

THE REAPER'S AFFILIATE

Written by

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Original Concept

*The following is a work of fiction and does not express the author's opinions towards any similar real-world companies.

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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - VAN (PERSPECTIVE) - DAY

The mid-afternoon sun shines on a white and purple van parked on a quiet suburban street.

Just then, the AFFILIATE (30s): a large, obscured male in a black and purple uniform yanks the van's sliding door open.

He steps in and SLAMS the door behind him. The engine RUMBLES to life and pulls away from the curb.

Residents wave at the passing van as it travels through the unsuspecting neighborhood for a beat until:

The van stops at a crosswalk. A large group of kids run across the street and down a sidewalk.

The driver continues on, following the sidewalk until it stops along the curb. The engine SIZZLES off.

After a beat, the sliding door flies open to reveal:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

A public playground with a large field at the bottom of a small hill. A crowd of kids form a makeshift track from a red fire hydrant around the playground and back.

YOUNG ALLISON (10): A spunky red-haired girl oozing with energy and charisma stretches with eleven other runners.

YOUNG ANDY HUNT (10): a timid and awkward boy easily influenced by his peers, rides down the hill on his bike with his bag of newspapers towards the race.

He spots Allison and sheepishly waves at her when:

HELMO (15) and a group of BOYS horse around with Andy.

BOYS

Wavin' at yer girlfriend, Hunt?! I thought she wasn't supposed to run.

ANDY

Come on, guys. Cut it out. I just want to see the race.

Helmo puts his arm around Andy's neck.

HELMO

We'll tell you who's the fastest kid in school. We're countin' on you.

Swayed but disappointed, Andy picks up his bike and walks his bike. He reaches the top of the hill when:

ALLISON (O.S.)
(shouts)
Andy!

Andy looks down and sees Allison waving up at him. With his classmates looking at him, Andy looks down and rides away.

Allison watches him pass by the Affiliate, meeting her gaze from the top of the hill.

Feeling her chest, she takes her mark with the other runners.

KID #5 raises his arm, and after a shrill GO! He drops his arm and the race begins.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - RACE - DAY

The group thunders through the field.

The pack skirts the right edge of the playground.

Allison weaves around park benches and obstructions as she closes towards the front when:

Someone bumps into her.

Nearly stumbling into a swing set, she swings from the pole and stays in the race.

Allison leads the pack coming out the other side of the playground, the crowd CHANTING her name when:

She trips to the ground. The other kids cross the finish line.

After a beat, everyone crowds around Allison, GASPING for air and clutching her chest. The crowd then scatters.

Through blurry vision, Allison sees obscured figure in black walk over and place something in her hand when:

CUT TO BLACK

INT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allison wakes up on her living room couch, her heart medication strewn across the coffee table. IDA (24): Allison's older sister in a knee brace stands over her.

IDA

Where did you get this?

She holds up a black envelope with a large "V."

IDA (CONT'D)

Was it a Velger driver? What did he look like? Did he follow you home? Where's your

ALLISON

I don't remember. What happened? And where's the necklace I gave you?

Unsettled, Ida tosses the envelope on the coffee table.

IDA

Your heart nearly gave out. What were you thinking, Allie? If it wasn't for that quiet Andy boy, you'd be dead.

Ida tosses her a rolled newspaper. She smiles.

ALLISON

Did he say anything?... Did you say anything to Mom and Dad?

IDA

No and No. They're working late again. If you can't control yourself, maybe I should.

ALLISON

No, I just...wanted to be like you! Winning the state regional finals.

Ida stops. She struggles to kneel down to Allison's level.

IDA

I'm flattered, sis. But don't be me. I...made sacrifices to get to where I am. Now I can barely walk. Nothing worth sweating over is worth having. But first, be the best Allie you can be. Cause there's only one me and one you.

Allison hugs her sister.

ALLISON

What happened to your medal?

Ida deflects and picks her up.

IDA
Come on, time for bed.

INT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ida carries Allison into her room, filled with sports posters and memorabilia, and tucks her into bed.

IDA
I won't tell Mom and Dad. But you
need to be more careful. Goodnight.

Ida kisses her on the head and closes the door behind her.

Allison looks at the newspaper roll and holds it tight. She pulls the cord on her lamp when she sees:

The white van from earlier parked outside her house. From her window, she sees the side door fly open.

INTERCUT: INT./EXT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ida collects Allison's medication and shoves it back in the cabinet. She hobbles to the couch and turns on the TV when:

A set of boots step from the van and STOMP towards the house.

Allison jumps out of bed and into the hallway.

The boots step over the curb before the house.

She looks down at the coffee table with the black envelope on top.

Staring at it for a beat, she reluctantly grabs it.

The boots walk up the driveway. Allison descends the stairs.

Examining it for a beat, Ida grabs the pull tab and TEARS it open when:

DING! DONG! The doorbell rings. Surprised, Ida struggles to her feet and hobbles to the door.

She opens the door. No one's there except the van's headlights glaring into the house.

Allison peaks out from around the corner until:

A COMMOTION erupts: furniture TOPPLES over, glass SHATTERS as something THUDS to the floor. Then silence.

After a beat, BOOTSTEPS echo through the house. Hiding along the wall of the staircase, Allison is paralyzed. She uses one hand to cover her mouth and the other clutching her frantic BEATING HEART.

Allison peaks around the corner to see:

The Affiliate standing just around the corner. His back to Allison, he reaches down to the floor to pick up the black envelope with his runic tattooed hand.

A glittering necklace falls out onto the floor from inside the envelope. In a flash, Allison grabs the necklace only to see:

Looking up, she sees the lifeless body of Ida on the floor. Holding back the tears, Allison looks up to see:

The Affiliate staring down at her over his shoulder.

Petrified, she stares into his cold blue eyes. After a tense beat, The Affiliate leaves.

A terrified Allison watches as his silhouette spill out from the door. He then SLAMS it shut behind him.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. VAN - REARVIEW MONITOR (MOVING; PERSPECTIVE) - NIGHT

BEGIN INSERT

- The grainy footage of a delivery van's rearview monitor comes to life. It's parked along the curb of a residential neighborhood.

- Just then, the left turn signal flashes through the dark as the van starts moving.

- Several beats pass of the van, signaling turn after turn until:

- The van stops. The monitor goes blank.

INT. VAN (DRIVER PERSPECTIVE) - NIGHT

- The obscured Affiliate climbs into the cargo area like he's done this a thousand times.

- Reaching down into a tote, he pulls out a package. The Affiliate turns around and YANKS the side door open.

EXT. CUSTOMER'S HOUSE (PERSPECTIVE) - NIGHT

- His silhouette stretches out onto the driveway of a customer in the pitch-black night. The van's emergency flashers blinking on and off.

- He hops down from the van and SLAMS the side door shut. His silhouette disappears. Popping his phone light on, he strides up to the front door.

- As he walks towards the front door, his silhouette stretches over the house, blinking in time with his flashers.

- Reaching the front door, he sees a sign that reads: "ALL DELIVERIES IN THE BACK" when:

- BARK! A small yippie dog attacks the window. The blinking silhouette walks to the side yard and through a fence.

- Stepping up to a back deck, a motion sensor light pops on. The Affiliate watches a SICKLY OLD WOMAN (70s) in a wheel chair listening to her GRANDDAUGHTER (10) play PIANO.

- He places the package down and KNOCKS on the door. His backlit shadow towers over the package as he leaves.

- Looking through the windows, the family crowds around the package they brought in.

- As the lights from the house cast a shadow over his van, he steps through the side door and SLAMS it behind him.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. VIKING THRONE ROOM (VELGER COMMERCIAL) - DAY

THUD! THUD! A set of doors CREAK open. SERVANT #1 (40s) enters a throne room, past empty tables and kneels before:

ODIN (50s): a disheveled old king sits on his throne, wearing a goofy Viking helmet and two patches over his eyes.

ODIN

Where'd everyone go? The Valkyries
should've been back by now. Did
Freyja get my shopping list?

SERVANT #1

My Lord, I don't think they're coming back. They have Velger.

He pulls out a laptop. Odin lifts one of his eye patches to see an e-commerce website with a flashy logo.

SERVANT #1 (CONT'D)

With their free next-day shipping and twenty percent off orders for their "Chosen-One" premium members. The Valkyries moved to Earth to get in on the savings.

Furious, Odin stands to his feet only to trip to the ground.

In a purple and black uniform, a cheery VELGER AFFILIATE (20s) holds out a smartphone before Odin.

VELGER AFFILIATE

Good Morning, Mr. Odin. Our premium membership program has flexible delivery options like In-Home or V-Locker dropoffs, "Behind-Run" grocery service, and millions of products. We can keep you stocked like a king.

From the floor, Odin lifts an eye patch to see:

Countless boxes behind the Velger Affiliate.

EXT. SUBURBANITE HOUSE - POOL (VELGER COMMERCIAL) - DAY

Sitting by a backyard pool party of Vikings and Millenials alike is FREYJA (20s): a stunning blonde woman in a bikini. The Velger app open on her tablet.

FREYJA

Velger: Your voice in choice.

The ad spot ends as:

EXT. DELIVERY VAN LOT - DAY

Another video plays on the smartphone of DELIVER DRIVER #5, performing a safety check on his van.

JUSTIN (20s): a wise-cracking smartass walks through a vast parking lot down a row of branded Velger vans.

He joins the other drivers - ABE (50s): a stubborn old man, JOSH (20s): an airhead stoner, AUSTIN (18): a reckless troublemaker, KAREN (18): a pampered teen & GINA (40s): an overworked, single mom surround an adult ANDY HUNT (25): a diligent but hard-pressed manager addressing his drivers.

ANDY

Four-H! You all should've signed the waiver last week. Velger wants us to test these new Balgyr surveillance cameras today.

Andy holds up a phone case with a bulky camera on top. Everyone GROANS.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I know, I know! Remember. You will not be able to use the app without having this camera plugged into your phone. If they're not on your phone mount, they should be in your safety vest pouch to avoid dropping them. The group text should have the list of settings you need to enable on your phones. We'll have check-in calls at two, four, and seven. Grab a camera and drive safe.

The group disperses. One by one, they grab a camera and head to their respective vans.

INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Andy drives a van down a busy highway. He glances at the Balgyr on his phone, mounted on the dashboard.

His phone RINGS. The name HELMO fills his phone's screen. Andy SIGHS and taps on his Bluetooth headphones.

HELMO (V.O.)

(from phone)

Hunt! Any problems with the cameras?

ANDY

(into phone)

None so far. After this, well...Keith didn't show up for his route. And you said you'd move me out of the field once we got our roster of drivers.

A sports car ZIPS past Andy.

HELMO (V.O.)
I said we'd talk about it. As for those drivers...

ANDY
They're good people.

HELMO (V.O.)
They're walking liabilities on the verge of non-compliance. You baby them too much.

Andy signals right and waits for someone to let him over.

HELMO (V.O.)
Look, I'll bring your promotion at the next Fleet Dispatch meeting. There might be some warehouse people looking for a change of pace. Just keep those drivers in check. Otherwise, Velger'll step in.

Visibly disturbed, Andy lets out a disappointed SIGH.

ANDY
Fine.

HELMO (V.O.)
Good. We're counting on...

Andy hangs up before Helmo can finish. Someone lets him over as he exits the highway past a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO DRAFFORD - FAMILY, TRADITION, CARE."

INT./EXT. ANDY'S VAN - SUBURBS - NIGHT

Andy pulls to a stop and parks on a typical suburban street.

He turns to the cargo area, filled with a handful of collapsible totes and oversized cardboard boxes.

DING! A notification pops up on his phone. It reads: "REMINDER - CHECK IN TODAY @ 6pm W/ DILLINGER FREIGHT ON FINAL CANDIDATE CHOICE FOR FLEET MANAGER POSITION."

ANDY
Last day in the field.

Package in hand, Andy steps out of the van when:

A massive German Sheppard springs on Andy, aggressively BARKING and pinning him against the van.

ALLISON (O.S.)
Andy?! Greta, Down!

Andy sees an adult ALLISON DREWITT (25): an athletic blonde in jogging attire runs over and grabs Greta's leash.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(excited; conflicted)
Andy! Uhh...hi?! Sorry about Greta;
she can be a little defensive.

She stares at Andy's Velger uniform.

ANDY
(excited)
Allie! I thought you fell off the
face of the Earth after you left
Drafford. You look great. I heard
you're gonna be on the news.

ALLISON
Oh, thanks. My boyfriend Craig and
I were in town visiting my parents.
Someone from Channel Eight
approached me for an interview.

An awkward silence falls. Andy inspects the package.

ANDY
Nice! This must be for him then.

He hands her the envelope. She just stares at it.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Oh. Sorry, I forgot...

ALLISON
No, it's fine. You can leave it
over there. I was gonna jog to the
studio with Greta.

Andy runs over and tucks the package inside the storm door.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I see you're still...

ANDY
It pays the bills while I find a
career job. For Helmo's Delivery
Affiliate Provider - Four-H
Logistics. D-A-P for short.

He hands Allison a business card.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I gotta go. Good luck with your
interview.

Andy reaches to pet Greta as she GROWLS at him. Andy pulls his hand away and steps in his van when:

ALLISON
Hey Andy...

He turns around.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

Andy smiles as he climbs in the van and SLAMS the door shut. Allison looks down at the business card as Andy drives away.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(pets Greta)
It's okay, girl. He's one of the
good ones.

She puts her earphones in and starts her jog.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Survivor, achiever, Olympic
hopeful...

EXT. CITY OF DRAFFORD - RUNNING SEQUENCE - DAY

Allison jogs down the sidewalk of the suburbs. Greta's leash tied around her waist.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
Drafford's own Allison Drewitt has
dreams of Olympic gold next summer
in Women's Track and Field. Thank
you for joining us, Allison.

ALLISON (V.O.)
Thanks for having me!

Allison leaves the neighborhood and jogs along a wide county road when:

HONK! HONK! A passing car waves at Allison. She waves back.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

When did you know you wanted to be an Olympic athlete?

Allison runs past an old elementary school, kids run around for recess while construction workers renovate the building.

ALLISON (O.S.)

Well, I wouldn't say that was always the plan. But representing my country against the best runners in the world is a dream any athlete would aspire to. It's an improvement from the jungle gym races back in grade school.

Allison passes the jungle gym from earlier, now surrounded by orange fencing.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

I'm told you had a faulty heart valve as a child that made high-impact sports challenging. How did you overcome this setback to break three school records in women's track and field at the University of Oregon?

Greta stops to pee in front of "GRAM DRAFFORD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL." Allison puts a hand to her chest as she stares off into one of the rooms.

ALLISON (V.O.)

