wiggles her badly injured foot to safety.

Darrin and Jason are horrified at what they see...

Anna writhes in agony. She needs immediate medical care.

Darrin places a call on his phone. RINGS. Davis picks up.

DAVIS (V.O.)

What now?

DARRIN

It's Anna. She's badly hurt. I need our trusted ambulance crew.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Shit. Hang on.

Darrin waits on hold...

Anna screaming in pain. Jason watches helplessly.

DAVIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

You're shit out of luck, ace. Our medics are out on a call. I'll dispatch them as soon as they return to the station. She'll have to hang in there for an hour or so.

DARRIN

I don't think she can.

DAVIS (V.O.)  
She doesn't have a choice. I won't  
risk sending paramedics who aren't on  
your payroll. Tell her life sucks. I  
bet that's not news.

Davis ends the call.

Anna looks pleadingly to Darrin for hope.

Darrin shakes his head and shrugs.

Anna screams in pain.

JASON  
What the fuck, Darrin? We're minutes  
from a firehouse.

DARRIN  
Our vetted crew is out on a run.

Anna screams as hopelessness amplifies her pain.

Darrin paces and ponders. He has an epiphany.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Go grab our nurse.

Jason nods and takes off running into the house.

ANNA  
Is Jam a real nurse? Does she know  
what she is doing?

DARRIN  
We're about to find out.

Anna bawls. She is in agony.

Jason and Jam come running.

Jam goes immediately to Anna and visually assesses the  
situation. Anna cries in pain.

JAM  
Anna, may I touch your foot?

Anna hesitates.

JAM (cont'd)  
I'm a trauma nurse. I can help you,  
but you need to trust me and let me  
do my job. Okay?

ANNA  
Trust you?

JAM  
Yes. It's time you trusted me.

Anna hesitates before giving in. She nods.

Jam examines Anna's foot. Anna protests in pain as soon as she barely touches it.

ANNA  
How bad?

Jam takes Anna's hand in hers and looks her in the eyes.

JAM  
Nothing two strong women can't  
handle. We got this. I promise.

Anna manages a brief smile as hope returns.

JAM (cont'd)  
(To Jason)  
Go grab a bottle of vodka.

Jason gets a nod from Darrin. Jason runs into the house.

Jam glances about the garage searching for anything useful.

JAM (cont'd)  
(Orders Darrin.)  
I need more light. Make yourself  
useful and shine one of those  
flashlights on her foot.

Darrin glares at Jam. He does not move.

JAM (cont'd)  
Now!

Darrin flinches. He grabs a flashlight and shines it on Anna's injured foot. Jam visually examines Anna's foot.

Jason comes running with vodka. He hands it to Jam.

JAM (cont'd)  
Not me. Her. For the pain.

Jason hands the vodka to Anna and she takes a stiff drink.

JAM (cont'd)  
Anna, may I touch your foot again?

Anna shakes her head in contradiction to her words...

ANNA

Okay.

JAM

I need you to be still. Can you do that for me?

ANNA

I will try.

Jam barely touches Anna's injured foot. Anna screams in pain and yanks her foot away.

JAM

(To Jason)

You. Come here.

Jason glares at Jam.

DARRIN

You heard her. Help Anna.

Jason reluctantly approaches Anna and kneels.

JAM

Grab her leg. I need you to hold it still so I can do my work.

Jason grabs Anna's leg and pins it down.

JAM (cont'd)

Looks like you've had practice.

Jason scowls. Jam looks Anna in the eyes.

JAM (cont'd)

Ready?

Anna nods.

Jason holds Anna's leg still as Jam manipulates Anna's foot. Anna screams throughout. Jam completes her examination.

JAM (cont'd)

Displaced fracture and two dislocated toes. It's not as bad as it looks.

(Addresses the men.)

I need your belts, those two service manuals, some cable ties, a few towels and that furniture blanket.



Darrin and Jason remove their belts and gather up the requested items. They set everything within Jam's reach.

JAM (cont'd)  
Anna, I'm going to set the bones. I need to work fast before the muscle spasms.

ANNA  
Have you done this before?

JAM  
(jokingly)  
Never in a sex trafficker's garage.

Anna manages half a smile.

JAM (cont'd)  
(To Darrin)  
I'll need you to assist me. Set down the flashlight.

Darrin sets down the flashlight.

JAM (cont'd)  
Start by wrapping towels around the two service manuals. Got it?

Darrin wraps towels around the service manuals.

