RYDE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TAPROOM - NIGHT

An older and professional crowd hover around a wooden bar, conversing loudly about business and politics over their half drunk pints of craft beer.

KIMMIE CHEN, a vibrant fifteen year old, noticeably younger than the established crowd, sits by herself at a high top table, twirling her high pony tail around her finger.

A DESPERATE MAN, old enough to be her grandpa, spots Kimmie from across the intimate setting.

He approaches her.

MAN
You look like you could use a drink.

KIMMIE
That all depends. What am I drinking?

He puts out his hand.

MAN
Ronald.

Kimmie delicately slides her hand into his and they shake.

KIMMIE
Samantha.

INT. TAPROOM BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Kimmie and the man burst into an empty stall.

The Man pushes Kimmie’s head down to his crotch with one hand as he unzips his trousers with the other.

Kimmie starts sucking him off.

MAN
Oh yeah. Deeper...just like that.

The man rolls his head back in euphoria.

Kimmie stealthily slips a wad of twenty dollar bills out of his pocket as she pleasures him.
He comes.
She leaves.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The ambiance is rowdier and the crowd consists of a mixture of bros and hipsters buying well drinks for over dressed basic bitches and their designated ugly fat friends.

Kimmie hands the beefy, tattooed bartender a twenty.

KIMMIE
Whiskey. Neat.

Kimmie scans the bar and sees BROSEPH MARTIN, drunk and with beer stains down his Polo coming her way.

Broseph brushes his erection up against Kimmie’s knee as she sits on the stool beside her.

BROSEPH
Can I get you a cocktail?

Kimmie smiles seductively and puts out her hand.

KIMMIE
Juanita. And you are?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The street is bustling with packed taxis and bumbling drunkards as the bars turn off their florescent signs and close their doors.

Kimmie strides out of a pizzeria with a medium sized pizza box in her hands.

She spots an ATM.

INT. ATM - CONTINUOUS

Kimmie checks her bank account.

Low balance.

She sighs and counts her cash.

Even lower balance.
EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kimmie stands on a street corner talking on the phone.

   KIMMIE
   (on phone)
   Yeah, whatever, Mom. I’m just going
   to snag a Ryde. I’ll be home when
   I’m home...Yeah, I was starving so
   I grabbed something light.

Kimmie stuffs the final piece of pizza in her mouth.

   KIMMIE (CONT’D)
   (on phone)
   ...a bag of kale chips.

Kimmie chucks the pizza box. Completely missing the trash bin.

Kimmie bends down to pick up the box when...

   SPLASH!

She drops her phone in a puddle of puke.

   KIMMIE (CONT’D)
   FUCK!

She checks her phone. It’s dead.

   DICK’S VOICE (O.S.)
   Are you Beatrice? I’m Dick.

Kimmie looks up to see...

DICK, an attractive yet ominous guy, waving out the window of his beige CHEVY MALIBU.

Kimmie can see the needle marks in his arm.

She spots the neon “R” on the grill of his windshield and shrugs.

   KIMMIE
   Yeah, that’s me! Are you my Ryde?

INT. CHEVY MALIBU (MOVING) - NIGHT

Kimmie munches on the complimentary candy in the back seat as Dick speeds down the street.
KIMMIE
So, you’ve been Ryding long?

Dick eyes her in his rear view mirror.

DICK
Look, I hate this more than you do. So let’s skip the pleasantries and get on with the transaction.

KIMMIE
What transaction?

DICK
The transaction Alphonso already payed you for.

KIMMIE
I think you have me confused with someone else.

DICK
Leggy blonde with long hair and a bad attitude. That seems to be you.

Kimmie gives him a look of bewilderment.

KIMMIE
Wait a minute...What reality show is this now? Deadliest Ryde.

WHAM!

Dick quickly turns around and punches Kimmie in the face.

EXT. ABANDONED DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Kimmie comes to face down in the dirt and a puddle of her dried up blood.

Dick leans against his Chevy Malibu, cleaning his shotgun rifle combo.

DICK
I wanted you to be awake for this.

Dick picks Kimmie up and slams her face down on the hood of the Malibu.

Dick aggressively starts to pat her down.
DICK (CONT’D)
So what was your plan, honey? Make a couple thousand dollars and keep the drugs? Yeah right...

Dick shoves his fingers up Kimmie’s vaginal area.

DICK (CONT’D)
...I don’t think so.

Kimmie winces, but doesn’t let out the slightest squeal.

Dick’s hand now moves to search her anal cavity. He finds nothing.

Dick stands Kimmie on her feet.

DICK (CONT’D)
Have to check everywhere.

Dick sticks his finger in her mouth. He searches under and around the tongue.

CHOMP!

Kimmie bites down hard on Dick’s finger.

Dick shrieks and drops the rifle.

Kimmie knees Dick in the crotch, he falls to the ground.

Kimmie spits out Dick’s bloody finger at his face.

Dick is in shock.

DICK (CONT’D)
My finger!

Kimmie picks up the rifle and knocks him over the head.

She pulls the pink ribbon out of her hair that holds her pony tail in place and uses it to tie Dick’s wrists together.

Kimmie props Dick on his knees.

KIMMIE
I think it’s safe to say you fucked with the wrong girl, Dick.

Kimmie uses the rifle to pry open Dick’s mouth.

She slowly pushes the barrel of the rifle up and down his throat simulating oral sex.
KIMMIE (CONT’D)
That’s right, Dick. Right there. Deeper. Just like that.

She pushes the barrel further down his throat. Dick begins to choke.

KIMMIE (CONT’D)
By the way. My name is Kim.

BOOM!

Kimmie pulls the trigger and blood squirts on her face.

KIMMIE (CONT’D)
Now that’s a blow job.

Kimmie checks Dick’s pockets for money, but finds none.

PING!

Kimmie whirls around to see Dick’s phone going off.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - NIGHT

ON PHONE SCREEN

BEATRICE HAS REQUESTED A RYDE!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The infamous BEATRICE stands with confidence on the corner; her luscious golden hair shimmering under the streetlights.

Dick’s beige Malibu ominously cruises to a stop next to Beatrice.

Kimmie, cleaned up, but still looking a bit tattered, rolls down the car window.

KIMMIE
Beatrice, I presume?

Beatrice hesitates.

BEATRICE
Are you my Ryde?

Kimmie innocently smiles.
KIMMIE
The ride of your life, girl. Hop on in!

FADE OUT: