

Leechers

written by

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OVER BLACK.

Clicking. Flashing lights.

Then loud electronic music.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A beautiful hand cranes her phone for a selfie.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

A wrinkled hand grabs a post for support.

Someone is PANTING HEAVILY.

She sets off running down an empty side street.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The hand belongs to DELANEY GRAY, 23, a blonde stunner with a Southern accent that is sweet as cherry pie.

She snaps a selfie of a group of MODELS in an upscale club. All the girls crowd around the phone--except for one.

DELANEY  
Eve, get in here!

The straggler is EVE PORTUGAL, 24, half-Asian, her expression enigmatic, cool, observing--a Joan Didion type. She scribbles thoughts on a napkin.

EVE  
I'm good.

DELANEY  
Come on, hop in the picture!

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The RUNNING WOMAN is not seen directly. She rushes between buildings, stumbling over her steps. Her clothes are ragged.

An IV dangles out of her arm. She stops--tries to yank the needle out, but then--

She glances back: a gang of THUGS hot on her heels.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Eve smiles, pretends to slide in the back.

As Delaney lifts up the camera and snaps the photo, Eve slides right back out, unnoticed.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The Running Woman stumbles--

--Looks like she is going to HIT the ground

--The Thugs are right on her heels

--But she catches herself! And keeps running.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The models laze around the table like ancient Romans.

A YOUNG MAN comes up to speak to them. One model, LISELLE, 22, flashes him a death stare, but Delaney offers a dazzling smile. A bouncer quickly ushers him away.

LISELLE

Have you checked her story? I bet she bailed on us tonight.

DELANEY

Mia is always late. I'm sure she'll be here.

LISELLE

I don't know if this is her scene anymore. Decadence girls don't come around here much.

Another model, HAYLEY, 21, leans in.

HAYLEY

I know Delaney's been making moves to get signed by Decadence.

DELANEY

Isn't everyone? I mean, my friend knows a scout. He seemed really nice. But people have said things before.

LISELLE

They do already have your look  
covered with Mia. Wouldn't that be,  
like, redundant?

Delaney is lost for words, trying to stay nice.

She glances over to Eve. She is writing on the napkin again,  
not really paying attention.

DELANEY

Remember the first time we came  
here, Eve?

EVE

(laughing)

You mean when you got us free bottle  
service?

DELANEY

It seemed like a big deal back then!

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The Running Woman hides in dark bushes by a building. She  
looks at the veins on her hands--GREEN and POPPING.

She hears the gang of Thugs stop, then fan out.

She scans, looking for an escape route.

She spots the bright lights of a nightclub. The SAME  
NIGHTCLUB that Eve and her friends are in.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Eve gets up from the table.

EVE

I'm gonna get some air.

DELANEY

You want me to come with?

EVE

It's fine. Just need to breathe.

DELANEY

Okay. Come back quick.

Eve picks her way through the crowd.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The Running Woman spots her chance. She breaks out from the bushes, SPRINTING towards the nightclub--

But she stops--retches--and FOAMS GREEN from the mouth.

The Thugs hear her--and pursue. She stumbles off.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Eve approaches the door. Maneuvers past some friendly guys.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The Running Woman is getting so close! Until she looks back--

And sees a THUG hot on her tail.

She stretches out her hand to the club--

But the Thug TACKLES her.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Right by the door, Eve hears a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

Her face drops. She ducks outside to the patio.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PATIO - NIGHT

Eve checks out the street: deserted.

EVE

Hello?

Just the chirping of crickets.

But off in the shadows down the street, she sees a CIGARETTE light up. A man in dark clothes smokes it.

Eve squints to see it. But then--gone.

Delaney arrives at the door.

DELANEY

All good out here?

EVE

I heard something. Like a woman screaming.

DELANEY

There are so many creepy men out here. They'll just jump on any woman they see.

Eve is curious--but drops it. Chuckles to look unbothered.

EVE

Not me.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

The nightclub is seen from a distance. The Running Woman's muffled crying is SILENCED.

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eve stares at her laptop. An empty word processor--title, "Chapter 4". A blinking cursor. She tries to think.

Pulls out her phone. Just a quick peek, right?

Her thumb hovers over the TikTok icon--but she stops. Decides to resist at the last minute. Goes back to the computer.

She switches apps--from the novel to a blog post on a culture site--The Pacific. The title: "15 Best Looks from Milan, June 2019." It's half-written. She needs to get cracking.

She hears the front door open and close.

DELANEY (O.S.)

Eve? You home?

EVE

Yeah.

The door behind her bursts open--Delaney, after a night out.

DELANEY

Are you serious? What did you do today?

Eve still faces the laptop, away from the door.

EVE

Jogged, did some writing, read some more of that Rooney book--

DELANEY

Your birthday is almost over! You stayed at home all day?