JAM (cont'd)  
Fold the blanket over a few times.

Darrin folds the furniture blanket under Jam's supervision.

JAM (cont'd)  
That will do.  
(To Anna)  
I need to cause you more pain to help you. Are you ready?

Anna hesitates, then nods.

JAM (cont'd)  
(to Jason)  
Got a good grip?

Jason nods. He holds Anna's leg down with all his might...

Jam sets the two dislocated toes. Jam manipulates Anna's foot until she can feel the broken bone is in a better position to heal. All the while, Anna cries out in pain.

Jam maintains firm pressure to keep the broken bone aligned.

JAM (cont'd)  
(To Darrin)  
Sandwich her foot between the manuals  
and cable tie them down tight.

Darrin does as instructed. Service manuals covered in towels  
and secured by cable ties form a makeshift split.

JAM (cont'd)  
Now, wrap her leg with the blanket  
and fasten everything with the belts.  
Cinch them down tight.

Darrin applies the makeshift cast while Jam steadies the  
foot.

JAM (cont'd)  
Anna, you did great.

Anna smiles. She whispers something in Jam's ear.

Anna lays her head back and shuts her eyes. Finally, a  
modicum of pain relief.

DARRIN  
Jam, that was amazing. Thank you.

JAM  
I did it for Anna.

LATER...

The trusted PARAMEDICS place Anna on a gurney. They give the  
makeshift splint a once over, and they are deeply impressed.  
They turn to Jam and nod their respect. They place Anna in a  
waiting AMBULANCE and drive off.

DARRIN  
(To Jam)  
So, tell me. What did Anna whisper?

JAM  
She thanked me for having her back.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - LATER

Jam and Whitney meet in the kill zone.

WHITNEY  
What? You helped that bitch?

JAM  
Yep. Want to hear something amazing?

Whitney gives her a quizzical look.

JAM (cont'd)  
She gave me the passwords to the  
security system and Darrin's  
computer. We're in.

Whitney joyfully gapes.

JAM (cont'd)  
And I know where Jason keeps his gun.

WHITNEY  
You go, girl.

JAM  
Have you been practicing the moves I  
taught you?

WHITNEY  
Yes. I've plenty of sparring partners  
down here. Some are decent fighters.

JAM  
I have one more thing to do to make  
sure that corrupt police chief gets a  
firsthand experience of captivity.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE - DAY

Jason supervises as a mechanic completes repairs on the van.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Cameras all have power indicator lights on.

Jam plays strip poker with Darrin. She's letting him win.  
He's nearly fully dressed. She is half-naked.

They are both drinking, vodka for her and whiskey for him.

She has a slight buzz. He is drunk off his ass.

He reaches to pull her close, but she steps away, and he  
tumbles to the floor.

JAM  
Let's finish our game tomorrow.

He slurs something incoherent and passes out on the floor.

She steps out and gently shuts the door behind her.

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Jam goes snooping on Darrin's security system computer. She logs in using the correct password and navigates to the file of saved security camera sex videos. She scrolls through videos and finds ones in which Darrin is having sex with Anna. Jam finds videos of herself with Darrin. She grimaces.

She stops on a video that piques her interest. She plays it.

VIDEO:

## INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Police Chief Davis drinks scotch and laughs with Darrin.

A woman comes in scantily dressed.

Davis ogles her, and he approves.

DARRIN

I promised I'd make it up to you.  
She's on the house.

DAVIS

(Scoffs.)

They're always on the house.

DARRIN

Yeah, but this one's special. She's a  
new arrival from Europe - a virgin.  
You're her first.

Davis gives Darrin a look; *yeah, right!*

DARRIN (cont'd)

Seriously. I saved her for you. I owe  
you for all your protection. I'm  
aware that I put you to the test  
lately to keep your officers off my  
ass. This is my way of saying thanks.

DAVIS

(Smile broadens.)

Turn the camera off.

Darrin nods. The woman nervously escorts Davis out of the room.

END VIDEO.

Jam commits the video file name to memory. She shuts down the video and signs out of the security system.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - MORNING

Women make their beds and dress for the day.

In the background, Whitney and Jam converse indistinctly in the kill zone. We join them...

WHITNEY

Well done. Sounds like we're ready.

JAM

Yes. We go tonight.

WHITNEY

I can't believe this is happening.

JAM

Do you remember the address and her phone number?

