

TRAFFICK JAM

Written by

James P Brosnahan

A female nurse is abducted by a sex trafficker posing as a doctor. Refusing to be conquered, she turns the tables on him and takes down his prostitution operation.

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

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jimbrosnahan@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

A dilapidated house in an impoverished neighborhood.

CAR pulls up, and the engine stops.

MYSTERY MAN (20), athletic build, dons a ski mask and steps out of the car.

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG JAM (11) tends to her strung-out mother, YOLANDA (30s). 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.

YOLANDA

Your teacher called and said you're reading at a high school level. Jane Austen. 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

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

INT. CRACK HOUSE/BEDROOM

Mystery Man 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.

Mystery Man 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 Mystery Man 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.

Mystery Man 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 glances at his face before he turns away.

She takes advantage 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 the Mystery Man hobble from her house, his injured leg bandaged with a woman's shirt, 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

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
good, nearly perfect, but what he says makes no sense to
her.

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. 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*.

He watches six trafficked women get dressed as prostitutes.

He flips to the feed for the *silent room*.

He watches Anna pull 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.

He sighs in exasperation.

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 she pulls from her suitcase is the *Tips for Women in Distress* pamphlet.

Jam sits on the floor and flips open the pamphlet.

JAM (V.O.)

(Reading.)

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, his manhood. Run away as soon as you can.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Darrin sternly addresses our Mystery Man (we do not see his face). Mystery Man's injured leg is bandaged.

DARRIN

I don't care if she saw your face.
You'll never see that girl again.
Drop it. Forget her. That's an order.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Low-income business district. Stores are closed except for the occasional late-night liquor stores and gas stations.

SUPER: "15 years later... Present day."

JASON (35) - THE MYSTERY MAN - 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 - NIGHT

The Trafficked Woman stands in the kill zone - a corner of the basement without 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 aims a handgun at her head and shoots her dead.

Other Trafficked Women scream in the darkness as they are forced to witness this murder.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Darrin (now 50) 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

Yes. 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)

I don't understand why I must endure such disloyalty. She was so young and such a talented nurse. Nice ass, too. Oh well, such is life. We'll need a new nurse. I found a community clinic in a shitty neighborhood. We haven't shopped there before. 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.

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.

JANIS (20s), a nurse, approaches Jason for intake.

Jason politely indicates another waiting patient.

JASON
He was here before me.

Janis nods and goes to the indicated patient.

JAM (now 26), a confident professional in scrubs with an RN badge - name "Jam Taylor", hands a patient their paperwork.

The patient gets up and 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.

Jam politely smiles back, but only briefly.

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."

Jam playfully rolls her eyes at her.

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

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

JASON (cont'd)
Hello --
(Reads her badge.)
Jam. I'm 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. Never seen you before.

JASON
Are you sure?

JAM
(Playfully)
Yes, I'm sure. 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, taking vitals.

JASON
You look like someone I know. 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 and always lost. My parents barely knew I was alive. That's still true.

JAM
Never knew my dad. Lost my mom when I was a girl. She was -- she died tragically.

She glances at his face to read his reaction. He nods sympathetically, never betraying what he already knew.

JAM (cont'd)
But let's focus on your headache, not mine.

JASON
You're making it on your own. That's impressive for a young woman.

JAM
Yep. And one day, I intend to be a doctor. Girls can do that nowadays.

JASON
I meant no offense. I was just saying how hard it is to get along alone and without support.

JAM
I'm doing okay. Just searching for a better gig to pay for medical school.

JASON
It'll happen, most likely when you least expect it. God works in mysterious ways.

JAM
Indeed, she does.

He gives her a quizzical look.

JAM (cont'd)
Vitals are normal. You're good to go.

JASON
What about the 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.

He's amused and cracks a broad smile.

She manages to give a polite grin as she glances at his intake paperwork.

JAM (cont'd)
I see you failed to complete the form.

JASON
Did I?

JAM
We require a full name and address.

