

42 EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY**42**

Jenna walks across the parking lot carrying her rolled-up yoga mat and sleeping bag.

She notices LIZBETH, a tattered eight-year-old girl with a backpack, in the dirt lot adjacent.

LIZBETH
(calling out)
Tourist! Tourist!

Lizbeth is looking for her dog.

RUTH, 30's, frizzy unkempt hair, heavy Southern drawl, backpack, skinny and rough around the edges rolls up on Jenna surprising her.

RUTH
Excuse me, ma'am, my car ran out of gas and I left my wallet at home. Can you spare a couple of dollars please so I can refuel my vehicle?

LIZBETH (O.S.)
(yelling)
Tourist!

RUTH
(aggressively calls out to Lizbeth)
Lizbeth get over here!

LIZBETH (O.S.)
Tourist!

Jenna makes the connection between the pair.

RUTH
I apologize for my appearance and demeanor ma'am, but it has been a day of trials and tribulations.

JENNA
I'm sorry I don't have any--

RUTH
(shouting to Lizbeth)
What did I say Lizbeth, get your butt over here now.

LIZBETH

(from a distance)
Coming Ruth!

RUTH
I'm sorry ma'am you were
saying?

JENNA
I was just saying I literally
have nothing.

RUTH
I understand your financial
predicament ma'am but I believe
the good Lord Jesus would want
you to help us on account of
you looking like a good
samaritan.

JENNA
I'm sorry I can't--

Lizabeth comes over to Ruth's side, looking upset, and
interrupts.

LIZBETH
(to Ruth)
I can't find Tourist.

Ruth grabs her arm aggressively and drags her walking
away from Jenna.

RUTH
(to Lizabeth)
Forget the dog. If Jesus wanted
you to have a dog he would have
provided you with a leash and a
dog bowl now wouldn't he? Now
let's get to getting cause we
gotta get our hustle on or you
ain't getting no candy bars for
dinner.

Lizabeth is pouting and on the verge of tears.

Jenna quickly follows and catches up with them.

JENNA
Hey, Hey wait up! Maybe I can
help you guys look for your
dog.

Lizabeth perks up.

RUTH
(sarcastically)
I'm sorry ma'am, did I ask for
your help?

JENNA

Yeah actually you did just like two seconds ago.

Jenna gestures over her shoulder to where they were just standing.

LIZBETH
(excited)
We can all look for Tourist Ruth.

Ruth gives Lizbeth a filthy look shutting down her excitement. Lizbeth droops as her heartbreaks.

RUTH
(to Jenna)
Well, aren't you just the hypocrite. Willing to help one second but not willing to help the next.

JENNA
Excuse me?

RUTH
Jesus said of hypocrites you are like whitewashed tombs, which look beautiful on the outside but on the inside are full of dead men's bones and everything unclean. Matthew 23 know your bible ma'am and mind your own damn business.

Ruth tugs Lizbeth's arm and drags her away.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(to Lizbeth)
What have I told you before about speaking out of turn? Now come on it looks like it's gonna rain.

Jenna looks up at the sky. Clouds are coming in.

From a distance Jenna watches the pair approach another RANDOM SHOPPER in the parking lot.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Excuse me, sir, my car ran out of gas and I left my wallet at home. Can you spare a couple of dollars please so my daughter here and I can refuel our vehicle?

The shopper hands them some money.

Jenna, curious about Lizbeth, observes the hustle.

Ruth and Lizbeth leave the parking lot and make a bee-line across the dirt lot towards a dude at the tunnel entrance, RONNIE, skinny, gaunt, 20's, hard edge features.

Jenna watches as Ruth hands over her money to Ronnie. He hands her something back. It's too far away to tell what.

FADE TO: BLACK

92 INT. DRUG HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

92

With her gun drawn, Jenna's heart BEATS fast as she inches her way down the hallway towards Ruth's location.

She turns the corner and enters the living room.

LIVING ROOM -

Ruth's dead, laying on the floor on her side. Her eyes are wide open with a shocked look of surprise cross her face. A trail of vomit from her mouth to the floor tells us all we need to know about how she died.

It takes Jenna a moment to process what she's looking at but quickly realizes the seriousness of the situation.

Jenna backs out of the room slowly and back into the hallway. She's trembling.

HALLWAY -

Still facing the living room from the hallway, Jenna hears someone approach.

Wearing pants but no shoes and brushing his teeth casually, Ronnie walks around the far corner of the hallway and stops dead in his tracks when he comes face to face with Jenna.

He sees the gun in her hand.

RONNIE
(nervously)
I don't know who you are lady.

Jenna feels a well of anger building up within her.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
I got no beef with you.

Jenna glances at Ruth dead on the ground.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

She had it coming. She's just a junkie, she ain't nothing to no one.

Jenna slowly raises and aims the gun at Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Please, I--

All of Jenna's rage and frustration culminates at this moment. She SCREAMS and pulls the trigger five times in rapid succession, CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK - The gun wasn't loaded!

Ronnie's legs buckle under him as he falls backward in shock.

Jenna turns and walks out fast.