It wasn't easy. My medical bills put a lot of strain on my parents. Especially since I'd run until my heart nearly gave out sometimes. But with help from Drafford Memorial, who corrected my heart condition, Craig Benson as my coach and love from local Draffordians. I'm the runner I am today.

A group of CYCLISTS ride by.

CYCLISTS

Go, Allie! Go for gold!

Allison waves at them and starts up running again.

The pair job along a rustic Main Street surrounded by restaurants, mini-malls, and construction workers gutting historic buildings.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

I understand your inspiration was your older sister: Ida Drewitt, who died of a similar heart condition when you were eight.

Allison stops in her tracks.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Yes, she is. But Ida's death was more complicated than that.

A Velger driver hops out of his van as Greta starts GROWLING at him.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

How so?

She pulls out Ida's necklace from earlier and twirls it in her fingers.

ALLISON (V.O.)

It's...I'm sorry, can we talk about something else?

She waits for the driver to go inside before moving on.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Of course. One last question: What are your plans, regardless of the results at the Olympics?

She jogs up to the Channel Eight studio.

ALLISON (V.O.)

I'm just...living in the moment for now. "Nothing worth sweating over is worth having." If you want something, you gotta work hard to make it happen.

Just then, another Velger van passes by. Allison and the driver lock their gaze as it drives off.

NEWSCAST (V.O.)

Inspiring words, Allison. We all look forward to cheering you on. Back to you, Jim.

INT. ANDY'S VAN - DAY

Andy pulls up to his next stop. He nurses his aching knee and looks in the back.

He checks the time on his phone when he sees:

His phone's wallpaper is an image of a younger Andy and Allison taking a plutonic selfie together.

ALLISON (V.O.)
 How could you work for those
 people...I never wanna see you
 again. Liar! Murderer! You're worse
 than Ida's killer.

HONK! Andy looks up and sees:

An ANGRY HOMEOWNER (30s) trying to back down the driveway
 Andy is blocking with his van.

Embarrassed, Andy pulls forward.

He watches as an expensive car backs out and drives the
 opposite way from Andy's van.

Looking up at the impressive house before him, Andy SIGHS.

ANDY
 Last day in the field.

In a flash:

INTERCUT: EXT./INT. DELIVERY SEQUENCE - DAY

- He UNSNAPS his phone from the mount, his side door RUMBLES open, SLAMS it shut and locks his van with a BEEP as:
- Andy walks up to the front door with two tiny dogs BARKING.
- He scans the label and places the package inside the glass storm door. He walks back down the sidewalk as:

UNSNAP--RUMBLE--SLAM--BEEP

- He parks the van at the next stop. Andy climbs into the cargo area, one tote less than before.
- Awkwardly cradling an oversized package in his arms, Andy waits for his opening on the side of a busy street. Looking both ways he runs across the street as:

UNSNAP--RUMBLE--SLAM--BEEP

- He parks the van again with more emptied totes.
- Andy tries unfolding a dolly and fails. He then lugs over a dozen packages to an apartment building inside a tote.

Pressing a button on his smartphone, the locked door CLICKS open.

- Covered in sweat, he scans each package and stacks them in an automated locker. He folds the dolly up as:

UNSNAP--RUMBLE--SLAM--BEEP

- He parks the van and finds only a handful of totes left.

- Andy drags a heavy tote up a small hill, stopping halfway to rub his sore knee. He presses another button on his smartphone. The garage door CREAKS open and places a set of heavy dumbbells inside.

- While closing the garage door, he folds up his tote and heads for his van. Just then, HOMEOWNER #1 opens the door.

HOMEOWNER #1

Excuse me, what are you doing on my property?

- Confused and PANTING, Andy wipes the sweat from his face and politely gestures to the confused customer's closing garage door as:

UNSNAP--RUMBLE--SLAM--BEEP

- Andy walks down a parked up street towards a house. Guests pass by, hardly noticing Andy at all.

- He reaches the front door and looks inside to see:

- A family's CELEBRATING a wedding reception with everyone surrounding the happy couple.

- Andy raises his hand to knock on the door. He instead tucks the package behind a planter and walks away.

ANDY

Last day.

UNSNAP--RUMBLE--SLAM--BEEP

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Upstairs in her bedroom, Allison looks out the window. She watches a Velger van drive by as she packs her bags.

Craig enters the room.

CRAIG

You did great back there! You know,
I could've driven you to the
studio.

ALLISON

I wanted to run through my old
jogging routes. It felt more
authentic than boiling my life down
to a marketing pitch there.

CRAIG

That's how you get the screen time
during the games. And the
endorsements.

Craig goes to hug Allison from behind. She brushes him away.

ALLISON

Not now. I'm all sweaty and gross.

She zips up her bags as Craig holds something behind his
back.

CRAIG

I got something else for you. Close
your eyes.

ALLISON

Babe, I don't have time for this. I
still have to shower, clean the
rental, and get Greta to finish off
the rest of her food before we
leave.

Craig turns her around. She relents and closes her eyes.

CRAIG

Open 'em.

She opens her eyes. Her smile fades as she stares at:

A black envelope with gold lettering.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

You got accepted into Velger's
Chosen One program.

Allison storms out of the room.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Babe, wait! Hear me out. It's just
for a thirty-day trial.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Allison THUDS down the stairs. Craig follows after her.

ALLISON

Then you sign up for it! I'm not interested in selling more of my soul for next-day shipping. Least of all to them.

CRAIG

It's more than that. It's access to one of the most exclusive networks on the planet, like an online country club for Velger's hand-picked elites. These connections can literally change your life. How do you think we got that news interview?

Greta trots past Craig.

ALLISON

I got it because I'm a great athlete. "Nothing worth sweating over is worth having." I sweat for my family, friends, my teammates, and myself. I don't sweat for Velger! Now if you'll excuse me, coach.

She hands him Greta's kennel. Allison grabs a leash and heads for the front door.

Craig sets down the kennel and follows after her.

CRAIG

See, I don't appreciate comments like that. But...Hey, listen!

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Standing in the doorway, Craig grabs the leash from Allison.

ALLISON

Give it back, Craig!

CRAIG

No! This delusion about Velger has to stop. The coroners said Ida died of heart failure. Velger's drivers weren't even out around the time she died. Ask yer Velger friend.

Allison remains silent.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Look, running isn't a career you
 can do forever. After the Olympics,
 an athlete can only go so far. Even
 with endorsements.

He hands her the unopened envelope.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 It's time to think about the
 future. And Velger can help you.
 Whatever happened on that night,
 it's in the past. Now...

Craig DRONES on.

Just then, everyone disappears around Allison as she watches:

BEGIN INSERT

A man in an obscured uniform walks down the front walkway.
 Stepping up to the front door, she sees:

A paramedic walk inside, ripping open an envelope containing
 a body bag.

A moment later, the paramedic rolls Ida out the front door.
 She watches as the two paramedics roll her into the back of
 their van.

The paramedics disappear when:

Allison sees a younger version rolling herself down the front
 walk in a wheelchair with a smile on her face.

END INSERT

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

CLINK! Allison pours the remaining kibble into Greta's bowl,
 inside a fenced-off backyard.

While she eats, Allison sits next to Greta on the back deck,
 fiddling with Ida's necklace and staring at her black
 envelope.

ALLISON
 (to Greta)
 Am I delusional, Greta?

Greta licks her bowl clean.

Allison grabs a frisbee and tosses it in the air. Greta leaps in the air to retrieve it.

She looks down at the black and purple "V" icon on her phone.

Setting her phone down, Allison takes the frisbee from her mouth and rears back to throw it when:

THOMP! THOMP! She clutches her chest as her irregular heartbeat echoes through the air.

Allison walks over to the fence line as:

A Velger truck pulls up on the opposite street.

Unable to see their face, the driver walks across the street. A familiar black envelope in one hand.

Contemplating for a beat, Allison grabs a nearby string backpack and jumps the fence.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(to Greta)
Greta Come!

Greta bounds over the fence after Allison.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

The Velger van RUMBLES down the street for a beat.

Pretending to be on a jog, Allison and Greta follow after the driver when:

The van stops. Allison and Greta jog past the vehicle. An inconspicuous distance away, Allison stops to stretch by a tree.

Looking back, she sees the driver make a delivery. A baseball cap conceals his identity from afar.

Allison continues the jog up to the end of the street.

The van passes the driver and turns right. Allison and Greta follow.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - FOLLOWING SEQUENCE - DAY

For several beats, Allison and Greta follow the van.

She alternates stopping in front or behind the van to get a good view of the driver.

Unable to see the driver's face at each stop.

The van turns left onto a county road.

Allison takes off her fall jacket and sprints after the unassuming driver.

A good distance away, Allison sees the van turn left into another neighborhood.

Allison and Greta then cut through the neighborhood a few blocks away.

The pair hop over fences, cuts through hedges, and past kids playing in their yards.

Unable to see the van, a sweating Allison looks at Greta.

ALLISON
(to Greta)
Greta, go!

The athletic dog bolts past Allison.

She follows Greta's path, taking her through a child's birthday party.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Sorry. Excuse me. Slipped off her
leash. She's harmless.

Allison bounds over the fence, down a shallow hill, through a side yard until:

She sees Greta stuck behind a tall fence with a gate.

HYPERVENTILATING, Allison catches her breath and opens the gate to find:

The Velger truck parked across the street. The side door flies open as Allison cracks the gate slightly.

Watching from a distance, Allison watches the driver in a baseball cap walks to the back door.

Allison and Greta sneak out of the gate and over to the van.

She sees a bundle of torn black envelopes on the cab floor.

Allison looks back towards the house.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(to Greta)
Greta stay! I'll be right back.

EXT. JONATHAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

Opening the gate the driver went through, Allison creeps into an unkempt backyard filled with dead grass and weeds.

Following along the side of the house, Allison hears a KNOCK on the back door.

Peeking around the corner, she sees:

The Affiliate KNOCK on the door from a back patio.

Allison hears JONATHAN (70s): a disheveled old man stomps to the back door.

JONATHAN (O.S.)

(ornery)

The front door's on the other side, dummy. Someone's trying to sleep in here.

He opens the door and his demeanor immediately changes.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It's you. Well, this day was comin' whether I liked it or not. We're too old to stop you people. Just...give me a moment with her.

Jonathan opens the door and lets The Affiliate inside. Confused, Allison sneaks up to the back deck.

INT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE (THROUGH WINDOW) - DAY

Looking inside through a window with curtains drawn, Allison can makeout JUDY (60s): an infirm woman connected to life support laying on a hospital bed in the living room.

Jonathan enters the living room and goes to his wife's side.

JONATHAN

Judy. There's someone here to see you.

(leans towards Judy)

No doctors or well-wishers. Just someone collecting their property.

The Affiliate walks in. Judy's face lights up as she turns to her husband.

He kisses her on the forehead. He reaches for something when Judy stops him. She reaches down and holds up:

A torn black envelope. The Affiliate walks to the bed and gingerly takes it from her hand.

In an instant, Judy's trembling arm goes limp.

CRASH! Allison ducks away to see:

Greta knocked over a porcelain pot on the deck.

The pair jump off the back patio and sprint down the side yard.

EXT. JONATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Hiding underneath a nearby pine tree, Allison and Greta watch as The Affiliate appears.

Standing inches away from Allison, she sees the masked face and the cold blue eyes. She reaches for Ida's necklace.

After a beat, The Affiliate stomps back to his van and drives away.

Once he's gone, Allison and Greta emerge from the tree. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out:

Andy's business card.

INT. ANDY'S VAN - SAL'S MART - DAY

Parked in a gas station parking lot, Andy sits in his van talking on his phone.

ANDY

(into phone; annoyed)

Justin, we've been over this. You can't deliver packages in mailboxes. It's a federal offense...Velger would know. They've got wings and winks everywhere. Not to mention the giant camera on your phone...Would you rather deal with them or the postal service?... That's what I thought.

BZZ! Andy's phone vibrates with another incoming call.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Gotta another fire to put out. Bye.

(into phone)

Andrew Hunt. What happened?

ALLISON (O.S.)
 (from phone; bubbly)
 Hi, Andy!

Andy straightens up.

ANDY
 Allison?! Uh...hi. What's up?

ALLISON (O.S.)
 Say, I know you're busy. But I was wondering, maybe if we could spend some more time together...before I leave in the morning.

ANDY
 Really?! You seemed...hesitant when we ran into each other this morning. Besides, you'd be on shift in a Velger van all afternoon.

ALLISON (O.S.)
 Is there a crime for wanting to spend more time with my lifesaver? I wanna make up for lost time.

Andy sits back in his seat.

ANDY
 I'd love to. But Velger doesn't allow regulars in the vans on-shift.

ALLISON
 I could pose as your trainee. Please, Andy!

Andy pauses and lets out a SIGH.

ANDY
 Alright. I'm over at Sal's Mart off Glenn Street. I can be at your house in...fifteen minutes.

ALLISON
 Don't worry. I'm already here.

Confused, he opens the side door to see:

Allison waves to Andy, holding a STRANGER's phone next to Greta.

INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Allison sits in the passenger seat, holding Andy's backpack. Greta lies in the cargo area.

A beat of awkward silence falls between them.

ALLISON
(bubbly)
This'll be so much fun. Feels like
the good 'ole days.

The silence continues.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Remember at homecoming when your
date stuck her head out the limo
and ate a mouth full of leaves.
Whatever happened to that old
speakeasy?

ANDY
They tore it down for housing.

Again, the silence continues.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Why were you calling from someone
else's phone? Forget your phone?

Allison GIGGLES.

ALLISON
You guessed it. Dizzy 'ole Allie.

ANDY
Are you okay? You seem...different
from earlier.

ALLISON
Oh, I was just getting in the zone
before my interview.

ANDY
I get that. I've just developed an
ear for when people want something
from me. And right now, that's all
I'm hearing. Plus, you tend to
laugh a lot when you're nervous.

They come to a halt at a stoplight. Andy turns to her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What is this really about?

She drops the act.

ALLISON

I forgot how intuitive you are.
There is something. I just...didn't
want to load your plate with my
problems. You know, like in high
school.

Andy shifts around in his seat.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

We've known each other since grade
school. You've seen me at my best
and worst. Including the last time
I saw you.

Uneasy, Andy shifts around in his seat.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

What I called you was awful. You're
so kind and selfless. Not to
mention you frickin' saved my life.
And not even in a metaphoric sense.
You literally carried me home when
my heart stopped beating.

Allison wipes a tear from her eye.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I thought maybe if I could spend a
day in your shoes. Maybe I can
forgive myself for how I treated
you. But first...

She grabs Andy's hand.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Can you forgive me, Andy?

