

GET IN

1st draft

Written by

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EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

1

An old car drives, with its headlights on, through a thick fog over an otherwise seemingly empty road. The car is going fast!

2

E/I. CAR - CONTINUOUS

2

Meet RICHARD, 60's, driving the car. Not much can be seen in front of him, through the windshield.

RICHARD
(Upset)
Fuckin' hell.

Out of nowhere someone stands in the middle of the road, wearing a hoodie. His face can not be seen. A HITCHHIKER, holding his thumb up.

Richard steps on the breaks, just in time. The car slips sideways and comes to a full stop.

The Hitchhiker, still in the middle of the road, looks hurt. Bent forward, he slowly walks up to the car. He appears to be observing it.

Richard lowers the window. He can't see the Hitchhikers face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You alright, mate??

HITCHHIKER
(Muffled)
I'm fine. But I need a lift.

RICHARD
(not amused)
Sure. Get in.

Richard unlocks the door.

The Hitchhiker opens the door and gets in the car, while breathing heavily.

HITCHHIKER
(exclaims)
Thank you.

RICHARD
You're welcome. What happened?

HITCHHIKER
I don't know...

RICHARD
Where are you headed?

HITCHHIKER
I... don't know. Please... Just go.

RICHARD
Wait... You don't know where you're going?

HITCHHIKER
I don't know! Please. Just drive. I have to get out of here.

RICHARD
(disconcerting)
Alright then...

Richard starts driving, slowly now.

HITCHHIKER
Thank you.

Beat.

RICHARD
Sure...

The Hitchhiker is taking his breath. Gives out a loud sigh.

Beat.

HITCHHIKER
I think I was attacked.

RICHARD
Attacked? On the road?

HITCHHIKER
I don't know. I'm not sure.

Beat.

The Hitchhiker looks to his left, at the driver. For the first time he sees the driver's face.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What the fuck...

RICHARD
What?

HITCHHIKER
It's... It's you.

Beat.

RICHARD
What? What are you on about?

Beat.

HITCHHIKER
Get out...

Richard looks to his right. He can't quite make out the Hitchhikers face in the dark of the night, behind his hoodie.

RICHARD
What?

HITCHHIKER
Get out of the car.

Richard tries to look at the Hitchhiker.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)
(Louder and louder)
Get out, get out, get out!

The Hitchhiker starts pushing and pulling Richard.

The car heaves heavily to the left and right.

RICHARD
Stop! What are you doing?

The Hitchhiker starts hitting Richard.

Richard steps on the breaks, abruptly stopping the car.

The Hitchhiker punches, kicks, SCREAMS and pushes Richard.

Richard tries protecting his face with both hands, pulling up his hoodie in the process.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What the hell, man! STOP!

The Hitchhiker reaches over Richard. Opens the drivers side door.

HITCHHIKER
Get out! Get the fuck out!

The Hitchhiker puts his foot on Richard and pushes him out.

RICHARD
 (as he falls out)
 Jesus Christ!

Richard falls out of the car and onto the road.

The Hitchhiker moves over to the drivers side of the car, closes the door and prepares to drive away, breathing heavily. He takes off his hoodie.

The Hitchhiker is *another* Richard.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? Let me in!

The Hitchhiker / another Richard quickly locks the doors.

They exchange looks.

He drives off, leaving Richard behind, in utter surprise and amazement.

3

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

3

Richard stands there, watching the car drive away.

RICHARD
 (whispering)
 Fuckin' hell.

As the Hitchhiker drives away and out of sight, another car appears behind him.

He turns to stop the car. He puts his thumb up.

As the car hard stops right in front of him and just in time, Richard walks towards the car door, observing the car. HIS car.

The window of the car goes down.

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

RICHARD
 I'm fine. But I need a lift.

DRIVER (ALSO RICHARD)
 (not amused)
 Sure. Get in.