



Written by

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FADE IN:

BEGIN TITLE CREDITS

AN UNDERWATER POV LOOKS UP at the water's surface, following rising bubbles.

THE FLEETWOODS' BLUES GO AWAY plays over a car's stereo, setting a slow, calm tempo. Gretchen Cristopher's voice and the guitar accompaniment are a haunting combination.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST, NEW YORK - OLD HIGHWAY - DAWN

BLUES GO AWAY CONTINUES.

SUPER: 1980.

A **FIRE WATCHTOWER** stands just above the tree line at the top of a hill. It looks over the valley, with the Adirondack Mountains rippling up on either side.

In the valley below, fog hides everything but the tops of the trees. Winding through the valley beneath the fog is the **OLD HIGHWAY**, made obsolete when Interstate 87 was built.

Tall evergreens tower over either side of the road.

A RUSTY FORD CLUB WAGON cruises down the highway. PLUMBER is painted across the side doors, flaking off in big chunks.

INT./EXT. RUSTY FORD CLUB WAGON- OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, **RANDALL** (50s) is LIP-SYNCHING along with BLUES GO AWAY. His NAME is stitched into his dirty coverall's right breast.

He fiddles with a cassette player installed into his van, the SOURCE of the song. He reaches to the passenger seat where his red toolbox and a thermos are sitting.

Tucked behind the tool box is **a white and blue jacket**.

Randall uses his thermos as a microphone, "singing" passionately.

RANDALL
(lip-syncing)
-Blues go away. Bad news every day.
When the sun is shining, it is only
just reminding me the rains came
yesterday-

The rusty Club Wagon's headlights are surprisingly bright, throwing light through a thin layer of trees further down the road.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - SMALL LAKE - CONTINUOUS

A shadowy figure walks towards the shore, with water up to their shins. The light of the van catches their attention.

INT./EXT. RUSTY FORD CLUB WAGON - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Randall clumsily tries to pour himself a cup of coffee from the thermos. He takes a moment to glance up at a picture tucked into the sun visor.

A picture of HIM AND HIS WIFE smiles back at him. A small note is tucked in next to the picture reading: **Mack's - clogged sink.**

He manages to pour a cup for himself and screw the lid back on.

END TITLE CREDITS

RANDALL
(lip-synching)
So when the birds sing—
(out loud)
OH, SHIT!

Randall SLAMS on his brakes. The coffee spills onto the dashboard. He TURNS OFF the stereo, and BLUES GO AWAY CUTS OUT.

SUPER: TOW

As the fog clears slightly, a WOMAN is standing in the middle of the road. Their blonde hair and their dress cling to their skin. They shiver, staring at Randall.

This is **THE IMPOSTOR** (40s).

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - SAME

Randall steps out of the van with a look of shock on his face.

RANDALL
Oh my gosh! Are you okay?

They are confused, looking around as if through a crowd of people.

THE IMPOSTOR

I'm sorry...

RANDALL

You're soaking wet! You must be freezing! Are you hurt? Are you okay? What are you doing out here?

THE IMPOSTOR

I was with my family. We were in the car... and I left them.

Randall looks around.

RANDALL

What car do you drive? Is it around here?

THE IMPOSTOR

We drive a Toyota Corolla...

Randall pulls **his blue and white Buffalo Bills jacket** out of his van, and wraps it around The Impostor.

RANDALL

(horrified)

It's not in the lake, is it?

THE IMPOSTOR

I... I don't know.

The Impostor begins to CRY. Randall opens up the passenger seat to his van.

RANDALL

Hey. It's okay. Here. Let's take a seat.

Randall smiles, doing his best to wrap his head around the situation. *What is up with this lady?*

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I can take you with me to Mack's. We'll call the sheriff. We'll find your family. We'll find your car. It'll be okay. What's your name?

THE IMPOSTOR

You have the exact same eyes as my husband.

RANDALL
Is that right? Mrs.—?

They ignore his question, and look at his eyes, longingly.

THE IMPOSTOR
You have eyes, just like my Daniel.

RANDALL
Uh-huh. Mr. Daniel...?

The Impostor *shivers* at the name being repeated, but continues to stare glassy-eyed of into the distance. Their grip tightens onto the jacket wrapped around their shoulders.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
That's okay. Well, why don't you
drink some coffee and warm up?

Randall slides open the door to his van, revealing a workbench and some pipes strapped down. He guides the Impostor to sit down in the open door, and turns around to get his thermos.

Blood leaks out of The Impostor's ear, and forms a droplet hanging from their ear lobe.

The Impostor gazes down the road, and *flinches*.

Parked in plain view of the Club Wagon's headlights, a TOYOTA COROLLA IS ENGULFED IN FLAMES!

The **blood drop** lands on the white arm of the Buffalo Bills jacket with a satisfying PLOP.

RANDALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ya know—My wife tells me my eyes
remind her of coffee with a splash
of cream.

THE IMPOSTOR
... with a splash of cream?

RANDALL
Yep, and I always say, "I'll take
two lumps of sugar."

Randall turns around with the thermos in hand but the Impostor's face is blank. *What are they looking at?* His eyes clock **the blood** on the jacket and coming out of their ear.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Then, I'll peck her on the cheek
twice—Oh, my god. You're bleeding!
Here—

He fumbles and drops the thermos on the ground with a
CLATTER. He pulls a handkerchief out of his coveralls.

THE IMPOSTOR

I... forgot the sugar at the
grocery store, Daniel... It was an
accident. I'm sorry, I forgot the
sugar at the grocery store. Daniel,
I'm sorry—

RANDALL

What?

When Randall tries to get close to them, holding out the
handkerchief—

The Impostor SCREAMS and jumps up! Randall stumbles backwards
against the van. The Impostor stumbles backwards at the same
pace. Randall clutches his chest.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. What is
this?

Randall takes a step forward. The Impostor takes a step
forward.

Randall takes another step. The Impostor mirrors him. He
holds out his hand, and they shadow him. His expressions are
mimicked perfectly by the Impostor.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Lady. What the hell is going on
here?

THE IMPOSTOR

I'll take two lumps of sugar.

RANDALL

What?

THE IMPOSTOR

It's what my wife says about my
eyes. Like coffee with a splash of
cream. I'll take two lumps of
sugar.

They continue to mirror him. The two strangers circle each
other.

RANDALL
You're crazy, lady!

Randall turns his back to The Impostor, and runs to his van.
He throws the door open—**SLAM!**

The Impostor smashes the thick metal thermos into the back of
his head. He drops to the ground, GROANING. **SLAM!**

Randall goes limp. She straddles his body.

THE IMPOSTOR
Two lumps of sugar, Daniel. Two
lumps.

She slams the thermos into his nose, breaking it.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HARLEEN'S FIAT - BEHIND SINGH'S SERVICES - DAY

HARLEEN SINGH (19) leans her head against the window of her
rusty, white FIAT 850 COUPE. She stares at the tops of the
trees across the road. CICADA'S BUZZ in the warm air outside.
Her eyes are sad and tired compared to the beautiful summer
day.

A tear rolls down her cheek. *Why does she feel so sad? Why
does everything feel so hopeless?*

DING. DING.

A U.S. MAIL JEEP pulls into the front of her family's gas
station and garage.

The mail man, **JOE** (60), leans out of the Jeep with a smile.
He looks around until he spots Harleen in the Fiat. He waves.
Harleen puts on a face, and smiles.

EXT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - DAY

CLUNK. Harleen pulls a nozzle out of the Mail Jeep's gas tank
and replaces it on the pump. She closes up the tank.

HARLEEN
All good to go, Joe. I'll add it to
the tab.

JOE
Thank you kindly. Didn't realize I
was so low.

HARLEEN
Are you sure no mail came today?

JOE
Now that you mention it...

HARLEEN
Joe. Don't mess with me. You know
I've been waiting for weeks.

Harleen's eyes are glued to his mail bag. Joe roots through
his bag and a box full of letters.

JOE
You know, I remember when you and
your family first moved in here.
You were so little, you and your
brother. Crazy. I feel like you
grew up faster than my own kids...
I even remember when your dad was
first teaching you how to drive the
tow truck... Huh? What's this?

He pulls an envelope out from his vest's pocket, and
Harleen's eyes go wide at the ENVELOPE. She snatches it out
of his hands, rips it open, and peaks into it.

HARLEEN
Yes! Thank you!

JOE
(winking)
Drive safe, *Harley*.

HARLEEN
(teasing)
Yeah, yeah!

Harleen gives him a playful scowl. She bolts up a flight of
stairs on the side of the garage to her family's apartment.

The mail Jeep drives off past the sign: **SINGH'S SERVICES -
GARAGE AND GAS**. Its wheels go over the bell trigger's black
tubing on the ground.

DING. DING.

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Above Singh's Services is the Singh family's living quarters. Harleen CREEPS into the apartment. **JASLEEN SINGH**(40) and **RANVEER SINGH**(15) are in the kitchen preparing food. Multiple pots and pans are on the stove, SIZZLING and SPUTTERING.

Harleen tries to hide the envelope behind her back as she creeps towards her room. She looks up to see Ranveer staring at her, smiling.

JASLEEN
(in Punjabi)
You keep stirring this... No,
that's too much cardamom.

Jasleen hasn't noticed Harleen yet; Harleen gives her brother a small shake of her head. She sees the evil in his eyes, and tries to make a quiet break for the bedroom door.

RANVEER
Watcha got there, Harleen?

Harleen is halfway through the door, but freezes. Jasleen looks up from the chickpeas she's soaking at the sink.

Jasleen speaks English with an almost proper British accent, rounded out by Punjabi, her first language.

JASLEEN
Harleen? Was that Joe?

HARLEEN
Yup. No mail today.

Jasleen visually sniffs out the suspicious piece of mail hidden behind Harleen's back.

JASLEEN
What is that envelope then?

HARLEEN
This? It's from U.B.- School stuff.

JASLEEN
Didn't you just pay your tuition?

HARLEEN
It's for declaring my major.

JASLEEN
Are you finally going to be a
doctor or a lawyer?

Jasleen looks at the envelope. Harleen tries to hide it.

JASLEEN (CONT'D)
This says the "State of New York?"

HARLEEN
It's nothing.

She plucks it from Harleen's hand just before she can retreat to her room.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
Okay, I lied. I lost my driver's license. I was embarrassed, and didn't want to freak you out.

JASLEEN
This is the second one this year, yeah? How many more are you going to lose? Wait, have you been driving without a license?

RANVEER
Hey, *Harley*. Did you lose it or throw it away?

HARLEEN
Ranveer, shut up.

JASLEEN
Don't tell me they used the same photo?

Jasleen opens the envelope and pulls out the papers. Ranveer grins like an idiot as Harleen flounders.

Harleen's mother shuffles the envelope back to the front and reads **HARLEY SING** as the addressee. Jasleen rips the envelope and pulls out **the driver's license**. Her jaw drops.

HARLEY SING.

JASLEEN (CONT'D)
Reissued due to name change? You changed your name? You changed your name!

Harleen hangs her head in shame.

HARLEEN
Mom, it's not a big deal.

JASLEEN
Not a big deal? You changed it to-?
To Harley? Harley Sing?

The document shows a change from the former "HARLEEN SINGH"
to "HARLEY SING."

RANVEER
(whispering)
Oooo. Harley. You're in trouble.

HARLEEN
Ranveer, shut up. It's what
everyone calls me, mom.

JASLEEN
Not your father and I. That's not
your name. You're not keeping the
name we gave you? You think you can
just take out the "h" of your
family name as well!

RANVEER
Yeah. How could you do that,
Harley?

HARLEEN
Ranveer, your friends call you
"Ron."

RANVEER
Yeah, but I didn't legally change
my name.

JASLEEN
Ranveer, stay out of this.

HARLEEN
Mom, don't you think I should have
some say in who I am? It's not like
I'll just stop responding to
Harleen Singh. Also, Sing and Singh
sound exactly the same.

JASLEEN SPEAKS LOUDLY IN PUNJABI.

JASLEEN
You have *absolutely* done it.

Jasleen **shakes** the spoon she was cooking with at Harleen
violently.

JASLEEN (CONT'D)

(glaring)

You have dishonored your family's name. You've desecrated it. What is Sing to Singh!? You *sing* a stupid song. **Singh** means lion. It is Sikh. How can you throw that aside like that?

HARLEEN

I'm barely Sikh. When's the last time we went to gurdwara? Three years? The closest one is in Albany.

JASLEEN

That doesn't matter. You are Sikh. Whether you like it or not.

HARLEEN

Mom. Look. I'm sorry. I've just been seen as so... different. All my life. We don't look like other people here. We didn't speak the same language at first. I just wanted something that felt like everyone else. I've felt so sad-

JASLEEN

Good! Feel sad. Because you aren't like them.

DING. DING.

Harleen looks out the window to see a VOLKSWAGEN CONVERTIBLE BEETLE has pulled up to the gas pumps. She sees her chance to escape.

HARLEEN

Customer!