She hands him the paperwork.

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

He manages to have an uncomfortable smile. He grabs a pen.

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 nods.

Jam runs to the mother and her injured girl.

Jason keeps his eyes on her as he drops the pen and paperwork.

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 (cont'd)
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.

Everyone's 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 on it, 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 they rush the girl to the door.

JAM (cont'd)

(To Janis)

Make sure that the man, Jason, whom I was attending to, completes his paperwork. get his full name and address. Keep him here. Don't let him leave. Got it?

Janis nods.

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

Janis walks to where Jason was sitting. He's gone.

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

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

A nondescript CARGO VAN without windows in the cargo area is parked in the parking lot. Jason is in the driver's seat.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

Jason watches the paramedics push the girl on the gurney into the back of the ambulance. Jam steps into the back of the ambulance, and the door closes.

The ambulance speeds away.

Jason places a call. Someone picks up.

JASON

I ran across Jam. -- Yes, that girl. She's now a nurse at that clinic. I don't think she remembers me, but I won't take any chances.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - EVENING

Jam is dropped off by an Uber. The parking lot is half-full. In the background, we see the Cargo Van at the far end of the parking lot. Jam does not notice it.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - EVENING

Jam is exhausted and looks like a mess with her scrubs 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. Long day.

JAM

But a good one. The little girl is going to be fine. She was resting in recovery when I left her.

JANIS

You saved her life. You're a hero.

JAM
I'm no hero. The surgeon did all the complicated shit. It'll be me one day.

Janis gives her a friendly smile.

JAM (cont'd)
I was gone much longer than I anticipated. I suppose Jason is gone.

JANIS
The dude ghosted as soon as you left.

JAM
Really?

Janis nods.

JAM (cont'd)
Did he complete the intake form?

JANIS
No.

Jam's mood darkens. She raises her voice.

JAM
What do you mean, *no*? Are you telling me we don't have his last name?

Janis is getting nervous and shaking her head.

JAM (cont'd)
No fucking address? No email?

JANIS
Nothing. The dude bolted. His paperwork was blank. I didn't see him leave. Don't yell. It's not my fault.

JAM
Fuck!

JANIS
It's no biggie. It's not like our recipients pay their bills anyway.

JAM
This is a big fucking deal, Janis! I told you to get his Goddamn address!

JANIS
Sorry.

Janis is shaken by Jam's sudden outburst of anger.
A tear flows down Jam's cheek. Janis offers Jam a tissue.
Jam accepts the tissue and wipes her cheek dry.

JANIS (cont'd)
Why are you always so sad?

JAM
I can't let him go until he's gone.

Janis places a caring hand on hers.

JAM (cont'd)
I should've gone to the police. I've squandered my last chance.

JANIS
Honey, that was years ago. You were a child who just lost her mother. Quit beating yourself up over the past.

JAM
I meant today.

Janis gives her a quizzical look. Jam is lost in thought.

JAM (cont'd)
(To Herself.)
He didn't recognize me. I know because his blood pressure was normal. Her death wasn't important enough for him to remember.

Janis is perplexed.

JAM (cont'd)
Janis, if you ever see a woman making this hand sign...

Jam holds her hand up with her thumb tucked into her palm, then folds her fingers down, symbolically trapping her thumb in her fingers.

JAM (cont'd)
Promise me you'll help her.

JANIS
What does that mean?

JAM
It means she's being held captive.

EXT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - NIGHT

Jam's 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.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Jam drives, followed by the cargo van. She does not notice that she's 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. She 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 heavily tinted windows, 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. She catches the gaze of sleazy men hanging out 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
Look, but don't touch. She'll kick your ass.

MAN 1 scoffs.

MAN 2 (cont'd)
You're new here, ace. Just looking out for you. She's one tough bitch.

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

FROM WITHIN THE CARGO VAN...

Jason ponders this interaction as recon on his target, Jam. He scopes out the apartment complex.

An apartment window lights up.

He sees Jam open the lit window to let in a breeze.

He places a call on his phone. Someone picks up.

JASON
She's snatchable, and I know how to get it done cleanly. See you soon.

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 eats to the accompaniment of muted commotion from the neighbors.

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

She hears the men making lewd comments about her indistinctly through the open window. She scowls.

She runs to the window and slams it shut.

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

Richly appointed office.

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's impressed and nods.

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 uses her personal info to search her social media posts.

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

He is pleased. *She's perfect.*

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 have great news! 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 in a professional demeanor, opens a laptop and starts a Zoom meeting.

He 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.

DARRIN

I see you're sitting in a hospital. So, you're 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. I also want to go to medical school.

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 did my homework, checked your references, and 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. 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 in the rear seat. He then makes a call on his radio.

POLICE OFFICER

(On radio)

Officer 132. 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

You listen to me, you stupid fuck. 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/LIVING ROOM

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. Pay her a nice bonus.

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

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

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Anna (now 40), 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. You are not my boss, asshole.

She slams the hood shut.

JASON

That may be true, but Darrin is. This is his order. I'm just the messenger. Do you want me to inform Darrin 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

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 tonight.
This is my sixth john. Please, pick
another girl. I hurt. I'm spent.

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 nods 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 lets Whitney into room 22.

Jason grabs his phone and searches for an upscale Airbnb home to rent. One piques his interest - a mansion - and he scrolls through the exterior and interior 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 house 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 the 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's phone DINGS. It's a text message from Janis:

"Sending positive energy your way! 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-eyes emoji.

INT. APARTMENT OFFICE - EVENING

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 mansion. Jam gets out and makes her way to the door, and the Uber car drives off.

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

Jam's impressed and exudes enthusiasm.

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.

JAM

Thank you.

INT. MANSION/FOYER - 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.

INT. MANSION

They tour rooms... Jayla's impressed.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - SAME

Women, six in total, 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 five women.

JASON

No work tonight. Get some rest.

He marches Ashley up the stairs and out the door.

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.

INT. MANSION/DINING ROOM - LATER

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

Jam sips the last of 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 to talk 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. Thank you for sharing your home. Everything is wonderful, and your wife is an amazing host.

DARRIN

I'm glad. We're thrilled to have you as our guest. We'll start your onboarding first thing 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.

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

Jason steps out and pulls the door shut behind him.

Darrin gets in Ashley's 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, bitch.

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's unsteady hand sign an employee benefits form. Jam places a hand to her head and grimaces.

From Jam's 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 - OUTSIDE BATHROOM DOOR

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 in her hands, steps from the bathroom.

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.

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

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE - NIGHT

Darrin sits in front of a security camera video feed on his oversized computer monitor, enjoying watching Jam change 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 lays 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.

JASON

The girls are secure.

DARRIN

Did you also secure the window?

JASON

Of course. All is going to plan.

DARRIN

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

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!

On the verge of panic, Jam rummages through her jeans for her phone...

Her phone is gone!

Someone CHAMBERS A ROUND in a semi-automatic handgun.

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.

Jam 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.

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.

JASON

Game over, Jam.

She freezes, not knowing what to do.

He ogles her.

JASON (cont'd)

Damn. He's going to enjoy you.

She gasps and takes off, running down the stairs.

JASON (cont'd)

Shit!

INT. MANSION/STAIRCASE

Jason runs after Jam, but she's quicker and, with her head start, 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. She collapses.

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

ANNA

I am so sorry.

Jam spies her phone poking out of Anna's pocket.

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

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

ANNA (cont'd)
It is not personal. It is my job.

Jam glares at her.

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, and everything seems in order. They shine flashlights and peer through the windows.

INT. MANSION/FOYER - NIGHT

Anna, Jason, and Jam watch flashlights illuminate the living and dining 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.
There is nothing here. The house
appears vacant.

DAVIS (V.O.)
Tell me something I don't already
know. This is the Chief. Stand down.
We've been getting calls all night
about this neighborhood. They've all
been pranks. Don't respond to any
more 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.

