

A FARE FIGHT

Written by

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Based on, Original Screenplay

BLACK SCREEN

Heavy but evenly paced breathing overlaps a runner's footsteps.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

TERRY 27, built like a NFL tight-end jogs along a paved path. The rising sun shines down on his back.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Terry, you have so much potential.

Terry begins to run harder. His breathing and footsteps become more intense.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You're compassionate and really are a good guy.

Terry takes off full sprint.

Black Screen

DING DING DING

INT. MMA GYM - DAY

IN THE RING

Terry trades punches with MEHESH, 29 a tall, and toned dark skinned man.

Terry and Mehesh both manage to dodge one another's attacks.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I hope you figure out what you want from life.

Mehesh throws a jab. It sends Terry's head back, hard.

Mehesh throws a straight right punch.

Terry slips the punch and rushes Mehesh. Terry ducks twisting behind him. He lifts Mehesh clean off the ground slamming him like a ragged doll to the mat.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

But, I can't sit around and wait for you to grow up.

Terry rolls over and mounts Mehesh. Terry rains down punch after punch, slamming his gloved fist into Mehesh's face.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Terry!

Mehesh is no longer in the fight. His head just bounces on the mat.

COACH BARNES rushes into the ring and pulls Terry off of Mehesh.

COACH BARNES

What the hell is wrong with you?

Terry snaps back to reality. He looks on at the now unconscious Mehesh snoring on the mat.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Goodbye Terry.

INT. ANGELA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

ANGELA 26, stands in an art studio. Modern Jazz plays softly. Beautiful portrait photography fills every wall with life and human expression.

She's with a MALE PATRON.

ANGELA

I'll have it delivered to you later
this week.

MALE PATRON

I'm looking forward it.

The two shake hands and turn. Angela stops. Her face grows angry.

She excuses herself and stomps away, trying to hold her composure.

EXT. ANGELA'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Terry stands outside visibly anxious, shuffling about.

Angela bursts out of the gallery.

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

TERRY
You wouldn't answer my calls.

ANGELA
So, you took that as an invitation
to show up here unannounced?

TERRY
Ang....

He reaches out for her.

She pulls away. He's visibly hurt.

He approaches her. Angela inches away seemingly disgusted.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Babe... What ...

Terry approaches again. Just then, the GALLERY OWNER comes out.

GALLERY OWNER
Angela, everything OK?

He wraps his arm low around her waist. She turns to him and nods her head "Yea."

He escorts her back into the gallery.

Hurt, in awe, and very confused Terry watches his life's joy walk away.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Terry sits in his car. Silent. Phone in hand. He begins to swipe the phone screen.

INSERT - Phone

On screen:

- A picture of him and Angela
- Angela making a funny face
- Him with his camera
- A provocative shot of Angela in bed

BACK TO SCENE

Terry's "FARE" app chimes and a picture of his ride request SURA pops up.

He drives off.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - LATER

Terry pulls up to his destination.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The rear passenger door opens. A woman tosses her purse inside and sits down. She closes the door abruptly.

SURA 23, gorgeous brunette with a slim but curvy frame looks out the window. She melts into the soft leather seat.

Terry glances in the rear-view mirror and catches a glimpse of her face.

Although well-hidden by her long dark hair, a bruise on her cheek peeks through.

Terry pulls off.

TERRY
Rough night?

SURA
Same as any other.

Sura looks into the rear-view mirror. Smirking.

Turns to reveal the bruise.

Terry's eyes are no longer on her face. His eyes trace her long frame stopping on her legs. Long. Full. Soft. Bruised.

He looks up into the rearview mirror. Busted.

The two lock eyes in the mirror for a moment.

Sura pulls her dress down discretely, trying to cover the black and blue blotches on her thighs.

INT. TERRY'S CAR- LATER

The car pulls to a stop.

SURA
Thanks for the ride.

Sura starts to open the door. It's pulled open from the outside. A man stands there. Only his designer belt buckle and shirt are visible.

Sura looks back one last time. Manages a half smile and exits.

Terry leans in to speak. Reaches for her.

TERRY
Hey, You OK?

Just then, VLASI 42 Salt and pepper beard wearing, designer duds replaces Sura in the back seat.

Cold and intense. Vlasi reaches into his pocket and counts from a wad of cash. He looks intently at Terry.

Vlasi grips Terry's shoulder. Grins.

VLASI
She's fine, friend. Thank you for
your concern.

He holds out the cash for Terry.

VLASI (CONT'D)
For you troubles...

Vlasi Get's out and closes the car door.