JASLEEN

HARLEEN!

EXT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Harleen takes two steps at a time down the stairs to get to the gas pump. Jasleen explodes out of the door, and plants herself on the top step.

JASLEEN
 (in Punjabi)
 HARLEEN, YOU GET BACK HERE RIGHT
 NOW! IF YOU DON'T-

Jasleen is about to chase her down the stairs, but she sees the four kids in their late teens **LAUGHING** in the VW Beetle. Harleen hesitates when she recognizes them, but chooses to keep out of reach of her mom.

HARLEEN
 (to herself)
 Ah, shit.

Jasleen realizes the customers see her, and she recedes into the doorway. She SLAMS the door shut.

TANYA (22) turns off her car as **JAKE** (19,) **SARAH** (19,) and **TODD** (19) get out to stretch their legs. Harley approaches her friends awkwardly.

SARAH
 Hi, Harley. Sounds like your mom is
 still the same.

HARLEEN
 Hey, Sarah. Jake. Todd.

JAKE
 See! I told you Harley was working.
 I drove by the other day and saw
 you pumping.

TODD	JAKE (CONT'D)
Pumping. Nice. How long have	(under his breath)
you been back?	Dude, gross.

HARLEEN
 Oh, not long. A month. Yeah,
 just... running the pumps while my
 dad picks up a tow.

JAKE
 A month?! You didn't hit us up?

Harleen shrugs her shoulders sheepishly.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 You should come to the lake with
 us!

HARLEEN
 I can't. I'm working.

TANYA
(to Harleen)
So, you work here?

SARAH
This is my cousin. Tanya.

HARLEEN
Yeah, it's my dad's garage.

TANYA
Cool.

Harleen *nods* in agreement, even though Tanya doesn't mean it. Harleen looks over her shoulder up at the second story where **her mother is scowling** from behind a curtain.

HARLEEN
Yeah, so... Are you in school or-?

TANYA
The tank?

HARLEEN
What?

TANYA
Could you fill the tank?

Tanya looks at Harleen expectantly. Harleen snaps to attention and opens up the gas cap. She places the pump and SQUEEZES the handle.

HARLEEN
Oh, right. Sorry.

JAKE
So, how's U.B.? What major are you again?

HARLEEN
Buffalo's good. Still undeclared. For now. I don't know. There's just a lot to choose from. I've considered design. Maybe.

TANYA
I study design in L.A.

HARLEEN
You do? Wow. That's so cool.

SARAH

Tanya's staying with us for the rest of summer. I'm forcing her to drive us everywhere.

TANYA

(to Sarah)

Which is why you're paying for gas.

HARLEEN

Do you like design?

TANYA

What? Oh, yeah. Los Angeles is great. I'm learning a lot of visual stuff.

Harleen looks at Tanya with envy. Tanya mistakes it for Harleen lusting over her VW.

TANYA (CONT'D)

You like it? I drove here from L.A. It was really freeing. Do you have a car?

HARLEEN

Oh, I have a FIAT-

SARAH

(laughing)

Sort of.

Sarah points towards the edge of the garage.

They look over at the rusty, white FIAT 850 COUPE parked on the other side of the garage. It's a sad sight.

HARLEEN

It doesn't drive... yet! The engine disintegrated when we first started it.

DING DING.

A white 1965 DODGE D-500 TOW TRUCK with **Singh's Services** painted on the side pulls up in front of the garage, blocking their view of the FIAT. The tow truck backs up with its red arm holding up a maroon DATSUN 280Z making a tragic SQUEEING noise. It SQUEELS to a halt in the open garage.

TEJPAL SINGH (49), a Sikh man with a pagri (turban) steps out of the driver's side of the tow truck.

Tanya sneers at the sight of Tejpal. Harleen notices this look, having seen it many times before. Tejpal waves politely and heads into the open garage.

TANYA
Was that your dad?

HARLEEN
Yeah.

TANYA
What's that thing on his head?

HARLEEN
It's a *pagri*. A turban.

CLUNK.

The tank is finished filling. Harleen closes the tank. Everyone piles back into the VW, except for Harleen.

TANYA
I've never seen one before.

SARAH
Yeah. Neither had I, until we met Harley. She was born in India.

HARLEEN
But, I've been here, like, my whole life though. I barely remember India.

SARAH
I remember the first time Harley brought her lunch to school. It smelled so weird.

JAKE
It tasted good though.

HYDRAULIC WHIRRS and CLANKING CHAINS come from the garage as Tejpal lowers the Datsun from the back of the tow truck.

TODD
Yeah, yeah. Harley wasn't born here and her dad has a funny hat. Can we go to the lake now?

Tanya STARTS her car. Sarah opens her purse and Tanya plucks Sarah's wallet from it. She pulls out a twenty.

HARLEEN

It only came out to eleven thirty-five.

TANYA

Keep the change. So you can fix your car-

SARAH

Hey!

Tanya slaps Sarah's cash into Harleen's hand, and they *accelerate* away before Sarah can grab the cash back. Jake leans backwards out of the convertible.

JAKE

(off into the distance)

Bye, Harley!

Harleen stares down at the cash, as another customer pulls up to the gas pump.

DING DING.

INT./EXT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - DAY

A RED CHEVY NOVA follows the old highway south. Its engine GROWLS as it speeds along. The license plate reads "QUÉBEC".

Behind the wheel of the Nova is, **JESSICA ROY** (28). She drives intently, as her sister, **REBECCA ROY** (21) puts her feet on the dash. Jessica reaches over and pushes her feet off.

REBECCA

Don't get pissy, just because we're lost.

JESSICA

We aren't lost.

REBECCA

You're the one that wanted to take the backroads, Jessica.

(mocking impression)

"No one takes the old roads, so they'll be empty."

JESSICA

And they are, aren't they?

REBECCA

Except you don't know where we are.

JESSICA

I know we just need to keep following this road south. Why do you even care? You don't even want to see mom.

REBECCA

Yeah, but I do want to see New York City.

JESSICA

You can't just leave me with her, Rebecca. That's not fair. This is supposed to be family bonding time.

REBECCA

Maybe mom shouldn't have divorced dad. Then we could bond as a family.

JESSICA

That's not fair-

REBECCA

Wasn't fair to dad either. You see how broken he is, every time we have dinner with him.

Rebecca puts her feet back on the dashboard. She pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights one up.

JESSICA

Rebecca, come on. Don't smoke.

Jessica leans over to push Rebecca's feet again, but Rebecca SMACKS her hand away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Rebecca, what the hell?

REBECCA

Just focus on the road.

JESSICA

I AM.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Its OLD ENGINE ROARS as the FORD CLUB WAGON with PLUMBER on the side SCREAMS down the highway.

It's not clear who's behind the cracked windshield. The van RATTLES as it goes over bumps.

It continues to accelerate, taking up the middle of the road. In the distance, the red Nova cruises along.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica's focus on the road shifts to Rebecca, as she berates her sister.

JESSICA
Mom is right. You act like a CHILD.
All the time. It will never change.

REBECCA
Oh, shut up. You're just jealous
because dad likes hanging out with
me more than you.

JESSICA
I could care less about who's the
favorite, seriously.

In the rear window, the Ford Club Wagon grows larger and larger. It drives right down the middle of the highway.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You need to be nicer to mom, okay?
Especially this weekend.

REBECCA
You need to stop sucking mom's
dick, okay?

The Club Wagon fills up the rear window. Jessica HITS her sister in the shoulder-

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Jessica, OW!

HOOOONK!

CUT TO:

EXT. ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Club Wagon tailgates the Nova, inches away from its bumper. It HONKS again and again. It TAPS the Nova's bumper.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Startled, Jessica weaves a little, but regains control of the car.

JESSICA

Jesus.

REBECCA

What a fucking asshole!

JESSICA

Why don't they just go around?

REBECCA

Cause, they're a fucking asshole!

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Club Wagon continues to HONK for the Nova to get out of the way. The Nova finally starts to pull to the right of the road.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica makes even more room for the van to pass.

REBECCA

What the hell, you're just going to let them pass like that?

JESSICA

Just let it go, Rebecca.

As the Club Wagon passes, it hesitates, as if it's watching the women. Rebecca winds her window down. She sticks her torso out of the car so the van can see her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Rebecca! Get back in the car!

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca looks over the top of the car, holding up **her middle finger**. The rusty Club Wagon accelerates past the Nova.

REBECCA

Fuck you, asshole!

Jessica's hand YANKS Rebecca back into the car.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica pushes Rebecca back into her seat. The plumber's Club Wagon finishes passing but maintains a three car distance in front of the Nova.

JESSICA

What the fuck are you thinking?

REBECCA

They aren't driving safely!

JESSICA

Why would you piss off someone who already seems upset? What if they crashed into us? What if they had a gun?

Through the windshield, they both notice the driver lowering their window.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What are they doing?

REBECCA

They... wouldn't have a gun would they?

JESSICA

Here? Yeah, maybe, Rebecca.

They wait in anticipation for what the comes out of the window—

A **raised middle finger** sticks out. Rebecca LAUGHS. Jessica takes a deep breath.

REBECCA

(laughing)

Some serious firepower they're packing.

Through the windshield, Rebecca notices something red extending out the window.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Wait, what's that?

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

An arm holds **the large red toolbox** out the window.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca squints her eyes.

REBECCA
Is that a toolbox?

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hand lets go of the tool box. It SLAMS into the ground, TUMBLING end over end towards the Nova.

The toolbox CRASHES into the front grate of the Nova, BUSTING open. All the tools SPILL underneath the car.

Screwdrivers, wrenches, and a hammer OBLITERATE the front two tires.

BAM! BAM!

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The steering wheel RIPS RIGHT, and Jessica STRUGGLES to maintain control. Rebecca SCREAMS- she wasn't wearing her seatbelt, and is TOSSED around in her seat.

The front of the car BARRELS towards the trees just off the road. Jessica SLAMS On the brakes as hard as she can.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Chevy Nova SLOWS DOWN and the nose of the car DIGS into the ground. It grinds to a halt just before a tree.

In the distance, the Club Wagon disappears down the road.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca pulls herself back into her seat BREATHING HEAVILY.

JESSICA
Oh my god... Oh my god...

REBECCA
What the FUCK!?

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica gets out of the car, and looks over the damage. She sees the two front shredded tires and shakes her head. Rebecca stumbles out of the Nova, dramatically.

JESSICA

Shit... We aren't going anywhere.

REBECCA

Jessica! We were almost killed!

JESSICA

I KNOW, REBECCA. BECAUSE OF YOU!

REBECCA

Me?

JESSICA

You antagonized them, and they retaliated. This is your fault.

REBECCA

MY FAULT? I didn't even want to come. I don't want to see mom.

JESSICA

No. No. This isn't mom's fault. This is your fault. DAMMIT.

Jessica paces back and forth, before planting her feet.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay. We'll have to go back to that diner we passed.

REBECCA

Fuck you, that was like thirty minutes ago. I'm not walking there.

JESSICA

You know what? Fine. Stay here with the car. I hope there isn't a tow truck for MILES, so you're stuck sitting here ALL NIGHT. In fact, maybe I'll just leave you here to die.

Jessica grabs her jacket and purse out of the car, and STOMPS back down the road the way they came. She raises **her middle finger** back towards Rebecca.

FADE TO:

INT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - SAME

Tejpal has the 280Z on the lift, and runs his finger along the differential. He peaks out from underneath the Datsun as Harley enters the office attached to the garage.

Harley deposits cash in a register sitting on the desk.

Tejpal's English is more American-ized, but he still speaks with a slight Indian accent.

TEJPAL

Thank you again for holding down the fort.

HARLEEN

Uh-huh.

TEJPAL

(pointing at the 280Z)

The differential's destroyed. I was lucky to get the last one from Reggie. This guy is paying me two hundred extra to fix it by tonight. Not including parts. He has an "important meeting" in the city apparently.

Harleen leans against the tool bench and nods solemnly.

TEJPAL (CONT'D)

He moved in *after* you left for school. An investment banker who got a vacation home nearby. I've seen the way he peels out of here when he fills up his tank. I'm surprised he didn't crack the differential sooner.

HARLEEN

Investment banker, huh?

TEJPAL

Yeah, the neighborhood's gotten a lot better since you left for school.

HARLEEN

(not listening)

Cool.

TEJPAL

Are you okay?

HARLEEN

What? Yeah, I'm fine.

TEJPAL

Well, I know that's a lie. Usually you'd be pestering me to fix your car or asking to go out with your friends.

HARLEEN

Ha. Yeah, no, I'm just... trying to figure stuff out. Can I help?

Harleen motions to the Datsun.

TEJPAL

Offering to help on a car? You must be avoiding your mother.

HARLEEN

No. What?! Come on-

JASLEEN (O.S.)

HARLEEN!

HARLEEN

(to Tejpal)

Just... don't be mad.

Tejpal smirks at Harleen. Jasleen holds out the driver's license paperwork as she storms into the garage.