Dumbfound, all Andy can manage to do is give a nod.

Allison hugs him. The two hold for a beat when:

DING! DING! A timer on his phone startles them both.

ANDY

It's alright. Sorry I doubted you.
Could you hand me that bag?

Andy turns right and wheels into a parking spot and parks.

EXT./INT. ANDY'S VAN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Allison hands him the bag. Andy hands her a Velger trainee safety vest.

ANDY
Put this on to make it look
official.

Reluctant, Allison puts the purple reflector vest on.

Andy takes a laptop out of the backpack. He opens the screen and plugs in a wireless router.

ENTER INSERT

Having several windows open, he toggles to the one that says "BALGYR PORTAL."

He sees five faces and a blank screen as they drive through their route.

Andy holds down a "MIC" button with his mouse.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(into computer)
First systems check. How's everyone
doing?

A chorus of "Fines" AND "Okays" ring through the laptop.

JUSTIN
Woah! Who's the hot new hire
sitting next to you?! Sup girl, did
it hurt when you fell from heaven?

GINA
Keep it in yer pants, Justin. No
one should have to be subjected to
yer cat-calling!

AUSTIN
Tell it like it is, Gina! Name's
Austin, in case yer wondering.

KAREN
Babe?!

Andy interrupts the tangent.

ANDY
Yes, this is Allison. She's already
taken and is helping me out today.
(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Allison, these are my drivers: The blank screen is Abe. Followed by Austin, Karen, Josh, Gina, and Justin.

A chorus of "Hi's" break out over video chat.

JUSTIN

Sorry, boss man. Didn't mean to horn in on yer girl?

ANDY

It's not like that. We're not...

Embarrassed, Andy looks away from the screen.

AUSTIN

Friend zoned, got it?! You've all been there.

ANDY

Does anyone have any concerns for the benefit of Velger or Four-H?

(to Abe)

Abe, are you good on your end?

ABE

Don't worry about me. I've been doing this for twenty years, I'll be fine. Is anyone having problems with their cameras?

ANDY

Did you plug the camera into the charging port?

In an instant, Abe's video comes in grainy and fuzzy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Just sit tight, Abe. I'll drive out and get you a new one.

AUSTIN

Say, boss. I got a problem. This annoying bulb on my phone keeps telling me what to do. Do you know if it's taser-proof?

He pulls out a taser and LIGHTS it up.

JUSTIN

The hell do you need a taser for in the 'burbs?

KAREN

You jelly, Justie?! You scared Grim Gram's gonna get ya.

AUSTIN

You tell 'em, babe.

JUSTIN

I "love" this system! It's like I'm being wiretapped and heckled by the F-B-I at the same time.

Andy rubs his forehead.

ANDY

(stressed)

How 'bout you, Josh?

Startled, Josh drops his bottle of eye drops.

JOSH

No, manager-man. I'm not afraid of Grim Gram. I do feel bad for him.

GINA

It's a myth. And his name's Andy! I have two kids and a Calc midterm, and I can remember all your names.

ANDY

(frustrated)

I'm not asking for a lot, people! Just a simple "everything's good" thumbs-up or "I need help" without devolving into an episode of Judge Judy. This test shift is very important. Keep your metrics up and...you'll find something extra in your key bags tomorrow.

Everyone straightens up in their seats.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Everyone good? Good. See you again at five.

He shuts his laptop and rubs his eyes in frustration.

ANDY (CONT'D)

That's my job from noon to ten.

ALLISON

They seemed...lively. So, what do all these windows do?

Andy hands Allison the laptop as he points out the windows.

ANDY

That one tracks our six drivers through their Balgyr cameras. That one tracks route progress on our six drivers. And we're gonna go to this point to meet Abe...wait a minute.

He takes the laptop back and TYPES something in a flash.

BEGIN INSERT

Seven clusters of route stops on a GPS map.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Seems like we got a seventh one. No Balgyr connection. Dispatch must've assigned someone else's route to our docket by accident.

END INSERT

Allison swallows a lump in her throat.

ALLISON

Can you tell who it is?

Just then, the seventh blip disappears.

ANDY

Guess they fixed it. Contrary to popular belief, Velger isn't always perfect.

Andy SHIFTS the van in gear and pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. ABE'S VAN (PERSPECTIVE) - FROM CAMERA - DAY

A grainy image comes back in Abe's camera, positioned in his safety vest pouch.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Abe takes out a bottle of pills and struggles to open the bottle.

Abe swallows the pills with a bottle of water. He then stands up and heads to the cargo area.

He kneels down with great difficulty before his first tote.

ABE

I can keep up with those kids.
Callin' me old.

Wiping his forehead, Abe pulls the side door open.

He unzips his first tote, filled with packages and envelopes.

ABE (CONT'D)

Now how do I check the tote digits?

He takes his phone out of his pouch. The camera stares down at the floor, jittering with every movement.

One by one, Abe takes out the packages. Emptying the entire tote, Abe looks inside to see:

A black envelope sitting inside the tote alone.

Upon closer inspection, the label reads "ABE LAUGHTON" in gold lettering.

ABE (CONT'D)

Didn't think they pick out-of-work
shop teachers as a Chosen One.

Taking out his phone, he fumbles with the envelope and scans a QR code on the back.

ABE (CONT'D)

Alright, it says rip the tab...

He RIPS the tab and looks inside to find nothing.

Disappointed, Abe tosses the black envelope on the driver's seat and grabs a package with a large "201" on it.

He struggles to stand when:

Abe tumbles out of the van. His phone flies out of his pocket and crashes to the ground.

INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Unnerved, Allison closes his laptop and looks over at Andy.

ALLISON

So what was that "Grim Gram" thing
the group was talking about?

ANDY

Don't mind them. It's just a myth.
More of an inside joke.

ALLISON

About what? It seems like there's a story.

Andy looks over at Allison, trying to hide her anxiety. He turns right onto a country road.

ANDY

Around twenty years ago, when Velger first built a D-C here, Gram Drafford...

ALLISON

Like the family that founded Drafford...Drafford?!

ANDY

That Drafford. Don't know why a guy like him would take on a job as a delivery driver. Anyway...

The van passes by a large development of townhouses under construction. Up ahead is a steep turn.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Fleet Dispatch called Gram to help out a newbie driver on I-twenty. He parked on the side of the road and waited for the other driver to come when:

Getting closer to the turn, Allison sees a busted guard rail from a previous accident.

ANDY (CONT'D)

His rescuee must've hydroplaned and collided with Gram, sending his wreck down into the ravine somewhere along I-20.

THOMP! THOMP! Allison's heart races as they enter the turn.

Just then, a car coming the opposite way forces them closer to the busted guard rail. Andy HONKS.

She sees the aftermath of a recent crash down the ravine into a deep thicket.

Andy completes the turn and continues on.

ANDY.

Asshole. I've always hated that turn.

ALLISON

What happened to Gram's body? And
did they find the other driver?

Abe's van is parked on the side of the county road.

ANDY

Like Gina said, it's a story Velger
uses to scare new hires into
compliance. I wouldn't take it at
face value.

They pull over behind Abe's van. The side door's wide open
with packages sprawled all over the ground.

Andy HONKS the horn. No response.

ANDY (CONT'D)

It's sad how our town's founding
family died off. But Drafford moved
on. Like it always has. Stay here.
It's pretty steep ravine.

Andy steps out of the van and walks towards. Allison notices
an "I-20" sign on the side of the road.

BEGIN INSERT

Anxious, Allison opens Andy's laptop and opens a new window
in Andy's web browser.

She types in "GRIM GRAM" and HITS enter to see:

"NO RESULTS FOUND."

She then "VELGER GRIM GRAM" and HITS enter.

She scrolls through the search results: "VELGER'S EXCLUSIVE
VALHALLA OF THE INTERNET, FRY COOK TURNED CELEBRITY CHEF -
THANKS TO VELGER'S CHOSEN FEW, TIPS ON HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR
CHOSEN-ONE APPLICATION."

ALLISON

Sheesh! All for a stupid program.

END INSERT

Allison closes the laptop and sees:

Andy is missing.

EXT. ABE'S VAN - DAY

Armed with Greta at her side, a nervous Allison steps out of the van and slowly walks over to Abe's van.

ALLISON
(shouts)
Andy?! Are you in there?

She walks over to the open side door.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Just like we practiced, Greta.
Three. Two. One. Sick 'em!

Allison lets go of the leash as Greta jumps in the van.

Waiting for a beat, she finds Greta SNIFFING through an empty van strewn with packages.

Allison takes Abe's black package in the cab when:

ANDY (O.S.)
(shouts)
Down here!

Startled, Allison turns to look down the hill to see:

Andy helping Abe back up the ravine.

ALLISON (O.S.)
An accident?

EXT. ANDY'S VAN - DAY

Andy and Allison carry a tote back to their van together.

ANDY
Abe fell out of his van and down
the hill. Thank God he only got the
wind knocked outta him.

He SLAMS the rear door shut, revealing Abe hunched over in his empty van.

INT. ANDY'S VAN - DAY

Allison climbs into the cab, watching Andy talk to Abe.

Allison studies the form and posture of Abe. She pulls out Abe's torn black envelope.

Inspecting the package, she pulls out:

An old high school class photo from "1999." Going through the names printed at the bottom, the name "GRAM DRAFFORD" and "ABE LAUGHTON" stand out to her.

She turns the photo over to see: "WHY DIDN'T YOU RESCUE ME FRIEND?" written in dried blood.

She looks back up as:

Andy opens his door. Allison quickly hides the envelope in her backpack.

ANDY

Abe's sore. But he'll be fine.
Better to let him rest than turn a
strain into an injury.

He turns to an anxious Allison and STARTS the van.

EXT./INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING) - MAIN STREET - DAY

Andy arrives at a stop sign across from Main Street, orange traffic cones blocking his entrance.

Volunteers set up a street festival, setting up booths, games, and hanging banners that read "HAPPY FOUNDER'S DAY - #REMEMBERGRAM."

Frustrated, Andy takes a right and drives along Main Street. Each entrance onto Main Street is blocked off.

ANDY

I hate Founder's Day. Blocks off
nearly every street I use on my
route for a festival that brings in
fewer people every year. This must
be the first one you've seen in a
while, right Allie?

He glances over at Allison.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Allie! You good?

ALLISON

Wha...Yeah, I'm fine. Is Abe gonna
be okay?

ANDY

Abe's been struggling with his
health lately.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

But he's a good worker. And we need those right now. Besides, we can crank out his route no problem.

Allison twirls Ida's necklace with her finger.

ALLISON

Do you like what you do?

Andy looks at the camera on his phone and constructs his response.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I mean, if you could pick any job in the world. What would it be?

Andy pauses.

ANDY

I...don't like thinking about it.

ALLISON

Why not?

ANDY

It's not worth getting my hopes up.

He looks over at Allison, judging him with her eyes.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I dunno. It just feels like my future's been vapor-locked. I've tried everything. But there's this air bubble that's keeping me from finding success. Personally or professionally.

Just then, Allison turns the RADIO on. POP MUSIC blasts from the speakers. Andy turns it off.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Cut it out! Velger doesn't want us using the radio. Claims it's a distraction for drivers and noise pollution for the customers.

ALLISON

See, that's your problem, Andy.

She turns the RADIO back on. Andy turns it off.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You expect life to begin when you get permission from someone else.

(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You wanna know how to get someone's attention?

ANDY

How?

ALLISON

You get loud!

Allison turns the RADIO on again and cracks the volume up. She holds her hand over the dial.

Andy sees people on the sidewalk turn their heads towards them.

ANDY

(yells over music)
Allie, come on. Please.

She turns the RADIO down.

ALLISON

Lucky for you. Being loud is my specialty. And I also happen to have one of these.

Allison pulls out her unopened envelope.

Andy stops the van and inspects the envelope.

ANDY

You're one of them?! Do you have any idea what that means?

ALLISON

No, I don't! But as a temporary valued customer, I order you to get loud for your future. And I'll help you all the way.

ANDY

That's okay, Allie. I don't need...

ALLISON

You just need to see your life from a different perspective.

She cranks the RADIO and grabs Andy's phone.

INT./EXT. ANDY'S VAN (DELIVERY SEQUENCE) - DAY

- Bright POP MUSIC plays over the sequence. A bubbly Allison skips down the driveway carrying her package.

- She scans and hands the package to a husband and wife. The pair smile as she waves goodbye.
- In the van, Allison dances to the music. A stoic Andy drives on. He looks away as people from the sidewalk stare.
- At the next stop, Allison brings her next package to a brood of scampering children, watched by their mother.
- Watching from the van, Andy looks irritated as he watches the clock when:
- Greta licks his hand. He smiles.
- Looking up, he sees Allison and the other kids motion to honk his horn. Andy HONKS the horn.
- In the van, Allison dances to the music. Andy notices people staring from the sidewalk wave at them. Andy starts bobbing to the music.
- DING! DONG! At the next stop, a HOMEOWNER (40s) appears and searches the front stoop to find his package:
- Held captive by an army of lawn gnomes. Allison and Andy drive away.
- At the next stop, she talks with a customer in cyclist gear. Allison motions Andy to come over.
- He leaves the van. The cyclist hands him a business card.
- In the van, Andy loosens up and sways to the music.
- They pass by the "I-20" sign from earlier to see Abe's van is gone.

INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING) - LATE AFTERNOON

In high spirits, Andy and Allison LAUGH and smile while driving down a county highway under a setting late-fall sun.

ALLISON

This job is a blast! I dunno why you wouldn't jump outta bed to do work like this.

ANDY

Easy, Speed Racer. Suburbs are the easy stops. Your tone'll change once you get to apartment buildings.

Andy looks over at Allison.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I will say my last day in the field was more fun than I expected.

ALLISON

Last day?

ANDY

I got through the second round of interviews for a Fleet Manager at Dillinger Freight in Montana. Otherwise, the next Fleet Dispatch meeting is today. And Helmo's bringing up my promotion to Velger's middle management.

Skeptical, Allison looks over at Andy.

ALLISON

That's it?!

ANDY

I've got a few applications waiting in the wings. But these two are my best shots to starting my career.

ALLISON

That's as high as you're shooting? To be Helmo's lackey? Whatever happened to your dream job

She opens Andy's laptop and TYPES away.

ANDY

Come on, that was in fifth grade?! Besides, I'm the most over-qualified candidate for either job. Plus, you don't know Helmo as well as I do.

They come to a stop at a red light.

ALLISON

Andy, you're my friend. So I'm gonna say this as blunt as possible: Helmo, Hadley, and Hale are snakes. They've been using you since grade school. And it's time to move on.

ANDY

And how do I do that?

Allison HITS enter. Just then, Andy's phone VIBRATES.