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 grunts.

He pulls off to the side of the road and gets out. He opens the cargo bay door.

JASON
What the fuck?

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 within an inch of your death.

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

JASON
You owe me. It cost me plenty not to snatch your drug-addict mother. This is how you're going to pay me back.

JAM
Fuck you!

JASON
Do what I say, and I won't have to kill you. End of discussion.

He goes to duct tape her mouth.

JAM
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 yet?"

Anna smashes the phone and tosses it in the dumpster.

She 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)
Feel free to scream to your heart's content. 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 her 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 pours himself a drink and relaxes.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam quietly sobs in bed, unable to sleep.

Whitney is passed out from her beatings and taxing work.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/ANNA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Functional furnishings and a few small Ukrainian items.

Anna's wide-eyed in bed as the morning sun streaks through the blinds. She has had a sleepless night.

Darrin appears in the doorway.

DARRIN

Good morning, Anna. I appreciate you for helping Jason last night. I trust the mission was a resounding success.

She feigns a polite smile and nods.

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

DARRIN (cont'd)

I want you. My room in ten. I'll credit you double the normal rate.

He walks out, grinning in anticipation.

She frowns and sighs in frustration.

She applies lipstick and slips into something sexy.

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 her sexy dress.

Darrin pats the empty side of the bed.

She slides under the covers.

They get busy.

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 as he watches Anna get dressed.

She walks out with as much dignity as she can muster.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/OFFICE

Darrin watches the live feed from the silent room security camera. Jam sits on the edge of the bed, and Whitney sleeps.

Jason comes knocking.

DARRIN

Jam's a beauty. 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/SILENT ROOM - SAME

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 Taylor. You?

WHITNEY

Whitney Ross. 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.

ANNA

Breakfast is almost ready to serve.

DARRIN

The new girl, Jam, will work for me - only me. She'll answer to you. Don't send her on 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/DINING ROOM - DAY

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's 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 this ragamuffin wearing the
red dress?

ANNA
She refused.

DARRIN
I'm sure you can help her with it.

Anna frowns.

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.

DARRIN

I bet you're pretty when you smile.

JAM

That will have to remain a mystery.

DARRIN

Anna see to it that Jam cleans herself up. I changed my mind. Assign her to our roughest clients. She can start earning her keep today.

JAM

I'm not going to take orders from you, and I'm most certainly not going to be bossed around by the bitch who betrayed me. It's not happening.

DARRIN

You'll do what she says. Anna manages the assignments. If she's happy, I'm happy. Trust me, you want both of us to be delighted in your work.

(To Anna)

Clean her up. I want her to be respectable.

JAM

No one here is respectable.

DARRIN

I've had enough of your disrespect. I employ girls who otherwise would 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. Follow the rules, do what your 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. Get her working.

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 shut and locks them in.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

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 my game by my rules.

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.

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

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? When we want some love. Anyway...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Whitney (when she was in her 20s) 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 Gentleman (Darrin) laugh and 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. Gentleman (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, you need to 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 a 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 is 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 me any
nasty sort of way, and I'll kill
them.

WHITNEY
Girl, you talk too much. I'd keep
those thoughts in your head.

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

WHITNEY (cont'd)
His mark so everyone knows we're his.

JAM
Everyone?

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 chest 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/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's 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

Jason help Jam to the silent room.

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

JAM

Don't you ever touch me.

She walks out on her own with Jason following her.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Jason guides Jam toward the silent room. He unlocks the silent room door.

JAM

If you leave the security system offline, I won't turn you in to the police. It will just be you and me, one-on-one.

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 changes out of the red dress and into jeans and T-shirt.

JAM

Come with me. Tonight. We'll get help
and burn this fucking operation down.

WHITNEY

Don't make trouble for us.

JAM

I'm going with or without you.

WHITNEY

Shut up! Just wear the fucking dress.

