

FADE IN:

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - FOGGY NIGHT

Club music blares. The speedometer rests on zero.

Indescribably beautiful, red-carpet-ready, RINA PARKS(38), groans in pain as she wakes up, very groggy, in the tan leather backseat. Her heavily spackled up-do is totally tussled. Her gorgeous, teal couture dress is severely torn and spotted with blood. She's obviously high on something.

RINA

Wha..? Why am I..?

Rina looks around the back seat, puzzled and confused. She hears voices. Mostly her own.

RINA(V.O.)

What in the..?

The contents of a pocket book are strewn all over back seat and the rear floor board amongst scattered head shots, Hollywood trade mags and assorted designer cocktail dresses.

Rina tries to gather some of her makeup. She looks at herself in the rear-view mirror. Her lip is bleeding and her hair is a mess. She is crazy shaky. She can't get her lipstick open.

RINA

Oh my god.

She looks down and fondles her torn dress. Her eyebrows scrunch together. Her eyes move back and forth. She gazes over her right shoulder in deep thought. Then she jerks.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - EARLIER

Rina sees a very brief glimpse of a car crash but she can't make out any details.

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT

Rina looks desperately out the car windows. They are covered in condensation. She wipes them furiously, but sees nothing. It is pitch black out. She thinks she hears laughter.

She gets very anxious and turns the radio volume down. She tries to crank the car. The dash and interior light dim a great deal. The engine sounds flooded. It won't even turn over. She pumps the gas pedal wildly and finally gives up.

She looks in the rear-view mirror again and dabs a tissue on a spot of blood on her forehead. She slumps and sighs.

Rina looks around, then digs around under the seat and pulls out a pink wallet. She pulls out a wad of cash, looks at it longingly, and then tucks it safely back into the wallet.

Rina squints, disappointedly, at her very petite white-gold-and-diamond watch, then at the dashboard. The digital clock on the dash glows a dim 11:34. Again, she doesn't notice the whole dash gets a tad dimmer. Her inner voice guides her.

RINA (V.O.)

Where's my phone? I can't call
Grey, he'll kill me. Who can I
call?

Rina feels around the floor again. She comes up with a red leather business card holder. She starts pulling out cards.

RINA

Rene Dolby.

INT. OSCARS RED CARPET ARRIVAL PARTY - EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON

Rina has on the same gorgeous couture dress. She and RENE DOLBY(26) a drop-dead ringer for Rene Zellwager pose for the paparazzi on the red carpet. Rina poses beside Rene and talks through her fake smile like a pro ventriloquist.

RINA

Sweetie, what made you think
fuchsia would work on a red carpet?
All clashing and shit. What a mess.

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT

Rina pulls another card from her holder. It reads, "TRACY WHITFIELD".

INT. OSCARS AWARD CEREMONY - NIGHT

In the standing-room-only, celebrity-packed, Dolby Theater, Rina sits one row behind TRACY WHITFIELD (32) a gorgeous, African-American, goddess in a gold sequin and bugle-beaded, floor length gown. Rina leans up and taps Tracy on the shoulder. Tracy slowly looks back with finesse and style.

RINA
Tracy Whitfield.

Tracy rolls her eyes and looks around the room as she pretends not to talk to Rina.

RINA (CONT'D)
You whore. You slept with Shannon's fiance the day of her wedding. How disgusting. At least I waited and slept with Justin after they got married. Have some class girl. That boy was too good for you both. And what are you wearing? Trying to be an Oscar since you obviously aren't ever going to win one.

TRACY
Rina, have some class. If anybody is trying to get gold its you and Grey knows you're a gold digger. You better not hurt him.

Tracy turns around slowly with as much class as before. Rina rolls her eyes but it's just a sad attempt for attention.

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT

Rina rolls her eyes, fans herself and tosses Tracy's card to the floor board. She pulls out a third card and squints to see it. It reads "LEE DRAPER".

INT. OSCARS AFTER PARTY - NIGHT

Rina is a gin soaked drunk. She hangs all over a not-so-handsome, grey-haired fellow, ZACK STAR(54), a cocky, heavy-set disco manboy sporting a blue suede tuxedo. He must have been cool in 1970. But not now. Now he is just sad.

RINA
My first on camera kiss was with you. Ha ha! And my first back stage blow job, oh what a night.

Zack tries to get away from Rina but she is a leech.

RINA (CONT'D)

I guess it's true you really don't
need to sleep on the casting couch
to make it big in Hollywood. Just
blow the star.

Zack pushes Rina away and makes his way out the door.

