

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

It is 5:59 AM EST in the darkened room of BRIDGET REGAN, age 22. The shades are shut tight, with light only spilling in around the edges of the window. The only real light in the room comes from her glow-in-the-dark combination radio/alarm clock.

INSERT: Alarm Clock

The clock reads 5:59. Bridget is awake. She lays on her side and stares at the numbers. The alarm clock changes to read 6:00 and the radio clicks on. Bridget does not react.

RADIO VOICE

Only one shopping day left until
Christmas. Today! Can you believe it
that tonight is Christmas Eve? The
malls are going to be packed folks,
but the big stores open early, so
get there while there's still
parking! Here's some music for your
hustle over to the mall!

"It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year" blares through the radio clock's tiny speakers. Bridget turns over onto her back and stares at the ceiling. She exhales deeply.

BRIDGET

Shit.

INT. BRIDGET'S BATHROOM - SAME

Bridget shuffles into her bathroom in a sweatshirt and underwear. She stares into the mirror. There are mascara stains under her puffy eyes. The music blares on, unrelentingly. Bridget again has no reaction. She is intelligent, and attractive without being hot. Maybe she had her life together at some point, but she surely doesn't right now. Bridget merely pulls the sweatshirt over her head, drops her underwear, and turns on the shower.

INT. BRIDGET'S KITCHEN - SAME

Bridget wears a ratty old bathrobe and her wet hair tied up in a bun. She sits at the table and eats cereal slowly.

INT. BRIDGET'S HALLWAY - SAME

Bridget emerges from her bedroom with hair and makeup done, dressed and ready for the day. She grabs her coat off the counter and walks out the door.

EXT. BRIDGET'S DRIVEWAY - SAME

Bridget walks briskly to her car, eyes still vacant. She gets into her car.

INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - SAME

Bridget turns on the radio to a cheery Christmas song. She changes the station only to hear another cheery Christmas song. She tries one more time and finds...another Christmas song. This one she deems the least cheeriest, takes a deep breath, and backs out of her driveway, onto a country road.

EXT. BRIDGET'S ROAD - SAME

Bridget drives along a scenic Massachusetts country road, passing old Colonial homes and a working gristmill. Everything is covered in ice and gleams beautifully in the sun. A light snow begins to fall. Bridget sees a little boy and a little girl playing in the snow. They try to catch snowflakes on their tongues--a Hallmark moment. Bridget rolls her eyes, and turns off the main road onto an unpaved shortcut. The dirt road becomes a long monotonous straight stretch. Bridget's is the only car on the road.

When she reaches a certain house, she slows the car down to a crawl, trying to see in the windows, stalker style. Bridget sees a distinctive yellow VW Bug parked in the driveway. At seeing the car, Bridget fumes, and steps on the gas.

Suddenly, a figure appears right in front of the car. Bridget slams on the brakes, but it's too late. She hits the person, who rolls up onto the windshield, and immediately rolls off down in front of the car. Bridget does not scream.

INT. BRIDGET'S CAR - SAME

Bridget sits motionless in her car. We're not sure she even knows what just happened.

BRIDGET

Fuck.

Bridget puts the car in park and switches it off. She takes a deep breath and exits the car.

EXT. THE DIRT ROAD - SAME

Bridget looks down at the figure on the ground, nudges it with her foot. She continues to watch the figure and pulls out her cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT- THE DIRT ROAD/ROSEBLOOM'S DEPARTMENT STORE

KATIE JEAN

Good morning, thank you for calling
Rosebloom's Department Store, this
is Katie Jean Mackie Assistant
General Manager speaking, how may I
provide you with magnificent service
today?

BRIDGET
Hi Katie Jean, it's Bridget Regan
from the shoe department.

KATIE JEAN
Oh HI Bridget, and how are we this
morning?

BRIDGET
Magnificent?

KATIE JEAN
That's what I like to hear! What's
going on?

BRIDGET
I'm having some...car trouble this
morning. I might be a little late.

Katie Jean's demeanor changes.

KATIE JEAN
How late?

Bridget glances over at the body in front of her car.

BRIDGET
Half an hour?

KATIE JEAN
(happy again)
Only half an hour? Well not to worry
then, sweetness, the shoe pile can
wait til you get here.

BRIDGET
The shoe pile. Great. See you then.

Bridget hangs up the phone. She checks on the figure in
front of her car. She then dials the phone again.

INT. JIMMY'S DORM ROOM - SAME

A phone rings in a dark room. Nothing happens. It rings a
few more times. An arm emerges from under a pile of blankets
and laundry and reaches for the cell phone. The phone and
the arm both disappear under the pile.

JIMMY

Bridget, I am not going to teach you about time zones anymore. When it's Seven AM in Massachusetts, what time is it in San Francisco?

INTERCUT- THE DIRT ROAD/JIMMY'S DORM ROOM

Bridget winces.