INT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

OFFICE

YERIK 35, a monster of a man keeps guard as he, Sura, and Vlasi enter the upstairs office.

Vlasi has a death grip on Sura's arm. She struggles to break free and winces in pain. Vlasi shoves her into the office.

VLASI
Why I get call from customer saying
you disrespectful?

Vlasi gestures for an answer

VLASI (CONT'D)
Hah?

SURA
He wanted me to FUCK him, Vlasi.

VLASI
That's what you do, No?

SURA
(mortified)
No, Vlasi.

She reaches into her purse. Tosses a strap-on dildo to Vlasi.

SURA (CONT'D)
He wanted me to fuck him.

Yerik watches the exchange. Smiles.

Vlasi flails about trying to avoid the sex toy.

It falls to the floor. Vlasi wipes his hands on his shirt.

THWAP!

Sura's face contorts under the force of Vlasi's hand.

Yerik tenses his jaw.

Immediately, he catches himself and shrinks back. He looks away without drawing attention to himself.

Sura recovers. Resolute. Her jaw tense.

Vlasi raises his hand again. Sura stands calm. Ready to receive the blow.

Someone KNOCKS at the door.

Vlasi waves her off.

Yerik, visibly anxious, relaxes and escorts her out.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Terry sits pensive. He fondles his phone. He fights with himself.

TERRY
Mind your business.

He stares at the phone, frustrated.

TERRY (CONT'D)
What if it was Angela?

Exhales. Terry dials the phone.

PHONE RINGS

TERRY (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Yea. Hello, 911. I'd like to
report... Uh, shit...

Flustered, he strikes the steering wheel.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
No. NO. NO. NO. Don't hang up. I
have an emergency. I... I uhh... I
think this girl I picked up is a
prostitute.

Bewildered, Terry looks around in disbelief.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
No! What! I didn't pick up a
prostitute. I'm a "Fare" driver.
She had bruises on her face and
legs. I think someone beat her up
pretty bad... or forced her to do
something... I don't know.
(throws his hands up)
That's why I'm calling.

Silent.

TERRY (CONT'D)
She didn't have to tell me. I...
could just... No, she was alone...

Exasperated. He opens his mouth wide to yell. Face twisted in
anger. A silent scream releases his frustration.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Are you serious?

Irate. Terry hangs up. He slams his phone into passenger
seat.

He strikes the steering wheel. "Fuck!"

EXT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Terry exits the car and makes his way across the street.

His nerves harden as he walks. Each step more deliberate than the last.

INT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Rap music pounds in the background. The cigar smoke and colorful lights play on the exposed skin of the cocktail waitresses.

THE BAR

Terry approaches and takes a seat. Several women track him with their eyes. Seductive grins all around him.

He pulls out his phone. Orders a drink. Takes a sip.

He waves the BARTENDER back over.

TERRY

Hey, can you help me out?

The bartender shrugs.

BARTENDER

Depends.

Terry shows his phone to the bartender. A picture of Sura on the screen.

TERRY

I'm looking for a friend of mine.
She's supposed to meet me here for
a drink.

BARTENDER

She's a friend of yours?

Terry nods. "Yea."

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Hold on a sec.

The bartender grabs a phone and starts talking. Terry can't hear the conversation.

The bartender watches Terry, never taking his eyes off of him. Almost sizing him up.

Terry sits at the bar nursing his drink. Nonchalantly surveying the club.

After a moment, the bartender taps him signaling him to look toward the end of the bar.

Yerik stands at the end of the bar and signals Terry to follow him.

OFFICE

The office door opens. In steps Terry, Yerik towering behind him. Vlasi glares at Sura and points to Terry.

VLASI
You know this guy?

Sura looks over quickly and shakes her head "no."

VLASI (CONT'D)
(to Terry)
Who are you? Why you asking for
Sura?

TERRY
Just wanted to check on her. She
looked like she could use some
help.

VLASI
What are you? Boy scout?

Yerik and Vlasi laugh. Heartily.

Terry steps forward. Chest out, he walks firmly toward Vlasi.

Faking his confidence.

TERRY
No, but I did call the police.

VLASI
Yea, and tell them what? That you
picked up bruised hooker?

Vlasi laughs to himself.

Terry's false confidence deflates.

Then...

He's almost on his knees. Eyes wide. Breathless. Yerik's fist is planted in Terry's gut.

Unable to breathe. Terry drops to his knees. Gasping.

Vlasi waves them off.

EXT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

ALLEY

The back door flings open. Terry sails through the air slamming into a dumpster.

He collapses. Wrihting in pain, still trying for air.