JASLEEN

Have you seen this? Did she tell you?

TEJPAL

Tell me what?

JASLEEN

She's changing her name to Harley.

TEJPAL

(to Harleen)

You said you were going to talk to her before you sent in any paperwork.

JASLEEN

You knew?! And, were okay with this?

TEJPAL

Harleen to Harley. All her friends call her Harley. That's what she goes by. She said she was going to talk to you and then we'd discuss it *together*.

JASLEEN

Harley Sing. "S"-*"I"*-*"N"*-*"G."* No *"H."*

TEJPAL

(hurt)

You told me it was just the first name.

HARLEEN

(ashamed)

I made a... last minute decision...

TEJPAL

Ahhh, Harleen-

He catches himself.

TEJPAL (CONT'D)

Harley. It's just an *"H."* Why not keep it? Singh is an important name for the Sikh.

HARLEEN

(yelling)

Because I want my name to represent me! It's what everyone calls me. It's not hurting anyone, is it? And it makes me feel better, right? We aren't in India anymore, and *"Harley"* makes me feel less like the little brown girl who sticks out. I'm still your daughter though. That doesn't change. It's still me.

JASLEEN

Well, *Harley*, the girl I know is **Harleen**. So... maybe you aren't.

Jasleen throws the envelope and its contents at Harleen, and storms out of the garage back to the apartment. Harleen looks at her dad for help, but he looks away.

TEJPAL
 (pointing to the Datsun)
 I need to finish this.

Tejpal ducks under the car, and starts unloosening bolts.

EXT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Harleen exits the garage, and gets into her rusty white FIAT, SLAMMING the door shut. She throws the license and paperwork at the passenger window. It FLUTTERS down to the passenger seat.

She curls up into the fetal position in the driver's seat and SOBS into her arms.

Her new license sits on the adjacent seat, staring back at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - DAY

Jessica walks into the gravel parking of Mack's Bait and Tackle - Bait Shop and Restaurant.

Across the road is one of the many Adirondack Lakes. A neon-sign stands at attention at the edge of the parking lot's entrance: MACKS'S.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - DAY

A bell on the door TINKLES as Jessica walks into the diner, bait shop combination. A few patrons keep to their selves, eating their food quietly.

Jessica spots the payphone tucked in the corner of the diner, right as the chef behind the counter - MACK (60s) - notices her enter.

MACK
 You here for worms or food?—Wait.
 Did you walk here?

JESSICA
 Yeah, some psycho trashed my car. I was wondering if I could call a tow truck.

MACK

There's a card tucked behind the payphone. Singh: Indian fellow. He fixes my car all the time. Let me know if you want anything to eat.

Mack heads back into the kitchen, while Jessica spots the business card sticking out from behind the pay phone.

Jessica slots in the change and dials the number on the card.

FADE TO:

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun sits well behind the trees, and the shadows cast make it seem darker out than it actually is.

Rebecca sits in the Nova, all the windows rolled down, and her feet hanging out of the windows. She's bored, and doesn't know what to do with herself.

From behind the trees, something stares at the Nova. A **SILHOUETTE** peaks out and watches Rebecca intently.

Rebecca looks around as it gets a bit darker, and she turns the lights on to the Nova. The lights illuminate where the POV is looking from.

The SILHOUETTE ducks behind the trees to avoid being seen by the light. Rebecca climbs out of the Nova and **STRETCHES**. She **GROANS** dramatically.

REBECCA

Jessica! You're taking your sweet ass time on **PURPOSE**. Ughhh.

Rebecca leans back into the Nova and turns on the **RADIO** with a **CLICK**.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

At least the radio works...

GENERATION X'S DANCING WITH MYSELF has just started-

Rebecca starts bobbing her head to the music. She starts to throw her hands left and right, and shaking her hips.

The **SILHOUETTE** crooks its head as it watches Rebecca. Slowly, and timidly, the **SILHOUETTE** starts to mimic Rebecca's dancing.

They move in sync: as Rebecca TWIRLS, so does the **SILHOUETTE**. Their dance moves almost seem choreographed, with the **SILHOUETTE** just a half step behind Rebecca.

As the music CLIMAXES, Rebecca JUMPS up and down chaotically.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
(excited)
AHHHHH!!!

The **SILHOUETTE** breaks from Rebecca's dancing, and starts to do its own dance moves. For a moment, it seems free and almost relieved to move independently.

It STOPS abruptly, realizing it's broken from Rebecca's dancing routine. The **SILHOUETTE** covers *its mouth* AND SCREAMS QUIETLY, and HITTING itself in the head repeatedly.

Rebecca HEARS this, and TURNS OFF the radio. The forest around her is QUIET.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Hello?

The **SILHOUETTE** slinks behind the trees. Rebecca looks around but cannot see anything.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Is someone there? Jessica?

Rebecca's breathing picks up. She walks into the middle of the road to get a better look around.

Behind Rebecca, a **SHADOW** darts across the road. Rebecca hears the SCURRYING across the asphalt, and turns around.

Nothing is there.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
This isn't funny, Jessica. Hello?!

Rebecca walks briskly towards the Nova, and opens the trunk. She pulls out the tire iron, and feels the weight in her hands.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Is someone there? I will FUCK you up!

Rebecca looks down the road, both ways. She stands there in SILENCE.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Come on... Jessica, just show up.

SNAP. A twig breaks nearby. Rebecca FLINCHES and turns to see-

A DEER AND A FAWN, walking through the trees. Rebecca let's out a deep SIGH. She clutches her chest, and lowers the tire iron to her side.

The deer RUN away, darting between trees. Rebecca watches them disappear.

Behind Rebecca, coming out of the darkness, crawling on all fours, the **IMPOSTOR SPEEDS** towards Rebecca, and POUNCES on her. Rebecca SCREAMS!

REBECCA (CONT'D)
JESSICA! HELP-

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEEN'S FIAT - BEHIND SINGH'S SERVICES - DAY

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Harleen jolts awake, with her dad looking in through the window. Harleen opens the door.

TEJPAL
I want to ask you a favor.

HARLEEN
(groggy)
A favor?

TEJPAL
I need to finish that Z tonight,
and I just got a call for a tow.
Could you do it?

HARLEEN
A tow? Come on. Mom would kill me
if I went out.

TEJPAL
Maybe some space from your mom
right now is good. It's two young
women in a Chevy Nova. It sounds
like a toolbox fell out of a work
van, hit their car. Easy job. And I
trust you.

HARLEEN
I don't know...

TEJPAL

Please, Harley? You know how. You towed this Fiat here yourself.

Harleen looks up at her dad.

HARLEEN

(dejected)

I don't know if I feel up to it.

Tejpal looks down at the FIAT.

TEJPAL

If not a favor, how about a deal?

HARLEEN

A deal?

TEJPAL

How about I finish fixing your car using some of the bonus from the Datsun job?

Harleen sits upright in the seat. She rubs the steering wheel with excitement.

HARLEEN

Are you serious?

TEJPAL

Yeah, I'll ask Reggie if he's got an extra engine for cheap.

HARLEEN

And a paint job?

TEJPAL

Why don't you pick up the tow first?

Harleen smiles, but reverts to a frown.

HARLEEN

You're mad about the name change.

Tejpal responds with a frown as well.

TEJPAL

Maybe a little. I know I'm confused... Hurt as well. But I know your mother is hurt the most.

HARLEEN

She was going to be hurt no matter what.

TEJPAL

Of course, Harleen. But, your name was our first gift to you when you came into this world.

HARLEEN

And I appreciate it. I do. It's just that... everything's changing. I've changed.

Tejpal and Harleen stare, unsure if they're really seeing one another.

TEJPAL

We love you, Harley.

HARLEEN

Ya know... It sounds weird when you say it. You can still call me Harleen.

TEJPAL

(in Punjabi)

Then, why even do it at all!?

Tejpal half smiles and gives his daughter a teasing look. Harleen playfully *kicks* her dad out of the door frame of her car.

INT. TOW TRUCK - SINGH'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Harleen STARTS up the tow truck, but it SPUTTERS for a moment. Tejpal comes up to the open driver's side window.

TEJPAL

Ya know? It never does that for me.

She tries again, and it FIRES up.

HARLEEN

I got it, I got it.

TEJPAL

Do you have your kirpan?

HARLEEN

Dad, I stopped carrying it around after everyone at school realized I had a knife on me all the time. I keep it in my underwear drawer.

TEJPAL

You're Sikh. You should carry it proudly.

HARLEEN

(pointing to the
apartment)

I'm not about to stroll back into the lion's den to grab a knife.

TEJPAL

Take mine then.

Tejpal pulls out his sheathed **kirpan** (Sikh knife) and hands it to his daughter.

HARLEEN

Why would I need it?

TEJPAL

Do it for me? You know it's not just for protecting yourself. It's for protecting others.

Harleen sighs and pockets the knife.

HARLEEN

Okay. If it makes you feel better, and gets my car fixed.

TEJPAL

Be back quick. One sister's at the car and the other's at Mack's. Last name's Roy. Just go over the old bridge and drive until you find the Nova. It's red. Can't miss it. Don't forget the paperwork!

HARLEEN

I got it!

Harleen drives away from the gas pumps. Tejpal waves, and goes back into the garage.

Harleen looks in the rear view mirror to see her mom standing at the top off the stairs. Jasleen doesn't wave.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE - DAY

Harleen drives the Singh's Service tow truck cross an old iron bridge full of I-beam cross structures. It RATTLES across the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - SUNSET

CLINK. Mack places a burger in front of Jessica. As she sits at the counter, the sun is setting behind her.

JESSICA

Thank you.

MACK

Are you sure it was a plumber's van?

JESSICA

It literally had "plumber" written on the side. I told you: the van was tailgating us, then my sister flipped them off, then they threw a toolbox at us.

MACK

Randall's my plumber. He was supposed to be here this morning to fix my bathroom sink--by the way, if you use the bathroom, use the sink in the kitchen. It's to the left. Anyway, he never showed. Tried calling his wife but last she saw of him was this morning.

JESSICA

Well, I want to talk to the police. I want to report whoever destroyed my car.

MACK

Ahhh... Well, this is kind of a gray area with this being a national park and all. The larger towns have police, but out here, your best bet is the sheriff. He'll be in for dinner soon--

JESSICA

Great!

MACK

-but don't expect him to solve your problems quickly. You'll see. He'll probably be here in the next hour. He always stops here before going home. He can't stand his wife's cooking.

Mack LAUGHS and heads towards the kitchen. Jessica stops him-

JESSICA

(pointing to the burger)
I should feed my sister... She'll probably be hungry. Do you think you can make one of these to-go?

MACK

Sure thing.

Mack disappears into the kitchen.

TINKLE, TINKLE.

Sarah, Tanya, Jake, and Todd pass through the diner's door, LAUGHING. Jessica looks over her shoulder at these young people enjoying their afternoon.

Todd and Tanya sit down on one side of a booth together, flirtatiously close. Sarah and Jake roll their eyes as they join on the other side.

Mack comes out and starts taking their orders. Jessica SIGHS then takes a BITE of her burger. She looks down at the rare patty, juices dribbling down the side.

INT./EXT. SINGH TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - SUNSET

HIGHBEAMS SHINE across the old highway. Singh's Services white tow truck cruises down the road, illuminating the trees closest to the road. Beyond that is darkness.

MUSIC PUMPS out of the tow truck's radio, and Harleen bobs her head along to ELO's DON'T BRING ME DOWN.

Harleen pulls out her **driver's license**. Harley Sing. She runs her thumb over her name and smiles. Harleen props it up on the dashboard

Harleen shifts gears carefully. She seems to know what she's doing, but nervously looks between the road, the gear shifter, and the tachometer.

Harleen looks at **her name** again, and smiles.

The CLUTCH CATCHES as she SHIFTS into third gear. Harleen panics and tries to SHIFT down, but the engine STALLS. The tow truck rolls to a stop.

HARLEEN

DAMMIT!

Harleen turns off the radio taking a deep breath, but *something* out the window catches her eye. She turns and looks out the passenger window.

As the sun finally sets, she sees the silhouette of the **ABANDONED FIRE WATCHTOWER** fade into the twilight. *Creepy.*

She shakes her head, STARTS THE TRUCK, and drives further down the road.

INT. SINGH TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Harleen looks down at a map on the passenger seat. Her eyes flicker between the map and the road. The headlights only project so far as the truck winds through the forest.

She shifts gears, building up the tow truck's momentum.

She leans over, and picks up the map, bringing it closer to her face. Where is she?

Harleen looks up at the road- AND SLAMS on the brakes!

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - SAME

The tow truck comes to a halt, right in front of the Chevy Nova. The tow truck's headlights illuminate the crippled red car. Harleen gets out, and walks around the Nova. There's no one around.

HARLEEN

Hello? Anyone here? HELLO?

Harleen pulls out a **clipboard** and inspects the car. She notes the two front tires being punctured, and the front grill being smashed in. The keys aren't in the ignition.

