

SLEDHEAD

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SAMPLE

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April 14, 2025

INT. WASATCH SLIDING CENTER - TRACK - DAY

Bone white ice. Searing. Roaring. Sliding down, WHOOSH, brain first, fast, faster. Walls of ice close in, fly past. Into a turn, WHOOSH out of a turn WHOOSH. Skull jerks, faster, can't think, turn WHOOSH faster, stomach flips WHOOSH, faster, WHOOSH eyes shake, WHOOSH can't see, all white, faster WHOOSH FASTER FASTER FASTERFASTERFASTER--

White.

Nothing.

Floating.

INGRID ANDERSON (28), prone on her sled, eyes wide behind the glass of her full-face helmet. All pupil.

Ingrid hears a HIGH-PITCHED RING.

COACH DENIS (O.S.)
NICE run, Anderson!

Behind the RINGING, she hears a VOICE.

COACH DENIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fifty-one-oh-eight run and a six-oh-three start...

Two thick spiked boots drop on the ice in front of Ingrid's face.

COACH DENIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Forty-seven thirty-six out of Finish Curve...

The voice comes through clearer. Ingrid recognizes it now.

COACH DENIS (45) reads off a time board by the finish line.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)
Cut your start below six, and you're under fifty-one.

Ingrid slowly removes her helmet.

INGRID
You said fifty-one-oh-eight?

COACH DENIS
Yep.

Ingrid grins.

SUPER: SLED HEAD

INT. WASATCH SLIDING CENTER LODGE - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ingrid opens her locker.

SUPER: PARK CITY, UTAH. DECEMBER, 2012.

Ingrid smells her sliding suit. A little ripe. She tosses it inside.

CHRISTINA

You gotta clean that out.

CHRISTINA (27, heavily-freckled) wrinkles her nose at Ingrid's locker.

Dirty socks, gloves, and leggings fill the bottom.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Heard you hit a P.B.

Christina unzips her own suit, showing off a harsh freckle-tan.

Ingrid grabs her forehead, presses her temples.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Sled head?

INGRID

Yeah.

INT. LODGE - CAFETERIA - DAY

A microwave runs for 0:04, 0:03...

Ingrid stares at the TIMER.

BEEP!

She keeps staring.

KYLE

Yo?

KYLE (22, bobsledder, square-shaped) waits to heat up his own lunch.

KYLE (CONT'D)

YO??

Ingrid blinks.

INGRID

Sorry.

Ingrid carries her plate of chicken and rice through tables of stocky bobsledders. FORKS SCRAPE melamine and the sound rings in her ears.

JAKOB (O.S.)

Owen you have the track at two, so
please be on the one o'clock truck.

The one skeleton table is way on the edge of the room, almost into the hall.

Ingrid sits down between Christina and her equally-freckled twin brother OWEN (27). The three of them are taller and narrower than their bobsledding counterparts.

JAKOB (CONT'D)

Owen. What time are you to be on
the truck?

ASSISTANT COACH JAKOB (34, a Swiss import) shakes his clipboard at Owen.

OWEN

...one?

JAKOB

Good. Now, what else...Ah, Ingrid!
Your birthday!

OWEN

It's your birthday?

INGRID

Next week.

JAKOB

What flavor of cake do you want?
There is chocolate, vanilla,
or...that is it.

Owen looks down the nearby hall.

OWEN

Is that Serena?

A broad-shouldered woman (SERENA, 26) staggers out of one of the offices.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Does she need help?

Serena steps forward, then seems to get stuck. She sways in place.

CHRISTINA
Emily George is her brake-woman.

JAKOB
Yes, I will get...

Jakob frantically scans the other tables, but Christina shakes her head.

CHRISTINA
But she didn't show up today.

Ingrid watches Serena crumple to the ground and sob.

INT. LODGE - COACH DENIS'S OFFICE - DAY

COACH DENIS (O.S.)
I know this is a shock.

Coach Denis's younger, leaner self grins down from an official team portrait. The ENGRAVING on the frame reads: U.S.A. OLYMPIC BOBSLED & SKELETON TEAM, SALT LAKE CITY, 2002.

The present-day Coach Denis barely fits behind his desk.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)
For all of us, it's...um...

Owen, Christina, and Ingrid jostle for position inside the cramped office.

OWEN
Is it true she killed herself?

Denis sighs.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

COACH DENIS
Look, guys, this is a hard...thing...