JAM

One thing I learned in nursing school
is that all systems have a weakness.

END VIDEO.

Darrin frowns.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Jam sits on the bed. She's dressed in a T-shirt and jeans.

Red dress is heaped on the floor in the corner.

Whitney leans down to gather up the red dress.

The door clicks open.

Jason rushes in.

Jason grabs Whitney and pulls her out of the room.

Jam tries to stop Jason, but he shoves her aside.

Jam glares at him.

JASON

I'll go hands on you anytime I want,
bitch. Chill, or things will get
ugly.

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

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

He steps out the door.

JASON (cont'd)
You pissed Darrin off, and now you
got trouble coming. He likes it
rough.

He locks her 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, don't you? Burn my
operation down.

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

DARRIN (cont'd)
I have cameras all over the house. I
heard every word between you and
Whitney. If you so much as think
about escaping, I'll beat the living
fuck out of every girl 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
won't rock the boat. 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. 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 to the wall, panting and sweating.

He ogles her.

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

He nonchalantly walks out.

Jason shoves Whitney into the room.

Jason smirks and winks at Jam.

Jam flicks him off.

Jason laughs and pulls the door shut. They're locked in.

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.

DARRIN (cont'd)

You're still firm for one so old.

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

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/SILENT ROOM

Whitney is in a panic. She has fresh bruises on her cheeks.

Jam scans the ceiling, looking for the security camera. All she can find 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.

JAM
Let go.

WHITNEY
The police help him. They're in his
pocket. Believe me on this. I learned
the hard way.

JAM
You're paranoid. Get your hands off.

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 hostage. I'm
not the only one. There are others
held captive with me. Please send
help. He intends to kill all of us.

Silence.

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

911 Agent ends the call.

Jam gapes at the phone in stunned silence.

WHITNEY
I warned you.

JAM
Shit. What happens now?

WHITNEY
I guess you got your round two.

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/WORKOUT ROOM

Jason is in the middle of a workout.

Darrin appears in the doorway. He's peeved.

JASON
Everything okay, boss?

DARRIN
Not hardly. Jam must have lifted my
phone when I visited her. She 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. Leave it open this time. I want
the girls to hear her screams.

Jason nods.

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 touch 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
Looks like you got your Hail Mary.

Darrin pockets the knife.

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

Whitney, wide-eyed, hyperventilates.

Darrin nods to Jason.

Jason 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 (adult 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 her 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's confused; *how do we have the upper hand?*

JAM (cont'd)

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

The clinic is overcrowded with patients.

Janis takes a break 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 drops 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 is distraught and finds it difficult to concentrate on her work with a patient.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Davis drinks scotch and laughs with Darrin.

A new WOMAN (20s) comes in dressed for sex. We have not seen her before.

Davis ogles her, and he approves.

DARRIN

I told you 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 original six women line up with their hands outstretched as 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 lately, with lots of new clients to enter in the book.

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.

He 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 a 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 jams 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 the schedule tonight.

COOK (V.O.)
What's it worth to you 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 six 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
Ladies, Ashley's been a bad girl. And
you know what happens to bad girls.

Jason shoots Ashley in the head, killing her with one shot.

Women 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
I want out of this prison cell.

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)
Not only the boss. 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 and takes it with him.

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,
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 gives Jason the sign to leave.

Jason grins broadly and pulls the door shut behind him.

Darrin makes his way to the bar service.

DARRIN
Gin, vodka?

JAM
Wine. Something sweet if you have it.

He pours her a sweet wine 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?

She leans in with a passionate kiss. They make out.

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

He gives her a look. *I'm not sure I believe you.*

JAM (cont'd)
See for yourself. Touch me.

They maintain eye contact as he reaches under her dress and feels her. She reacts with feigned intense pleasure. He's turned on as he seems to pleasure her with his finger. She's a good actress.

She grabs his crotch. He gives her a look of surprise.

JAM (cont'd)
You're ready.

He unzips his fly.

JAM (cont'd)
No. Let's not spoil this moment 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)
I like a man who knows what he wants, but I won't give myself freely until I know I'm your highest earner and have a room of my own.

Darrin considers Jam's proposal.

Jam can see that she has his attention. She continues...

JAM (cont'd)
I want Anna to cook what I order when I order it. I want in-house freedom. Then, and only then, will I give myself to you. Do we have an agreement?

DARRIN
You're quite the negotiator.

They shake hands to seal the deal.

She downs her wine and sets the glass on the bar service.

JAM
Thanks for the drink.

Darrin wraps 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 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 willingly.

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. They get busy, hot and heavy. He's rough but she's experienced and knows how to handle herself. He gets off. She pretends to enjoy it.

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 with the other women.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Jam jogs on a treadmill.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM

Jam dines alone, served by Anna. Anna looks put out.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/KITCHEN

Whitney pops in and grabs a snack.

Anna comes in from the pantry with her hands full of ingredients for dinner.

Whitney smirks at Anna as she munches on her snack.

Anna frowns.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darrin lounges in bed, ready for sex.

The power indicator lights on all the cameras are on.

Anna darkens his door, dressed in a nightgown.

He refuses her.

Anna is confused until Jam walks past her into the room, dressed in a nightshirt, and slides under the covers with Darrin.

Anna scoffs and walks away.

Jam and Darrin engage in foreplay...

She teasingly stops him before he goes too far.

JAM

Not tonight. Let's just make out.

DARRIN

You keep saying that. What the fuck?

JAM

If you feel I'm not worth the wait,
you can ask Anna to send up one of
the other girls.

Darrin scoffs.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - DAY

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

Whitney practices self-defense moves - kick to the crotch,
strike to the neck, thumb gouge the eyes - 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 for now.

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 only one 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. She pretends to enjoy it.

Jam unzips Darrin's fly and reaches within. We see by his reaction that she's pleasuring him.

He goes to pull down her jeans, but she teasingly stops him.

JAM
Good things come to those who wait.
Want a drink?

Darrin half smiles and nods, *at least it's something.*

Jam goes to the drink cart and serves up.

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
(Commanding tone.)
Come with me.

Jam scoffs.

ANNA (cont'd)
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 up at the security camera. Power indicator 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 scowls at her.

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 need to look out for myself. I am sorry for what I need to do.

Jam gives her a quizzical look.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Anna serves Darrin breakfast.

ANNA

There is something we must discuss. It is important. It is a big problem.

DARRIN

You know my routine. I don't discuss business problems at breakfast.

ANNA
What I have to say cannot wait.

DARRIN
Fine. Tell me about this big problem.

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, well, you're jealous. You should be. She's got a nicer ass, tits, lips. Everything.

ANNA
I am serious. Jam is a troublemaker. Sell her. With your recommendation, she will command top dollar, no doubt.

DARRIN
Jam stays. She knows my every need.

ANNA
But --

DARRIN
End of discussion. Warm my coffee.

She warms his coffee and walks out defeated.

He laughs it off and gets down to eating his breakfast.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Whitney and the women line up compliantly, arms outstretched, as Jason descends the stairs. This time, he does not have cable ties.

JASON

You got the night off, girls. Van's out of commission. Don't worry, Anna's got things well in hand, and you should 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 crushed foot to safety.

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

Anna writhes in agony. Her foot is mangled. She is in need of immediate advanced medical care.

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

What now?

DARRIN

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

Shit. Hang on.

Darrin waits on hold.

Jason tries to comfort Anna, but nothing helps. She's nearly passed out due to the pain.

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 fire 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 are not on your payroll. Tell her life sucks sometimes. I bet that's not news.

Davis ends the call.

Anna looks pleadingly to Darrin for hope.

Darrin shakes his head and sighs.

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 glances at Darrin and gets a nod.

Jason runs into the house.

Jam glances about the garage searching for anything useful.

Jam orders Darrin.

JAM (cont'd)
I need more light. Make yourselves
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. It's severely bruised, and several toes are deformed.

DARRIN
Is she going to lose the foot?

Anna gasps. Her eyes fill with terror.

JAM
Shut up, Darrin. You're not helping.

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, you're going to be fine. 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 touches Anna's injured foot.

Anna cries in pain and yanks her foot away.

JAM
(To Jason)
You. Come here.

Jason glares at Jam.

DARRIN
You heard her. Help Anna.

JASON
Why me?

JAM
Because, idiot, you're not the one
holding the flashlight.

Jason reluctantly approaches Anna and kneels.

JAM (cont'd)
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 gives her a look; *fuck you!*

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 cries out in pain 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.

Darrin nods.

JAM (cont'd)
Start by wrapping towels around the
two service manuals. Got it?

Darrin wraps towels around the service manuals.

JAM (cont'd)
Now, fold the blanket over a few
times.

Darrin folds the furniture blanket under Jam's supervision.

JAM (cont'd)
That will do.

JAM (cont'd)
(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 her 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 splint.

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.

Paramedics place Anna in a waiting AMBULANCE and drive off.

Darrin approaches Jam.

DARRIN
So, tell me. What did Anna whisper?

JAM
She thanked me for having her back.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - MORNING

In the background, women make their beds and dress for the day as 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
Good. I have one more thing to do to make sure that corrupt police chief rots in jail.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

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, wine for her and whiskey for him.

She has a slight buzz. He is drunk off his ass.

He reaches to pull down her panties, but she steps away, and he tumbles to the floor.

JAM

Let's finish our game tomorrow.

He slurs something incoherent and gives a thumbs up.

He 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

Davis drinks scotch and laughs with Darrin.

A woman comes in dressed for sex.

Davis ogles her, and he approves.

DARRIN

I told you 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 file name to memory. She shuts down the video file 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.

Darrin grabs her ass, pulls her close and kisses her.
 She wraps her arms around him and gives him a long kiss.
 He reaches under her skirt. She stops him.

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
 A juicy steak would be lovely. The
 dress code for tonight is a suit and
 tie.

His smile broadens.

JAM (cont'd)
 I have only one favor to ask of you.
 The girls get tonight off, but not
 Jason. Have him serve us dinner.

He gives her a quizzical look.

Jam teases him with kisses on his neck.

JAM (cont'd)
 Make me happy, and I'll do whatever
 you want me to do with your cock.

He nods and walks away, full of anticipation.

She looks focused and determined.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT - EVENING

Jason descends the stairs without cable ties. He's peeved.

Women and Whitney instinctively line up.

JASON
 (Scowls.)
 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

We go in a few hours. Stick to the plan. We're all counting on each other. There's no turning back now.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JAM'S BEDROOM

Jam picks out a dress from a stocked closet for dinner.

Darrin comes knocking and gifts her sexy lingerie.

He passionately kisses her. She pretends to like it.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT

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/JAM'S BEDROOM

Jam is gorgeous. Her dress, hair, and makeup are perfect.

Darrin comes knocking. He sports an expensive suit.

He offers her his arm, and she takes it.

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/GARAGE

Jason disables the silent room camera on the security system control panel.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/DINING ROOM

Darrin slides Jam's chair back from the table. She rises.

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/SILENT ROOM

Whitney treats Jason to a show as she invitingly removes her top, revealing her lacy bra. He's impressed.

She places his hand on her breast. He's turned on.

She kisses his neck, and he fondles her.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin's in the bathroom. The toilet flushes, and then the faucet runs.

Jam glances up at the cameras. The power lights are on.

Jam pulls the steak knife from beneath her dress and stealthily slides it under the bed but within easy reach. She makes sure that she conceals the knife from the camera.

Darrin comes out of the bathroom wearing boxers.

She pretends to be impressed by his bare chest.

He goes to her, and they kiss.

He starts to drop his boxers. She stops him.

