

Title

FADE IN

EXT. classroom

STACY has fallen on the ground after tripping over herself.

BAILEY, BOBBY and BRUCE come out of the classroom and notice STACY on the ground, and start to laugh.

BAILEY  
(sarcastically)  
Good job Stacy.

BOBBY and BRUCE follow Bailey as she walks over STACY'S notebook and chuckle. STACY slowly gathers her things and tries to keep from crying.

STACY  
(to herself quietly, but quickly)  
Why do things like this happen to me? Why? I try to fit in, and instead I have to trip and fall right in front of Bailey so her and her friends can just laugh in my face. God, I hate this.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. sidewalk

Stacy is slowly walking on the sidewalk home as a raggedy VW van drives past her in the other direction. Stacy looks at the car as it drives by and makes eye contact with the driver, and goes back to watching her feet. The car turns down a street and you see it come back and start going the direction she's going. The car pulls up along side her. She looks over nervously and A MAN who looks to be in his mid 20's bends under to show his head through the window.

MAN  
(kindly)  
Hey kid, I saw you walking further back down the road, need a ride somewhere?

Stacy smiles nervously.

STACY  
(Thankfully but nervously)  
Oh thanks, but I've got it.

MAN

You sure? Its not like I got much to do, It wouldn't be a problem.

Stacy starts to walk a little faster.

STACY

(a little more insistent)

No, really, I'm fine

The man starts going a little faster to keep up, and looks back at the road and Stacy while talking.

MAN

(sternly)

I really do think a pretty girl like yourself shouldn't be walking alone. Just let me give you a ride.

Stacy stops and turns completely towards the man.

STACY

(scared and annoyed)

Its really ok, I've got it. I've said no twice now. Please just go.

The man stops and pulls a gun out from the left side pouch on his door, and quickly gets an evil look on his face.

MAN

(Angrily)

I'm not leaving until you get in the car.

Stacy sprints down the street and around the corner. The man doesn't hesitate and immediately drives in a different direction.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. of a different street

Stacy is running and slows down when she's lost the man. She puts her hands on her knees and is panting to get her breath back. She starts to cry and notices feet in front of her. Her head quickly snaps up, and she is no longer crying, but has a look of terror on her face. The man grabs Stacy and she shakes violently to try and squeeze out of his grip.

MAN  
(chuckling)

You honestly thought you could outrun me? I know these streets like the back of my hand, and don't try to make yourself feel special, because you aren't the first.

The man shoves a sock in Stacy's mouth as he slams her in the car and binds her hands and ankles together.

STACY  
(crying hysterically and trying to talk through the sock)  
Let me go! Please let me go! Why?!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. VW van, night.

The Man opens the door from the outside on an empty street. Stacy is lying on the floor of the van, and crying. Her hands and ankles are still banded, and her face is on the floor and still has a sock in her mouth. Her makeup is below and around her eyes from crying, and she is weak.

EXT. street, night. The man drags her out of his van, and leaves her on the sidewalk. He takes off her ankle and wrist constraints, while in the background, inside a house, Bailey and her family are having dinner at the dinner table and laughing and talking to each other about their day.

EXT. street, night. Cuts back to Stacy lying on the sidewalk curled up with her backpack and the van pulling away. Close up on Stacy's face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. Stacy's HOUSE. Around 8:30 pm

Stacy opens the front door and slides in. she slowly closes it and walks through the living room to her bedroom, and on the way her MOM, holding a laundry basket, asks how her day was.

MOM  
(preoccupied with chores)  
Hey hun, where you been?

STACY  
Oh, Ms. Stevens had me stay after so I could get help on my essay. Sorry I didn't call, I just had to get it done, and I got home as soon as possible.

Stacy's mom stops cleaning and turns toward Stacy, and puts her hand on her hip.

MOM

(interested)

You know, one of these days you should let me read some of those essays. You kids write a lot in that class. I'd really like to see what you come up with.

Stacy looks down at her wrists and fiddles with her hands.

STACY

Yeah.