Rear tires seem okay. The trunk is open, so Harleen peeks in: **two suitcases** sit in the back of the car, and **a flashlight**. No spare or tire iron. Harleen looks around again.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

She SLAMS the Nova's trunk closed and rushes to get in the tow truck. Harleen backs the tow arm up to the front of the Nova.

Work lights on the back of the tow truck CLICK ON and illuminate the wrecked car.

Harleen pulls out **two gnarly J-hooks on chains** with sharp pointed ends from a compartment on the side of the tow truck. She also pulls out a **work light** on a long cable, plugged into the truck.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
(to herself)
If you're going to just leave the car and go to Mack's, then leave a note or SOMETHING. You would think... Idiot.

Harleen gets on her knees and sticks her arm under the front of the Nova with the hooks. Her knuckles scrape the front bumper. There's only enough clearance for the hooks.

Harleen looks around: The forest seems to go off into **infinite blackness** on either side of her, except for this little pocket of light around the tow truck.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Oh, fuck me.

She grips the work light and passes the two hooks under the small amount of clearance on the front of the Nova. Harleen walks to the back of the car.

The work light's glow hovers over the Nova pronounced rear end. Harleen gets on her back, pushing herself and the light under the car. She speaks LOUDLY to keep from getting too scared.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
I deserve the paint job for this.
And an upholstery job.

Harleen cannot see the two hooks, and wedges herself under around the transmission, looking up at the car's crossmember. She reaches her hand underneath, GRASPING for the hooks.

With her other hand, Harleen pulls the work light forward, searching for the hooks.

BARE FEET RUN along the side of the Chevy NOVA startling Harleen. A **shadow** quickly crosses the lights from the back of the tow truck.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

HELLO?!

Harleen cranes her neck to see out from underneath the Nova.

Nothing.

She slaps her hand back underneath towards the front of the car and GRABS the tow hooks, pulling them towards her. She slides both J hooks onto the crossmember.

Harleen violently wiggles out from underneath the Nova and gets up. She pulls up the work light and holds it above her head.

She looks around. No one.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

She wraps the chains around the bar holding the tow sling's **two long black straps**. Harleen rushes to throw the lever on the winch.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

C'mon.

The winch WIRRS LOUDLY cutting through the night's odd silence. The cicadas that were buzzing throughout the day are nonexistent.

The Nova's front RISES into the air. At the appropriate height, Harleen SHUTS OFF the winch.

She checks the Nova one last time and *quickly* gets into the tow truck.

INT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Harleen STARTS the tow truck, her shoulders relax for a moment. *She feels safe in the tow truck, connected to her dad.* Harleen lets out a loud SIGH, and glances at her driver's license.

Harley Sing. *She actually likes that picture of herself too.* Harleen smiles.

In the side mirror, the trunk to the Nova is visibly open. Harleen notices the open, raised red trunk of the Nova.

It SLAMS shut revealing **the Impostor** standing there, wearing Rebecca's clothes. Harleen CLUTCHES her chest, eyes darting to the mirror and then out the window.

HARLEEN
HOLY SHIT.

The Impostor pockets **Rebecca's wallet** and a **pack of cigarettes**. They stroll up to the window holding the Nova's car keys, walking with a new confidence. They're the same person as before but with a new personality.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
Sorry. I didn't realize anyone was here.

THE IMPOSTOR
I'm Rebecca Roy.

HARLEEN
I'm Harley. Harley Sing. I was just about to leave and pick up your sister... Were you running around here earlier? I thought I saw—

The Impostor cocks their head, confused.

THE IMPOSTOR
No, I don't think so.

Harleen furrows her brow in response. The Impostor gets in the passenger seat, and smiles. The Impostor notices Harleen's driver's license.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
I love your photo.

Harleen eases up a little.

HARLEEN
Hey, thanks!

In the rearview mirror, Harleen's eyes miss **the two bags** from the trunk now sitting in the middle road. The tow truck drives away.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - NIGHT

Jessica sits at the diner counter, DRUMMING her fingers. SLAM! The door to the SHERIFF'S CAR now parked out front closes. A large man, **SHERIFF WALTERS** (40s) strolls into the diner, swinging his keys. Attached to his keychain is a pocket knife.

SHERIFF WALTERS
Hey, Mack! I might have to get this to go. Randall's wife just called.
(MORE)

SHERIFF WALTERS (CONT'D)
Apparently, he didn't get to any of
his jobs today.

MACK
(pointing to Jessica)
He was supposed to fix my sink.
You'll want to talk to her.

SHERIFF WALTERS
Really?

JESSICA
Excuse me, you're the sheriff?

SHERIFF WALTERS
Uh, maybe.

JESSICA
That psycho plumber threw a toolbox
at my car and wrecked it.

SHERIFF WALTERS
Oh.

JESSICA
He nearly killed my sister and me.

Sheriff Walters looks at Mack.

SHERIFF WALTERS
Randall?

JESSICA
Yes.

SHERIFF WALTERS
(unconvinced)
Nooo.

JESSICA
What are you going to do?

SHERIFF WALTERS
Where's your car?

JESSICA
Getting towed here, with my sister.
It's unacceptable.

Sarah, David, Tanya and Todd watch from their booth as they
eat fries. Tanya and Todd are rubbing legs together under the
table.

SARAH
Oh, this is getting good.

TANYA
I'm over it... I'm going to the
bathroom.
(to David)
Do you have to go?

TODD
Oh, yeah. Definitely. I could go.

The two get up and head straight to the back of the diner where the bathroom is. David notices them both go in at the same time. He rolls his eyes.

MACK
(oblivious)
Hey, use the kitchen sink. Bathroom
one is clogged.

Mack finishes up packing a burger and fries to-go and hands the paper bag to Jessica.

INT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Impostor pulls out a tube of **Rebecca's lipstick**. She applies it delicately, and stows it away in her coat pocket. Harleen picks up the clipboard from the dash, and hands it to the Impostor.

HARLEEN
If you could look this over and
give me your signature, that'd be
great.

The Impostor takes it, and slides the pen out from the top of the clipboard.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
Is this your car or your sister's?

THE IMPOSTOR
I don't have a sister.

Harleen raises an eyebrow.

HARLEEN
Yeah, we're going to Mack's. Right?
Your sister was the one that called
us.

THE IMPOSTOR

Sure. Sure.

The Impostor struggles to sign their name on the clipboard, hiding it from Harleen.

HARLEEN

Do you have any other siblings?

THE IMPOSTOR

I have two daughters...

HARLEEN

Oh?

THE IMPOSTOR

Collette and Regina. They are so beautiful... They love to dance, especially the little one, Regina. I would laugh all the time with them... My husband, Daniel-

The Impostor stops cold... Harleen picks up on this.

HARLEEN

Not a big laugher?

THE IMPOSTOR

No... His eyes are like coffee with a splash of cream... It's hard to laugh. Ever since my youngest was born... Do you have children?

Harleen shakes her head slowly.

HARLEEN

I... don't. I'm just in school. I've got my younger brother. He's kind of immature. Doesn't really get how the world works yet. My dad's a mechanic. Good at what he does. We immigrated here from India when I was little.

THE IMPOSTOR

Your mother?

HARLEEN

Yeah, she's... difficult. She doesn't really get it. She married my dad young, and when we came to the U.S., she didn't really adapt to things here. She's a housewife. Naive. Also, kind of mean.

THE IMPOSTOR

Mean...?

The Impostor looks scared at Harleen.

HARLEEN

Sometimes... *Overall*, we're a happy family. Yeah. Lot's of smiles and stuff.

THE IMPOSTOR

A happy family.

The Impostor trails off, staring out the window. Harleen decides to change the subject, doing her best to keep conversation and focus on shifting gears.

HARLEEN

I like your Nova by the way.

THE IMPOSTOR

Nova?

HARLEEN

Yeah. Your car? I mean, besides being all banged up.

THE IMPOSTOR

I drive a Toyota Corolla.

HARLEEN

Ah, so this is your sister's car. I heard a toolbox hit it? That's wild!

THE IMPOSTOR

Randall... *dropped* it.

HARLEEN

You know who did it?

THE IMPOSTOR

Two lumps of sugar...

The Impostor slides **the clipboard** back onto the dashboard. Harleen stares at the Impostor, being polite as possible.

HARLEEN

I'm sorry, what?

THE IMPOSTOR

It's burnt up... My car won't start. It's dead.

HARLEEN

Burnt up? So, your Corolla actually went up in flames? That's awful. What happened?

THE IMPOSTOR

My family didn't wake up... And it burned... Two lumps...

The Impostor begins to quiver. They look out the window as the tow truck passes A BURNING TOYOTA COROLLA on the side of the road.

The Impostor's gaze follows it as it disappears behind them. Their shaking turns into a full blown panic attack, as they STRUGGLE to breathe, clutching at their neck.

HARLEEN

Hey, are you okay? Rebecca? HEY!

Harleen sees Mack's neon sign in the distance. The Impostor starts SCREAMING.

THE IMPOSTOR

AHHHHHHHH! Where-? Who are you?

HARLEEN

I'm Harley.

Harleen points at her driver's license on the dashboard.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

See? Harley Sing.

THE IMPOSTOR

Harley?

HARLEEN

We're here! Your sister is here!

THE IMPOSTOR

My sister...

Harleen notices the clipboard on the dash: the **incoherent signature** is menacingly scribbled, more abstract than alphabet.

The Impostor clutches at their chest and finds the cigarette pack in their pocket.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - NIGHT

The tow truck slows down in front of Mack's. The Impostor is out of the truck before it stops. They don't say a word, but pull out the pack of cigarettes. Their hands shake as they tap out a cigarette. They stare up at the night sky as they light it up.

HARLEEN
Hey, Rebecca?

Harleen turns off the truck, gets out. The Impostor doesn't respond. The Impostor's hand shakes MORE and MORE. The cigarette looks like it'll fall at any second.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back!

Harleen walks briskly through the parking lot, and notices the SHERIFF'S CAR and the VW CONVERTIBLE. She sees her friends sitting in the booth in a window.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Ah, shit.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - CONTINUOUS

Harleen enters right into the Sheriff and Jessica's spat. They don't pay attention to her, but Sarah does.

SARAH
Harley?

JAKE
Harley, what are you doing here?

HARLEEN
Work.

Harleen leaves it at that and hovers beside Jessica. Jessica is pointing out the window with one hand and wildy swinging **the paper bag** Mack gave her in the other.

JESSICA
Can you see my car? The front is obliterated.

SHERIFF WALTERS
It doesn't look too bad from here.

Mack leans over the diner counter.

MACK

Harley. Hey, how bad is it?

HARLEEN

It's pretty bad, but-

SHERIFF WALTERS

Okay, well, I need to find Randall first to see what's going on. His wife is pretty worried.

JESSICA

I don't care about his wife. I care that he threw a fully loaded tool box at my car and nearly killed me and my sister.

HARLEEN

Are you Rebecca Roy's sister?

JESSICA

Jessica Roy. Who are you?

HARLEEN

Singh's Services. I picked up your car and your sister- she does not seem well.

JESSICA

Rebecca is just over dramatic. Look Sheriff, I can show you the damage.

Jessica is already out the front door, clutching the paper bag full of food for her sister.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - CONTINUOUS

Jessica, Sheriff Walters, and Harleen exit the diner and beeline for the tow truck and Nova. Harleen tries to get Jessica's attention.

HARLEEN

No, I mean, she was freaking out in the car. Talking about her daughters, and-

SHERIFF WALTERS

Oh, wow that is pretty banged up.

JESSICA

Look at it! See what he-Daughters? My sister doesn't have any children, she's like your age...

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)
unless you have kids... Where is
she?

HARLEEN
My age? She was right here. Smoking
a...

They look around, and see a **smoldering cigarette** on the road. Sheriff Walters picks it up, and rolls it in his finger. It has "Rebecca's" **lipstick** on it.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - BACKDOOR - SAME

The Impostor TEARS Rebecca's clothes off their body, as they MUTTER INCOHERENTLY to themselves, looking around scared as if creatures are flying around them.

They sees a **hatchet** by the woodshed behind the diner, and pick it up.

THWACK!

THE IMPOSTOR
(muttering to self)
A family... Family...

They swing at everything around them, striking the woodshed and the trees. They hit the POWER LINE running down a pole on the side of MACK'S—**THWACK!**

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - CONTINUOUS

The power goes out in the diner. Outside, Mack's sign still illuminates the tow truck.

MACK
Ahh, shit. What now? Sorry folks.

Instinctively, Mack pulls out a few candles and matches, and leaves them on Sasha and Jake's table. He pulls out a **flashlight** from the same drawer, and heads out the back door.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

PITCH BLACK:

MACK'S FOOTSTEPS MOVE PAST THE BATHROOM DOOR.

TANYA
(whispering)
Oh my gosh, what is going on?

TODD
(whispering)
Why are you stopping? It's just a
little dark. Right, Tanya?

TANYA
Ew, put your clothes back on.
Somethings wrong. I'm going out
first. Stay here.