Terry lingers for a moment. He's hurt. His breathing settles and the pain subsides a bit.

He stands up. Composed, in pain, ALIVE. His face flush. Adrenaline still coursing freely through his veins.

He chuckles his way to his feet. Brushes himself off and pats himself softly, making sure he's actually alive.

INT. TERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

The car door flies open. Terry drops like a rock into the driver's seat.

He looks out the window. Focused. His eyes trained on the club's entrance.

His phone rings.

INSERT PHONE -

On screen:

Angela's caller ID

Terry ignores the call. His attention even more focused. He sits up.

On the curb, Sura stands watching her phone.

His phone rings again. He rejects it.

Again, His phone rings. Rejected.

A dark sedan pulls up. Sura get's in the back.

Terry throws on his seatbelt. Terry's car IGNITION turns over.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TERRY FOLLOWS SURA

- Terry pulls off after the dark sedan

- Terry tailing the car on major fairway
- Terry following the car on dark country road
- Terry parking as the other car pulls into a residence

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Sura's ride pulls to a stop.

EXT. TERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Terry watches Sura approach the home from his open trunk. He reaches in and pulls something out.

Slams the trunk closed.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

An OLDER GENTLEMAN opens the door.

Sura stands outside in the doorway. She's stunning. Her face showing no signs of recent abuses.

The door opens wider. She steps in. The man tries to close the door.

It won't shut.

He opens the door. Looks down to see what's blocking the it.

A foot is pressed firmly against it.

The man steps back. "Who."

The door flies open. Terry bursts in.

A tire iron flashes. Then drives down onto the man's shoulder.

SNAP.

His clavicle breaks in two. He collapses to the floor almost passing out from the pain.

Sura gasps. The sound of the man's clavicle breaking makes her sick to her stomach.

Terry slams the door closed. He steps toward Sura.

TERRY
Are you OK?

She recoils. Sura looks around the room, desperate.

TERRY (CONT'D)
It's OK. I'm not going to hurt you.

Terry approaches her again. This time dropping the tire iron.

Sura relaxes. She stands motionless. Frozen in disbelief.

Terry stands just inches from her face. Gently, he grabs her arm.

He smiles.

Sura tries to fight the smile growing inside her. She succeeds, but a tear manages to find her cheek instead.

She allows herself a moment. Then dries her eye and retakes possession of her arm.

SURA
(Angry)
What the hell are you doing here?

TERRY
(confused)
You're welcome...

SURA
No one asked for your help. You
just buried us both.

Terry looks at the Older Gentleman scooting across the floor doing his best to put distance between him and Terry.

Terry surveys the house.

TERRY
Maybe we should talk about this
somewhere else.

Reluctantly, Sura agrees.

They run out of the mansion. Closing the door behind them.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Angela hears the lock and key. She stands up anxiously to greet Terry.

Terry pushes the door open, his eyes focused on the door's lock. His key is stuck.

He doesn't see her.

Sura walks into the apartment and freezes.

The women lock eyes.

Angela's insecurities and anger boil over. "Son of a bitch!"

ANGELA

It hasn't even been a whole fucking day! Are you fucking shitting me?

Angela snatches up her belongings and begins to storm out.

TERRY

Fuck! Angela... it's not...

Terry rushes to restrain her. No luck. She's already out of the apartment.

Terry tears off after her.

EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela burst out the door. Terry follows close behind. He grabs her by the arm spinning her to face him.

TERRY

Angela wait! She's a prostitute.

Angela snatches away from Terry. Infuriated. Disgusted.

ANGELA

Don't fucking touch me. Go explain it to your new bimbo, Terry.

TERRY

Angela... That didn't...

ANGELA

Fuck you, Terry. And to think...

Angela looks him up and down. Almost spitting on his very existence. She stomps away.

Terry takes his anger out on the nearby wall.

Across the street, Vlasi and Yerik watch from a parked vehicle. They watch Angela storm off. The two drive off in her direction.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Terry walks into the apartment and closes the door. Defeated. He mopes through the living room and sits down next to Sura on the couch.

His face resting in his hands, he exhales deeply.

Sura turns to face him. Her face is soft. Relaxed. Almost peaceful. She reaches out to console Terry.

He doesn't budge.

She pulls one hand away from his face.

He looks up. She's beautiful. He stares at her. He looks away embarrassed. Covering his face once again.

She stands up, facing him. She nudges him back and straddles him.

Terry freezes. Tense. His hands on the curves of her hips. His eyes locked on her face.