WHITNEY

I got it. I won't let you down.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rocking a short skirt, Jam steadies her nerves with a glass of wine. Darrin appears, standing in the doorway.

Jam invites him over to her. She wraps her arms around him and gives him a long kiss.

JAM

Tonight. I'm yours. All of me.

His smile broadens.

JAM (cont'd)

A romantic dinner to set the mood would be a nice touch.

DARRIN

What do you have in mind?

JAM

Nothing beats a juicy steak before hot dirty sex.

He nods his head in agreement.

JAM (cont'd)

I have two favors to ask of you. One, the girls get the night off.

He shrugs and nods his head; *no big deal*.

JAM (cont'd)  
Two, bring me a toy.

He gives her a quizzical look.

JAM (cont'd)  
Make me happy, and I'll do whatever  
your cock desires.

He nods and walks away, full of anticipation.

She looks focused and determined.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jam picks out a dress from a stocked closet for dinner.

Darrin comes knocking and gifts her sexy lingerie and a vibrator. She feigns delight at the gifts.

She playfully places the vibrator in a clutch purse.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Jason descends the stairs without cable ties. He's peeved.

Women and Whitney instinctively line up.

JASON  
You bitches got the night off  
compliments of Darrin.

Whitney treats him with an inviting smile.

Jason manages a slight grin and ascends the stairs.

Basement door SHUTS and LOCKS.

Whitney gathers the women around her in the kill zone.

WHITNEY  
This is our moment. Stick to the  
plan. We're all counting on each  
other. There's no turning back now.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/FOYER

Jason meets a food delivery driver at the door and is handed a carryout order from an exclusive steak house.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM

Jason sets out the carryout steak dinner for two, along with a bottle of expensive wine and two crystal glasses. Place settings include steak knives.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Jason disables the silent room camera on security system.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JAM'S BEDROOM

Jam is gorgeous. Her dress, hair, and makeup are perfect. Darrin comes knocking. He sports an expensive suit.

She grips her clutch purse.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Whitney and Jason, both fully clothed, passionately kissing.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM

Jam and Darrin enjoy their steak and wine by candlelight. They seem to enjoy each other - the pretense of romance.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Whitney and Jason make out hot and heavy.

She unzips his jeans and pulls them down. He is in boxers and a shirt. She drops his jeans on the floor.

JASON

I'm going to fuck you hard.

As he pulls off his shirt, she takes advantage and kicks him hard between his legs. He's in agony, swearing.

WHITNEY

You're not my type, asshole.

He grabs her around her throat with a surge of energy. She's choking and gasping for air.

JASON

Like I said, I'm going to fuck you hard, bitch!

She buries her thumbs into his eyes and pushes deeper with all her might. He screams and releases his grip on her neck. He grabs at his injured eyes. She takes full advantage and chops his throat with her arm. He grabs his throat in pain.

He wheezes as he tries to catch his breath.

She grabs his jeans.

She unlocks the door with the security system password, pulls the door open, and grips his jeans in one hand.

WHITNEY  
Who's fucked now, asshole?

She steps out and locks him in.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Whitney grips Jason's jeans as she changes the security system password, locking Jason in the silent room.

She pulls his phone and van keys from his jeans.

Women gape in disbelief.

WHITNEY  
Let's get the fuck out of here.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM

Darrin slides Jam's chair back from the table. She rises.

She grips her clutch purse.

He offers her his arm. She takes it. He escorts her out.

We see the table:

His steak knife rests on his dinner plate...

Her steak knife is missing.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/FIRST FLOOR

Whitney clears room by room as she leads the women through the dark house toward the garage.



INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin and Jam passionately kissing, both fully dressed.

Jam glances up at the cameras. The power lights are on.

She directs him to sit on the edge of the bed. He complies.

She pulls the vibrator from her clutch purse.

She pretends to pleasure herself with the vibrator reaching up under her dress. She is convincing. He enjoys the show.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Whitney successfully disarms the garage door alarm on the security system using the new password she set. She then turns off all of the security cameras in the house.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Jam keeps one eye on the security cameras while she entertains Darrin with her vibrator show.

Suddenly, the cameras toggle off. Power lights go dark.

Jam playfully returns the vibrator to her clutch purse.

Darrin rises and unbuttons his shirt...

DARRIN

My cock wants to fuck you.

Jam waits until Darrin glances down to undue his belt...

She pulls a steak knife out of her clutch purse.

He glimpses Jam gripping the knife. They come eye to eye. He is stunned and caught off guard. She is determined.