Ingrid's skin prickles. She drifts halfway into the hall.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)
Richard's decided to close the
track the rest of the day--

CHRISTINA
I didn't get any runs in this
morning!

The wall outside Coach Denis's office is covered in splashy
Olympic memorabilia.

COACH DENIS
(sympathetic)
It's the director's call.

Five rings. Blue, yellow, black, green, red.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)
Were any of you friends with Emily?
Know her well?

Ingrid answers from the hall.

INGRID
Peter did.

The twins share a look.

INGRID (CONT'D)
I should tell him.

COACH DENIS
Right. Go rest and, uh...

OWEN
Can we still go to the gym?

COACH DENIS
Yeah you can still go the gym.

EXT. WASATCH SLIDING CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Sunlight bounces off the row of cars. The sky behind the
mountains is crystal-clear.

CHRISTINA
Perfect day for sliding. Too bad we
can't slide.

Ingrid's phone dings with a TEXT from PETER: DON'T COME.
BUSY.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Be careful with him.

She nods at Ingrid's phone.

INGRID
He's my brother.

CHRISTINA
He's your half-brother.

Ingrid ignores this. She continues to her muddy, hail marked vehicle.

Christina looks around the lot.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Speaking of brothers, where the hell is Owen...

INT. INGRID'S CAR - DAY

Route 224 fills the windshield. The road curves around a mountain bend.

INGRID (O.S.)
I have an appointment with Dr. Foley?

Ingrid pulls her shoulders down and tucks her chin, like she's on her sled.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Dr. Foley retired last year.

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

The very pretty, very young RECEPTIONIST (21) arches one eyebrow behind her computer.

RECEPTIONIST
What's your name?

INGRID
Ingrid Anderson.

The receptionist's giant ring and acrylic nails CLICK-CLACK on the keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST
Your appointment is with Dr. Clarke. She's the new G.P. here.

Ingrid stares at the receptionist, confused.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Did you make the appointment
yourself?

She tries to remember.

INGRID
Yeah, I... Sorry.

DR. CLARKE (O.S.)
It's nice to meet you.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

DR. CLARKE (40) rubs hand sanitizer into her palms.

DR. CLARKE (CONT'D)
Your occupation is "athlete?" What
sport?

Ingrid's legs swing under her, exposed by her hospital gown.

INGRID
Skeleton.

Dr. Clarke notes the bruises and bumps along Ingrid's legs.

DR. CLARKE
Huh. I don't meet a lot
of...skeletoners?

INGRID
Sliders.

DR. CLARKE
Sliders. Will you go to the
Olympics next year?

Ingrid squeezes her shoulder blades in towards her spine.

INGRID
That's the goal.

Dr. Clarke taps her pen against her clipboard and reads
Ingrid's chart.

DR. CLARKE
I see you get migraines. Any
changes to those?

TAP-TAP-TAP. Ingrid closes her eyes and thinks...

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY: Ingrid presses her forehead into the cold metal locker.

INGRID (O.S.)
They've gotten worse.

INT. INGRID'S CAR - DAY: Ingrid grips the wheel with one hand, kneads her brow bone with her other. She struggles to keep her eyes open.

DR. CLARKE (O.S.)
More painful? Frequent?

INGRID (O.S.)
Both.

INT. WASATCH SLIDING CENTER - DAY: The bottom of the ice track. A high-pitched ring.

DR. CLARKE (O.S.)
Do you get them a certain time?

END MONTAGE.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Tiny green speckles on the hospital gown. Not speckles, dashes. No, diamonds.

DR. CLARKE
Do you?

INGRID
(apologizing)
I need to be able to train.

DR. CLARKE
There's a neurologist at The U of U, I'll write you a referral. She looks at concussions.

INGRID
I've never had a concussion.

Dr. Clarke's pen SCRATCHES across her notepad.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Wait what did you mean *looks at*?

INT. INGRID'S CAR - DAY

The printed referral sits half-folded on the passenger seat. Ingrid opens the door and sets a grease-spotted bag of takeout on top of the paper, crushing it.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)
(through phone)
You've reached the Concussion
Research Laboratory at the
University of Utah School of
Medicine. Please hold and someone
will be with you shortly.

Ingrid buckles in the food.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid parks in front of a tiny ranch house with an overgrown yard.

The front door opens half-way. PETER (38) leans his head outside.

PETER
I told you not to come.

Ingrid clutches the takeout with both arms and kicks the car door closed.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid unpacks the takeout containers: open-faced tacos on Navajo fry bread.

PETER
What were you doing in the city?

Peter is bloated, stubble-necked.

INGRID
Check-up. Do you have...

Empty bottles, empty cans, dirty dishes on every surface. No clean plates.

PETER
You healthy?

Peter carries a taco into the living room. He sinks into the couch.

INGRID

Yep. Though I am supposed to see a neurologist. For headaches.

PETER

Yeah I know what a neurologist does.

There's a side table with picture-frames, laid face-down.

INGRID

I'm sorry about Emily. I know you guys went back.

PETER

(shrugging)

Didn't stay in touch, but, yeah.
But yeah. Crazy.

Ingrid turns one of the frames over. It's a photo of 20-something Peter with a big trophy. Coach Denis is by his side.

INGRID

I ran a a fifty-one-oh-eight yesterday.

Peter works through his taco. Shredded lettuce falls onto his sweatpants.

Ingrid looks over the grimy magnets on the fridge.

INGRID (CONT'D)

How's your mom?

PETER

Dunno. Haven't seen her. How's yours?

INGRID

She's in Oaxaca.

PETER

(laughing)

Tina has something figured out.

INGRID

No, she just has a new boyfriend.

Ingrid spots a utility bill on the fridge: PAST DUE.

INGRID (CONT'D)

How's the soda shop place?

PETER
Can you bring me another taco?

Ingrid brings him the whole container.

INGRID
Do you get free sodas all the time?

She sits on the edge of a laundry-covered armchair.

PETER
Hm? Oh. Nah. Fuck that place.

Peter picks up a bottle by his foot. Empty. He sets it down and tries another. Liquid. He takes a swig.

PETER (CONT'D)
Fuckin' Mormons, you know? They got
their uptight fuckin'...

Ingrid looks away.

PETER (CONT'D)
What?

INGRID
Nothing.

PETER
You think it's my fault?

INGRID
No, I'm-

Peter jumps up.

PETER
That's why you're here? To have a
go at me? Huh?

He gets in Ingrid's face. She cowers.

PETER (CONT'D)
Get out!

Peter SLAMS his fist into the wall behind Ingrid's head.

PETER (CONT'D)
GET OUT!

Ingrid jerks away and rushes out--

INT. INGRID'S CAR - DAY

Ingrid exhales, heart pounding.

INT. WASATCH SLIDING CENTER LODGE - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Christina racks.

CHRISTINA

Did you see see Peter?

Ingrid catches her breath. Walks it off.

INGRID

Yeah I saw Peter.

EXT. WASATCH SLIDING CENTER - START GARAGE - DAY

Owen steps aside to let a five-man bobsled team pass through with their sled.

OWEN

Was anyone else hoping we'd get the track to ourselves for a day?

Ingrid does butt-kicks away from the crowded area around the start garage.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I thought some bobsledders would want more time off.

The view from the top of the track gives Ingrid a pre-run buzz. She does high-knees back the other way.

Coach Denis pokes his head out of the start garage.

COACH DENIS

Why's Anderson the only one warming up?

INGRID

Coach, can we talk for a sec?

INT. START GARAGE - DAY

Shiny bobsleds hang from storage cables over the concrete and metal structure.

INGRID
I'll be late Tuesday, I have
another doctors appointment.

COACH DENIS
Something wrong with you?

The track starts inside the garage as a long, flat tongue of
ice. It runs straight out the side of the building and over a
cliff.

INGRID
It's for the migraines I've been
getting. I might need medication.

COACH DENIS
You go to Munich in two weeks.
That's a big opportunity for you.

Two male bobsledders push their sled up to the start line.

INGRID
I'll make up the hours in the gym.
I gotta get this taken care of.

Coach Denis pokes his head outside again.

COACH DENIS
Owen! You're warm enough to go
next, right?

EXT. UTAH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE NEUROSCIENCES CENTER - DAY

Ingrid passes a row of wheelchairs, stacked like shopping
carts.

The automatic doors open. An OLDER MAN (60) with a
Parkinsonian gait walks out with a laser cane. An OLDER WOMAN
(60) accompanies him.

Ingrid steps aside.

INT. NEUROLOGY CLINIC HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The NEUROLOGY NURSE (35) leads DR. LISA FIELDS (55) down the
hall.

NEUROLOGY NURSE
This is your 28-year-old female
athlete.

DR. CALEB AYERS (29) lags behind with his nose in his laptop.
He's handsome but overdue for a haircut.

DR. FIELDS
What kind of athlete?

The nurse checks Ingrid's forms.