Sura leans in. Kissing his forehead. The corners of his mouth. His neck.

Terry reciprocates. Kissing her chest. Her neck. Until finally, their lips meet.

Terry stands. Cradling her, he turns lays her on her back.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - LATER

BATHROOM

Sura stands in the shower. Steam fills the bathroom. Hints of her curvy frame show through the shower glass.

A loud THUD sounds from the other room.

She turns off the shower.

SURA

Terry?

Another THUD.

GLASS BREAKS.

Sura rushes out of the shower.

LIVING ROOM

Sura walks out into the living room wrapped in a towel.

She hears someone GASPING and GRUNTING. Slowly, she walks toward the noise.

Terry is pinned under Yerik. Yerik's huge hands are wrapped around Terry's throat.

He's blue in the face. Flailing. Futilely trying to pull his neck free.

Sura rushes off.

Terry reaches out for her.

THE SOUND OF A KNIFE PIERCING FLESH.

Yerik's eyes go wide. He reaches back trying to relieve the pain.

He tries to stand.

The knife rises and falls. Again. Again. And, again.

Sura steps back. Bloodied knife in hand.

Yerik stumbles. Blood begins to ooze from his mouth as Sura moves in to finish him.

He puts out his free hand, staying her.

She obliges.

Yerik falls to his knees. Weak. He sits on the floor against the sofa. He struggles for his last breath.

Terry sits up stunned, clenching his own throat still gasping for air. Yerik dead beside him.

Sura towers over both of them. She looks menacing, half naked, blood spattered, covered in sweat.

She moves to Yerik. Unsettled, Terry watches her. She looks surprisingly calm after just stabbing a man to death.

TERRY

Thank you.

SURA
Don't mention it. He was sweet on
me, but he had it coming.

Terry's phone rings.

INSERT - PHONE

On screen: Angela's caller ID

Terry answers.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Terry sits on the floor next to Yerik's dead body.

INT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Vlasi sits on the office sofa next to Angela.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TERRY
Angela. Babe.

VLASI
(laughing)
Hey babe.

Terry's skin goes pale. He almost loses it completely. The
room seemingly closes in.

TERRY
What do you want?

VLASI
I teach lesson. How does it feel to
have someone take what is yours?

TERRY
You can't own a person, asshole.

VLASI
If you keep mine, I keep yours.

PHONE DISCONNECTS

Terry loses it!

He takes it out on Yerik's corpse. Sura looks on grossed out
seeing boot meet dead flesh.

EXT. TERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Sura and Terry dump Yerik's body in the trunk.

INT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

BACK DOOR

The door grinds open.

Sura stands outside.

DOOR GUARD

Fuck me. You actually came.

The DOOR GUARD peeks out the door.

DOOR GUARD (CONT'D)

Stupid Bitch.

BAM!

Terry kicks the heavy steel door from behind. The door slams into the guard unbalancing him momentarily but not for long.

The guard grabs Sura by the throat.

Terry swings the tire iron down over the guard's forearms.

CRACK!

He yells in pain. Terry hits him in the head with the tire iron. The guard goes down.

Sura walks over his body into the club. Terry follows.

BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE

Terry and Sura approach the staircase. They look up at the office door. Terry begins to ascend Sura close behind him.

TOP OF STAIRCASE

Terry and Sura see a fire alarm pull station. Their eyes meet.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT FLASHES. DEAFENING ALARM TONES ring throughout the building.

OFFICE

OFFICE GUARD makes his way to the door. He opens it.

Terry stands there. A man possessed. Tire iron in hand.

Sura stands behind him, barely visible. Her eyes peeking over his shoulder.

The office guard pulls his gun.

VLASI (O.S.)
Hey, no guns. Fucking pig cops are
probably halfway here. They'll just
squeeze for more money.

Office guard puts his gun away and walks toward Terry.

Terry swings the tire iron. It gets caught in the doorjam.

The guard rushes Terry. Terry grabs on for the ride as they spill onto the top of the staircase.

The guard rains down brutal punches. Terry wraps his legs around the guard's waist and pulls him down by the back of his head.

The guard sends punch after brutal punch into Terry's ribs.

Terry lets and protects his ribs. The guard sits up. He cocks his fist back.

Terry sees his opportunity.

The guard swings and Terry catches his arm. Terry's leg flies up and over the guard's head.

The guard falls to his back trapped in an armbar. Terry yells and pulls back on the guard's arm with all his might.

CRACK

The guard screams in agony holding his arm. Sura looks on as Terry stands triumphant.

They walk into the office.

Vlasi retreats back. Stunned. He quickly gathers himself and grabs Angela.