ALLISON
By shaking the right hands.

The light turns green.

INT. ANDY'S VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Andy pulls into a parking space and grabs his phone.

BEGIN INSERT

He sees "OUTGOING NETWORK REQUESTS" pop up on his lock screen.

He focuses on one of the requests and sees the words: "JAMES DILLINGER" and "DILLINGER FREIGHT."

ANDY
(surprised)
I don't believe it?! I've nearly
been digging through dumpsters to
find his contact info.

ALLISON
That's what I'm here for, buddy.
Get you friends in high places.

ANDY
T...thanks, Allie.

Andy opens his door.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You coming in?

EXT. MARCO'S FOODMART - LATE AFTERNOON

A large, local-chain grocery store attached to a mini-mall.
Velger drivers flooding in and out of the crosswalk.

Allison hesitates.

ALLISON
Hehe...I think I'm good. Why are we
here again?

ANDY
V-locker dropoffs and "Behind-Run"
pickups.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I also figured it'd be a good time for a lunch break. We can go somewhere else if you want.

Allison's stomach GURGLES.

ALLISON

This is fine. I'm not picky.

She looks up at the crowd of Velger drivers and bites her lip.

INT. MARCO'S FOODMART - FOOD COURT - LATE AFTERNOON

Dressed in Founder's Day decorations, shoppers trickle through the empty aisles and checkout lines.

Sitting in the food court, Allison observes the host of Velger drivers centered around a desk made for delivery drivers from different companies.

Greta lays down at her feet.

ALLISON

(to Greta)

He didn't see me at that old person's house. That Affiliate guy wouldn't kill us here. It's too public...right?

She looks down at a panting Greta.

Allison looks over at Andy, loading packages inside an automated locker in the grocery store entrance.

Outside, picketers stand around CHANTING Anti-Velger slogans and carrying signs like "#REMEMBERGRAM, I DIDN'T CHOOSE VELGER, LEAVE VELGER LEAVE" at the drivers walking inside.

BEGIN INSERT

She types "GRAM DRAFFORD" into the search bar and HITS enter.

Articles pop up named: "FATAL CRASH ENDS FOUNDER'S DYNASTY, DRAFFORD'S FAVORITE SON DEAD."

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Doesn't mention anything about it being a Velger accident.

She scrolls down further when:

BZZ! A "Behind-Run" coupon code for "Marco's Foodmart" appears at the bottom right screen.

END INSERT

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Not interested.

Just then, her stomach GURGLES again. Checking her pockets, she doesn't have her wallet.

She looks up to see Andy still at the back of the line.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I guess I could go for an apple.

Allison TYPES on the keyboard and HITS enter.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
That can't be right. Two minutes?!

She turns around and sees a message board by the customer service desk that reads: "(1) GRANNY RED APPLE - ALLISON DREWITT - 3057924."

Before she can turn around:

A Velger driver taps Allison on the shoulder, startling her.

Before she can say a word, the driver hands her the bag and rejoins the line.

Staring at the bag, Allison looks at the laptop then the line of impatient Velger drivers. She grins.

INT. MARCO'S FOODMART - ORDERING SEQUENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Pulling up the "Behind-Run" menu, she types up an order and HITS enter.

The customer service desk board lights up.

One of the Velger drivers pulls out their phone and leaves their place in line.

In an instant, the Velger driver delivers her order and returns to the line.

Again, Allison types up another order and HITS enter.

The board lights up. A Velger driver leaves the line, delivers her order, and returns in line.

Allison sends in one order after another:

The board lights up. Driver after driver leaves the line. Her orders are delivered.

Andy appears with a Velger bag in his hands.

ANDY

Can you stop ordering inside a grocery store? You're making enemies out of my co-workers.

INT. MARCO'S FOODMART - FOOD COURT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sitting there, Allison is covered in disposable Velger bags. Greta chews on a doggy treat.

ALLISON

I'm just trying out this Chosen One deal. I could get used to my own butler service. Cashews and diet orange soda?

She offers them to Andy.

Looking at his sneering co-workers passing by their table, Andy takes the soda and sits down.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

This place is a lot nicer than I remember. Wasn't Founder's Hall next door?

ANDY

That's across the street. City council turned it into a strip mall a few years ago.

ALLISON

This town's changed so much. It's like all the history's been sucked out, and no one bothered to knock down the buildings.

ANDY

It's always been that way. Happens when you build a farming settlement on one of the most sterile patches of dirt in Illinois.

A picketer enters the building, only to be escorted out by security.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Ever since the town was chartered, the Draffords had to sell off land and make compromises to keep the town from dying. Everyone blames Velger for ruining our town when we've been doing to ourselves since eighteen-twenty-two.

ALLISON

How do you know all this?

ANDY

Fifth-grade history report. The one you decided to write on the bus?!

Allison CHUCKLES.

ALLISON

Oh yeah, the same bus you threw up on Sophie Turner.

Andy nearly spits out orange soda mid-sip.

ANDY

Hey, Helmo replaced my lunch with spoiled shellfish. So that's more his fault than mine.

He wipes the spilled soda off his vest.

ALLISON

That was also Career Day. When you wanted to be...What did you want to be when you're grown up?

ANDY

(defensive)

...A video game tester. Look, I was ten?! I didn't know what I wanted. I just discovered Counterstrike and wanted to do something like that.

ALLISON

I didn't say anything.

Andy grabs a handful of cashews.

ANDY

Why're you still on this career thing? Is this about Velger?

ALLISON

It's not that. I just want you to be happy. Not knuckle under to make someone else's life better.

ANDY

I'm still here, aren't I? If any company in the world would accept any of my hundreds of applications, they better keep waiting. Cause I'm fine. La La, whoop dee. Ow!

Andy clutches his knee. He takes out aspirin tablets from his vest and downs them with his orange soda.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Just fine.

He checks his phone.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Six o'clock couldn't come sooner. I'll be right back. Last day in the field.

Andy leaves the table and joins the line of other drivers.

ENTER INSERT

On Andy's laptop, she goes to close the search window when:

Sweeping off cashew crumbs from the keyboard, she accidentally scrolls down the search window.

Just then, an article catches her attention:

"SEARCH CALLED OFF FOR MISSING DELIVERY DRIVER."

Allie keeps scrolling down to find more articles:

"ABANDONED VAN WITH MISSING DRIVER STUMPS AUTHORITIES, 2 MISSING VELGER DRIVERS LEADS TO MANHUNT, GHOSTLY APPARITION SEEN BEFORE DEADLY DELIVERY VAN CRASH, CLAIMS OF BOGEYMAN FORCES VELGER TO CHANGE ROUTES."

END INSERT

A horrified Allison SLAMS the laptop closed.

After a beat, she looks up to see:

Ida standing before her.

ALLISON

Ida?

THOMP! THOMP! She puts a hand on her chest as her BREATHING becomes shorter and faster.

Just then, Greta GROWLS under her breath.

Everyone in the grocery disappears.

Behind Ida, Allison sees The Affiliate STOMPING towards them from the delivery desk.

Allison's BREATHING escalates, her heart POUNDS FASTER, and the STOMPING gets closer to Allison when:

A GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE (20s) snaps her back to reality.

GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEE

Ma'am! Your dog's disturbing our customers.

Greta BARKS wildly at a small yippy dog in an ELDERLY SHOPPER's cart.

ALLISON

Wha...sorry. She's never like this.
Greta No!

She slowly coaxes Greta for a beat. Everyone in the store stares at her.

Eventually, the store returns to normal.

Allison opens the laptop when she sees a SHADY GUY staring at her in the screen reflection.

She turns around to see the Shady Guy hiding behind a newspaper.

Unsettled, she moves to another table.

BEGIN INSERT

Allison opens the laptop. She spots a notification, showing Austin and Karen haven't moved in a while.

She then switches to the Balgyr portal window and watches:

END INSERT

INT. KAREN'S VAN (PERSPECTIVE) - LATE AFTERNOON

Karen's perspective as she fumbles through her belongings and pulls out a familiar black envelope with gold lettering.

She flips her camera in selfie mode. Karen applies her makeup when:

Her side door flies open. Someone grabs her and pulls her into the cargo area, knocking her camera to the ground.

INT. MARCO'S FOODMART - FOOD COURT - LATE AFTERNOON

Allison checks the GPS location and sees Karen's location behind the grocery store. Andy arrives at the table.

ANDY

What happened? I thought I heard Greta...

In a jolt, Allison and Greta push past Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Allie, what happened?

EXT. MARCO'S FOODMART - LATE AFTERNOON

Allison and Greta run past the picketers and around the corner towards the back of the building.

Allison finds Karen's van in the loading area. A struggle rocks the van back and forth.

ALLISON

(to Greta)

Like we practiced!

EXT. KAREN'S VAN - INSIDE LOOKING OUT - LATE AFTERNOON

MOANING and SCREAMING coming from inside the van.

In an instant, the side door flies open as Greta jumps in the van. Allison stands in the doorway.

ALLISON

Get off her...Oh, God!

EXT. KAREN'S VAN - OUTSIDE LOOKING IN - LATE AFTERNOON

A furious Andy paces in front of the pair sitting in the open side door. Austin zips his pants up.

ANDY

Really?! In the van?! On today of all days?! Are you two trying to get our contract pulled?!

Allison holds all three Balgyr cameras a distance away from the discussion.

Looking away, a disappointed Allison spots Valerie making out with her boyfriend in an SUV.

KAREN

We didn't mean...

ANDY

I don't wanna hear it, Karen!

ANDY (CONT'D)

What possessed you to...bump into each other on-duty inside company property?!

Austin holds up a black envelope.

AUSTIN

'Cause we got Chosen, bitch!

Andy snatches it from his hand. Allison walks over and inspects it.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

And we quit!

Smirking, Austin stands to his feet.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

We don't need this stupid job anymore. The way I see it. You need us more than we need you. Unless...

Austin rubs his fingers together in one hand and his taser in the other.

Seeing this exchange, Allison storms over to the insolent children when Andy stops her.

ANDY (O.S.)

...how much?

Surprised, Allison stares at Andy, reaching for his wallet.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(to Allison)
Wait in the van with the phones.

ALLISON
Andy, you're not really...

ANDY
Wait in the van.

Confused, Allison and Greta walk back to the van.

She pulls the van door open when she spots the Shady Guy dart behind a corner.

INT. AUSTIN'S VAN (SELFIE) - LATE AFTERNOON

The cabin lights flick on as Austin climbs in the van.

He picks up his phone from the driver's seat and CLICKS in on the magnetic mount.

He flips the camera to selfie mode. Austin combs back his hair back with his fingers and thumbs through his money.

Turning the RADIO on with loud RAP MUSIC, Austin grabs his phone and hits record.

AUSTIN
(into phone)
'Sup, my brosephs! This is Aussie sixty-nine. And I've got big news. Usually, I don't broadcast from my shitty job Karen's rich parents got us. But I got something in the mail.

He holds up his black envelope in the other hand.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
That's right! The big whigs at Velger came to their senses and called me to the big leagues. It's nothing but nude beaches and whiskey from here on out. So remember: Playing video games all day and telling off your boss gets you results.

He scans a bar code and rips the seal open. A box of condoms tumbles out of the envelope.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Thanks Velger, I guess. I promise
 to never use...ah shit! I wasn't
 even recording.

Just then, Austin is ripped out of the driver's seat by the neck. He drops his phone.

Facing the ceiling, sounds of Austin being BASHED against the walls rattle the van.

The RAP MUSIC drowns out the noise until:

Austin's taser CRACKS through the air. Then nothing.

Someone steps over the phone and turns the RADIO off as:

INT./EXT. ANDY'S VAN - CARGO/CAB AREAS - LATE AFTERNOON

Andy opens the side door, parked in front of a customer's driveway.

Allison watches as Andy struggles to unfold a dolly from the back.

ALLISON
 I don't understand why you had to
 knuckle under for those snot-
 nosed...

Andy puts a finger to his mouth and points at the Balgyr camera.

ANDY
 I didn't do anything. A problem
 arose and, as usual, I solved it.

Giving up, he tosses the dolly inside. He takes out an empty tote and starts loading boxes inside.

ALLISON
 But...why not let Velger handle it?
 Or Helmo? What do you want?

ANDY
 It doesn't matter.

Allison is silent.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Compliance is king these days.
 You're either right or wrong,
 accepted or rejected.
 (MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Why do you think Velger wants these things on their drivers?

Andy points at the camera again as he shoves his phone inside his vest pouch.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I want a lot of things. But what I want is irrelevant. To make a living, I have to comply with someone else's wishes.

Clutching his knee, Andy SLAMS the side door shut and starts dragging the heavy tote up the steep driveway.

Allison opens her door to help when:

Andy waves her away. Reluctantly, she closes the door and watches him struggle up the hill to the front door.

Allison shakes it around and hears nothing. She then examines the pull tab that reads: "PULL TAB TO JOIN OUR FAMILY."

She takes the van keys and wedges the tab up without breaking the seal.

On the underside, she spots the words: "ALL RIGHTS RESERVED TO VELGER...ACTION CANNOT BE UNDONE."

Just then, Greta starts SNARLING.

Allison pops her head up and looks around. No other Velger van insight in the rearview mirrors when:

THUD! Andy yanks the side door open and pulls the packages inside.

She spots an aggressive boxer sprinting down the hill. Andy closes the door just as the dog reaches the bottom, BARKING madly at the van.

LISA (40s): a spoiled homemaker struts down the hill. Allison climbs in the back and calms Greta down.

She sees a bite mark on Andy's leg.

LISA (O.S.)

Good girl. That's my good girl.

(to Andy)

Where are my packages?

Allison snaps. She reaches for the door when:

Andy stops her.

ANDY

(to Lisa)

I'd be happy to, ma'am. Could you please call your dog...

LISA

Excuse me?! You don't get to make demands of me. You do what I want 'cause I'm a Chosen One. Now get out here before I sick Sasquatch on you again!

Andy reaches for the door when Allison stops him.

ANDY

(whispers)

This isn't the time to make a scene.

ALLISON

Oh, there won't be enough left of this bitch to make into a soup.

She grabs the handle, only for Andy to grab the handle.

ANDY

If either of us retaliates, she'll ruin our service rating and probably get me fired. Please let me get this over with.

Allison pauses for a beat when she looks at Greta's poop bag.

EXT. ANDY'S VAN - PASSENGER'S SIDE - NIGHT

An irritated Lisa stands at the van's side door with an unleashed Sasquatch.

Allison appears at the passenger side window and rolls the window down. She produces a fake smile.

ALLISON

Good Evening, ma'am. You'll have to forgive my trainee. Doesn't know how things work around here.

