

INT./EXT. BUS ON RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A bus rattles down a looping road, spindly trees on both sides reaching down almost far enough to scratch the roof.

In the back, a young woman, NONA, reads a much-loved paperback. Her look is semi-reformed goth: dyed black hair, pale skin, but dressed in a drab blouse-and-skirt combo.

NONA (V.O.)

When I need a little help, I take a ride out to where the road curves.

She looks out the window and puts away her book.

NONA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I do just what my mama taught me. I open my mind and let it drift.

Nona closes her eyes, leans back, and she's-

IN THE BACK OF A LIMO

-wearing a little black dress, hair up, drinking a beer. She lurches to her feet and stands up through the sunroof.

With a WHOOP, she throws up her arms and lets the air run through her fingers as she rides-

ON A SPEEDING MOTORCYCLE

-hanging off the back, one arm wrapped around the DRIVER, now dressed in jeans and black leather, laughing at the sky.

She presses her face into his shoulder, feeling the thrum of-

A LITTLE RED SPORTS CAR

-the engine roaring under her hands on the steering wheel.

She turns and sees she has a passenger - a WOMAN IN GREEN.

WOMAN IN GREEN

Mind if I hitch a ride?

The woman LUNGES at Nona and-

BACK IN THE BUS

-her eyes fly open, FLASHING WHITE for a moment.

NONA (V.O.)

There's always a few that linger on sharp turns. The violent deaths.