BRIDGET

Four AM.

JIMMY

Yes. So goodnight.

BRIDGET

No, Jimmy it's important!

JIMMY

I'll see you at the airport tonight...

BRIDGET

(blurts it out)

I hit someone with my car!

JIMMY REGAN, 18, emerges from the pile. He is sarcastic, a tech genius, and currently wearing only his Red Sox boxers.

JIMMY

No way.

BRIDGET

Yeah.

JIMMY

Are they still alive?

BRIDGET

Well YEAH Jimmy, I didn't say I killed anyone!

JIMMY

Well isn't that a miracle. You drive like a woman.

Silence. Bridget glances nervously at her car.

BRIDGET

I...I don't know what to do.

JIMMY

What do you mean?

BRIDGET
Well, I hit someone with my car,
what do I do now?

JIMMY
Say you're sorry?

BRIDGET
(aggravated)
Jimmy.

JIMMY
Bridget. You're the one talking
crazy. Step one, drive this person
to the hospital. Step two, take them
out for pancakes. Step three, hope
to God they don't sue you.

BRIDGET
(breathless)
I can't. I can't do any of that.

JIMMY
What?

BRIDGET
I mean....no one saw me do it. We're
out on Hanson Road and--

JIMMY
No Bridget.

BRIDGET
(faster, irrational)
If I just, you know, rolled him over
to the side there no one would think
that--

JIMMY
Oh, that's so wrong.

BRIDGET
I just, no one can know that it was
me, that I did this, it's not going
to look good, it's going to look
pretty much the worst it could look,
they'll take my license away,
they'll send me to prison, and when
I get there, I will become some
girl's, some big, big lady's pretty
little girlfriend--

Jimmy listens to her rattle on and on. Suddenly, he realizes something. When she stops to breathe, he cuts in.

JIMMY
Who did you hit?

BRIDGET
And I--what?

JIMMY
You know your victim! Who. Did. You.
Hit?

A groan comes from the ground in front of the car. Bridget looks around frantically.

BRIDGET
(to her victim) Shh! Shut up!

JIMMY
BRIDGET!

With some effort, Bridget rolls her victim off to the side of the road. The victim groans again. Bridget jumps into her car and quickly moves it off the road, blocking her victim from view of other cars. She turns off the ignition, and stares at the figure on the ground. She picks the phone up from the passenger's seat.

BRIDGET
Jimmy, I need you to call Rick.

JIMMY
No. Not until you tell me who you hit.

BRIDGET
JIMMY, I need someone who can help me lift him and who won't ask questions.

JIMMY
So it's a him?

BRIDGET
I'll find Rick's number myself.

JIMMY
No, I'll do it.

BRIDGET
Goodbye, James!

JIMMY
(shouting)
Goddammit Bridget!

They both hang up. Jimmy begins to text on his phone, cursing under his breath. Bridget steps out of her car. Another car goes by and she smiles anxiously and waves. The car mercifully doesn't stop. Bridget crosses behind her car. She looks down at the victim.

BRIDGET

Hi Chris.

Silence. Then-

CHRIS (OS)

Goddammit, Bridget!

Bridget winces, but pulls herself together.

BRIDGET

I miss you so much.

CHRIS CORRIGAN, 22, stares up at Bridget from the ground, incredulous.

CHRIS

Are you kidding me with this?

BRIDGET

With what?

CHRIS

You hit me with your car!

BRIDGET

Oh, you remember that. Good. No traumatic brain injury then.

Chris shakily stands up.

CHRIS

You hit me with your car and then rolled me over to the side of the road!

BRIDGET

Look at that, you can stand, no broken bones, maybe just a little bruising--

Chris takes a menacing step towards her, limping slightly.

CHRIS

You did this on purpose.

BRIDGET

NO. No. That's why we needed to talk

first, because

CHRIS
You tried to kill me and it's
obvious why!

BRIDGET
Chris, no. I know this looks bad but
really--

CHRIS
Bridget Regan, you tried to kill me.
(yells to world)
Bridget Regan tried to--

Chris falls to the ground with a thud, clutching the back of his head. RICK WARNER, 19, a big guy who is the strong, silent type stands behind him with a shovel. Bridget gasps.

BRIDGET
Did you just--

RICK
Yep.

Rick tosses the shovel off to the side.

RICK
So. Where do you want him?

A pause.

BRIDGET
The backseat, I guess.

Rick lifts Chris with ease and hauls him into Bridget's backseat. He shuts the door.

RICK
Now what?

Bridget thinks on this for a moment, when a speeding car rushes past. A police cruiser quickly follows the speeder. Bridget wakes up from her thoughts.

BRIDGET
Get in.

Bridget and Rick both jump in her car. She maneuvers an awkward three point turn in the street, almost hits a tree, and they make a speedy getaway, in the opposite direction of the cruiser.