He glances at a camera. It is powered off. He gapes.

Jam lunges at Darrin brandishing the knife and stabs Darrin in the chest. The wound is serious but insufficient.

He puts up a fight, punching and kicking her as she wields the knife and attempts to get in a killing blow. She misses.

He sends her to the ground with the mighty blow of his fist. The knife goes flying across the room.

They fight each other like their lives depend upon it, fists and kicks flying everywhere.

He grabs the knife and goes to stab her in the neck, but she is able to wrap her hands around his, and they grapple for control of the knife.

He is stronger and forces himself on top of her as he pushes the knife closer and closer to her neck. She resists but is unable to prevent him inching the knife down on her neck...

The blade scores her throat. Blood drips from her wound.

She suddenly slides to one side, and his momentum stabs the knife blade into the floor next to her neck.

She takes advantage of this moment to gouge his eyes with her thumbs as hard and deep as she can.

He drops the knife and screams, holding his injured eyes.

She grabs the knife and repeatedly stabs him with prejudice until he's dead.

She stumbles out of the room.

#### INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Whitney pulls a cord hanging down from the garage door opener chain run, unlatching the garage door from the chain.

She lifts the garage door open slowly and quietly.

She opens the Cargo Van driver, passenger side, and rear cargo doors.

She grabs Jason's gun from the Cargo Van glovebox.

She motions for the women to enter the garage from the door to the house. They walk in as silently as they can.

Following Whitney's hand motions, the women silently file into the Cargo Van. One gets behind the wheel, another in the passenger seat, and the rest in the cargo area.

Whitney scrolls, clicks, and types on Jason's phone.

Whitney hands the phone to the woman in the passenger seat.

A driving navigation app with a map and driving instructions is activated on the phone screen.

Whitney shuts the door to the cargo area and signals the woman behind the wheel to drive.

Cargo Van slowly pulls out of the garage and down the driveway with headlights off.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The Cargo Van turns onto a main road. Headlights pop on.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Janis gets out of bed to grab some water.

She sees her phone is blinking with a new notification.

She checks her phone and finds that she has a text message from an unknown number. She checks the message:

"Hey, Janis. This is Jam. The doctor's job was a trap. I've been held captive but I'm getting out tonight and sending the other trafficked women to the clinic. You'll know them by the hand signal. Please help them. See you soon."

JANIS

Wait, what?

Janis scurries to grab clothes.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BATHROOM

Jam washes off Darrin's blood. She bandages her neck.

Whitney comes knocking and hands Jam the gun.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Trafficked woman is stressed as she drives. Passenger navigates with her phone in her hand. They drive past dark businesses and homes as they enter a low-income area.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Jam and Whitney descend the stairs.

Whitney opens the silent room door using the code.

Jam peers in at Jason.

Jason glares at Jam. He is in boxers. His throat is bruised.

JAM  
(To Whitney)  
You're fast enough.

Whitney grins.

Jason makes a threatening move towards Jam.

Jam stops him at gunpoint. She teases him with the gun.

JAM (cont'd)  
What do you think, Whitney, eyes -  
ears -- balls?

JASON  
No. Don't do it. Please, let me go.

WHITNEY  
One eye. You can't hit both with one  
shot.

JAM  
Well, then, I'll have to split the  
difference.

Jam aims the gun between Jason's eyes...

Jam winks. Jason's eyes widen in pure terror.

JAM (cont'd)  
This is for my mother, asshole.

JASON  
No! Don't --

Jam shoots him dead between the eyes.

His lifeless body crumbles to the floor.

Jam and Whitney, emotionless, observe their work.

WHITNEY  
What do we do with the bodies?

JAM  
The police can clean up the mess.

WHITNEY  
The nightmare is over.

JAM  
Only for us.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/ANNA'S BEDROOM

Jam shoots open the locked file cabinet.

Whitney retrieves the Client Book.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JASON'S BEDROOM

Jam stocks up on clips and bullets for the gun.

Whitney packs a duffel bag with cable ties and duct tape.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Jam shoots open the locked safe. She dumps out the contents of the safe. It is packed full of driver's licenses and passports. She rummages and finds Anna's Passport. She pockets it.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Jam uses the correct password to access Darrin's computer and fires up a web browser. She searches for and finds the contact information of the Police Department Internal Affairs, including email. She fires up an email app and sends an email to Internal Affairs with the Police Chief Davis & Darrin video file she discovered earlier (Davis and the new girl) as an attachment.