He holds her like a shield in front of him.

Vlasi puts a knife to Angela's throat and slowly moves toward his desk. He pulls open a drawer revealing a silver pistol.

He drops the knife and reaches for the gun. Shoving Angela to the side.

Vlasi raises the gun.

TERRY

Thought you said no guns.

Vlasi shrugs and motions them in with his pistol.

Angela and Terry lock eyes. Angela glares at Sura. Without thinking, she ROARS. Like a bull, she rushes Vlasi.

BANG, the gun goes off. Vlasi and Angela slam into the wall.

Terry rushes over.

Vlasi scrambles to get Angela off of him. He rolls her motionless body over. Her blouse is covered in her own blood.

Vlasi jumps to his feet.

WHAM! Terry's tire iron slams into Vlasi's chest.

Vlasi folds over. Breathless and in pain, he takes a knee.

Terry looks down at Angela. The sight of her lying there covered in blood infuriates him.

Terry clenches his fist.

Blinded by rage, he rains down bone breaking, flesh bruising blow after blow. Beating Vlasi into the ground.

Sura runs to Terry. She tries to restrain him.

He turns to swing. Enraged. Blinded by anger.

He sees her. Terry stops cold before the his strike finds her head. Terry drops the iron and Sura kneels down. She takes a key from around Vlasi's neck.

Sura sees the pistol and picks it up quickly.

SURA

Terry, we have to go.

Terry hurries to Angela's side. Angela's face is twisted in anguish. Her eyes are sad. Teary.

She places her hand on Terry's chest and falls limp.

Terry unleashes a blood-curdling cry.

Sura tugs at him. Signaling their need to flee.

FIRE ENGINES AND POLICE SIRENS blare outside the club.

Just then a POLICEMAN enters the office. "Police!"

Sura drops the pistol and puts her hands up.

Terry sobs. Oblivious to his surroundings.

EXT. PRESSURE NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Sura and Terry sit with a PARAMEDIC. A stretcher rolls by.

Vlasi lies bloody, bludgeoned, and motionless. Oxygen mask and I.V. keeping him in this world. As Vlasi is placed in the ambulance, his eyes lock on Terry. Never breaking stare until the ambulance doors close.

Terry leaps up and rushes over to a second stretcher. Angela lies still. She looks no better off than Vlasi.

OFFICERS keep Terry from her side. Words of encouragement flow from the group of public servants. "She'll be OK, just let them work."

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

HOSPITAL ROOM

Angela rests in the hospital bed. Terry sits at her bedside. Their hands intertwined.

They linger in each other's company. Never speaking. Just a constant exchange of loving looks and gestures.

ALARM CHIMES

Terry checks his phone. Turns off the alarm and kisses Angela's hand.

HOSPITAL LOBBY

Sura sits alone. She looks more like a patient than a visitor. Her blouse splattered with blood.

She looks up.

Terry walks toward her from down the hall.

She stands to greet him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The pair stand outside of Terry's car. Both doors open.

TERRY
You sure about this?

SURA
I have to make sure it wasn't all
for nothing.

They get in and drive off.

On the radio, is the voice of a NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER(V.O.)
In a strange series of events. A
local rideshare driver is being
hailed a hero. In a daring attempt
to free one woman, he exposed a
local human trafficking ring.
Ultimately rescuing several young
women who had been held against
their will for years.

MONTAGE - VLASI GOES TO JAIL

- Terry drops Sura off at police station
- Vlasi officially arrested
- Sura testifies in court
- Sura uses the key to open a safe and gives the girls their
passports
- Sura opens her passport

BLACK SCREEN

NEWSCASTER(V.O.)
When asked for an interview. The
driver declined. He asked that his
identity be kept anonymous.
Whoever you are. Wherever you are.
This city and those girls thank
you.

INT. MMA GYM - NIGHT

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

Terry stands on the mat facing a crowd of women. Coach Barnes
stands behind Terry in the background. A smile plastered on
his face.

TERRY

Before we begin, I want to thank
Coach Barnes for allowing me to
start this program.

Terry looks back to recognize Barnes. The women all clap.

Terry begins to pace in front of the group.

TERRY (CONT'D)

For those of you who don't already
know me, my name is Terry Treanier.
You can call me Coach Terry.

Terry smiles and begins to approach the group.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Welcome, to women's self-defense.

Terry walks up to two women standing side by side.

Sura and Angela stand nervously, half smiling and staring on
at Terry.

Terry shakes his head playfully and walks away.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Glove up ladies.

FADE OUT: