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INT. UBER - NIGHT

MELISSA (20s) sits in the back seat of an Uber, scrolling on her phone. The DRIVER, mid-30s, wears a hoodie and a creepy smile. The dark, rainy streets pass by outside.

MELISSA

It's the next left, right?

The DRIVER doesn't respond, keeps driving straight. Melissa glances up from her phone, noticing they've passed her street.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Uh... I think you missed my turn?

The DRIVER's grin widens, eyes locked on the road ahead. He reaches down, fingers brushing over a KNIFE partially hidden under the dashboard.

Melissa's heart races. She quickly taps her phone, trying to send a message, but there's NO SIGNAL.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(stammering)

I-I can just get out here, it's fine.

The car locks CLICK as the DRIVER presses the button on his door.

DRIVER

(in a chilling tone)

We're almost there.

Melissa's breath quickens. She slowly reaches for the door handle, her hands trembling. The DRIVER's fingers tighten around the knife handle.

The GPS on the dashboard shows a DESTINATION: "Unknown Location."

Melissa's phone buzzes. It's a TEXT from her friend: "You okay?"

She doesn't have time to respond.

Suddenly, the car pulls into a DARK ALLEY. The DRIVER turns toward her, smile gone, eyes cold.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.