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - NIGHT

Rina flicks Zack's card onto the floorboard with attitude.

RINA (V.O.)

Of course, he ended up doing
absolutely nothing for my career.

Rina looks in the mirror with a look of self-doubt. She grabs
a sassy hat from the floorboard, puts it on and mocks Zack.

RINA

Rina, you're going to make it big
in this business. Ha!

She snatches off the hat. Her personalities change quickly.

RINA (V.O.)

Oh my god was I so stupid. And news
travels fast. Before you know it
everyone in town type cast me...

Rina pulls out another card and tosses it in the floorboard.
She does this until the entire card holder is empty. All the
while she mumbles a thesaurus of colorful curse words.

RINA (V.O.)

Where is my phone? Grey is just
going to die if I don't show up.

Rina talks to herself in the mirror a lot.

RINA

Of course I do. I would be so proud
to be your wife Grey. I love you.

Rina blows herself a kiss in the rear view mirror.

RINA (CONT'D)

I will always love you.

Rina digs through her scattered designer clothing with total valley-girl disregard and tosses each piece aside.

Rina touches her sore forehead and looks at her hand. Blood.

RINA (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I'm bleeding.

Rina leans forward to the rear view mirror. She goes into this sort-of daze and closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - SAME FOGGY NIGHT - EARLIER

Speeding up the road, singing all the wrong lyrics to a cool club mix, Rina puts on lip gloss in the rear view mirror.

Bam!(LOUD NOISE) Rina hits something big.

She looks in the rear view mirror. There's someone lying in the road.

Bam!(ANOTHER LOUD NOISE) She hits something else.

Rina's car spins out of control. She hits her head and passes out. Everything goes black.

Ssssssss...

INT. LUXURY MERCEDES BENZ - SAME FOGGY NIGHT

Ssssssss...

Rina puts hair spray as she fixes her up-do. She leans in the rear view mirror again, focuses on the gashed goose egg on her forehead and tries to cover it with her bangs. Her lip is swollen too.

RINA (V.O.)

Oh my god. I think I hit somebody.
Where's my phone. I should call
911. Where am I?

Rina wipes the fogged-up window again but still can't see out. Her phone rings. She scrambles to find it. It's the only thing that didn't fall out of her pocket book. She answers.

RINA

Hey girl. I thought you were
dancing in Vegas this weekend.

INT. LONG WHITE STRETCH LIMO WITH TOP DOWN - NIGHT

Loud music drowns out most of the conversation with squeaky-voiced, Brooklyn-born show-girl-gone-Vegas, SHANNON LOWE(34). She hangs out the sun-roof of the limo with a bottle of champagne. She screeches into the phone.

SHANNON (V.O.)

We're on the road. We'll be there sometime tonight. Where are you? What are you wearing? Take a snap chat! Or post on Facebook! Tweet your outfit girl!

Rina takes a look around and bites her french-tip nail.

RINA

I'm on the way to get engaged girlfriend. My man has a big ring and huge mansion waiting for me. He's a big producer in Hollywood. Real show business you know. In fact I'm late.

Rina squints at her dainty watch and touches her belly.

SHANNON (V.O.)

So you're gonna be a mom.

Rina's eyes pop open.

RINA

Oh. Yeah. Tony. So he already has one kid. Little Tony's a smart boy even though he has autism. And Grey is my king. You know I've always wanted a family of my own. At least I'm happy Shannon. Can you say that? Honestly?

Shannon yells through the sun-roof into the limo and holds the phone inside.

SHANNON (V.O.)

Are we happy ladies?

A crowd of PARTY GIRLS cheer in the background.

PARTY GIRLS (V.O.)

Hell yeah! Woooooo!

Shannon holds the phone out and snaps a selfie and presses send.

RINA

Have fun in Vegas, Shannon. Post lots of pics to Facebook and Twitter!

SHANNON (V.O.)

Just did! Check your snap chat! Your turn! We'll be looking for your posts when we get to Vegas! And we all want to see that ring!

PARTY GIRLS (V.O.)

Wooo hooo! Party!! Woooo!

Rina ends the call.

She pauses, then dials '911' and hits SEND, but then she panics and quickly ends the call. She shakes uncontrollably.

RINA (V.O.)

Oh my god. What am I thinking? I've got to establish an alibi.

RINA

Grey.

Rina pulls up her call history and clicks on GREY. It rings five times and goes to a mellow, husky voice mail message.

RINA (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Where are you?