(to Andy)

You dipstick! I'm telling Velger to dock your pay for making a loyal customer wait.

(to Lisa)

Gotta put 'em in their place or they'll walk all over you.

LISA

I'm glad they have someone over there with half a brain. Now can I have my packages?

She motions to Lisa to lean in.

ALLISON

(whispers)

I'm not supposed to do this. But seeing as you're a Chosen One, you deserve a little something extra.

Lisa leans in.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

There's a package going back to the station. It's this new fragrance, not even listed on The Chosen One portal. A spa ordered it by accident and didn't want it. I'm thinking I slip this in to thank you for your patronage.

LISA

Those sluts at the P-T-A will be so jealous! Give it here.

ALLISON

Not out in the open! I've heard corporate revoked a Chosen One's membership for even talking about a fluked release. Velger has wings and winks everywhere.

Lisa looks around suspiciously.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'll drop your packages in the alley behind your house. Wait five minutes and bring it inside. Don't worry if it feels wet. Butterfingers spilled his water bottle back there. He'll be reprimanded for sure.

LISA

See that you do. Thanks, sister. We girls gotta look out for each other.

Allison smiles. She pounds on the door as Andy shoots up into the driver's seat as the two pull away.

EXT. ANDY'S VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Allison steps out of the van with Greta on a leash and pulls out a water bottle for Greta to lap up.

She takes out a small bug spray bottle from her string backpack and dumps out the contents.

ANDY

Allie, it's barely a scratch. Can we please just deliver the packages?

ALLISON

Relax, trainee. I'm teaching you what to do when someone uses you as a doormat.

(to Greta)

Good girl. Keep drinking. Got to give the customer what she wants.

Greta walks over to the grass when:

EXT. OBSCURED VAN (PERSPECTIVE) - NIGHT

Walking through the darkening night sky, an OBSCURED DRIVER stomps up a customer's driveway. The flashing emergency lights cast a reoccurring shadow on the house.

The driver hides the package at the front door and leaves.

Cutting over to the neighbor's house, the driver does the same thing.

Crossing the street, the driver walks to a gated backyard, its shadow reflected on the gate.

The driver lifts a rock and inserts a key into the fence handle. It clutches its stomach as the figure pushes into the cluttered backyard.

Climbing the back deck, the driver places the package when:

The driver sees a COUPLE carrying their INFANT SON. Flipping on a light, the reflection of Karen in the sliding glass door watches the couple disappear upstairs with their child.

INT. KAREN'S VAN (SELFIE) - NIGHT

Karen climbs in her van and sits for a beat.

She then reaches for her phone and makes a call. It goes straight to voicemail.

KAREN

(into phone)

Hey babe, it's me. I...I'm having second thoughts about our plans. Not that getting picked as a Chosen One won't help us start a new life after senior year. But there's something I need to tell you. Just call me as soon as you can. Bye.

Tears roll down her cheeks as she cradles her belly. Karen then STARTS her van as she inspects her face in her side mirrors as:

INT. ANDY'S VAN - NIGHT

Allison and Andy sit in their van, LAUGHING so hard their eyes are watering.

ALLISON

Did you see her face when she took the first spritz of LaGreta?

ANDY

After years of dealing with dogs, I never thought I'd ever see a crappy dog owner get their just desserts.

DING! DING! Andy's phone chimes with another reminder.

Wiping away his watering eyes and trying to regain his composure, Andy reaches for his backpack.

She hands him the laptop.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Can I ask you a personal question?

ALLISON

Sure, what's up?

ANDY.

What was "she" like?

Allison stops laughing.

ANDY

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked.

ALLISON

No, it's fine. Ida was complicated. She always had time to play with me, cry with me, and teach me like any good sister would. But...

She looks twirls Ida's necklace.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

...Ida seemed damaged. One day, she was her energetic self. The next, she was distant. Like she went down a tunnel and came out a different person.

Allison pulls out her black envelope.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

After she injured her leg and came back from college, I hardly saw her. She'd leave in the afternoon and come back at night, tired and covered in twigs.

ANDY

I'm sure she'd be proud of the person you've become.

Allison looks down at the laptop.

ALLISON

(deflects)

Hey look, everyone's ready.

ANDY

(into laptop)

Second systems check. Give a thumbs up if you can hear me. Does anyone have concerns or issues?

Allison sees five drivers raise their thumbs, including Austin: the only one whose camera is pointing out the windshield rather than in selfie mode.

Andy DRONES on as Allison stares out the window.

Looking at her side mirror, she notices a car idling behind them.

She looks over at Andy's side mirror and sees the same Shady Guy from the grocery store.

Allison then looks down at her black envelope.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Alright, if anyone has any
 questions. We can...

ALLISON
 (interrupts)
 What happened to this Grim Gram you
 guys were talking about earlier?

A confused Andy looks over at Allison.

GINA
 (from laptop)
 It's just a myth, honey. I have
 scarier stories taking "Calc-One"
 classes at the learning annex.

JUSTIN
 (from laptop)
 Grim Gram is way more than just a
 story. I found it on this sub-
 Reddit.

ANDY
 Let's get back to work and...

Andy reaches for the cursor when Allison takes the laptop
 from him.

ALLISON
 What happened to him? Andy told me
 he died in a crash.

KAREN
 (from laptop)
 If only it was that simple, right
 babe?!

Austin's frame doesn't say a word. A sickly Karen covers her
 mouth.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 I'm not feeling so good. Austin,
 call me when the session's over.

She exits the call. Allison holds the laptop away from Andy.

JUSTIN
 (from laptop)
 The article said the surviving
 cousins of the Draffords moved out
 of Illinois by the time Velger set
 up shop here.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

So when Gram disappeared, The
Draffords were just a memory here.

Andy tries grabbing the laptop. Allison moves out of reach.

ALLISON

Wait, I thought he died?

JUSTIN

(from laptop)

They never found his body. Or even
his van. Most people just believed
he crashed on I-twenty until...The
drivers started disappearing. I
think he's still out there.
Searching for other noncompliant
drivers. Like the one that killed
him. That's why the author called
him the Reaper's Affiliate working
for...

Just then, Andy reaches over and ends the call.

ALLISON

(angry)

What was that for? I had more
questions.

ANDY

We need to get back on our routes.
Not tell each other ghost stories.
Besides, why do you care so much
about them?

ALLISON

I...wanted to learn more history
about our town, that's all. Why
didn't you tell me the rest?

ANDY

I thought you were here to spend
time with me.

Allison doesn't respond. She looks in the side mirrors and
sees the idling car is gone.

EXT. LONE COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Karen's high beams peek over the hilly country road,
surrounded by thick brush and a canopy of trees.

She pulls to a stop in front of a gravel driveway with a
faint light poking through the pitch-black night.

Karen pulls out Andy's money from her pocket. She stuffs it into the key bag.

Looking up, she notices a familiar Velger truck parked at the base of the hill with its lights off.

KAREN

Austin?! How (sigh) convenient.

Parking at the top of a hill, Karen RATCHETS the emergency brake on, grabs her phone, and goes to open her door when:

Another Velger truck appears, rumbling down another driveway deep in the woods. Its high beams shine through the night as it pulls out in front of Austin's van.

Karen ducks down and watches as an obscured figure loads something into Austin's van.

After the exchange, the third Velger van turns back onto the road away from Karen until the road is dark once again.

Cautious, Karen steps out of her van and walks towards Austin.

EXT. AUSTIN' VAN - NIGHT

In Austin's side mirror, Karen walks along the side door with her cell phone light on.

KAREN

(scared)

Babe?! Is that you in there?

Looking in the mirror, she sees a faint smartphone glow. Then it disappears.

Anxious, Karen grasps the side door. And with a sudden jolt, she pulls the side door open to see:

INT. AUSTIN' VAN - NIGHT

Austin and Abe's corpses are shoved in Velger totes. Blood splattered on every surface.

Karen SCREAMS.

EXT. AUSTIN'S VAN - NIGHT

Just then, Karen hears something LUMBERING around the cab.

The Affiliate stomps towards Karen with his cold blue eyes and masked face.

Dropping her package, Karen runs for her life up the hill.

EXT. KAREN'S VAN - NIGHT

Back at her van, she yanks on the driver's door. It's locked. Karen sees the keys in the ignition.

KAREN

Shit!

She turns around as:

The Affiliate lunges at her. Karen ducks out of the way.

Running around the front of the car, Karen sprints down the pitch-black driveway.

EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Karen CRUNCHES the gravel driveway underfoot as she runs for her life. Darkness surrounding her on all sides.

She follows the bend and dips in the road for a beat.

Her flashlight flails around in her hand.

She follows the bends in the driveway.

The shadows jumping out at her from every direction when:

A faint light from the customer's house shines from the end of the driveway.

EXT. CUSTOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen sprints up the driveway and up the front walk.

She BANGS on the front door and RINGS the doorbell.

KAREN

(shouts)

Help! Help! Someone's trying to
kill me!

Karen looks behind her:

The Affiliate is nowhere to be seen.

She stops pounding on the door and listens to the night air. Everything's quiet.

Karen runs to the garage door and sees all the vehicles are gone. She sees a note written on the door.

Running around the back, she finds a wireless landline phone lying on a patio table on the back porch.

She grabs it and punches in 9-1-1. The phone is dead.

Pointing her phone light around the property, she's surrounded by woods on all sides without a single light in any direction.

Walking back to the front, she finds herself wedged between a deep ravine on one side and a steep hill on the other.

Looking at pitch-black woods ahead of her, she steadies her flashlight and walks back to her van.

EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Every shadow jumps out as she tiptoes down the gravel road back to her van.

She opens her phone and tries calling 9-1-1 through the app. "NO SERVICE" crawls across her phone.

RATTLE! Karen points her flashlight into the dense forest as something runs through the fallen leaves.

Karen picks up the speed and follows the bends in the driveway when:

She sees her van's headlights kick on.

KAREN
(yells)
No, wait! Stop! Come back!

She sprints around the corner just as the van drives off into the night.

Karen drops to her knees and covers her head.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(sobs)
Austin!

She lays on the ground in the pitch black SOBBING when:

The soft CRUNCHING of gravel underfoot can be heard. Her head pops up to see:

The Affiliate standing at the entrance of the driveway a distance away under the dim streetlight.

Karen sits still until:

He strides down the driveway. Away from the streetlight, he disappears into the pitch-black. The CRUNCHING gravel underfoot is all that remains.

Stumbling to her feet, she searches the ground for the phone she dropped.

The sound then turns into a SPRINT.

She stands up and runs back to the house.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Help! Someone help me!

Karen stumbles around in the dark when:

She stumbles off the driveway and disappears down the ravine. Her SCREAMS echo into the night.

INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Andy and Allison drive down a pitch-black road.

She looks behind her to see:

The same sedan from earlier is following them

ANDY
(into phone)
Remote lockout?! On which van?...No, I don't accept the charges because I'm the primary account holder...No, don't contact the secondary account holder. I'll send Fleet Dispatch an email tomorrow to sort this mess out.

Andy hangs up and looks over at Allie, nervously wringing her seatbelt.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Allie, you've been acting jumpy since Justin told you the rest of that story.

ALLISON
 (anxious)
 I think we're being followed.

He looks behind him and sees the headlight behind him.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 Ever since Marco's, I've seen this
 shady guy watching us. It could be
 one of the picketers or maybe...

DING! DING! A video call from "HELMO" lights up his phone.

Andy pulls over to the side of the road.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 Don't stop here! Out in the middle
 of...

Just then, the sedan drives past a confused Allison.

Andy opens the cab door leading to the cargo area.

ANDY
 Stay back here until the call's
 over.

ALLISON
 Why? I thought Chosen Ones can do
 whatever they...

ANDY
 Helmo can't see you or Greta in
 here. Just stay back there and
 don't make a sound.

INT. ANDY'S VAN - CARGO AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Allison crawls into the back with Greta. Packages and emptied
 totes fill the cargo area.

Andy shuts the door. Allison listens intently.

ANDY (O.S.)
 (into phone)
 Helmo, what's up?

HELMO (V.O.)
 (from phone; irritated)
 Nothing. Just looking at today's
 metrics and wondering why we ever
 hired you as a field ops manager!

ANDY (O.S.)
I don't understand.

Allison looks through one of the holes, only to see nothing.

HELMO (V.O.)
I warned you about babying these drivers. Now they're teetering on the edge of non-compliance: hour-long lunch breaks, a remote lockout, some haven't made a single delivery in over forty-five minutes. Velger doesn't employ non-compliant workers. And neither do we.

She sees Andy's frame shrivel under Helmo's harsh words.

ANDY (O.S.)
Helmo, just let me figure out what's going on. I took up Abe's route after he injured himself this morning and had to...resolve an issue with Austin and Karen. I'm almost done with Abe's route. Let me do my job.

Allison listens to the pause.

HELMO (V.O.)
Make sure you do...

Helmo DRONES on. Allison turns to the opened totes.

Looking back towards Andy, Allison sorts the packages as quietly as she can while Greta watches.

One by one, Allison takes out packages until:

She picks up a black envelope.

Startled, she drops the package and knocks over a small box with a THUD!

HELMO (V.O.)
What was that?

ANDY (O.S.)
(startled)
Nothing. A package probably just tipped over.

HELMO (V.O.)

While you're parked? I heard you have someone riding with you. Of all nights, why would you violate Velger's policy? Our compliance is down...

While Helmo chews out Andy, Allison turns back to the cab and thinks for a second.

She picks up the black envelope in the tote and clears her throat.

HELMO (V.O.)

I don't know what you're talking about. But I've had enough of your excuses.

ALLISON

(disguised voice)

Excuse me, sir. That was my fault. My name is...

(looks at envelope)

Jared Mandula. I'm a new Chosen-One member. I was interested in how Velger works, so I...demanded this gracious and dedicated driver show me the ropes. I have my envelope to verify my account.

She slides the envelope under the door. Andy takes the envelope. A beat of silence ensues.

HELMO (V.O.)

My apologies, Mr. Mandula. We're happy to accommodate. In the future, we require you to schedule a hands-on tour through the app.

ALLISON

(disguised voice)

I will do that next time. And might I say, this Andy is a very loyal employee who should get a raise...

ANDY (O.S.)

He hung up, Allison.

Andy opens the door.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I told you not to say anything. I had it under control.

ALLISON

Control? It sounded like he was gonna fire you on the spot.

ANDY

Only after you made a sound.

ALLISON

I was just trying to help.

ANDY

I didn't ask for it!

A moment of silence breaks over the van.

BZZ! His phone VIBRATES.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I've been doing this for a long time. I know what I'm doing.

(answers phone)

Andrew Hunt...you're done?! Hold on a sec.