NEUROLOGY NURSE
She wrote "Skeleton?" Am I reading
that right?

DR. FIELDS
Yes. That's a sliding sport.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Ingrid dozes in the plastic arm chair. She blinks her eyes
open at the sound of TWO KNOCKS--

Dr. Fields is in front of her.

DR. FIELDS
I'm Dr. Fields. This is Dr. Caleb
Ayers.

Caleb keeps his eyes on his laptop.

CALEB
Hi nice to meet you.

DR. FIELDS
He's a fellow here.

INGRID
Is that a student?

Now Caleb looks up.

CALEB
No. I work here. I do clinical care
and research.

DR. FIELDS
Is it alright with you if he takes
notes?

Ingrid shrugs.

DR. FIELDS (CONT'D)
How long have you done Skeleton?

INGRID
Since I was sixteen.

Dr. Fields examines Ingrid up and down.

DR. FIELDS
Sliding is fairly dangerous. Any
crashes, injuries recently?

INGRID
No. And it's not really not that
dangerous.

Dr. Fields smiles.

DR. FIELDS
When did you start getting
headaches?

INGRID
I've gotten small ones for a while,
mostly just regular sled head.

DR. FIELDS
Sled head? What is that?

INGRID
(blinking)
It's...sled head. After a lot of
runs, your head feels kind of
foggy, kind of...

Caleb types faster.

INGRID (CONT'D)
But those are normal headaches.
Now I'm getting these bad ones that
don't go away. That's why I'm here.

Dr. Fields furrows her brow.

DR. FIELDS
There is no such thing as "normal
headaches."

Ingrid shifts in her seat. Static cracks between her leggings
and the plastic chair.

DR. FIELDS (CONT'D)
Most of the patients we see are
involved in research.

INGRID
You want to do research on me?

DR. FIELDS
I'd like to get a better
understanding of what's causing
your headaches.

INGRID
I just need to be able to train.

Ingrid looks again at Caleb. His hands hover over his
keyboard.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Aren't there, like, migraine
treatments?

DR. FIELDS
It's difficult to treat your
headaches without knowing what's
causing them.

INT. NEUROLOGY CLINIC HALLWAY

Ingrid lets the double doors to the waiting room swing behind
her.

The nurse calls after her.

NEUROLOGY NURSE
You need to check out!

INT. WASATCH LODGE - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Ingrid fixes her gaze on one spot. Her forehead shines with
sweat.

She EXPLODES out of a squat. Her sneakers land soft on a box.
She hops back, squats low, EXPLODES again.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

CROWD (O.S.)
(Singing:)
*Happy birthday to you! Happy
birthday to you!*

Two Ibuprofen pills shake into Ingrid's palm.

She swallows and scrolls through HAPPY BIRTHDAY texts from
her Mom, her dentist, an unsaved number.

She opens her text thread with Peter. No new messages.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

CROWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Happy birthday Dear Ingrid

Candle wax melts onto white icing.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Sweat falls down Ingrid's temple.

She drops into a lunge, EXPLODES UP, lands back in a lunge, EXPLODES.

CROWD (O.S.)
Happy birthday to you!

Ingrid hits the deck, POWERS UP, hits the deck, AGAIN. AGAIN.

INT. SLIDING TRACK - DAY

Ingrid hits the deck, this time, she lands on her sled and SOARS down the ice.

EXT. TRACK FINISH - DAY

The CLOCK flashes a big red 5-0--5-5.

COACH DENIS
Just nineteen-hundredths off last
year's winning time!

Ingrid pulls her helmet off. She beams and stretches her arms out wide.

She feels fantastic, free, unstoppable.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)
And that's with today's wind.

He sounds far away to Ingrid, like her ears are stuffed up. The adrenaline rush gives way to exhaustion...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Ingrid's head lolls on her neck pillow.

KYLE

He wasn't a great fit for the four of us, but that's bobsled, we gotta work together.

Kyle dominates both armrests from the middle-seat. Owen snores on the aisle.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I watch your skeleton runs and think, it'd be nice to be solo...

Red lights blink in the darkness, along the wing.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Then again, I don't want to go head-first.

EXT. KÖNIGSSEE SLIDING TRACK - DAY

1,251 meters of ice appear to drop straight into Lake Königssee. A pointy mountain juts into the sky above the track.

SUPER: KÖNIGSSEE SLIDING TRACK, SCHÖNAU, GERMANY.

COACH DENIS (O.S.)

You can move into third place on this run.