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jam and Whitney boldly walk out the front door like gangsters. Jam grips the gun. Whitney grips the duffel bag and the Client Book.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - NIGHT

Lights are on in the clinic, and cars in the parking lot.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - NIGHT

Janis directs nurses as they prepare the clinic for the arrival of the trafficked women.

Headlights shining in through the window catch Janis' eye. Janis peers out the window as the Cargo Van parks.

Trafficked women file out of the van and face the window.

Janis and the nurses gaze out the window as the trafficked women make the *Woman in Distress* hand signal in unison.

Janis and nurses run to the door and help the women inside.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - MORNING

Doctors, nurses, and social workers assist the trafficked women with health concerns and recovery resources.

Whitney goes from woman to woman offering her support.

Janis and Jam drink coffee together in the corner. We join them deep into an emotional conversation.

JANIS

You've been through some crazy shit.

JAM

It's nothing compared to what those women endured. Whitney was in for years. She's a true survivor. They all are. Some weren't so fortunate.

JANIS

I tried to find you, but I let you down. I'm so sorry.

JAM

Don't be. Look around. You're helping all these women. Who's the hero now?

Janis scoffs.

JAM (cont'd)

So, you're the head nurse, now?

JANIS

Was. Now that you're back, I'll be your assistant again as it should be.

JAM

I'm not coming back.

JANIS

What? How will you save for school?

JAM

I have other plans.

JANIS

What was it like to be powerless and under that monster's control?

JAM  
I was never powerless. I was  
determined.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Anna places her crutches in the trunk of an Uber. She checks her purse. She has her passport. She gets in the Uber.

ANNA  
Drive fast. I cannot miss my flight.

EXT. POLICE CHIEF'S HOUSE - DAY

Internal Affairs Detectives supervise as Arresting Officers take Davis into custody.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Whitney and Jam have their barcode tattoos redone into something badass.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER/COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Janis leads a women's self-defense class.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Jam and Whitney practice shooting handguns.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Sparsely furnished apartment with nothing on the walls.

Jam, dressed as a high dollar prostitute, puts on earrings.

Whitney packs cable ties, rope, and duct tape into a duffel bag. She checks to make sure her gun is loaded. It is. She places the gun in the duffel bag.

JAM  
Did the john cash app you?

WHITNEY  
Yep. Five hundred.

JAM  
How many will this one make?

Whitney checks the Client Book.

INSERT CLIENT BOOK:

*List of names is annotated with three levels of priority.*

*A) One time only. Not violent. Not worth the time.*

*B) Regular. Not violent. Low priority.*

*C) Motherfuckers. High priority.*

*We see that twelve of the (C) Motherfuckers are crossed out.*

Whitney counts out the names crossed out in red ink.

WHITNEY

A baker's dozen.

Jam nods. She looks determined.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jam is dressed as a high-priced prostitute. She checks the time on her phone and shakes her head in disappointment.

She places a call on her phone. It RINGS. The john picks up.

JAM

You're late. Are you still planning on visiting me tonight? -- Oh, you're about to pull into the lot. Glad to hear it. I don't like to be stood up. See you soon.

Jam ends the call. She turns, and we follow her gaze...

Whitney pulls the gun from the duffel bag.

KNOCKING at the door.

Whitney takes up position concealed out of view of the door.

Jam puts on the sexy prostitute act and answers the door.

FROM OUTSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM DOOR...

Cook from the Diner, the motherfucker who turned Ashley in, waits in anticipation of sex.

DOOR OPENS.

Jam treats him to an inviting smile. He ogles Jam.



COOK  
I brought condoms.

JAM  
How considerate of you. Please come  
on in and make yourself comfortable.

He steps into the room.

DOOR SHUTS.

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "There are more people in slavery today than at any  
time in human history."

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Police Officers open the unlocked door and find Cook cable  
tied and roped up hands and feet so he can't move. His mouth  
is taped shut. His face is bruised - one eye swollen shut.

Officers take Cook into custody.

Officer finds and checks Cook's phone... The last outgoing  
call was to 911.

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPER: "National Human Trafficking Hotline.

Phone: 1 (888) 373-7888

SMS: 233733 (Text "HELP" or "INFO")

Hours: 24 hours, 7 days a week

Languages: English, Spanish, and 200 more languages

Website: <http://humantraffickinghotline.org>"

FADE OUT.