TODD
Awh, man...

CLOTHES RUSTLE as Tanya prepares to leave the bathroom.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - BACKDOOR - SAME

Mack takes a few steps out of the diner and turns on the flashlight. The beam illuminates the Impostor, clothes torn, BREATHING HEAVILY, and staring at the ground.

MACK
Holy hell. Ma'am. You scared me-.
Are you okay?

The hatchet is hidden in the shadows behind the Impostor. They take a few steps closer to Mack. The Impostor SHAKES, clenching and unclenching their free fist.

MACK (CONT'D)
You must be Rebecca. You don't look
so good.

The Impostor looks up at Mack. Their eyes are full of confusion and rage.

THE IMPOSTOR
I'm looking for my family...

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - SAME

Sheriff Walters is staring at the back of the Nova when he notices the lights out.

SHERIFF WALTERS
Huh, the power's out inside.

JESSICA
Where is my sister?

HARLEEN
I... I don't know.

JESSICA

The woman you picked up. What did she look like?

HARLEEN

Blonde hair. About your height.

JESSICA

My sister's a brunette.

SHERIFF WALTERS

Is that blood?

He points at a pool forming under the tilted trunk of the Nova. Blood oozes onto the road. Jessica puts her hand over her mouth and goes to the trunk. She pops it open.

Rebecca's body is folded into the trunk, wrapped in Randall the plumber's coveralls.

Jessica **SCREAMS** at the top of her lungs and drops the paper bag.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - BACKDOOR - SAME

Mack jolts with the flashlight at the sound of the SCREAM. The Impostor LURCHES at him and slaps the hatchet into his neck with a sick SHLURP.

Mack falls to the ground, GURGLING, with blood coming out of his mouth. The Impostor pulls his apron off of him and loops it over their head.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Sarah have their noses pressed against the glass to see what's happening with Harleen and the screaming.

JAKE

I can't see anything.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tanya slinks out of the bathroom. Todd tries to get out, but Tanya closes the door on him.

TANYA

I said to wait. Don't make it weird.

TODD (O.S.)
 But, what was that noise-? And,
 where are my pants?

Tanya enters the kitchen and begins washing her hands. Behind her, in the darkness, the Impostor lurks into the doorframe.

The Impostor looks at **a knife** on the counter. They slowly pick it up.

Tanya scrubs her hands. The Impostor mimics her hand movements, still holding the knife, cutting their hands in the motions. Tanya turns off the sink, and dries her hands.

Tanya turns around, face-to-face with the Impostor. Tanya looks them up and down: **half-clothed, wearing a bloody apron, hands bleeding**. Tanya's mouth quivers as she can't summon up a scream.

The Impostor's hands shake. They swing the knife up into the underside of Tanya's chin.

The Impostor's fingers raise and run through Tanya's hair, which is similar to their own. Their bloody hands hold onto Tanya's hair, and they pull the knife out from Tanya's head.

The Impostor takes Tanya's shirt off of her and pulls it over the apron they're already wearing.

THUMP. The Impostor looks towards the noise.

TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 God dammit. Why is it still dark?

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

PITCH BLACK:

Todd is still having a hard time in the bathroom putting his clothes back on. KNOCK KNOCK.

TODD
 Tanya?

The door to the bathroom CREAKS open, and closes quickly as the Impostor slips in.

TODD (CONT'D)
 I knew the dark couldn't scare you
 away-

Todd kisses the Impostor, but they RECOIL.

THE IMPOSTOR

Daniel...

TODD

Who is Daniel? Hey! What gives-?

The Impostor stabs the knife through his throat. She opens the door, and what little light from the candles outside shows blood pooling up on the ground. Not far from the blood are **Todd's pants**.

The Impostor picks up the pants, and slides them on.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - CONTINUOUS

Jessica pulls her sister out of the trunk of the Nova, holding her tight and crying.

Harleen doesn't know how to react. She's paralyzed by fear and confusion. She watches as Jessica strokes Rebecca's hair. *Where did this body come from? Who was freaking out in the tow truck?*

JESSICA

Rebecca! Wake up!

Sheriff Walters is just as lost as Harleen, and clutches his chest.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to Harleen)

Did you do this? Did you do this to my sister?

HARLEEN

I didn't do anything. I-I just picked up the car. And they said they were Rebecca!

Sheriff Walters shakes his head.

SHERIFF WALTERS

Harley... I'm going to have to bring you all in for questioning...

HARLEEN

What?!

SHERIFF WALTERS

We'll get to the bottom of this. Don't worry.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Sarah still have their noses glued to the glass. Behind them, the Impostor glides down the hallway towards them. Slowly creeping towards them. Smiling.

SARAH

What do you think Harley did?

JAKE

I want to know why that lady's screaming.

SARAH

Why doesn't the sheriff do something?

Jake notices someone coming out of the corner of his eye. Keeping his eye out the window, he speaks to who he thinks is Tanya.

JAKE

Hey, Tanya. Who said life outside Los Angeles couldn't be exci-?

Jake slowly turns to look at the Impostor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

THE IMPOSTOR

(smiling)

I'm Tanya.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - CONTINUOUS

HARLEEN

I didn't do this.

SHERIFF WALTERS

I believe you but—

SCREAMS from inside the diner catch Harleen's and the Sheriff's attention. Jessica continues to run her fingers through Rebecca's hair.

SHERIFF WALTERS (CONT'D)

Oh, no. What now?

Sheriff Walters snaps to attention and runs to the front of the darkened diner.

INT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - DINER - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Walters pulls out his heavy Mag-Lite **flashlight** off his belt, illuminating parts of the diner. His hand hovers over his pistol, as he *throws* open the front door.

SHERIFF WALTERS

What's wrong-?

Blood drips down the front of Jake's shirt. The Impostor, wearing the apron, Tanya's shirt, and Todd's pants, stands over him with the knife. Their shoulders drop and rise quickly as they HYPERVENTILATE.

Sarah SCREAMS! Sheriff Walters draws his **gun**, but his hands shake.

SHERIFF WALTERS (CONT'D)

Please! Please stop!

SARAH

Shoot her! SHOOT HER!

He **FIRES** a shot at the Impostor. He misses, and the Impostor *doesn't flinch*. He lines up his second shot, but the Impostor lurches behind Sarah.

Sarah is pulled in front of the Impostor, and Sheriff Walters **FIRES**—striking Sarah. Her neck spurts blood.

SHERIFF WALTERS

NO!

The Impostor CRAWLS under a table.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - CONTINUOUS

Harleen jumps into the tow truck, and tries to start the engine. It TURNS OVER, but fails to start. The headlights FLICKER as she tries.

HARLEEN

WHY?!

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. Harleen sees FLASHES of light come from the diner with every gunshot.

For a moment, all is still.

A figure wearing the Sheriff's hat stands up in the diner.

Harleen looks closer: it is **the Impostor**, covered in blood in their strange get-up, looking directly at Harleen.

Harleen tries to start the tow truck car again, but the FLICKERING HEADLIGHTS only illuminate the Impostor approaching her. The truck refuses to start.

The Impostor exits the diner, walking with purpose towards the tow truck. Harleen gives up and gets out of the tow truck, stumbling.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

No, no, no.

Harleen grabs Jessica trying to pull her away from Rebecca, but she's too distraught to even look up.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

We have to go! Get up! We have to-

JESSICA

Get away from me!

Harleen sees the Impostor approaching. She jumps away from Jessica, and sprints into the forest. She doesn't look back.

The Impostor lurches to give chase, but they stop completely. They see Jessica sitting on the ground holding her sister, crying. The Impostor crouches to the ground with tears in their eyes.

THE IMPOSTOR

My girls...

Jessica looks up at the Impostor, confused by their strange attire. They brush their hand against Jessica's face.

JESSICA

(crying)

Get away from me. Get AWAY.

The Impostor doesn't like this and SLAMS Jessica's head against the Nova knocking her out.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - DISTANCE AWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harleen runs, finally looking back. Out of breath, she stops to check that no one is following her.

HARLEEN

(to herself)

Think... Think... This is all my fault... Call for help? No, the power... I gotta get home...

She looks back again with an expression of dread and worry. Harleen pulls out her father's kirpan and clutches it.

INT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - NIGHT

Tejpal examines the underside of the 280Z on the lift. Behind him, Jasleen enters the garage.

JASLEEN AND TEJPAL SPEAK IN PUNJABI.

JASLEEN

I saw Harleen leave in the tow truck earlier. She's not back yet.

TEJPAL

Two sisters got in an accident. She has to go by Mack's to pick up one of them. She'll be back soon enough.

Jasleen hovers by the 280Z nervously.

JASLEEN

She talks to you more than me. She told you about changing her name.

TEJPAL

We were supposed to talk about it as a family.

JASLEEN

But you were okay with it?

TEJPAL

You know how emotional Harleen is. When we first moved here and she started school, she used to tell me how other students would either pick on her or completely ignore her. She was so sad. I didn't know how to help her. And since she's come back from university... I hear her crying in her room. You hear it too. I thought if she could choose her own identity—

JASLEEN

She knows who she is! She is a Singh! If we were in India—

TEJPAL

But, we aren't! We came here for more opportunities.

(MORE)

TEJPAL (CONT'D)

To ensure a standard of living for our children.

JASLEEN

A standard of living she is abusing.

TEJPAL

She just wants to fit in. You feel it too. At the grocery store. Or when a customer pulls up. When you talk, and people listen differently.

JASLEEN

I hold my head high, no matter what.... I'm just afraid we're going to lose her.

TEJPAL

Are you afraid of losing Ranveer?

JASLEEN

What? No—

TEJPAL

He's just as susceptible to the American way. Right?

JASLEEN

Ranveer is a good boy. He—

Tejpal gives his wife a *raised eyebrow*. Jasleen SIGHS and nods her head. Tejpal hugs Jasleen.

TEJPAL

Harleen's going to make her own choices. Here. In this country. I don't agree with all of them, but she's still our daughter. I trust her to make the right choice.

EXT. MACK'S BAIT AND TACKLE - PARKING - NIGHT

From behind a group of trees, Harleen watches the Impostor throw Rebecca's body into the back seat of the sheriff's car. Jessica MOANS as the Impostor loads her in next. The car doors SLAM, and the **BLUE AND RED LIGHTS ON TOP SPIN.**

The Impostor drives away, and the flashing lights on the sheriff's car start to disappear down the road. Harleen runs to the tow truck, and is able to START the truck immediately.

HARLEEN

Yes!

She watches the flashing lights get farther away... She puts the car in gear, but freezes. The flashing lights of the sheriff's car fade away in the rear view mirror.

Harleen's hand nervously run over the shape of the kirpan in her pocket.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

It's for protecting others...

Harleen accelerates the tow truck through the parking lot, turning around, and following after the Impostor. The Nova RATTLES behind the tow truck.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Harleen's eyes scan the trees. Nothing yet.

There! The blue and red flashing lights in the distance. She can barely see them.

They disappear again, as the tow truck's headlights weave through the winding road. Harleen shifts gears with laser focus as she rounds a corner.

The flashing lights don't return this time.

Harleen keeps driving... until she stops. Exactly where she stopped last time.

She looks up at the tree line. High on the hilltop red and blue lights illuminate the **faint silhouette** of the fire watchtower.

She spies the overgrown opening to the fire road, freshly driven over. The tow truck won't make it up there with the Nova though.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - FIRE ROAD - NIGHT

Harleen climbs through the overgrown fire road, and sees the top of the fire watchtower peering over the tops of the trees.

Through the trees, the red and blue flashing lights grow brighter.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - FIRE ROAD - NIGHT

Harleen comes out into a clearing and looks up: the **fire watchtower** looms over her.

Surrounding the tower is the PLUMBER'S FORD CLUB WAGON, the SHERIFF'S CAR, and the BURNT OUT REMAINS OF A TOYOTA COROLLA.

The Sheriff's car's lights are still on, illuminating the stairs up the tower. Harleen peeks inside Sheriff's car. The keys are still in the ignition with the **pocket knife** hanging from the key ring.

CRYING rings out from the top of the tower. A dim light shines from behind canvas covering the windows.

Harleen takes a deep breath, and slowly passes the burnt out Corolla. She looks in and sees **three charred skeletons**: one in the passenger seat and two in the back seats. Harleen stumbles backwards in fear.

Rattled, she pulls her father's kirpan out of her pocket and UNSHEATHES it. The curved blade *glints* in the light from the Sheriff's car.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - STAIRS - NIGHT

Harleen climbs up the stairs with the knife drawn. The CRYING gets louder. She makes it to the windows, and peeks in.

INT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - LOOKOUT - CONTINUOUS

The Impostor WAILS on their hands and knees on the floor.

A table with **three chairs** sits in the middle of the watchtower. Covering the table is a **ripped-open bag of hamburger and fries** from Mack's.

In one chair, Rebeccah's body is propped up wearing Randall's coveralls. In the chair next to her, Jessica is tied up.

In the chair closest to the window, an unknown NAKED MAN is slumped over.