Andy reaches over and takes the laptop from the passenger seat.

Allison sits down in a huff while Andy checks his laptop.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It looks like Josh needs some help. Take half of what he's got. And let me know if anything...smells out of place.

While on the phone, Andy hands Allison the laptop and STARTS up the van.

INT. GINA'S VAN (MOVING; SELFIE) - NIGHT

Gina drives her van with an open textbook and a pile of papers sitting next to her.

GINA

(into phone)

Andy, I've got a calc mid-term to study for and my kids are probably driving my sitter crazy. If Josh isn't here, I gotta call it.

ANDY (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Last I checked, Josh should be at a business park not too far away from your last stop. If he's not there, you can head home.

Gina pulls up to a stoplight.

ANDY (V.O.)
 Tonight's been a weird one.

GINA
 How so, hun?

ANDY (V.O.)
 I dunno. Abe takes a spill at his first stop, Austin and Josh aren't picking up their phones, remote lockout on Karen's van without my permission, now everyone's getting...

Just then, Andy cuts out.

GINA
 (into phone)
 Hello? Andy? Hope everyone's getting a bonus.

BZZ! Her phone rings again. She shakes her head.

GINA (CONT'D)
 (into phone; apathetic)
 What did Michael do this time, Gabe?... Put Megan on the phone.

Gina parks the van. While she waits, Gina skims through her textbook while SCREAMING KIDS blast through her earbud.

GINA (CONT'D)
 Hi, Megan. What happened?... Put Michael in time-out as usual. I'll tell Jerry to have a talk with his son about pulling hair... Yeah, it's his weekend with them... I should be home around seven.

She roots around in the van for something.

GINA (CONT'D)
 It's fine. Michael usually opens my mail...An envelope? What was in it?

BZZ! She receives a text message. Gina freezes.

GINA (CONT'D)

Megan, listen to me very carefully:
Delete those photos and put
everything in the garage on the
floor in front of the lawnmower...

Gina puts the textbook in the passenger seat and leans over the steering wheel.

GINA (CONT'D)

...There's no such thing as free-
bees or a group of rich people
that'll make life easy. You want
something, you gotta work for it.
Just put it in the garage and I'll
take care of it. Thanks.

She hangs up and deletes the photos one by one: her school REPORT CARD with nearly all Cs, a BANK STATEMENT with \$20,000 in her account, a FORECLOSURE NOTICE, and a COLLEGE TUITION OVERDUE NOTICE.

The last document is her VELGER SCHOLARSHIP STATEMENT. A highlighted line reads - FUNDS APPROVED: MUST MAINTAIN C-AVERAGE TO RECEIVE FUTURE SCHOLARSHIP FUNDS.

She leaves the van with a package in her hands.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD - NIGHT

Gina steps out of the driver's door onto a frontage road along a major highway. The constant stream of NOISY CARS scream past the lone house with an attached garage.

She walks up the driveway.

GINA

Last stop's an in-garage. And no
Josh...

Gina stops in her tracks when she sees:

Josh's van parked in the empty parking lot of a business park nearly a block away from her last stop.

GINA (CONT'D)

Shit!

She puts the package under her armpit and hoofs it across the lawn over towards Josh's van.

EXT. BUSINESS PARK - NIGHT

Striding through the empty parking lot, Gina sees smoke completely fogging up the windows inside the cab.

THUD! THUD! Gina bangs on the side of the van. No response.

GINA
Josh! Open up.

She BANGS again. No response.

Gina tugs on the handle. They're locked. She looks inside to see the hunched-over form of Josh.

Gina examines the doors to see:

The van keys lying on the pavement.

GINA (CONT'D)
What the...

She picks them up and sees improvised wedges holding the doors shut from the outside.

Picking a large stone from the nearby rock mulch, she hammers out the wedges and opens the door:

Josh flops out of the van.

She catches him and lays him on the ground. His bloodshot eyes staring up at her.

Horrified, Gina dials 9-1-1. A PHONE OPERATOR chimes in.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)
The number you dialed is no longer
in service. Please check your
service provider and call again.

She redials. No luck.

She opens the Velger app and taps the button "CALL FLEET DISPATCH." It RINGS.

GINA
Of course.

A female FLEET DISPATCH REP (30s) answers the call.

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
(stilted)
Thank you for calling Velger Fleet
Dispatch. How can...

GINA
 (into phone)
 He's dead. I can't call the cops or
 anything on my...

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 Ma'am, please calm down. What seems
 to be the problem?

Gina staggers back.

GINA
 The problem is a fellow Velger
 driver died of asphyxiation. And I
 can't call emergency services.

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 Please hold.

HOLD MUSIC plays. Gina nervously paces back and forth.

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 Thank you for holding. Have you
 contacted emergency services?

GINA
 I told you I can't. Someone trapped
 my colleague in his van and
 fumigated his ass like a cockroach.

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 The issue will be resolved.

Gina stops pacing.

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 The proper authorities have been
 notified. Please continue on your
 route.

GINA
 Shouldn't I wait for...

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 (stern; emphatic)
 Continue. Your. Route.

A beat of silence permeates.

FLEET DISPATCH REP (V.O.)
 Is there anything else I can help
 with?

Gina hangs the phone up. She looks down at Josh then back at her phone.

EXT. JOSH'S VAN - NIGHT

She opens the back door to see a smoldering tote billowing smoke inside the van. She spills it onto the pavement.

Rooting through the tote, she pulls out the source of the smoke:

A torn black envelope with gold lettering that spells "JOSH MCDOWELL."

She dumps the envelope out. A smoldering bong falls to the ground.

Just then, a pair of headlights pull into the parking lot. Passing under a light pole, Gina sees:

A Velger van.

Looking between Josh and her own van, Gina crawls under the van.

She watches as the unmarked van pulls right up next to Josh's van. It shuts the engine off.

After a beat, the side door RUMBLES open. A pair of boots STOMP out of the van.

Gina watches him walk around the back of Josh's van and over to his body.

Looking over at the other van, Gina notices something dripping from the cargo area.

As the driver kneels down to examine Josh's body, Gina slowly pulls herself out from under the van and over to the open side door.

She looks up and puts a hand to her mouth when she sees:

EXT. AUSTIN'S VAN - NIGHT

The blood-stained inside of Austin's van.

A bloodied and bruised Karen is restrained inside the cargo area with some kind of tape.

RIP! Gina turns around and hears the sounds of a tape gun from the driver WRAPPING up Josh.

Disturbed, she steps into the van and checks on Karen.

Gina puts a finger to her neck. Her eyes light up just as:

Karen's terrified eyes open. Gina covers Karen's taped-over mouth with her hand.

Gina saws away at the restraints around her hands and feet.

She reaches for the tape over Karen's mouth. Holding up her fingers, she counts down: three, two, one.

RIP! She YANKS the tape off.

Gina turns around. The driver continues to work. She helps Karen to her feet and out of the van when:

The driver's tape gun stops. Gina and Karen stop. They wait for a beat.

The two women run down the gap between the two vans when:

The Affiliate appears, blocking their path.

Terrified, Karen crawls under the van.

The Affiliate grabs her ankle. Gina kicks him in the head and lets Karen go.

Staring into his white eyes, Gina turns around and runs in the opposite direction.

EXT. CUSTOMER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Running for her life through the parking lot and over the yard, Gina slams into her van.

She throws herself at the sidedoor, checking her pockets.

GINA

My keys! Where are the keys?!

A pair of distant headlights pop on. The Affiliate's van RUMBLES through the parking lot.

Gina looks at her phone. She pulls out her phone and presses a button.

The customer's garage CREAKS opens.

Gina sprints up the driveway and ducks under the door. Inside, she taps her phone repeatedly.

The garage door closes as the approaching headlights get closer and closer until:

The door shuts.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Standing inside the garage, made to look more like a rec room, Gina rushes to find it's locked. She BANGS on the door.

GINA
(hysterical)
Please! Let me in! There's a killer
outside. Call the cops. The
national guard...

BZZ! Her phone rings. Surprised, she answers it.

GINA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?! Gabe?!... It's okay you
that you're still up. Listen, hang
up right now and call... Hello?!

VTT! The motor on the garage opener activates. The door opens as a pair of headlights illuminate the garage.

A large silhouette towers over Gina, holding an envelope in his hand. She drops her phone as the figure walks inside.

He pulls the release chain and YANKS the garage door down with a loud THUD!

CUT TO BLACK

EXT./INT. ANDY'S VAN - SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Andy pulls to a stop in a sketchy neighborhood, full of boarded-up houses, vehicles parked along dimly-lit streets with graffiti staining every surface.

Inside, Andy pulls out his laptop.

ANDY
(anxious)
At this rate, we're screwed. We
only have three hours before
cutoff. Aside from Justin,
everyone's pins are jumping all
over the place.

BEGIN INSERT

Andy pulls up the Balgyr portal to see Justin has the only working camera.

END INSERT

Andy hands Allison his phone.

ANDY (CONT'D)
We gotta keep moving.

ALLISON
It's dark and creepy out there.

ANDY
(irritated)
Allison, I need to fix this. My
job's on the line.

Reluctantly, she takes Andy's phone and scoots into the cargo area when:

BZZ! Several notifications fly in.

ANDY (CONT'D)
What happened this time? Our office
building implode?

ALLISON
It's your job applications. You got
responses, including Dillinger.

Excited, Andy turns around as Allison hands him his phone.

He scrolls through his phone, an excited grin on his face.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
So what's the word? Good news, I
hope.

His back turned to Allison, Andy continues scrolling without saying a word.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Come on, did you get the job? A
job?

Without looking back, Andy hands the phone to Allison.

She walks into the cargo area and scrolls through the emails. Her excited grin melts away.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
This can't be right. All of them...

BEGIN INSERT

She scrolls through hundreds of emails with headers variants saying: "APPLICATION REJECTED, THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST, WISH YOU THE BEST LUCK, NO LONGER CONSIDERING."

Allison opens one of the Chosen One "NETWORK REQUEST" emails.

It reads: "THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST, MR HUNT. I'M AFRAID I ONLY ACCEPT REQUESTS FROM CHOSEN ONES. TELL MS. DREWITT I WILL SEND HER A NETWORK REQUEST. BEST OF LUCK. - JAMES DILLINGER."

END INSERT

Allison looks back at Andy. His head resting against the steering wheel.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Oh Andy, I'm sorry...

Calmly, Andy shuts the cabin-cargo door, separating him and Allison.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(through door)
It's not the end of the world.
You'll find the right employer. You
just need to...Don't let, um...At
least...you have me, right?

The uneasy silence persists.

EXT. SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD - CUSTOMER HOUSE - NIGHT

Allison and Greta climb out of the van.

Constantly looking over her shoulder, she speedwalks down the dimly-lit street towards the customer's front door.

She looks back to see a hunched-over Andy.

ALLISON
I would've hired you.

RUSTLE! She waves her phone light around. She finds nothing.

Shadows and NOISES swiveling around her light, Allison lunges up the stairs to the customer's flimsy front deck.

Tossing the package under their grill's rain cover, she descends the stairs when:

She spots the sketchy sedan from earlier through the customer's back yard, parked under a streetlight.

Looking over her shoulder, she walks away from the van.

EXT. SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD - OPPOSITE STREET - NIGHT

Trudging through the backyard brush, Allison approaches the rusty sedan. She examines the license plate.

ALLISON

It's the one that's been following
us all day. Smell anything, girl?

SNIFFING around the car, Greta follows a scent around a nearby house and stops in front of:

A Velger van parked alongside, its side door wide open. She slowly creeps towards the dark van.

Just then, the van's cargo motion lights turn on revealing:

Monitoring equipment and signs from the picketing earlier that day.

She sees a bundle of unopened black envelopes sitting on the passenger's seat through the window.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Andy's gotta see this.

She runs back around the mobile home when:

A shadowy figure SLAMS the side door shut behind him.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Andy!

VROOM! The van engine kicks on and drives away.

EXT. SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD (CHASE SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Allison and Greta sprint after the van. Their shadows swivel around the streetlight they passes under.

The van takes a right. They take a right when:

Allison narrowly runs into garbage cans set out on the curb.

Catching her footing again, the van takes a sharp left.

Looking over her shoulder, she cuts through a side yard.
Vaulting over fences and barreling through shrubs:

Allison and Greta appear as Andy's van passes by.

Running down the street, she spots the form of another person
in Andy's side mirrors.

The van takes a left. They take a left up a hill with a
cemetery at the top.

Jogging up a hill, Allison and Greta HUFF and PUFF after
them.

Halfway up, the two cut through another sideyard.

Appearing on the other side of the street, Allison looks up
the hill.

The van continues straight past Allison.

Allison and Greta cut through another yard. Exhausted, she
struggles to clear the fences.

Andy's van drives past them.

Making it into an alley, she sees Andy's van through the
houses they pass.

The two reach the bottom of the hill when:

A car veers into the alley.

Allison weakly vaults over the car when:

She crashes into a poorly placed garbage can and hits the
ground, spewing trash everywhere.

WHEEZING on the ground, Allison watches as Andy's van drives
off into the night.

EXT. SKETCHY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Allison limps through the sketchy neighborhood, jumping at
every shadow and SOUND echoing through the night.

Seeing a pair of headlights approaching, Allison ducks behind
a car.

A Velger van drives by. The pair continue on.

ALLISON

None of this makes sense, girl. Who kidnapped Andy? And what was with all that equipment in that van?

Coming to a corner, she takes a left only to find:

A parked Velger van. She turns around and limps the other way.

Allison hears the side door RUMBLE open. Clutching the gash on her leg, she tries to run away until:

JUSTIN (O.S.)

I take it there's no check-in call?

INT. JUSTIN'S VAN - NIGHT

Justin applies bandages to Allison's leg from inside his van's cargo area. Their Balgyr cameras sit unplugged next to Greta.

JUSTIN

I was wondering why Andy's pin was cutting through side yards. I figured our bug didn't work.

ALLISON

What is going on here? Who are you?

Justin finishes Allison's wrap and puts the first-aid away.

JUSTIN

I'm a private investigator. What you stumbled onto was mine and my associate Jeremy's listening post.

Justin slips into the driver's seat.

ALLISON

Whatever it is, Andy didn't do it.

JUSTIN

I'm not with the bureau anymore. And my employers aren't interested in Andy. Your Andy at least.

Allison hobbles over and sits in the passenger seat.

ALLISON

Who's your employer?

JUSTIN

The surviving cousins of the
Drafford family: to find Gram.

Justin STARTS the van.

INT. JUSTIN'S VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Justin drives, following directions from a third-party app.