JAM

Pace yourself. We have all night.

She guides him to the bed, and they slide under the covers.

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.

She places a hand on his crotch and sees that he's ready.

JASON

I'm going to fuck you hard.

As he pulls off his shirt, she takes advantage and kicks him hard in the balls. 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 in pain 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. He falls to his knees and fights for air.

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.

Women beam. There is hope! They are all in.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Darrin goes down on Jam from underneath the sheets.

She glances at the cameras positioned around the room and aimed at the bed. The power indicator lights are all on.

She's concerned but plays along as if he's pleasuring her.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Whitney leads the women up the stairs as she frantically types a text message on Jason's phone to a 555 number:

"Hey, Janis. This is Jam."

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/GARAGE

Whitney successfully disarms the garage door alarm on the security system using the new password she set.

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 do.

Following Whitney's hand motions, the women 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 speeds 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/GARAGE - NIGHT

Whitney stealthily lowers the garage door shut.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Jam gently gives Darrin a handjob. She is making him last.

He is distracted and does not notice that Jam glances up at a camera. The power indicator light is still on.

She is worried. *What's taking Whitney so long?*

He stops her.

She gives him a quizzical look.

DARRIN

My cock wants to fuck you.

Jam glances at the camera hoping that the power indicator light has gone off. Unfortunately, it is still on.

We can see a flash of disappointment on Jam's face. She recovers and conceals her deep disappointment that she must sacrifice herself further. She feigns a smile.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/GARAGE

Whitney activates the security system control panel. She scrolls to the page that controls the cameras. All cameras, including the Master Bedroom cameras, are active.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM

Jam fucks Darrin in cowgirl position with her on top. She controls the rhythm to make him last longer as she watches a camera. The power indicator light is on.

Suddenly, the camera's power indicator light shuts off!

Jam glances at the other cameras. All power lights are off!

She immediately slides off Darrin. He has not climaxed.

DARRIN

What are you doing? Finish me!

JAM

Gladly.

Jam grabs the knife from under the bed 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/BATHROOM

Jam wipes his blood from her face. She bandages her neck.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/JAM'S BEDROOM

Jam tosses on some clothes.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/FOYER

The security system display indicates all of the security cameras are offline.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

The driver is stressed as she drives, and the 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/KITCHEN - SAME

Jam meets up with Whitney in the kitchen.

Bags of sandwiches and water bottles are lined up for the working women. They help themselves to a snack and water.

They take a moment to catch their breath.

Whitney hands Jam the gun.

INT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE/BASEMENT

Jam and Whitney descend the stairs.

Whitney opens the silent room door using the code.

Jam peers in at Jason.

He glares at her. 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, both
eyes -- both ears -- both 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.

His 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.

Whitney gives Jam a quizzical look.

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.

Jam 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 searched for and finds the contact information of the Police Department Internal Affairs, including phone number and email.

She fires up an email app and sends an email to the Internal Affairs email address with the Police Chief Davis & Darrin video she discovered earlier with Davis and the new girl as an attachment to Internal Affairs.

EXT. TRAFFICKING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jam and Whitney walk out the front door like a pair of 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.

Janis is proud of her.

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.

Uber speeds away.

EXT. POLICE CHIEF'S HOUSE - DAY

Police Cruisers are parked in front.

Internal Affairs Detectives supervise as Arresting Officers
have Davis in their custody. They escort him out of the
house and place him in the back of a Police Cruiser.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Whitney and Jam have their barcode tattoos redone into something badass.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Sparsely furnished apartment with nothing on the walls.

Jam sits on a folding chair with a laptop in her lap.

LAPTOP SCREEN:

We see that Jam's watching a recorded medical school lesson.

SUPER: "One year later."

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.

WHITNEY

It's almost time. Get ready.

JAM

Did the john cash app you?

WHITNEY

Yep. Five hundred dollars.

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. He's impressed.

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.

Cook's phone is on the bed.

Officers take Cook into custody.

Officer checks the 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.