THE IMPOSTOR

Your father didn't mean what he said, girls. It's okay. Collette, you haven't touched your dinner! Regina, you need to eat-

Jessica's eyes are barely open: she looks scared and badly beaten. The Impostor tries to force mashed hamburger into Rebecca's mouth.

The **naked man** in the chair near Harleen shifts-RANDALL MOANS, deeply in pain, tilting his head back.

Harleen sees his face- his eyes have been gouged out. She has to cover her mouth to keep from screaming out, and drops out of view.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
Daniel! You shut your mouth! You
shut your fucking mouth!

The Impostor *stabs* Randall's body with the knife from Mack's kitchen. Jessica flinches with each consecutive HIT and SPURT and starts to cry.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, girls. I'm sorry.
Daddy's okay. Daddy's sleeping. I
didn't mean it. I didn't mean it.

The Impostor falls to their knees again and SOBS, leaving the knife in Randall.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Harleen covers her mouth and backs away from the window. She sheathes the kirpan, and slides it into her pocket. Harleen quietly descends the stairs.

She stops and looks around. *What does she do next?*

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - FIRE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The sheriff car's top lights still spin, throwing red and blue on the watch tower and trees.

Harleen shakes her head and starts to run away back down the hill.

HARLEEN
(under her breath)
No, no, no, no...

She stops when she notices the Club Wagon is poised to roll backwards down the road. She tries the driver's door: it's unlocked.

She waits a moment: the CRYING continues from the fire watchtower.

Harleen shifts the gear lever into neutral and disengages the parking brake. She goes to the front and gives it a light shove. Nothing.

She pushes it again, and slowly... it rolls backwards.

Harleen slinks into the shadows underneath the watchtower, crouching behind an empty barrel.

The van slowly starts rolling backwards. It picks up momentum, rolling down the fire road.

Where the fire road bends to the left is an old, thick pine tree. The van **SLAMS** right into the pine tree. METAL CRUNCHES and PIPES RATTLE inside the Club Wagon.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

From underneath the stairs, Harleen looks up at the watchtower above her. The CRYING STOPS.

FOOTSTEPS vibrate the metal tower and stairs. A DOOR SQUEEKS open. FOOTSTEPS *slowly* descend the stairs.

Harleen sees the Impostor's legs first, carefully taking each step. The Impostor's eyes reflect the red and blue light of the sheriff's car as they stare down the fire road.

The Impostor walks towards the van, past Harleen hiding behind the barrel. They stop, just for a moment, and look around. Harleen *holds her breath*.

THE IMPOSTOR

Daniel! You forgot to put the car
in park again!

The Impostor walks down the fire road to the van.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)

(to herself)

You remember what happened last
time, don't you? The garage door
got dinged, and you weren't happy
about that. You said I must have
done it, but you drove the car last-

Harleen quickly and quietly ascends the stairs.

INT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - LOOKOUT - CONTINUOUS

Harleen opens the door to the lookout, moving as quietly as she can. She sees Jessica slumped over in her chair. Rebecca's body is propped up with her hair covering her face. She passes by the body of Randall to get to Jessica but-

She gags at his GOUGED OUT eyes and blood splattered body. She covers her mouth.

Jessica hears Harleen shuffling around, and COMES TO, flinching. Harleen uses the kirpan to cut the bindings and pockets the knife right away.

HARLEEN
(whispering)
It's okay. It's okay. We have to go. Right now.

Harleen motions to the door, and puts an arm around Jessica to get her up. Jessica leans to grab Rebecca, but Harleen stops her.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
No time. We have to go. I'm sorry.

JESSICA
(murmuring)
Rebecca...

Harleen looks over and pulls Jessica towards the door.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Harleen leads Jessica down the stairs. They pause to check down the fire road. The sheriff's car's lights are still spinning, flashing red and blue on their faces.

The Impostor is nowhere to be seen.

HARLEEN
Okay, lets go.

They make it to the bottom of the stairs. Harleen supports Jessica as they disappear past the burnt Corolla into the surrounding forest.

For a moment, SILENCE.

CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. *Footsteps.*

A hand reaches into the sheriff's car. CLICK. The flashing blue and red lights turn off.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - FIRE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Harleen and Jessica BREATHE HEAVILY as they push through tree branches, and step over rocks. They meet up with the end of fire road. Their FOOTSTEPS are soft CRUNCHES on the rocks on the road.

HARLEEN
(whispered)
The tow truck is just a little
further. You're doing great.

They keep moving down the road. Jessica stumbles, but Harleen lifts her back up. Harleen can see the tow truck and the Nova from the fire road.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
We're almost there. C'mon, Jessica.

EXT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Harleen and Jessica shamble over to the tow truck and lean against the truck bed.

HARLEEN
We made it. We made it. C'mon, get
in.

JESSICA
My sister... My sister is dead
because of you.

HARLEEN
What?

JESSICA
If you had picked her up sooner!
Or... if you had just noticed when
you towed the car!

HARLEEN
I'm sorry, but we need to go! I
wish I could have done something.
She was dead before—

Harleen tries to guide Jessica into the tow truck, but Jessica throws Harleen's hand away

JESSICA

My mother's expecting us... How can
I tell her Rebecca is dead? How?!

Harleen turns her head in shame.

HARLEEN

Please, we need to leave.

JESSICA

You bitch! This is your fault! You
don't belong here! Just go away! Go
back to where you came from—

SHLICK! JINGLE! SHLICK! SHLICK! JINGLE!

Harleen turns around. The sheriff's **pocket knife and keys** are
plunged into Jessica's back. Blood drips from multiple stab
wounds. The Impostor looks at Jessica like they're scolding
their daughter.

THE IMPOSTOR

You need to do your homework before
you can play, Collette. You know
that.

Jessica crumbles to the ground and dies staring at Harleen's
feet.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)

Are you a friend of my daughter?

Harleen doesn't know what to say and starts backing up.

HARLEEN

Y-yes...

THE IMPOSTOR

I'm so glad my daughter has such
wonderful friends. I don't want her
to be lonely.

HARLEEN

Uhm...

The Imposter CREEPS closer to Harleen.

THE IMPOSTOR

No, I know you.

HARLEEN

Right... Because your daughter.

The Impostor's face changes to very stern.

THE IMPOSTOR
No, you- sing... You sing. Like a
bird.

The Impostor SINGS a few notes, a quick haunting melody.
Harleen is paralyzed with fear.

She can't take it anymore. Harleen makes the first move, and
lunges for the tow truck.

The Impostor is faster. A split second before Harleen can
reach for the handle, the Impostor throws their body at her.

On impact, Harleen SLAMS her head straight into passenger
window of the tow truck, SHATTERING IT.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. CHEVY NOVA - TRUNK - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK:

Harleen comes to, BREATHING HEAVILY in **total darkness**. The
SOUND OF TOW TRUCK'S ENGINE and the ROAD UNDERNEATH HER bleed
into the trunk, muffled. She tries to sit up but BUMP—she
hits her head.

HARLEEN
Fuck.

She RUSTLES around and finds the **flashlight**. She turns it on,
illuminating the cramped Nova trunk. Harleen rubs her head,
and pulls some glass out of her hair. She can barely move and
struggles to put her legs into position—

She KICKS the trunk, repeatedly, but it won't budge. The
flashlight focuses on the trunk's exposed locking mechanism.

Harleen hears the tow truck's brakes SQUEAK as it comes to a
stop. The tow truck's engine CUTS OFF. A CAR DOOR SLAMS.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
HELLO! HELLO! IS ANYONE THERE?

VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
-llo?

HARLEEN
HELLO! HELLO! DAD!

THE IMPOSTOR (O.S.)
Hello? I'm here to help you. My
name is Harley. Harley Sing.

HARLEEN
(recognizing the voice)
No... WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

THE IMPOSTOR (O.S.)
You told me to. You told me
yourself: you couldn't do it. You
needed help. This is the only way
you could sleep.

HARLEEN
What?! You're not me! What are you
talking about?!

THE IMPOSTOR
Because of what you did...

Harleen pauses and listens intently. Her eyes dart around as
she thinks.

HARLEEN
What did I do?

EXT. CHEVY NOVA - BOAT RAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Chevy Nova is positioned behind the tow truck on a boat
ramp. The tow truck's worklights illuminate the water behind
the Nova.

Beyond the Nova, the lake's water is still and dark. The
Impostor is speaking with her lips right next to the trunk's
key hole.

THE IMPOSTOR
You didn't mean to.

The Impostor looks out at the lake. The water is flat and
calm. They turn Harleen's **drivers license** over in their
fingers.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
It was just an accident. Daniel hit
you, and you hit back.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Harleen looks for anything else in the truck. She realizes
she still has the kirpan, and pulls it out.

Harleen has to keep the Impostor talking, but is also trying to piece together their answers.

HARLEEN

Why did Daniel want to hurt me?

She slowly probes the locking mechanism with the knife, trying not to make too much noise.

EXT. CHEVY NOVA - BOAT RAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Impostor turns away from the Nova.

Sitting on top of the still water, in the middle of the lake, is the Toyota Corolla, engulfed in flames.

THE IMPOSTOR

No, he... He didn't mean to. It was just an accident. Fights happen- He wasn't a laugher. That's all...

FADE TO:

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - FIRE ROAD - DREAM/FLASHBACK

The Impostor and their family play around the base of the fire watchtower. The grass is high and green as two little girls, COLLETTE (6) and REGINA (3) chase butterflies. DANIEL (40s) and The Impostor sit on the stairs of the watchtower. Daniel smokes a cigarette with a cold look in his eyes.

THE IMPOSTOR (V.O.)

It wasn't bad. Daniel said he loved you all the time. You would come here. The girls would chase bugs and climb trees. That's where you had the most fun. The only other place was at home when Daniel wasn't around...

The Impostor smiles at their daughters playing.

INT. BEDROOM - DREAM/FLASHBACK

Daniel lies on the ground with the back of his head split open. A pool of blood oozes across the carpet.

The Impostor is holding a lamp, breathing heavily. Blood **drips** from the base of the lamp.

THE IMPOSTOR (V.O.)
But that night, he hit you harder.
So you hit him over and over and
over again.

INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DREAM/FLASHBACK

The Impostor stands in the doorway of their daughters' room.
Collette and Regina are asleep.

THE IMPOSTOR (V.O.)
You knew the girls would miss their
father... You would miss him.
Collette and Regina are so
beautiful. They didn't deserve a
world without both their parents...

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - GARAGE - DREAM/FLASHBACK

Daniel's corpse sits in the front passenger seat.

The Impostor lays the two sisters in the back seat of the
car. They rub their eyes, but their mother wraps them in a
blanket, and they fall back asleep.

THE IMPOSTOR (V.O.)
(crying)
You couldn't do that to them.
Deprive them of a family. So, you
all went to sleep.

The Impostor feeds a tube through the ajar window and turns
the key in the ignition. The engine RUMBLES softly. The
Impostor cuddles up with their daughters, closing their eyes.

CUT ON THE
IMPOSTOR:

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - GARAGE - DREAM/FLASHBACK

The Impostor opens their eyes. They're on the floor of the
Toyota, and their shirt is covered in vomit. They pull
themselves up and their eyes catch the blanket covering their
daughters.

THE IMPOSTOR (V.O.)
But, only you woke up.

They SCREAM.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - OLD HIGHWAY - DREAM/FLASHBACK

The Toyota's headlights weave through the forest.

EXT. FIRE WATCHTOWER - FIRE ROAD - DREAM/FLASHBACK

In the pitch black of night, the Corolla burns next to the watchtower. Smoke billows into the sky as light dances on the stairs to the tower.

The Impostor stares at the fire.

THE IMPOSTOR (V.O.)
And you tried to go back to sleep.
To dream of them. But you kept
waking up.

FADE TO:

POV UNDERWATER LOOKING UP

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY NOVA - TRUNK - SAME

Harleen's eyes are filled with terror.

THE IMPOSTOR (O.S.)
Don't worry. I'm going to help you.
And then, I can go back home to my
family! My annoying brother. My
great dad. My grumpy mom. And
you'll finally be able to sleep.
(singing to herself)
Harley Sing! Harley Sing! Like a
bird! Sing!

GEARS TURN, and the Nova's trunk SHAKES. Water starts seeping through the trunk's crevices and cracks.

HARLEEN
NO! NOO!

EXT. CHEVY NOVA - BOAT RAMP - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck releases the Nova. The red Nova drifts backwards into the water, sinking into the lake.

The tow truck disappears as it drives away. The last thing seen are the **tow hooks** DRAGGING on the ground behind it.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Water continues to POUR into the trunk. Harleen JAMS the kirpan into the Nova's trunk lock.

Harleen tries with all her strength to kick the trunk open, but she can't. She HYPERVENTILATES as she panics in the small space.

The flashlight FLICKERS as it floats in the rising water. Harleen takes a DEEP BREATH and JAMS the kirpan into the locking mechanism OVER and OVER again.

