

COLD OPEN

INT. THE CAPTAIN'S BAR - NIGHT

A college bar. You can tell by all the craft beers and the kids in the corner arguing over Heidegger.

RACHEL (21) alone at the bar, nurses her second drink, waiting for someone. She's tipsy, and a little annoyed. Normally, she'd be self-conscious alone at a bar but she's trying to take more risks in life; live more care-free. The seat beside her opens up and RUS (22) slides into the spot. He's the kind of guy who secretly reads PUA forums.

SCENE 1

START ->

RUS

You must really like this guy.

RACHEL

Excuse me?

RUS

The guy you've been waiting for all night. Boyfriend?

RACHEL

Set up, actually. Basically a blind date. This is the last time I let my roommate convince me to do something like this.

RUS

I didn't realize people still went on blind dates in 2016.

Rachel raises her beer and takes a big swig.

RACHEL

Apparently they don't.

Rus laughs. The bartender sets two new drinks down. Rus slides one over to Rachel. This guy is slick.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What? Oh, no, thank you but--

RUS

You're being stood up by a blind date. If there's ever a time to let someone buy you a drink, this is it.

On Rachel's face: *it's a fair point*. What the hell. She lifts her glass in a cheers gesture and they both take a drink.

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INT. THE CAPTAIN'S BAR - HOURS LATER

The bar is emptier. Rachel and Rus each have two glasses in front of them and they each nurse a third. She looks a little wobbly. They're mid conversation.

RUS

If I'm being completely honest with you, yes, I hate my roommate's cat. He's incredibly judgmental.

Rachel laughs, she sways a bit. Almost falls. She's drunk.

RUS (CONT'D)

Whoa. Okay, easy now. You alright?

RACHEL

I think so... I just need to...
Feeling dizzy.

Slurring words. Trouble forming sentences. She's not drunk, she's wasted.

RUS

You're not driving are you?

By some miracle she manages to hit the call button on her phone for an on-demand car service called *GET IN!*

RUS (CONT'D)

(re: her phone)

Good.

RACHEL

I got to go... It was nice talking
you. With you. Bye.

She waves her phone at Rus in a way that might have been a good-bye and stumbles toward the exit. He watches for a beat.

RUS

Hey.

(Rachel turns)

You get home safe, okay?

There was an edge to his voice just then. Hard to say what it was. Anger? Annoyance? Contempt? Something.

EXT. THE CAPTAIN'S BAR - NIGHT

Rachel stumbles through the door just as a BLACK PRIUS pulls up to the curb. It has a *GET IN!* sticker on the windshield.

THE DRIVER (22), looks like the kind of guy that moms try to set their daughters up with. He rolls down the window.

THE DRIVER
Rachel?

INT. BLACK PRIUS/EXT. THE CAPTAIN'S BAR - NIGHT

Rachel climbs into the back seat of the car and it pulls away from the bar.

THE DRIVER
How's your night been so far?

Rachel ignores him - too exhausted to talk. Her eyelids droop and close. When she opens them again--

INT. BLACK PRIUS/EXT. SECLUDED SPOT - NIGHT

TEN MINUTES LATER

Rachel immediately knows that something's not right.

The driver has just stopped the car in a SECLUDED AREA.

RACHEL
(slurred)
Just want to go home.

She reaches for the door handle just as the electronic locks engage with an unsettling CLICK. Some part of her knows she should be panicking but she just can't get herself to engage. The driver climbs into the back seat with her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
No!

She tries to kick him away but he easily grabs her legs.

THE DRIVER
Shh, shh, shh.

On top of her now, he clamps his hand down across her mouth just as she tries to scream. Off the terror in her eyes and the muffled sound of her scream, we SLAM TO:

/END

TITLE UP: SWEET/VICIOUS

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEEXT. DARLINGTON CAMPUS - DAY

~~OPHELIA and JULES walking across campus.~~

~~OPHELIA~~

~~I'm just saying think about it.~~

~~JULES~~

~~I've thought about it.~~

~~OPHELIA~~

~~And?~~

~~JULES~~

~~And I do not want to be a part of
your all-female Wu Tang Clan cover
band.~~

~~OPHELIA~~

~~You haven't even heard our name.
(off Jules' look)
Boo Tang Clan.~~

~~JULES~~

~~How much of all of that was just an
excuse for you to say Boo Tang
Clan?~~

~~OPHELIA~~

~~Probably like, 97 percent.~~

SCENE 2 Ophelia notices a friend of her's posting FLIERS on a nearby
BULLETIN BOARD.

START ->

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Rachel?

Rachel turns to see Ophelia. Ophelia puts her fist out for a pound, Rachel pounds back.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

This is my friend Jules.

(Jules & Rachel shake)

Rachel and I are were lab partners
in Experimental Chem last year.

JULES

You took Experimental Chemistry?

OPHELIA

I was dabbling with some stuff.
Don't worry about it.

Ophelia picks up one of the flyers that Rachel was posting.
The headline reads: STAY OUT OF GET IN!

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Oh no! I love Get In! The drivers
always have tiny water bottles and
a phone charger. What happened?

RACHEL

Here's my thing - you wouldn't take
a ride from a stranger at the mall
so why do we do it with an app? If
you think the company knows the
first thing about these drivers,
they don't. They're not even
running background checks.

JULES

They don't check their records? How
is that possible?

RACHEL

I don't know. And yet we don't
think twice about jumping into
their cars and showing them where
we live? That's why I'm trying to
get this boycott going.

(beat)

I just want people to understand
the risk their taking.

JULES

(an insight)

So that what happened to you won't
happen to them?

Rachel is surprised by Jules' insight; she hesitates for a
moment but then she nods. Ophelia recognizes the unfortunate
bond between them.

OPHELIA

Oh man, Rachel. I'm so sorry. I
deeply regret making that tiny
water bottle joke earlier. Have you
talked to anyone?

RACHEL

Not really. I don't even really
know what happened.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

The last thing I remember is talking to some guy at the bar. I guess I had too much to drink which really isn't my style. Everything after that is just gone. According to my phone, I called a *Get In!* at one AM. My roommate says I got dropped off at two thirty. Which is weird because I only live five minutes away from that bar.

Jules and Rachel lock eyes for a second. They recognize each other's struggle. Rachel gets quiet. She looks around and then takes out her phone.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I haven't shown anyone this, but-

She shows them photos she must have taken the next morning: harsh purple bruising on her thighs, upper arms and neck. On a few, you can make out what look like finger marks.

OPHELIA

Jesus.

RACHEL

I've been trying to reach someone at the company for days now but it's just answering machine after answering machine. That's why I'm out here doing this.

Jules scribbles something down on a scrap of paper and hands it to Rachel.

JULES

You don't have to talk if you don't want. Just listening helps.

On the scrap we see it says SURVIVOR'S SUPPORT with the time, date and location of the weekly meeting.

RACHEL

Thanks.

/END

~~INT. OPHELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY~~

~~The door flies open and Ophelia bee-lines to her workstation. She powers on monitors. Jules follows her in.~~

JULES

~~What kind of idiot assaults someone while driving a *Get In!*?~~