

THE PASSENGER

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A cloudy platinum morning. We're in motion tracking --

JENNA MOREAU, 29, jogs through the city. She's attractive, but beneath the smiling, polished exterior lies a real Lady Macbeth. *Iggy Pop rocks her ear buds "...The Passenger..."*

EXT. EXPENSIVE CONDOMINIUMS - DAY

Jenna finishes up her run to the locked GATE of a well-kept, upscale condominium in a nice neighborhood.

She pops out her ear buds. 'Stevie Wonders' song fades away. Reaches into her pocket, fishes for her gate key. *DAMN*. She locked herself out.

She peers through the slatted ENTRY GATE into the courtyard for someone to open the gate.

EXT. CONDOMINIUMS - COURTYARD - DAY

BRODY, 30, exits his condo. A wolf in expensive sheep's clothing. A face equal parts brutal and handsome. Like a boxer's face. Not a face you mess with.

He embraces the day with a steaming HOT POCKET in one hand and a can of ice cold beer in the other.

JENNA

Excuse me. Hey?

Brody looks for who is interrupting his breakfast of champions and spots Jenna waving up at him.

JENNA

Can you buzz me in?

He regards Jenna for a beat. Brody approaches.

JENNA

My key must have slipped out. I should get one of those velco things.

Brody regards her through the gate. He's firm, but playful.

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BRODY

How do I know you live here?

JENNA

When I get back from my run you're always outside your apartment.

BRODY

And you know that because?

JENNA

I see you.

BRODY

So maybe you figured out I like to get some fresh air in the AM. And schedule your workout to coincide.

JENNA

Why would I do that?

BRODY

If you want a date, just ask.

She smiles. She wants to hate this guy. But he's handsome as hell. And he's delivery is charming. He seems honest.

JENNA

Let's call it a coincidence and move on.

Brody unlocks the gate. Jenna enters, passing him close.

INT. BAR/RESTUARANT - DAY

Brody and Jenna have finished dinner, the Waiter replaces an empty bottle of wine with a full one. They're laughing. Their sexual attraction is palpable.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - DAY

A nice condo. It's sparse. A few makeshift pieces of furniture. Lots of moving boxes. She hasn't lived here for long.

Brody and Jenna pull on their clothes, having clearly had a quickie.

INT. FBI - SPY TANK - DAY

A windowless exposed basement office. Four MILLENNIAL INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS work diligently at surveillance stations. Another two stations are unmanned, used for storage -- boxes, old monitors.

Jenna dumps her bag at her station. She inserts earbuds, then uses her THUMBPRINT to power-on her three monitors:

Jenna monitors a call -- the filtered voices of a MAN and WOMAN.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I'd like two thin crust. One Hawaiian. One pepperoni. Double the pineapple anda side of breadsticks.

MAN (V.O.)

Is that cash or credit, ma'am?

Brody appears. Off the smoldering look between them.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Jenna, dolled up, working her way through the club, anxious eyes darting, searching. She finally locks eyes with Brody, relief - which disappears when she sees a cute BLONDE on his arm.

It looks innocent enough, but Jenna's angry, confused, hurt - brain in gridlock. She stalks out.

INT. BRODY'S CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

We haven't been here yet. It's exactly what you'd expect though: an elegant bachelor-pad. Modern furniture. Sleek. Everything just right.

Jenna refilling her large wine glass, She's wearing no panties, just an FBI sweatshirt that barely covers her ASS. She drinks.

Sees Brody watching her from the doorway, a look of disapproval on his face.

She shoots him a look back - *don't say a word.*

BRODY

Just some random who came up to me. That's all.

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Jenna - not buying it.

Finally Brody kisses her, hard and rough.

Jenna resists slightly - barely. It's getting to her; she's responding.

Brody turns her over, rough, so he's on top. He pushes up her sweatshirt, yanks down his boxers, holds Jenna down by her neck.

BRODY

Tell me you want it.

JENNA

Stop it!

BRODY

Tell me.

He grips her neck harder. Then, like a gasp for air -

JENNA

I want it.

Brody fucks her, hard, his hand tight around her neck. Somewhere between hate and love. Good for both, as always, but cruel.

INT. BRODY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shower's runs. A post-shower Jenna in a sheer robe that definitely makes you look twice, rubs her neck - it's red and sore.

Brody's PHONE vibrates -- she sees it on the dresser.

Jenna notices he has a new text message, just waiting to be checked. Who's texting him at 1:15 AM?

She contemplates checking it, something she's never done before.

The water shuts off. She hears Brody coming -- Jenna quickly turns away from his phone. He enters, in a robe.

INT. FBI - SPY TANK - DAY

Jenna is at her work station. She glances across the way at Brody's workstation. His head down, busy, typing away.

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Monitor 1: Windows of email browsers. Social media pages (Twitter, Facebook, Instagram) for BRODY.

Monitor 2: Phone data -- names and times of recorded calls.

Jenna observes as he deletes spam promotional emails while she's tracking others' -- "Reschedule for noon..."
"... Reminder from Dr. Habib -- Your Sildenafil Prescription is now available..."

A CELLPHONE rings. Brody grabs his, rushes out the office.

She assesses the data, clicks on "Brody's CALL HISTORY".

VOICES start up, a recording from the computer. She listens. Their voices *FILTERED*.

SARA (V.O.)

How goddamn difficult is it?!!

BRODY (V.O.)

*Do it yourself, how 'bout that?!
Do it yourself it's so easy!*

SARA (V.O.)

*Five thousand dollars for what?! A
HEADACHE!*

BRODY (V.O.)