Water splashes into Harleen's mouth and nose, causing her to CHOKE.

Harleen is able to bend a piece of metal out of the way. The water continues to fill the trunk.

She takes a LARGE breath as last of the air leaks out of the trunk. Harleen squints as the FLASHLIGHT GOES OUT, and JAMS the kirpan into the lock again.

A slight CLUNK is heard with her last jab, but the kirpan lodges itself in the trunk. Harleen yanks on the kirpan, but it's stuck. SHE PULLS AGAIN. It won't budge.

Harleen CHOKES and bubble's escape her mouth.

She kicks at the trunk—

—and it opens SLIGHTLY. She KICKS AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

EXT. ADIRONDACK FOREST - SMALL LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The water of the lake is still. It seems, for a moment, Harleen won't make it—

—But she BREAKS the surface, GASPING for air. She looks around and sees the tow truck is gone.

Harleen starts swimming for the shore.

FADE TO:

INT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - NIGHT

Tejpal's legs stick out from underneath the Datsun Z. Underneath, he STRUGGLES as he tightens a bolt. He grabs the next bolt to put in and starts to tighten.

DING. DING.

Brakes SQUEAL as the tow truck stops outside the garage.

Tejpal pauses, and looks at his watch. *It is getting late. What took Harleen so long?* Tejpal finishes the last bolt, and rolls out from underneath the car.

Tejpal SNIFFS the air. His stomach growls. *Dinner should be ready.*

He grabs a rag and wipes the grease off of his hands. He peaks outside of the garage expecting to see his daughter.

Instead, he sees the tow truck, no car being towed, and the driver's door wide open. The engine is still IDLING. He notices the shattered window and the tow cable still dangling behind the tow truck.

TEJPAL

Harley? What in the-?

He TURNS OFF THE tow truck leaving the keys in the ignition.

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

The front door *closes*.

In the kitchen, Jasleen has her back turned to the living room, as she finishes up dinner by making some fresh roti. A cassette of Indian music PLAYS ON A BOOMBOX: R.D. BURMAN'S KANCHI RE KANCHI RE.

Behind Jasleen, a **shadow** glides across the living room towards the bedrooms. Harleen's door OPENS to her bedroom with a SQUEAK. Jasleen looks over her shoulder.

JASLEEN

Harleen? Are you back? Dinner's ready. We've been waiting for you.

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jasleen turns off the stove, and SIGHS. Maybe she should talk to Harleen now.

Jasleen walks to the boombox and wipes her hands clean. She TURNS THE MUSIC OFF. When she rounds the corner towards the bedrooms, she sees Harleen's door is wide open.

JASLEEN

Harleen, we need to talk!

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - HARLEEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jasleen steps into the room, but it's empty. RUSTLING comes from the closet.

JASLEEN

I... just wanted to apologize for what I said earlier. I talked with your father and- Harleen?

The NOISE from the closet stops. Jasleen looks down and sees a pile of BLOODIED CLOTHES sitting on the ground.

The closet door *slowly* swings open and THE IMPOSTOR is standing half-dressed in Harleen's clothes. Their hand pulls Harleen's kirpan out of her underwear drawer.

THE IMPOSTOR

Mom?

Jasleen **SCREAMS**.

EXT. SINGH'S SERVICES - APARTMENT - SAME

Tejpal STORMS up the steps to the apartment's door.

TEJPAL

JASLEEN!

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tejpal throws open the door to see his wife on the ground with the Impostor standing over her.

The Impostor looks up at Tejpal, and tilts their head.

THE IMPOSTOR

Dad?

TEJPAL

What is going on here? Who are you?

THE IMPOSTOR

It's me. Harley. Your daughter.
Don't you recognize me?

Jasleen, trembling, gives Tejpal a frightened look. Tejpal relaxes his shoulders and puts his hands out. He takes a step towards the Impostor.

Palmed in the Impostor's hand is **Harleen's kirpan**.

TEJPAL

No. I do not...

JASLEEN

Tejpal! Stay away from her! Keep back.

THE IMPOSTOR

You would say that to your little Harley?

TEJPAL

Please get away from my wife.

THE IMPOSTOR

But I love mom.

TEJPAL

Stop. I can tell you are hurt. Or sick. You seem confused. I see it in your eyes.

JASLEEN

Tejpal, stay *back*. She—

THE IMPOSTOR

Shut your mouth.

TEJPAL

I don't know who you are, but you need help. How can we help you?

THE IMPOSTOR

I don't need help. I just want to spend time with my family.

The Impostor smiles and leans in close to Jasleen. Jasleen *shivers*.

TEJPAL

Are you sure?

The Impostor is silent.

TEJPAL (CONT'D)

This can't be what you want. What about your own family?

THE IMPOSTOR

You're my family.

TEJPAL

I don't think we are.

The Impostor swallows nervously, hesitating. CREAK. **Ranveer** steps out of his bedroom.

RANVEER

Is dinner ready-? What's going on?

He sees the Impostor. The Impostor turns STARTLED, and reveals the **unsheathed kirpan**.

THE IMPOSTOR

If it isn't my annoying little brother...

They take a step towards Ranveer, who panics. He tries to run back into his room and close the door, but the Impostor grabs the door before he can. They FORCE it open.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)

Where are you going?!

Tejpal grabs the Impostor from behind, pulling them away from Ranveer's room. He kicks Ranveer's door closed, and keeps them in a bear hug from behind.

The Impostor SWINGS the kirpan backwards into Tejpal's GUT. Tejpal falls to a knee. They slash the kirpan over their shoulder with a struggle, slicing Tejpal's face and shoulder. He let's go, grabbing his face with a YELL.

Jasleen SCREAMS. Tejpal SLAMS against the wall, and slides down. The Impostor SLASHES at his arm, and cuts a deep gash in his shoulder.

TEJPAL

Please. Where is my daughter?

THE IMPOSTOR

I am your daughter!

TEJPAL

Please just tell me she's alive.

THE IMPOSTOR

I'm *right here*.

Before the Impostor can take another stab at him, Jasleen jumps between Tejpal and the Impostor.

JASLEEN

You must be hungry! Please! Please, Harley. Why don't we stop fighting? Why don't I serve you dinner? Does that sound nice?

The Impostor is confused by this kindness.

JASLEEN (CONT'D)
Sit down. I'll make you a plate.

Jasleen slowly leads the Impostor away from Tejpal. Jasleen gives Tejpal a slight NOD before helping the Impostor into a chair at the dining table.

Jasleen prepares **a big plate of Indian food**, and folds up a roti, laying it on the side of the plate.

Tejpal FLINCHES as he unwinds his pagri to use as a bandage for his shoulder and gut. Ranveer sticks his head out of his bedroom, but Tejpal signals for him to go back inside.

The Impostor looks at the plate.

THE IMPOSTOR
What is this?

JASLEEN
It's dinner.

THE IMPOSTOR
I don't want to eat this.

JASLEEN
It's your favorite-

THE IMPOSTOR
I don't WANT THIS.

The Impostor throws the plate off the table and it SHATTERS on the ground, spraying food everywhere. They point Harleen's kirpan at Jasleen.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
That isn't what I like. Make me something else-

HARLEEN (O.S.)
NO.

Everyone turns to see Harleen, soaking wet and tired, standing in the frame of the front door.

THE IMPOSTOR
You-

HARLEEN
If you really were me, you'd eat that. You'd clean that plate. But, you're not me.

THE IMPOSTOR
Shut your fucking mouth. I'm Harley Sing.

HARLEEN
No, you're not.

THE IMPOSTOR
Shut your FUCKING MOUTH!

The Impostor SWINGS the kirpan around wildly. Jasleen takes a step back. Harleen puts *her hands up*, seeing this approach won't work.

HARLEEN
Okay. Okay, you're Harley Sing...

She sees her father, bleeding on the floor. Her mother is terrified in the kitchen. Ranveer peaks out from his room again.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
You're Harley Sing... So then it was me.

The Impostor looks curiously at Harleen.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
I killed Collette. I killed Regina.
I killed Daniel. I lit the Corolla on fire. It was me.

The Impostor furrows their eyebrows.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
It was me. I killed them. I wanted to watch them die!

THE IMPOSTOR
No! You didn't enjoy it! You just wanted them with you in death.

HARLEEN
I lit that Corolla on fire! And I'd do it again! Over, and over, and over again! I'm glad my little girls will never grow up!

THE IMPOSTOR
NO!

The Impostor violently stands up from the table.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
 You didn't want it like this!

HARLEEN
Can you live with it, Harley Sing?
 I can. Come at ME.

The Impostor SLAMS the table, and LUNGES at Harleen. Harleen DODGES out of the way and runs out the front door. The Impostor throws the chair to the side and *chases* after her.

EXT. SINGH'S SERVICES - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harleen runs down the stairs from the front door at full speed. The Impostor continues to chase after her, slamming into the railing of the stairs before gaining composure again.

Harleen jumps into the tow truck, and tries to start it. It SPUTTERS as key turns.

HARLEEN
 Come on. Come on. Not now you sonofabitch.

From the corner of her eye, she can see the Impostor descending the stairs, kirpan still clutched in her hand.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)
 Oh, shit.

The Impostor starts to walk to the tow truck. Their speed increases. Harleen tries again and the ENGINE TURNS OVER.

The tow truck ROARS TO LIFE, and Harleen accelerates in first gear. As the truck starts to roll away, the Impostor starts running barefoot down the road after her.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harleen looks over her shoulder as the Impostor SPRINTS to catch up to the tow truck. Harleen puts her foot down on the clutch, and focuses on SHIFTING.

As the tow truck drives away from Singh's Services, the Impostor *sprints* behind-

-and GRABS the tow line, dangling from the tow arm. The **J-hooks** trail behind SCRAPING on the ground.

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jasleen hugs Ranveer, and he CRIES into her shoulder.

RANVEER

Mom, what's happening? Where's
Harleen going?

Tejpal finishes wrapping his gut tight with his unwound pagri and looks at his wife. He tries to get up, but **collapses**. Jasleen looks at her husband with concern.

He pulls keys out of a pocket and tosses them to his wife, flinching with pain at the arc of his toss. Jasleen snatches them out of the air, her **thick metal kara** (bracelet) CLINKING against them.

TEJPAL

I'll be fine. I'll call the police.
GO!

Jasleen looks at the keys, and hesitates. She *kisses* Ranveer on the top of his head. With determination, she *sprints* to the door, and heads down the stairs.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Harleen calms down for a second, but turns around. She sees the Impostor climbing on the back of the tow truck.

HARLEEN

Oh, fuck.

Harleen *swerves* across the highway to throw the Impostor off, but they cling to the tow arm, murderous intent in their eyes.

The tow truck *swerves* in the opposite direction. As the Impostor grabs for the tow arm, the **kirpan** *flies* out of their hands skittering across the road.

THE IMPOSTOR

You bitch! You took everything from
me!

The Impostor fights the tow truck's motions and pulls himself towards the back window of the tow truck. Harleen continues to try to throw the Impostor off, but it's too late-

The Impostor SMASHES the back window, grabbing at Harleen's face. They *rip* a scratch across Harleen's cheek.

Harleen elbows the Impostor in the face. Furious, the Impostor wraps their arm around Harleen's neck.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)
Collette and Regina deserved
better. This is *your* fault!

Harleen struggles to keep her eyes on the road and at least one hand on the wheel. She WHEEZES as her eyes vision blurs.

INT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - SAME

Jasleen explodes into the garage, and finds the Datsun 280Z still raised on the lift. She runs over to the wall, and FLIPS the air release. The lift HISSES letting the car down.

She jumps into the front seat, STARTS the engine, and REVS it. Jasleen's hand grips the gear shifter, and she throws it into reverse.

EXT. SINGH'S SERVICES - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Datsun's tires SQUEEL across the concrete out of the garage.

Jasleen *accelerates* away from Singh's Services, down the road away from her home and after her daughter.

INT. DATSUN 280 Z - OLD HIGHWAY- CONTINUOUS

Jasleen *THRUSTS* the gear shifter from *first* to *second* to *third*.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - OLD HIGHWAY - SAME

Harleen sees the **Old Iron Bridge** further down the highway. She can barely breathe but furrows her face, bracing for what comes next.

Harleen SLAMS her head back into the Impostor's nose, breaking it. The Impostor releases their grip to grab at their nose. They HOWL in pain. Harleen checks to see her seatbelt is on.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - OLD IRON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Before the Impostor can attack again, Harleen *JOLTS* the steering wheel to the left, and points the truck straight at one of the crossbeams of the bridge.

CRUNCH! The tow truck CRASHES into the iron bridge, coming to a VIOLENT HALT. The Impostor FLIES through the windshield, and Harleen SLAMS her head into the steering wheel.

CUT TO BLACK:

A HIGH PITCHED RINGING STARTS.

OUT OF BLACK:

A BURNING COROLLA appears out of the darkness. The FLAMES grow higher and higher, as it rolls forward.

