

CLEAVAGE

written by Jimmy Andrews



17 THUG (CONT'D)  
You think I left my cosy flat in  
Warsaw, rescheduled my spa day, to  
drive five fucking hours through  
shit filled sheep farms... so you  
can beg for more time? Half is not  
the same as ALL of it. (She  
becomes aggressive and grabs the  
door handle only to realize it's  
locked.)  
19 That's it. Get out of the car and  
come with me. I've had enough of  
this sad (wipes her eyes  
sarcastically) story of yours.

20 DRIVER  
21 WAIT! I'm begging you. And you  
KNOW I'm good for the rest, so  
please? I mean, where else am I  
gonna go? And... it's not like I'm  
the only one that owes you! It's  
only "time" we are talking about  
here.

22 THUG  
23 NO! You're WASTING my fucking time  
HERE. And do you think because you  
reached ALL your other little  
goals - a better job... kids are  
grown... you gotta a little quiet  
time on your hands to spend  
watching half your fucking life go  
by...

24 DRIVER  
25 Yeah, actually! Isn't that enough?  
Wasn't it a fair trade? I mean,  
look at YOU! Isn't HALF seriously  
enough? You got gorgeous legs...  
CLEAVAGE I can't stop staring  
at... so do you really have to  
take it all? Can you... can you  
just take some hair or something?

26 THUG  
27 You think you complimenting my  
tits will influence the terms  
here? Besides, does it look like I  
need a lift of confidence? (She  
cups and lifts her boobs.) I don't  
think so. And MY hair? (She runs  
her fingers through a strand.)  
28 I just got my new color yesterday!  
No! We had a deal.  
(MORE)

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THUG (CONT'D)

I want what's rightfully mine.  
Don't make me pull you through the  
window and take it from you.  
You've had long enough to use it.

CUT TO:

**THE CAMERA IS INSIDE THE FIRST CAR FROM THE POV OF THE DRIVER.  
IT IS A TIGHT SHOT OF THE HAND STRUGGLE GOING ON BETWEEN THEM.  
WE CAN SEE HER LEGS IN A SHORT SKIRT.**

The thug reaches her arm through the window to unlock the door.  
The woman reaches for the window control to lock her arm in the  
door. We witness the battle of hands inside the car. We can  
hear sounds of screaming and tussling.

CUT TO:

**THE CAMERA IS INSIDE THE THUG'S CAR LOOKING TOWARDS THE BACK OF  
THE FIRST CAR.**

The driver is starting to move forward with the car while the  
thug's arm is caught in the window. She begins to run along  
side the car trying not to be dragged to her death.

CUT TO:

We see a tight shot of the Thug's high heel shoes in the grass.

CUT TO:

We see the Thug's dossié on the front seat of her car. It  
explains what she is there to collect.

**CAMERA IS SET BACK AT THE ORIGINAL WIDE SHOT THAT SHOWS THE  
ENTIRE LANDSCAPE**

We see the thug's car sitting alone on the roadside with the  
door still open.

The End