JUSTIN

Or at least his body. We know he
was seeing someone in secret.
Someone the family didn't approve
of. We don't know who. All we know
is when he turned eighteen, he went
out to the west coast for a time,
ran out of money, and returned to
Drafford to work at Velger. All
signs point to this secret love
interest.

ALLISON

What makes you say that?

Allison reaches down and pulls out a briefcase. Inside, she
finds a plastic-wrapped black envelope with the name: "GRAM
DRAFFORD" with its tab torn open.

JUSTIN

Found it in a landfill. All we know
is Velger takes these envelopes
seriously. A Chosen One is sent an
envelope like any old package to
initiate their account, while an
affiliate collects the opened
envelope at the end to terminate
it. Who they send envelopes to for
how long is purely guesswork.

BZZ! Justin's phone gets a notification: "JEREMY DISABLED."

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

We were going to get answers on
Andy's laptop. Now it seems Velger
must've found us out. Since you
have his phone, I can't track
either of them.

Embarrassed, Allison looks down at Andy's phone.

EXT./INT. JUSTIN'S VAN - DRAFFORD DEPOT - NIGHT

Justin pulls into a parking lot and parks at the turnaround of a trendy apartment complex, built within a dismantled train station.

JUSTIN

If Jeremy talked, I'm useless to this investigation. If Velger wants Drafford buried so bad, they can have it. I'm skipping town.

Justin climbs into the back.

ALLISON

Don't give up now!

JUSTIN

It's too late. The only way I'll get any answers is if I find a body or a van that's been missing for over twenty years.

Struggling to stand, Allison pulls out a picture of Ida and hands it to Justin.

ALLISON

My sister Ida Drewitt died at the hands of a Velger driver when I was ten. And no one believes me. The whole reason I'm here at all is to find her killer. Please! Help me stop this guy and find the proof.

He pauses.

JUSTIN

Andy talked a lot about you.

Allison falters.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Would've thought you two were an item. But that's Andy: too reserved to tell you what he wants and too kind to let someone struggle alone.

She remains silent. Justin studies the photo.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Reminds me a lot of Gram actually. I never understood why he broke with his rich family to become a company man. Until I met you.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

A Chosen One before you ever opened
an envelope. So tell me...

He hands Allison the phone back.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Who are you willing to sweat for:
Gram or Andy?

Justin lifts a tote full of packages.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Drafford's moved on, and so should
you. While you still have the
chance. 'Cause sometimes...

Justin opens the side door.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

...Death has a way of bringing new
life.

He hops down and SLAMS the door behind him.

INT. ANDY'S VAN (MOVING; PERSPECTIVE) - NIGHT

Passing under a streetlight, an OBSCURED FIGURE looks out
Andy's windshield as they RUMBLE down a major road.

ANDY (O.S.)

Sir, please just take whatever you
want and let me go.

The figure turns to a nervous Andy.

ANDY.

I promise I won't...

The figure produces a gun. Andy is silent.

The van stops at an intersection by a crossing guard.

The figure hides his gun as a column of pedestrians cross the
street towards the Founder's Day fair on Main Street.

The crossing guard gestures them forward.

A tall office building appears. The figure gestures towards
the parking lot.

Andy pulls into the parking lot.

BZZ! He checks his phone to see a text message.

One from "JUSTIN" reads: "JEREMY, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU WITH HUNT?"

The figure looks up as Andy parks. He takes the keys and motions Andy to the cargo area.

Andy complies as the figure follows him to the rear doors and powers off his phone.

INT. JUSTIN'S VAN - NIGHT

Andy's screensaver powers on. Sitting in Justin's van, Allison studies the younger versions of themselves.

She touches Ida's necklace and takes it off.

Rolling down the window, Allison winds up to toss the ring on a chain when:

ALLISON
You're right, Andy. It's time to
let Ida...

She stops and remembers something.

CLICKING on the cabin light, Allison pulls out the class photo from her backpack and finds Gram Drafford.

She looks through the "D" last names. Directly under "DRAFFORD," she finds the last name "DREWITT."

Scanning the photo for her face, Allison finds Ida standing next to Gram. Looking closer, she spots the two subtly holding hands.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Ida?!

THUD! Something strikes the hood of the van. A startled Allison climbs out of the van.

EXT. DRAFFORD DEPOT - NIGHT

Allison walks around the van to see:

An exhausted Karen, caked in mud and dried blood, lying on the ground in front of the van.

ALLISON
Oh, God! Karen.

She bends down to pick her up.

KAREN
(hysterical)
He's coming! He's after me. We
gotta get out of here.

ALLISON
What happened?! Who's coming?

Just then, Greta starts BARKING from inside the van.

THOMP! THOMP! Allison grasps her chest as her heart rate
spikes. A constant beat POUNDS throughout.

Allison looks up to see a pair of headlights pull into the
parking lot.

Horrified, Karen pulls Allison towards the front door.

KAREN
I'm not going back! We have to get
away from him.

ALLISON
Calm down. Justin'll be down in a
bit. Everything'll be...

The vehicle passes under a light pole, revealing it to be a
Velger Van. Allison's knees buckle.

It pulls up the turnaround to park inches from their front
bumper. Greta SNARLS and BARKS as she shakes their van.

Karen pulls Allison inside the main entry and YANKS on the
main door. It's locked.

Allison watches as The Affiliate steps out of the van.

She clutches her chest as her heart POUNDS at a fever pitch.

He stomps towards them. Karen POUNDS on the door when:

BEEP! The door unlocks as it mechanically opens.

Karen pulls a terrified Allison inside. Karen struggles to
push the motorized door closed. Allison clutching her chest.

The Affiliate steps inside the main entry.

He reaches for the pair when:

Allison grips the door and pulls it shut.

INT. DRAFFORD DEPOT - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Justin appears on the third floor of the complex, holding his tote in one arm and his phone in the other.

JUSTIN
(to himself)
Someone had to take the damn fab
for the mailroom again. I won't
miss doing this.

He walks over to the resident's door. Checking his phone, Justin sets his tote down and wipes the sweat away.

He KNOCKS on the door. No response. He KNOCKS again.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(talks into door)
Velger delivery. I have a package
for you.

Just then, the lights in the hallways flicker.

CLICK! The resident locks their door.

Irritated, Justin lays the package against the door and leaves with his tote. He takes a couple steps and looks back.

After a beat, a hand pops out and pulls the package inside.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Next time, leave the fab out.

Justin waddles down the hall towards the elevator. He turns the corner to find:

A black envelope leaning under the call button.

Looking around the empty hallway, he picks up the unopened envelope.

He flips it over to see: "JUSTIN ESPINOSA" in gold lettering.

Confused, he vigorously examines the envelope. Feeling the bulge inside, Justin reaches for the tab.

He stops. Pulling out his van key, he slits the bottom of the package instead.

A solid object THUDS to the floor.

Horrified, he picks up the object revealed to be:

His old F-B-I badge.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
They've always known.

CHUN! The power goes out. Emergency floods light up corners of the pitch-black hallway.

Justin flips his phone light on.

He shines his light at the exit signs and follows them.

As he walks down the hall, Justin hears the LOCKS clicking over one by one.

He approaches the door labeled "STAIRS." He reaches for the handle when the PATTTERING of footsteps sprinting up to his floor echoes through the stairwell.

Justin pulls out his keys and presses his back to the wall. The sounds get closer until:

THUD! Something falls through the door. Justin shines his phone light to find:

Allison and Karen on the floor.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Allison?! How'd you get in here?
And what happened to Karen?

ALLISON
It's him! Ida's killer is here.

Justin helps Allison to her feet. A wheezing Karen stays on the floor, hugging her knees.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Abe, Austin, Josh, and Gina.
They're all dead. Karen said she
escaped and's been running for over
an hour.

JUSTIN
And they all got envelopes, right?

He holds up his envelope.

ALLISON
So that's it! Velger sent this guy
to kill anyone with an envelope.

JUSTIN

Why would Velger go through the trouble to take out a few non-compliant drivers in a relatively small D-A-P?

KAREN (O.S.)

It doesn't matter.

They look down at Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

He's coming for us. And it's only a matter of time.

Allison twists her necklace around with her finger. Justin pulls Karen to her feet.

JUSTIN

We just need to get back to the van. I have some connections left in the F-B-I...

At the mention of the bureau, Karen stares at Justin until: The group hears a pair of footsteps STOMP up the stairwell. Justin flips his light off and motions them to follow.

INT. DRAFFORD DEPOT (CHASE SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Leaving the tote, the trio speedwalk down the dark hall. Their shadows swiveling around the emergency floodlights.

Allison looks over her shoulder. She sees nothing.

They walk further. She turns around again. Still nothing.

The stairwell door CREAKS open. Allison looks behind them to find:

A distant phone light bobs up and down in the dark.

Moving a little faster, they round a corner and avoid the floodlights. The sound of BOOTSTEPS follow after them.

Allison turns around to see the phone light getting closer. The Affiliate's shadow swiveling across the wall.

Her BREATHING becomes more labored. Their speedwalk turns into a jog as they make turn after turn down the exposed hallways.

She turns around, the BOOTSTEPS turn into a run as the light jostles after them.

All pretense dropped, the three sprint for the stairwell door with a glowing "EXIT" over it.

INT. DRAFFORD DEPOT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The trio dash through the door. Justin trying sliding his badge under to the door to jam it while Allison and Karen run down the stairs when:

KAREN
My ankle! I think I twisted it.

BANG! The Affiliate slams against the door. Justin braces it with his body.

JUSTIN
Go! I'll hold him off.

ALLISON
Justin! We have to...

SLAM! The Affiliate breaks through the door.

JUSTIN
Just go!

Justin tosses the keys to Karen. She fumbles and drops them down to the ground floor.

Frustrated, Allison helps Karen down the stairs. Sounds of a SCUFFLE echo through the stairwell.

Reaching the bottom, Allison searches among the stored parking lot supplies where the keys fell.

ALLISON
Where are the keys? Where are the keys?

She finds them in a bucket of snow salt when something hurtles down at her. She looks up as:

CRUNCH! Justin's body crashes to the bottom of the stairwell. His broken neck twitches on the ground next to the women.

Allison SCREAMS.

Hearing The Affiliate LUMBERING down the stairs, Allison takes Karen's arm.

The pair hobble through a red door into:

INT. DRAFFORD DEPOT - GARAGE - NIGHT

A pitch-black garage, faint red emergency lights illuminate the concrete walls and parked cars.

The pair's heavy BREATHING and FOOTSTEPS echo through the cavernous garage.

Karen stumbles to the ground. Allison drags her behind a nearby car and covers both their mouths as:

The Affiliate steps into the garage.

SLAMMING the building door shut, he flips his phone light on and walks through the rows of cars.

Looking around the garage, Allison spots an "EXIT" sign.

Pointing at the sign, Allison and Karen crawl on their hands and knees around the maze of cars.

Several beats pass as the pair avoid The Affiliate's bobbing phone light as they progress closer to the exit.

They're one car away from the exit when:

The Affiliate stands on the other side of the car, his light trained on the door.

Allison spots a broken piece of a concrete curb next to them.

She eyes a car with its headlights pointed at The Affiliate.

In the glow of The Affiliate's light, Allison pantomimes to Karen: Allison throwing the concrete block then for Karen to run back to the stairwell.

Allison counts down with her hands. Karen shakes her head.

On one, Allison chucks the concrete.

CRASH! The CAR ALARM goes off. Its headlights blind The Affiliate.

Allison makes a break for the exit. The door handle is stuck.

The Affiliate turns towards her. She tries to force the door open.

ALLISON

Come on!

CREAK! She forces the door open.

EXT. DRAFFORD DEPOT - NIGHT

Allison stumbles out from the underground parking exit.

Running for her life, Allison sprints up the hill and rounds the corner. The turnaround with the vans is in sight.

She sprints to Justin's van. Greta's head pops up in the passenger side window.

Allison yanks on the side door handle. It's locked. After a beat, the locks flip open.

Yanking the door open, she turns around to see:

The Affiliate isn't following her.

ALLISON

Karen!

Allison runs back to the garage when:

She sees a calm Karen waiting at the top of the stairwell through a first-floor window. Allison and Greta walk over to the window to watch when:

Just then, The Affiliate appears. Allison jumps out of sight.

She returns to the window to see an impatient Karen scolding the masked figure.

Wavering her hands around, she pulls out the van keys in one hand and pulls out Austin's taser in the other.

Just then, Greta starts GROWLING. She tries to close her muzzle until:

BARK! The two turn to look out the window and run to the door.

Allison stumbles away when:

She runs back to the van and grabs Justin's briefcase.

Just then, Karen stumbles out the front door.

EXT. DRAFFORD DEPOT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Allison and Greta run for their lives through the parking lot towards the lights off in the distance.

KAREN (O.S.)
Allison, Come back! It's not what
it looks like!

She looks over her shoulder. The complex gets farther away as the speck of Karen and The Affiliate hop in their vans.

VROOM! The vans come to life as their headlights wheel around after her.

Allison and Greta barrel through the thick brush.

EXT. DRAFFORD STREETS - SUBURBS (RUNNING SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Emerging from the other side, she and Greta sprint down the streets of Drafford.

A pair of headlights appear behind them. Allison and Greta cut through a nearby yard.

She looks down at her injured leg, blood seeping through the bandage.

Looking up, she sees a Velger van turning onto the street towards her.

The two duck behind a car. Once the van passes, the two continue running.

She spots signs that read "FOUNDER'S DAY PARKING" with an arrow pointing to the left.

They round a corner to find a parked Velger van before them.

Allison freezes as the side door opens to reveal:

Another driver holding a package. He greets them as the driver makes the delivery.

She waves back only to sprint past the driver as his back's turned.

Following the signs, Allison sees the festival a street over until:

A Velger van blocks the crosswalk before her. Allison stops.

Karen throws the door open.

KAREN
Allison, just hear me out.

ALLISON
Greta. Sick!

Greta sprints at the van. Karen SLAMS the door shut. Allison runs around the back of the van.

Allison and Greta dash across the street past the orange safety cones into:

EXT. MAIN STREET - FOUNDER'S DAY FESTIVAL - NIGHT

The Founder's Day festival: filled with street vendors, fair rides, with families overrunning a closed-off Main Street.

Taking off her Velger vest, Allison and Greta blend into the crowd as they make their way down the street.

Looking over her shoulder, she looks up at the banner as the words: "SPONSORED BY VELGER."

BZZ! Andy's phone rings. Cautious, she picks up the phone.

HELMO (V.O.)
(from phone)
Allie! It's good to see you. How long's it been? You look great.

Allison looks around the festival for Helmo then at the Balgyr on Andy's phone.

She rips it off and SMASHES it on the ground.

HELMO (V.O.)
Those things are expensive. I wasn't watching you and Greta through that camera. Hunt's camera anyways.

