

AROUND

Written by

Jennifer Sherman

While sitting shotgun on the drive to her best friend's abortion, Match must decide whether to prioritize friendship, family, or personal gain while her brother, the father of the fetus, is hot on their trail.

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION OUTSIDE OF VANCOUVER - DAY

A hungover GAS ATTENDANT moseys from the outdoor bathroom into the gas station, passing the only car around: a four-door navy Toyota with a pink University of British Columbia bumper sticker. A woman's bare feet are wiggling on the dash.

MATCH (V.O.)

Why the fuck would I just tell you
where we are?

INT. SABRINA'S CAR - DAY

MATCH, a 21 year old wild child, plays with the reclining lever of the passenger seat while holding a cell-phone between her shoulder and her cheek. She goes up and down.

MATCH

You get my best friend pregnant,
you're gonna have to do better than
that. Benny-- listen to me, Benny.
You dug the hole. That's the price.
I don't care that we're blood.

A hand KNOCKS on the driver's seat window. Match jumps forward, opening the driver's door for SABRINA, also 21 but a rule-following honors student. She holds a can of ginger ale in each hand.

Sabrina slides into the seat, handing Match the unopened can.

SABRINA

Match, who--

Match puts a finger up.

MATCH

(into the phone)
You don't know shit. Yeah,
whatever. Good luck. Gotta go.

Match ends the call, sliding her phone up the dash until it's trapped between her foot and the windshield. Sabrina watches her take a sip of her soda. She swallows.

SABRINA

Good luck?

MATCH

Benny knows.

They share a look.

Oh. SABRINA

Yeah. MATCH

How? SABRINA

Match shrugs. Sabrina turns the car on and pulls out, driving onto a highway.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
Does he know where...can he get there in time? To Abbotsford?

Sabrina-- MATCH

Sabrina glances at the CLOCK. 5:43 PM.

Should he? Be there, I mean? SABRINA

Fuck no. MATCH

It's his though, Match...I mean it's his too. SABRINA

Maybe. But this is for you. MATCH

Match lowers her window enough to let a steady gust of wind blow her hair back. She looks intently at Sabrina, who's watching the road ahead.

We're doing this for you. MATCH (CONT'D)

EXT. LOUGHEED HIGHWAY - DAY

Sabrina's navy Toyota moves across the uncrowded highway at a comfortable speed. We move further back along the same highway, passing 50 or so anonymous cars trailing forward, until finally a scratched up cherry red pickup truck comes into view.

BENNY (V.O.)
 Pick up. Pick up. Come on Match,
 fuckin' pick up.

The pickup swerves through lanes, desperate to get ahead.

INT. BENNY'S CAR - DAY

BENNY, a 23 year old slacker, holds his phone on his lap with one hand and the steering wheel with the other. On the passenger seat lies a beautiful glass pipe, an empty bag of Doritos, and a couple lighters.

His red eyes dart between the road and the phone. His legs shake with energy.

He presses a button on his phone, and the sound of DIALING fills the car.

He drives passed an electronic sign, declaring the SPEED LIMIT to be 100km/hr, but he's too focused on his phone to see it. He speeds up, swerving into the next lane.

BENNY
 Pick up. Pick up.

INT. SABRINA'S CAR - DAY

Sabrina eyes the ringing phone on the dashboard. Match finally reaches for it, silencing the call.

SABRINA
 He's called eight times in...

She glances at the CLOCK. 5:54.

SABRINA (CONT'D)
 11 minutes.

MATCH
 Probably the most he's ever done in
 11 minutes.

SABRINA
 Play nice with your brother.

Match stretches her arm over the arm-rest, patting Sabrina's belly.

MATCH
 You sure did.