

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A car sinks into a lake, red brake lights giving off an eerie glow before finally being swallowed by the black water.

BISHOP watches. He smiles.

He slides a knife into a pouch near his back, it's edge glinting in the moonlight, razor sharp, within easy reach.

He looks back one last time.

BISHOP

This is why you don't pick up
hitchhikers.

He walks off, swallowed by the darkness.

INT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

ABI watches the body of a man tumble from the open passenger door and roll down a steep incline into thick, overgrown bushes below.

She drops an empty syringe into a bag in the backseat and pulls out a full one, placing it next to her seat, within easy reach.

She glances into the rear view mirror, the road is dark, she's alone, no witnesses. She pulls the door shut and starts the car.

ABI

This is why you should never
hitchhike.

She drives off, disappearing into the darkness.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bishop stands on the side of the road, arm extended, thumb raised at the approaching car lights. He smiles.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Abi sees the hitchhiker and slows down. She smiles.

THE END.