CUT TO:

INT. TOW TRUCK - OLD IRON BRIDGE - NIGHT

Harleen GASPS for air as she lifts her head off the steering wheel. The RINGING FADES OUT. A gash on her forehead dribbles blood into her hair.

Over the hood of the tow truck lays the Impostor, face down. Motionless.

Harleen opens the door to the tow truck, and takes off her seat belt. She SLUMPS to the ground outside.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE - CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

Harleen steadies herself, and slowly stands up. She catches her breath, and touches her forehead. She winces, and pulls her hand away to see the blood.

Harleen tries to take a few steps away from the tow truck, but FALLS to her knees and THROWS UP.

Behind her, the Impostor is no longer on the hood of the tow truck. Harleen PANTS HEAVILY trying to steady herself again.

The **TINKLE** of *glass being stepped on* catches her attention. Harleen turns just at the right moment to raise her forearm and catch a blow meant for the back of her head—

A metal chain STRIKES Harleen's arm! The Impostor BREATHES HEAVILY, swinging the loose chain from the tow truck.

They sway, almost like they are in a trance. The Impostor raises their arm to strike again when—

HARLEEN

Rebecca.

The Impostor stops.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

When I first met you, you were Rebecca... I'm sorry. It sounds like you've been through a living hell. I don't know who you are... but I'm sorry. I wish someone was there for you.

The Impostor swallows nervously, as tears well up in her eyes.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

Your children. Your husband. It may have seem like the right choice in the moment, but... now you're in pain. And you were probably in pain before.

The Impostor nods.

THE IMPOSTOR

I'm so scared.

Harleen sees a glimmer of hope in the Impostor's eyes: maybe they can be calmed down.

HARLEEN

You don't have to do this. We can get you help. Let's just start from the beginning. What's your name?

THE IMPOSTOR

I'm... I'm...

A **drop of blood** rolls out of the Impostor's ear.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)

Sing. Like a bird. Harley...

Harleen nods her head as well, and starts to tear up. *There's no saving them.*

AN ENGINE REVS, and TIRES SQUEEL as the 280Z pulls to the side of the old highway just before the bridge. Jasleen steps out of the 280Z.

JASLEEN

Harleen! *Stay away from my daughter.*

HARLEEN

MOM! NO!

The Impostor looks at Jasleen with hatred for interrupting.

THE IMPOSTOR

You don't understand, mom. You
don't know what I'm feeling.

The Impostor *WHIPS* the chains across Harleen's temple, knocking her out. They raise up their arms again, and *SLAM* the chain across Harleen's body.

Jasleen sprints towards the Impostor, pulling her **thick kara bracelet** off her wrist.

Before the Impostor can slam down again, Jasleen uses her kara like knuckledusters to **DECK** the Impostor in the jaw.

JASLEEN

(in Punjabi)

Stay away from my daughter.

The Impostor falters for a moment. They *SCREECH* and tackle Jasleen. Jasleen throws them off.

They *SWING* the chain at Jasleen's head, but Jasleen deflects with the kara. She uses her kara again to *JAB* at the Impostor, striking a blow.

Harleen can *barely raise* her head, but watches her mother fight to protect her.

Jasleen *grabs* the Impostor's nose between the kara and her thumb, and *twists*. The Impostor *HOWLS* in pain.

The Impostor grabs onto Jasleen, but Jasleen *PUNCHES* them and they fall to the ground.

JASLEEN (CONT'D)

Please. Stop.

The Impostor gets up halfway, but swings the chains at Jasleen's knees.

JASLEEN (CONT'D)

I don't want to do this-

The chain wraps around Jasleen's knees and the Impostor yanks it back. Jasleen crumples to the ground. The Impostor *STOMPS* on her hand holding the kara and *KICKS* the bracelet away.

The Impostor straddles Jasleen, and *WRAPS* the chain around Jasleen's neck.

THE IMPOSTOR

Mom... You're naive and mean. You don't get it. You just don't get it.

Harleen tries to sit up, watching her mother be strangled. She looks to the tow arm, and her eyes follow the tow line down to the ground: **the tow hooks**.

THE IMPOSTOR (CONT'D)

You ruined my life. I hate you, mom. You killed me, mom. You killed me. I'll kill you!

The Impostor TIGHTENS the chains, and Jasleen CHOKES trying to get her fingers underneath the chain. Tears run off the Impostor's face and onto Jasleen.

Jasleen's eyes bulge, as she **GASPS** for any air at all.

From behind the Impostor, Harleen rises.

Harleen *SLAMS* a **large tow hook** over the Impostor's shoulder, and then *YANKS* it back. At the same time, Harleen *KICKS* the Impostor's back. The point of the hook *RIPS* through the Impostor's chest and pierces their heart.

Harleen stands behind the Impostor, BREATHING HEAVILY.

Harleen's breathing turns to CRYING. She turns her head, ashamed of what she had to do.

The Impostor opens their mouth to say something, but **blood** leaks from their lips. They stumble away from Jasleen and Harleen. The tow line is still attached to the hook.

Harleen and Jasleen watch in horror as the Impostor *collapses* against the railing of the bridge and *flips* over the edge.

THWIP. The tow line goes taut.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE - UNDERNEATH - CONTINUOUS

The Impostor's body SWINGS from side to side.

HARLEEN (O.S.)

Mom.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE - CRASH SITE - SAME

Harleen and Jasleen embrace, tears streaming from Harleen's face.

HARLEEN

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I
didn't want to but-

JASLEEN

(croaking)

It's okay. It's okay.

Jasleen holds her daughter as tears start to stream down her face as well. She leads Harleen away from the bridge towards the Datsun 280Z.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE - UNDERNEATH - CONTINUOUS

Hanging under the bridge, the Impostor stares at the water beneath their feet. The nearby lake empties into the river, FLOWING endlessly over rocks and tree logs.

The Impostor closes their eyes and **BREATHES** their last breath.

EXT. DATSUN 280Z - OLD HIGHWAY - SAME

Jasleen and Harleen sit down on the ground next to the 280Z, leaning against the car. The mother and daughter hold each other for a long time and CRY.

FADE TO BLACK:

PRE-LAP: Dishes and silverware **CLINK** as food is served onto plates.

INT. SINGH APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: 3 Months Later

The Singh family sits around the kitchen table eating their dinner. Rice, lentils, and yogurt are passed without eye contact or talking.

Jasleen picks up Ranveer's plate and scoops rice onto it.

Ranveer looks lost, staring into the yogurt. There are bags under his eyes. He hasn't been sleeping well.

Tejpal flinches as he leans over his plate to grab a roti (flatbread). He sticks his hand under the collar of his shirt to rub the scar on his shoulder. His face has another scar running down his cheek, disappearing into his beard.

Harleen watches her family as she tears off a piece of roti. Her eyebrows furrow with concern.

Jasleen looks at Harleen with **a look of desperation**. Jasleen takes a scoop of rice and puts it on Harleen's plate. Her mother smiles reassuringly at her, but it's not convincing.

PRELAP: CHALK STRIKES ON A CHALKBOARD fill a large classroom.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO - LECTURE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR MILLS (50) finishes drawing a chart stands in front of a quarter-filled lecture hall. He picks up a **thick book**. The students seem engaged, taking notes.

PROFESSOR MILLS
The Diagnostic and Statistical
Manual of Mental Disorders was
first released in 1952, and here we
are in 1980, up to DSM-III.

In the back of the lecture hall, Harleen sits in the last row.

PROFESSOR MILLS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is a living document. It's
going to change over time as
psychiatrists try to standardize
diagnosis.

Harleen watches other students taking notes and listening intently. A few are goofing off quietly.

PROFESSOR MILLS (CONT'D)
We have to remember, these are just
classification tools. They're lists
of symptoms for disorders, but what
we classify as a disorder changes.
Heck. Homosexuality was a disorder
until the last version of the DSM.
The point I'm making is putting a
name to something a patient is
going through isn't the bandage.
Behind the entry in these books is
someone going through something.
How you help them is what matters.

Harleen leans back in her chair.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO - LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Students pack up and leave the lecture hall. A few linger around Professor Mills as he shuffles some papers on a desk.

Harleen walks down the row of seats to get closer to the front of the lecture hall.

She waits till the last of his students leave. Professor Mills pulls out a salad, and starts eating his lunch. He notices Harleen standing there.

PROFESSOR MILLS

Hi there. I noticed you in the back. Are you looking to audit my class?

Professor Mills takes a big CHOMP of lettuce leaf.

HARLEEN

I'm actually in your class. I missed the beginning of the semester.

He puts down the salad, and his eyes grow serious.

PROFESSOR MILLS

You must be Harley Sing.

Harleen looks visibly shaken hearing "Harley."

HARLEEN

Harleen. With an "N."

PROFESSOR MILLS

Oh, it says Harley Sing on my—

HARLEEN

It's an error. Harleen Singh.

PROFESSOR MILLS

Oh, we'll get that fixed then... I was... made aware of your situation and what happened. We'll get you caught up on assignments, but please, take your time.

HARLEEN

Actually, I have a question.

PROFESSOR MILLS

About class?

HARLEEN

About what happened. What I went through...

PROFESSOR MILLS

A woman attacked you.

HARLEEN

Not just me.

PROFESSOR MILLS

The news said she attacked a diner in the Adirondacks. People were killed. I'm so sorry.

HARLEEN

It wasn't just the diner... And I tried to stop her. When I talked to her, I felt like she was hearing me... sometimes.

PROFESSOR MILLS

You confronted her?—You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

HARLEEN

I want to, but—

Harleen is at a loss for words.

PROFESSOR MILLS

What was your question?

HARLEEN

Could she have been cured? What did she have? Would it be in the DSM?

PROFESSOR MILLS

Oh.

Professor Mills furrows his eyebrows and covers his mouth as he thinks.

PROFESSOR MILLS (CONT'D)

I don't know.

HARLEEN

So, there's nothing in this book that would explain what happened? There was no way she could have been stopped before she started murdering everyone around her?

Harleen grits her teeth.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

Is there *anything* to explain how a mother killed her husband, and then her own children? And then went on to murder complete strangers; friends of mine! She stabbed my father. She was going to kill my mother! **She almost killed me-!**

Harleen takes a step forward towards Professor Mills, startling him.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

I hear my brother having nightmares. My dad's struggling to work. I can see him in physical pain from where the knife cut him. My mom's a bundle of nerves, more so than she ever was before. And, she has every right to be. What am I *supposed* to do in this situation?

Harleen sees Professor Mills, eyes wide and mouth agape.

HARLEEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

PROFESSOR MILLS

No, you don't need to apologize. No. I'm sorry. I don't think I was given the full picture...You went through something incredibly traumatic, and the woman that caused it—I don't know. I couldn't know unless I treated her.

She leans in, waiting for more.

PROFESSOR MILLS (CONT'D)

It could have be schizophrenia. Bipolar disorder. Some dissociative episode? It could have been anything. We can't know until we talk to patients. I never treated her, and everyone is a different case. Plus, being "cured" means different things, but it's not black or white. It's grey. I don't know why she did what she did. There's a good chance she didn't either.

Harleen looks at the ground pondering this.

HARLEEN

She was going to kill my mother.
So, I did the only thing I could
think of in that moment... I had
to. I killed her.

PROFESSOR MILLS

Oh...

HARLEEN

I tried so hard to get her to stop
and think about what she was doing.
She tried, but I couldn't think of
anything else... Could I have
stopped her any other way?

Professor Mills looks concerned.

PROFESSOR MILLS

Have you been able to talk to
anyone else about this? Outside of
your family? A counselor of some
kind?

Harleen SWALLOWS and stares at Professor Mills with scared
eyes. The lecture hall's doors SWING OPEN, and students start
to trickle in, taking seats. She shakes her head.

PROFESSOR MILLS (CONT'D)

I have a class that starts in a few
minutes. I'm sorry.

He pulls out a piece of paper and a pen. He scribbles a **phone
number and name**.

PROFESSOR MILLS (CONT'D)

I want you to call a friend of mine
and schedule some time to talk with
her. She works at NYU. I'll let her
know you'll be calling. I promise,
she can help.

Harleen takes the paper, looking ashamed and struggling to
make eye contact with the professor.

HARLEEN

Thank you...

PROFESSOR MILLS

Harleen?

She finally looks up at him.

PROFESSOR MILLS
You'll be okay.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO - PARKING LOT - DAY

Harleen walks through a parking lot, passing rows of cars. She has a look of concern on her face as she thinks about her conversation with Mills. She *looks down* the piece of paper he scribbled the phone number on.

Harleen presses the piece of paper to her chest before pocketing it. *Hope. Someone who might help her.*

She stops in front of her bright-white, freshly painted FIAT 850 COUPE, and can't help but smile at it. Harleen opens her backpack and next to her car keys is **her kirpan**. She pulls out the keys and gets into the car.

A FOREST BY THE CURE PLAYS.

The Fiat pulls out of its spot and drives down the long rows of the parking lot.

At the far end of the parking lot, a TOYOTA COROLLA is on fire.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL.

THE END