Trish

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

In the front of a mirror, a woman lifts two **straps** behind her neck and ties them in a knot. TRISH, 22. An escort. Naive at times. Not satisfied with her current situation. Looking for an escape from the life she lives.

The radio plays.

                                        CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO-NIGHT

A man sits and leans his mouth towards a **microphone**. DJ, 25. A full time radio DJ. A driven and down to earth young man.

                    DJ
          Here's another hit for you people!

                                        CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Trish picks up a **tube** of **mascara** from the top of a **vanity**.

"I Wanna Be Sedated" by The Ramones plays.

Trish dances to the music.

MONTAGE

-- Trish brushes her eyes with blush.

-- Trish brushes her eyelashes with mascara.

-- Trish sprays perfume on herself.

BACK TO SCENE

Trish steps towards the radio.

                    DJ
          Alright people, I'm out! Have a
          good night and be safe. Later!

Trish turns the radio off. She grabs her **purse** from the vanity and steps out of the bedroom.

                                          CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS-NIGHT

Trish steps down the sidewalk. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a **vapor**. She stops walking and puts it in between her lips.

                    TRISH
              (inhale)
              (breath)

Two men walk past Trish. MUGGERS #1 and #2. Early 30s.

Mugger #1 looks at Trish. A wicked smile on his face.

                    MUGGER #1
              (whisper)
          Do you see what I see?

                    MUGGER #2
              (whisper)
          What?

                    MUGGER #1
              (whisper)
          A dumb broad in the wrong place, at
          the wrong time.

                                          CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT

DJ walks across the parking lot. He steps towards a **van**. DJ looks across the street and sees Trish standing on the corner of the sidewalk. Muggers #1 and #2 stand behind her. DJ rushes across the street.

                                          CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STREETS-CONTINUOUS

Trish looks at DJ. She looks back at Muggers #1 and #2.

Mugger #1 punches her in the stomach.

Trish falls to the ground. She grips her hand onto her stomach.

Mugger #2 pulls out a *knife*.

DJ rushes towards Mugger #2.

Mugger #2 stabs DJ in the stomach.

                     DJ
               (breath)

Trish reaches into her purse and pulls out a *pistol*.

Muggers #1 and #2 run.

Trish fires a couple of shots.

She crawls towards DJ.

                  TRISH
          You saved me.

                     DJ
          Someone had to.

Trish reaches into her purse and pulls out her cell phone.

                  DJ (CONT'D)
          No.

                  TRISH
          You're hurt.

                     DJ
          There's a beach house -- in LA. Go!

                  TRISH
          I can't --

                     DJ
          -- Go!

DJ hands her a *ring* of *keys*.

                  DJ (CONT'D)
               (breath)
          Go!

Trish rushes away.

                                     CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-BUS STATION-NIGHT

Trish washes her hands. She looks at the blood go down the *drain*.

>   TRISH
>   (sob)

>   CUT TO:

INT. TRAVEL BUS-NIGHT

Trish sits and has her head leaned against the window. She opens her eyes and looks around. She covers herself with the long sleeves of the *sweatshirt* she's wearing.

>   CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH-DAY

Her bare feet walking across the sand. Trish looks at the houses. She looks at the keys in her hand and comes across one that reads: The DJ's house. She looks at the *statue* of a *DJ* on the front porch.

>   CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Trish steps into the living room. She looks at how the room looks.

>   CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Trish washes her head under the *shower head*. She brushes the water through her hair.

>   CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Asleep on the couch. Trish rests her head against a *pillow*.

>   CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Trish sits on a stool at the *isle counter*. A plateful of *scrambled eggs* and *toast* on her plate. Trish takes a bite.

The doorbell rings.

Trish stands up and walks into the living room.

                                        CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Trish steps towards the door and opens it. She looks at DJ with a bit of shock and relief on her face.

                    DJ
          Nice to see you too.

FADE OUT:

THE END