GREY (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached the voice mail of Grey Caffey. Please leave your name and number and the best time to call you back. Thanks.

The voice mail beeps. Rina gasps then whispers in a strange voice. She is somebody else. God knows who.

RINA

Grey. It's me. I'm so sorry I'm late but I've been in an accident. On the way there, I hit something in the road. I may have hit a person Grey. I'm not exactly sure where I am. It's so foggy out. Can you come get me? Please call me back as soon as you get this. Grey? I'm scared.

Rina hangs up and takes a deep breath. She's trembling.

RINA (V.O.)
I've got to establish an alibi.

Rina puts on a tiger-print hat and pulls up FACEBOOK on her phone. She snaps a selfie of her left profile, the side without the huge lump, and types her post.

POST TO FACEBOOK:

RINA (FACEBOOK POST)
'On my way to see my honey. See you soon Grey. I love you.'

Rina TAPS SEND and her post floats away into cyber space. She wipes the driver's side window and tries to see out again. It's so foggy she can't see anything. She doesn't notice the dashboard lights dim as the radio jams on.

Rina dials Grey again. It goes to voice mail.

GREY (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached the voice mail of Grey Caffey. Please leave your name and number and the best time to call you back. Thanks.

Rina tries to whisper but can't control her strange personality.

RINA
Grey. I have been waiting for you to call me back. I need you to come get me. I've been in an accident. Call me back. Please. I need you. It's me Rina.

Rina hangs up. She grits her teeth and rocks back and forth.

Her dark side is showing and she doesn't notice the dash dims a little more too. She hears voices again.

RINA (V.O.)
I know you're seeing Shannon. You better get it while you can, because after you marry me, you're all mine. And so's your money. All mine. You better call me back.

Rina squints at her tiny watch and rolls her eyes. She picks up her phone and checks her FACEBOOK. Two likes. One comment.

FACEBOOK COMMENT FROM SHANNON:

SHANNON (FACEBOOK POST)
 'We'll be toasting you tonight!
 Keep us posted! Love, us.'

Rina 'Likes' Shannon's comment. Her phone battery light turns RED. Rina hastily dials Grey. It goes to voice mail.

GREY (V.O.)
 Hi, you've reached the voice mail
 of Grey Caffey. Please leave your
 name and number and the best time
 to call you back. Thanks.

RINA
 Grey! You have got to call me back.
 You know I would never stand you
 up. Shannon told me you have a ring
 for me and you are going to propose
 to me tonight. Yes. Yes. I will
 marry you. Just come get me Grey.
 Please come get me. I'm scared.
 Call me back. My phone's dying.
 Call me.

Rina ends the call and turns off the display.

Rina scrambles around the floorboard. Head shots and trade mags fly as she searches for something desperately. She starts to yell at herself in anger.

RINA (CONT'D)
 Where is it? Where is it?

She finds the phone charger and her tone changes immediately. She plugs in her phone. The dash dims even more.

She tries to crank the car again. Still flooded. The dash dims more and more every time she turns the key.

RINA (CONT'D)
 No. No. No.

She looks at her phone. The battery light turns YELLOW. She turns off the radio on the dashboard. An eerie quiet overcomes the car. Total silence. Scary silence.

Rina frantically wipes the windows but still can't see out. She dials Grey again.

GREY (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached the voice mail of Grey Caffey. Please leave your name and number and the best time to call you back. Thanks.

RINA

Grey. I know you are not standing me up here. Even though I told Shannon I didn't want to deal with your autistic son, I do want to be your wife, and if that means being a mother to him, then so be it. But you have got to come get me. If you don't come get me this whole thing is off and we are through do you hear me?

Rina ends the call and sobs angrily. Her personality changes again. This time it gets depressed and even darker.

RINA (V.O.)

I bet you're in Vegas with Shannon, that cheating whore. Is that why she was so happy? Getting a lap dance instead of proposing to me?

Rina checks her Facebook again. Nothing new. In a rage, she 'unfriends' and 'blocks' Shannon. She dials Grey.

GREY (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached the voice mail of Grey Caffey. Please leave your name and number and the best time to call you back. Thanks.

Rina screams before the beep then regains her composure.

RINA

Grey. It's me, Rina. My phone is dying and I don't know where I am but I need you to come get me. I think I may have killed somebody and I don't want to go to prison. I can't go to prison. I don't look good in orange, trust me. I'm supposed to be rich wife and mother, not a pregnant prison bitch. You have got to come get me Grey. I'm dead serious here. If you don't come get me I don't know what I'm going to do. Call me. Now.