Allison looks over her shoulder. She spots a Velger booth handing out Velger t-shirts.

She hides behind a group of passing teenagers.

HELMO (V.O.)
He's fine. I've never seen Hunt happier than I saw him today. He still must have feelings for you. Even after you lied to him and nearly cost him his job.

ALLISON
That's not fair. We're just...He should've...I'm hanging up now.

She presses the red "END CALL" button. It doesn't work. Allison taps it repeatedly. No effect.

HELMO (V.O.)
Since you won't talk to my drivers,
I have a proposition for you.

Allison spots two police officers and walks towards them.

ALLISON
You mean the ones who killed
Justin, the other drivers, and my
sister? Not interested. I think
I'll give my answer to the cops
over there.

HELMO (V.O.)
Go ahead. Show them the briefcase.
But tell me: did you actually
witness these crimes?

She pauses only to find Greta is missing. Allison turns around and searches the festival for her.

HELMO (V.O.)
Besides, I think the cops would be
more interested in what you've been
doing. Trespassing on private
property, smashing a car
windshield, and giving a customer a
bottle of "LaGreta," was it?

Allison hesitates and walks away from the cops, keeping an eye on all the people wearing Velger t-shirts. Just then, a figure follows her.

HELMO (V.O.)
That's right. I can't control what
people do. But Velger has ways to
"motivate compliance."

ALLISON
You won't get away with this. I saw
your Reaper's Affiliate take a life
today.

HELMO (V.O.)
You mean Judy Wilson? A breast
cancer survivor whose medical
expenses were covered by the Chosen
One program. Allowing her two more
years of life before dying of her
illness.

She wavers as the figure pulls out a taser.

HELMO (V.O.)

Anyway, my proposal is this: give us the envelope inside the briefcase. You can even drop by Hunt's desk at our office by Main Street...

ALLISON

Or what? You'll have me arrested?

HELMO (V.O.)

I'll tell you what happened to Ida.

Allison's eyes widen.

ALLISON

How would you know that?

HELMO (V.O.)

Because she was a Velger employee. For over three years. Quit right around Drafford's disappearance, surprisingly enough.

In an instant, Allison stops in her tracks as her head starts spinning. She steadies herself on a light post.

ALLISON

(lightheaded)

Y...you're a liar! She wasn't...

HELMO (V.O.)

Say what you will about me. Like Velger, I give what I promise to give, explicit or not. If that makes me a bad friend, what does that make you?

Allison looks down at the briefcase.

HELMO (V.O.)

Information about your sister for returning Velger property. Do we have a deal?

The figure closes in to stab Allison with the taser when:

BARK! Greta reappears and attacks the figure, dropping their taser at Allison's feet.

Surprised, Allison grabs the taser and takes off down the street.

Onlookers stare as Velger employees take off after Allison. None can catch her.

She makes it to a busy parkway. Looking across the busy street, Allison sees the office building on her left where Andy was taken and a dark county road with an "I-20" sign.

Allison hears Justin's voice.

JUSTIN (V.O.)

Who are you willing to sweat for:
Gram or Andy?

ALLISON

Sorry, Andy.

Velger employees catch up to the pair when:

Allison sprints across the street. Dodging cars, the pair make it to the other side.

Without breaking stride, Allison and Greta disappear down the pitch-black road marked "I-20."

EXT. I-20 ROAD - NIGHT

Allison opens her phone to turn off her cellular data and turn on her phone light.

Several beats pass of her and Greta jogging down the dark road.

She stops to take a break, aiming her light at the briefcase.

Allison cracks it open. Taking out Gram Drafford's envelope, she flips through papers to find one titled "LIST OF SUSPECTS" for Gram's disappearance.

One name stands out: "IDA DREWITT." She twirls her necklace.

ALLISON

Ida.

Just then, a pair of headlights appear.

Allison and Greta hide in the ravine. They wait as a pickup truck passes by.

The truck's headlights illuminate the damaged guard rail from earlier. It makes a sharp turn and drives off into the night.

Allison stands up and holds Gram's envelope to her light.

She tears the plastic seal and gives it to Greta.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 (to Greta)
 Follow the scent, girl.

Greta starts SNIFFING the ground.

EXT. I-20 ROAD - DAMAGED GUARD RAIL - NIGHT

Pulling Allison along, she takes her to the damaged guard rail.

She looks down the steep ravine to a thick wall of trees.

ALLISON
 Let's find that van.

Just then, a pair of headlights illuminate the pair.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 Greta Come!

The two slide down the ravine. Headlights shine from the road as a shadow stretches over the guard rail towards the woods.

EXT. DARK WOODS (CHASE SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Allison and Greta stumble down an old hiking trail leading further down the ravine.

She looks behind them as:

A bouncing flashlight pursues after them.

They vault over downed logs, cut left and right past large trees, and whip back tree limbs.

She looks behind her. The bouncing flashlight gains on them.

Allison sees a large boulder ahead. She runs around the side and:

Turns her light off. Holding Greta's mouth shut, the two stand still as:

The Affiliate's light passes by. The two watch their pursuer stumble around in the dark, looking for them.

A beat passes as Allison and Greta stay out of sight when:

The Affiliate's light shuts off. The woods are silent.

Holding her breath and Greta's mouth shut, Allison crawls on her hands and knees.

Feeling around in the dark with one hand, she finds the trail and follows it.

Looking behind her, Allison doesn't see or hear any movement. She reaches for the phone and powers on the lock screen when:

The Affiliate's boots are lit up inches away.

Allison jumps back as he grabs her by the arm.

Greta bites him as a muffled OWW sounds out.

Allison runs away when:

She trips and falls right before another steep drop-off. The Affiliate reaches down to pick her up when:

ZAP! She jams the taser into his neck and SHOCKS him.

Just then, Greta lunges for The Affiliate and knocks them both over the drop-off.

The two tumble down the hill, CRASHING into trees and other debris.

EXT. DARK WOODS - BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE - NIGHT

After a beat, they roll to a stop in a rough clearing.

Wozy, Allison struggles to her knees. She WHISTLES for Greta. No response. She pulls out Andy's phone and flips the light on to see:

A huddled mass of broken bones and ripped Velger apparel laying on the ground.

Defiant, Allison stumbles to her feet and begins kicking the downed Affiliate.

ALLISON

For twenty years, you've always
been in my head. When I close my
eyes, you're there. When I see
those damn vans, you're there.
Whenever I think of Ida, all I can
do is picture how much better my
life would be if you never.
Fucking. Met me...Or my sister.

Frustrated and WHEEZING, Allison stops kicking him. She listens to the labored BREATHES of The Affiliate.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 You may have taken Ida: your
 sweetheart of all people. But not
 me. Now get out of my life!

She takes out Gram's envelope and tosses it on top of The Affiliate.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 And take your package with you.

Allison turns around to reveal:

EXT./INT. GRAM'S RUSTED VAN - NIGHT

The remains of an old carrier van: windows broken, doors missing or completely rusted, and a faded "V" cuts through the overgrowth.

Beaming, Allison inspects the ancient vehicle. She turns on cellular data and pulls up a map.

ALLISON
 No wonder they didn't find your
 van. It's almost in the next
 county.

She peers through the driver's window. All she finds is shattered glass and old animal nests.

Allison pulls the back doors open with a loud CREAK. All she finds are disintegrated Velger cartons and boxes.

She SLAMS the door shut when:

A small grave marker catches her eye. She looks at the grave then back at The Affiliate.

Allison wipes the leaves and the overgrowth away to find the words: "GRAM DRAFFORD 1977 - 2004."

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 (shell-shocked)
 But that's a year before...

Spotting something glittering in the leaves, she picks up a medal. On the back, the words: "ILLINOIS REGIONAL WOMEN'S TRACK FINALS - 1ST PLACE: IDA DREWITT."

She turns to see Greta appear and attack The Affiliate.

Allison runs back and pushes her off the injured man. She examines the Affiliate's hand: The tattoo isn't there.

She flips him over. Putting a hand over her mouth, Allison is horrified to find:

A broken and bloodied Andy lying on the ground

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Andy, are you alright?
Say something.

Andy GURGLES as he clutches his singed larynx. She tosses the taser into the woods and cradles his head.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean what I
said. I'll...I'll get you an
ambulance. Just hold on.

She pulls out her phone when:

BZZ! A call from "HELMO" lights up her screen. She shuts it off and tries to dial 9-1-1.

The call switches over to Helmo. She reluctantly puts it to her ear.

HELMO (V.O.)

I warned you to live things be.

ALLISON

I don't want to hear your glouting,
Helmo. Andy needs an ambulance.

HELMO (V.O.)

Why? What'd you do to him?

Allison pauses and strokes Andy's hair.

ALLISON

(upset)

I...I thought he was...someone
else. Why was he chasing me? What
did you do to him?

HELMO (V.O)

I gave him what he asked for: a
promotion.

Looking beside Andy, Allison sees another torn envelope. She picks it up to see the name: "ANDREW HUNT."

ALLISON

Bullshit! You gamed the system to hurt Andy and me.

HELMO (V.O.)

There are thousands of employees at this location who look the same in the dark. And you assumed the Velger employee retrieving company property was the dead man in that grave?

Allison looks back at the grave then down at Andy.

HELMO (V.O.)

An ambulance is on the way. If you had trusted me or Hunt, you wouldn't be in this mess.

ALLISON

Go to hell! I'll expose you all. I have the envelope, the briefcase, and now Gram's van.

HELMO (V.O.)

And what'll that prove?

Allison pauses.

HELMO (V.O.)

That you have missing Velger property, materials of industrial espionage, found a dead body, crippled your best friend, and found proof that your sister was not only dating but responsible for the Death of Drafford's last son?

Allison props Andy's head up on a nearby rock as she walks back towards the van.

ALLISON

What do you want?

HELMO (V.O.)

For my silence? Access to your Chosen One account.

Confused, she pauses.

ALLISON

What do you want with it? Are you gonna kill me like the other five if I don't?

HELMO (V.O.)

All I'm asking from you is to open your envelope, live your life, and occasionally follow my lead. Other than that, it's none of your business.

ALLISON

Forget it. Why should I help you?

HELMO (V.O.)

'Cause you don't have a choice.

Allison remains silent. She looks over at the injured Andy.

HELMO (V.O.)

But that's compliance, isn't it?

EXT. I-20 ROAD - SUPERCUT - NIGHT

A team of paramedics carries Andy up the ravine in a stretcher and up to:

A waiting ambulance, soaked in floodlights and red-and-blue of cop cars on the I-twenty curve. Helmo's voice can be heard throughout.

HELMO (V.O.)

Waving your right to choose for yourself to fit into something bigger than yourself.

Wrapped in a blanket, Allison answers a police officer.

HELMO (V.O.)

The only problem is keeping employees compliant.

Seeing Andy lifted into the ambulance, Allison rushes over to the ambulance. One of the medics holds her back.

Checking his radio, the medic lets Allison enter the ambulance while Greta is directed into a squad car.

INT. AMBULANCE - SUPERCUT - NIGHT

Allison rides in the back with Andy. She looks down at a sedated Andy with his injured fully illuminated.

HELMO (V.O.)

Sure, there are incentive programs and bonuses.

(MORE)

HELMO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But if you give them something
they'd die for. You'll have
compliant employees for life.

She holds his limp hand, struggling to hold back tears.

INT. HOSPITAL - SUPERCUT - NIGHT

Allison follows the nurses and doctors down the hall to the ER.

HELMO (V.O.)

Andy wanted a career. Velger obliged. Karen, security for her baby. Velger obliged. The other drivers remained non-compliant against mine and Hunt's best efforts. So Velger went over my head to oblige and relieved all five of them immediately.

They pass through a set of doors. One of the nurses motions to Allison to stay behind the doors.

HELMO (V.O.)

Even Gram and his family gave the keys away to their town for relevance. And as always...

She watches as the hospital staff cart Andy down the hall. At the end of the hall is a sign that reads: "GRAM DRAFFORD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL: FAMILY, TRADITION, CARE."

HELMO (V.O.)

Velger obliged.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - SUPERCUT - NIGHT

Allison sits in the sterile waiting room, staring off into space until:

HELMO (V.O.)

Blame me or Velger all you want.
But the simple truth is Gram was
already dead, Ida suffered a heart
attack, and to cope with her loss
you created a conspiracy.

She finds herself twirling her necklace.

HELMO (V.O.)
...and Hunt took the brunt of it.
Leading him on for years
and...well, you made your feelings
pretty clear.

In a flurry, she rips the necklace off and hurls it across the room.

Craig enters the waiting room with Greta. He runs to Allison as the two embrace for a beat. She buries her face in his shoulder.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
Miss Hunt?

As Craig holds her, Allison sees EDITH HUNT (50s): Andy's distraught mom, standing at the front desk as Nurse #1 explains what happened.

Unable to bear it, Allison pulls Craig out of the waiting room to avoid talking to her.

EXT. HOSPITAL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Allison waits at the front entrance of the sleepy hospital for Craig.

She sees two Velger executives in fancy suits approach her. Allison looks down at her phone when:

The two walk past her to greet:

An injured Karen. Cradling a bandaged hand and glaring at Allison, she walks off into the parking lot.

Craig pulls up in a rideshare SUV, loaded with their bags.

Allison looks back at the hospital before she and Greta climb in. The vehicle drives away.

INT. RIDESHARE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Allison sits in the backseat with Greta while Craig and the driver talk up front.

Allison looks down at her phone, scrolling through the photos of her and Andy from happier days.

Longingly, she stares out the window as they come up to Main Street when:

The SUV stops at a red light. Just then, five Velger vans pull up in the next lane.

HELMO (V.O.)
Clock's ticking, Allison. I'd say
you'll make the right choice. But
someone's already decided for you.

Looking down at her backpack, she rummages through it to find:

Her unopened black envelope.

HELMO (V.O.)
Welcome to Velger. Your voice in
choice.

She grabs the tab and hesitates for a beat.

In an instant, she RIPS the tab.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. VAN (MOVING) - OBSCURED PERSPECTIVE - NIGHT

A Velger Affiliate drives down a lone highway for several beats.

A large parking lot appears in the distance. He signals for the exit.

Through the windshield, he exits the highway and pulls into the parking lot filled with other Velger vans.

The driver pulls into an open spot and shuts his van off.

Through the windshield, other Velger employees leave their vans as the driver collects his things.

Sitting up, he looks into the rearview mirror with his cold blue eyes.

Taking off his Velger apparel, he stands up as it brushes past a familiar runic tattoo on his hand.

YANKING the side door open, his silhouette stretches out of the van. Stepping down, he SLAMS the side door shut.

CUT TO BLACK