Listen to me!

SARA (V.O.)

*I've lessoned enough. Every
goddamn excuse in the book!*

Jenna tries to remain calm - letting this sink in.

BRODY (V.O.)

*Sara, shut up and listen! Some
things you can undo, this, this
you can't undo, okay. Father of
your son? This is real and there's
gonna be repercussions, so I need
to know you're a hundred percent
sure before --*

SARA (V.O.)

*I'M ONE HUNDRED TEN PERCENT! HOW
MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SAY IT?! I
WANT HIM GONE! I WANT HIM DEAD! I
WANT YOU TO KILL HIM!*

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BRODY (V.O.)

*All right, all right, calm down,
that's all I needed to hear. I'LL
take care of it.*

SARA (V.O.)

*Peter's plane arrives at nine. So
he should be home around eleven.
So make sure you surprise him. The
code is six... one... three...
four. It needs to be brutal. A
million dollars in life insurance.
Payable to the grieving widow.*

Jenna, mouth agape. TITILLATED...

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna WASHES her hands like a surgeon, both hands in the air, cleaning hard between each finger.

Jenna handles a knife - grips the fish. Anticipation wets her appetite.

With one FIERCE STRIKE, Jenna THRUSTS the blade into the fish -THOK! CHOK! CHUNK! - slicing it open, again, again into a bloody, mutilated mess.

Jenna eyes the bloody knife, breathing quickens, excited.

INT. JENNA'S CONDO - BATHROOM/SHOWER - NIGHT

Jenna steps under the steaming hot shower. She looks straight into the shower head and lets it blast her face, not oblivious to the fact that the bathroom door just opened.

She throws on a towel, pulls at the towel rack. It snaps, leaving it with a jagged end. Jenna positions herself to the right of the door.

The shaft from the towel rack in her hand, its jagged end a wicked looking gaff.

The misty glass door slides open, she's about to deliver the *coup de grâce* with the gaff when she sees its Brody.

Not the slightest bit fazed by the gaff pointing at him.

BRODY

Are you going to use that thing?

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JENNA

(lowers it)

You scared the shit out of me.
What are you doing here?!

BRODY

You're not all you pretend to be,
are you, Jenna?

His eyes drilling into her. *Does he know?* A jagged edge of sexual tension, suspicion and fear.

He moves closer, kisses her. She closes her eyes, sighs.

In another context, it's almost romantic. But here, she quickly shakes it off with a shudder.

JENNA

Look, I need a little air.

BRODY

Do I suffocate you?

JENNA

No, Brody, it's not that, I just -
I don't date people I work with.

BRODY

I'm new here. Pretend I'm a
stranger.

JENNA

If only.

Brody's cell phone rings. Makes her jump.

JENNA

GET. THE. FUCK. OUT.

EXT./INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

Jenna drives through a quiet residential neighborhood. Eagerness in her eyes. Palpitating with anticipation.

On the navigation system, the LOCATOR ARROW approaches its target. Jenna slows to a crawl. Scanning the houses.

NAV SYSTEM

Your destination is on the left.
You have reached your destination.

There it is...THE DEROCHE HOME. A beautiful large house in the tranquility of the hills. All the lights are off.

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Jenna snaps on a pair of rubber gloves.

INT. DEROCHE HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

At the entrance, the door is pushed open.

A stocking-faced Brody enters with the key. The security keypad is exactly where she said. He enters the code.

Brody rips off his nylon, reaches into his jacket and pulls out a hammer. He cases the place.

The front door kicks open. Jenna blows in like a wraith, pistol with silencer coming out--

PFFT! Unceremoniously blasts a massive hole in his leg.

He screams-- seeing the gunshot to the leg has severed the femoral artery, he's in high danger of bleeding out.

As Brody lies in a pool of his own PISS and BLOOD - he tries vainly to stanch the flow with his hands.

JENNA

Think it got an artery, honey.
Stay with me, okay?

Brody, pales, shocked. Tries to nod. Looks bad. Jenna pulls out duct tape and wraps his wound.

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

A bundle is thrown in. It's Brody. Bound psycho-style with duct tape. Eyes wide with fear. His SCREAMS muffled.

Jenna climbs in, slams the door shut, sealing them in the dark, claustrophobic space.

His eyes focus on; a rack of shiny cutting tools velcro'd to the rear of the hummer padded with insulating egg crate.

Much blood has been lost, which Jenna drops right into.

He struggles desperately, trying to scream.

There's an erotic perversity in the way she says this:

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JENNA

There's some things in this world that everyone should try just once. Murder is one of them. People just don't understand. The thrill, worry, and lust of death until they've tried it. Until they've had blood on their hands -- in their mouth -- soaking into their clothes. Staining them forever with the sin they have just committed.

Jenna selects a scalpel. Brody's even more scared.

JENNA

The pleasure in the foreplay and act itself, it's enough of a heat to cause wet dreams for days beforehand. It's an addiction in ways. The chase. The capture. The torment. The kill and the secret knowledge that you alone did it.

She rips the tape from his mouth. Brody grimaces.

JENNA

What did he ever do to you, huh? All for what? Sex? Money? Love?

BRODY

Suppose it was. What you got cooked up for tonight any better?

Jenna's face ices briefly before she recovers.

JENNA

Ah, one difference. I have a strict code of conduct... only kill the guilty.

Jenna covers his mouth with duct tape, gets behind the wheel, turns on the stereo. She guns the engine. *VROOM!*

Iggy Pop "The Passenger..." kicks in...

FADE OUT.