

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY - NIGHT

The city stirs with vehicles and dwellers, thronged on the streets and sidewalks. The traffic is gridlocked. The cars appear almost identical - all but one.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

JOY (12 yrs old) eyes the cars outside while twirling her knotted hair at the back of the RV.

SANDY (25 yrs old) sits in the drivers seat - with one hand clutching a BEER BOTTLE and the wheel, while the other rummages through the glove compartment.

Sandy rips out the papers and loose change inside. PLOP. A PACK OF CIGARETTES drops to the ground, and she lunges for it.

Alongside the cigs, a PHOTO of much younger Sandy and a man falls out - with the man's face scratched out.

Joy hears the clattering from the front of the RV and approaches Sandy.

JOY

Mom.

Sandy lights the cigarette and blows out a puff.

JOY

Mom.

SANDY

(snaps)

What?

JOY

They're honking.

Sandy turns her attention back onto the road. Joy's right.

Sandy hits the pedal, but the car refuses to budge.

SANDY

Fuck!

Sandy puts out her cig and throws her beer down on the

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ground. She forces the door open and checks the car from outside.

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Sandy looks around. Everyone is eyeing her. HONK HONK.

She stands on her tip toes to pop open the front hood. Smoke rises.

Joy joins her outside, but Sandy doesn't notice. Instead, she kicks the tire nearest to her - hard, and falls to her knees. Sandy then curls up against the tire and hides her face in her knees.

SANDY

Fuck...just...fuck.

Joy looks at her mother for a long beat, but then puts her attention towards the smoke. She creeps to the front hood and pops her head inside. Passerbys are still watching the two.

Several beats pass. CLICK. CLANG. Joy closes the hood and heads back into the RV, leaving her mother on the ground.VROOM VROOM. The RV turns on.

Sandy lifts her head up, startled by the noise. She stands and sees Joy in the driver's seat, turning on the ignition.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Sandy barges in.

SANDY

What are you doing?

Beat. Joy turns the car off and stands up.

JOY

Are you okay to keep driving?

Beat. Sandy inches closer.

SANDY

How'd you do that?

Another beat. Joy looks towards the road.

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JOY

Dad taught me.

Sandy stares at her.

Joy tries to brush past her mother, but Sandy holds onto Joy's shoulder and gestures for her to sit in the passenger seat. Joy suspiciously agrees to.

Sandy sits back in the driver's seat, still watching Joy. She licks her thumb and cleans a dirt spot on Joy's cheek. Joy jerks away from this.

SANDY

Here.

Sandy takes a HAIRBAND from her wrist, grabs Joy's hair and pulls it back to tie it up. Joy complies.

SANDY

If you want, I can do your hair
once we get outta this traffic.

A long beat. Joy turns away and faces the road. The honking from outside grows louder.

JOY

You gotta drive first.

SANDY

Right.

Sandy starts up the ignition. She again glances at Joy, but sees her daughter staring straight ahead, so she turns her full attention back onto the road.

Another beat. Joy picks at the hairband, trying to readjust it.