INT. KÖNIGSSEE START GARAGE - DAY

Ingrid hits her quads with her fists.

Coach Denis coaches from behind the start line.

COACH DENIS

Don't overthink it, just attack your start.

Ingrid nods and tightens the chinstrap of her helmet.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)

And Anderson--

One last word of advice.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)

Get a medal.

Ingrid lunges over her sled.

The gun BLASTS. She SPRINTS, PUSHES, and LEAPS onto her sled.

Her body FLIES around a curve. She SHOOTs around another.

A crowd on the sidelines CHEERS and waves American flags.

Ingrid slides seventy miles an hour, seventy-five miles, eighty. She WHIPS out of the final curve and cruises over the finish line.

The Americans in the crowd JUMP and CHEER. Owen PUNCHES his chest.

EXT. KÖNIGSSEE SLIDING CENTER - DAY

Ingrid waves from a podium, a bronze medal around her neck. The BANNER overhead announces: SKELETON WORLD CUP 2013 - KÖNIGSSEE, GERMANY.

INT. PARK CITY BAR - NIGHT

JAKOB

Ingrid's first world cup medal--

Jakob leans back in the dingy booth to take a photo.

JAKOB (CONT'D)

But not her last.

Ingrid's medal glints even in the dim bar lighting.

INGRID

Okay I'm putting it away now.

OWEN

You might get put on the subs list
for Worlds because of this.

(to Christina)

Sorry, Christina.

Christina drinks her beer and says nothing.

INGRID

I doubt it. I only did two cups
this season.

CHRISTINA

And the Lake Placid sliders are in
their own league.

OWEN
Well, Jaclyn Samaan is injured...
(slurring)
But I didn't tell you that.

CHRISTINA
Are you back with her?

Owen looks like he may cry.

OWEN
It's really confusing.

Ingrid's phone lights up with a CALLER ID: LINDA ANDERSON.

JAKOB
Late for phone calls. Ingrid, are
you seeing someone?

Ingrid doesn't register Jakob's comment. She stands up and
takes the call outside.

Jakob looks to Christina, concerned.

CHRISTINA
It's Peter's mom.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Windy, snowy night air.

INGRID
(into Phone)
Linda?

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid's legs stop short of the front steps. Wind burns her
eyes.

LINDA (60) opens the door. She looks like Peter.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid steps over black trash bags and cardboard boxes.

LINDA
The landlord gave us to the end of
the month to move everything out.

The kitchen cabinets are open and emptied out. Shelves sticky.

Linda flips through a stack of junk mail and receipts. The skin under her eyes is pallid, almost purple.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I thought about hiring someone but
there's not much, it's all just...

She makes a sad little sigh and drops the stack in the trash.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I'll let you know what dates I'm
thinking for the service. Won't be
for a couple months.

Ingrid nods and looks around the living room. It seems smaller with the curtains open.

INGRID
Does he want to be b--
(voice breaking)
Do you know what he wanted?

LINDA
Oh. Don't worry about that. That's
my job.

Ingrid blinks. She wants to ask more--

LINDA (CONT'D)
I'm putting all his Skeleton things
on the side there.

A storage box sits in the corner, overflowing with sliding shoes and sled parts.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I was hoping you could go through
it.

Ingrid opens the box. Trophies and medal cases are packed along one side. She digs around them until she feels a hard sphere.

She pulls out an electric blue skeleton helmet, an American flag painted on the front. Scratches trace the sides.

COACH DENIS (O.S.)
We took you out of the substitution
pool for Worlds.

INT. WASATCH LODGE - COACH DENIS'S OFFICE - DAY

INGRID

Did I do something wrong?

A PAPER lays on the desk in front of Ingrid, titled: IBSF CHAMPIONSHIPS 2013 OFFICIAL ENTRIES.

COACH DENIS

No, not at all. Just considering,
you know...

Ingrid slides the list back towards him.

COACH DENIS (CONT'D)

Subs never get called up anyway.
It's a formality.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Christina, Owen, and Kyle huddle close around a table in the cafeteria.

OWEN

(quietly)

Did she say how?

His voice carries.

COACH DENIS (O.S.)

Also, uh--

INT. COACH DENIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Coach Denis gets the door for Ingrid. It's overly formal.

COACH DENIS

Let me know when I can pay my
respects. Please.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Ingrid shuffles through the cafeteria.

OWEN

Was it an accident?

CHRISTINA

(shrugging)

She just said it was an overdose--

Kyle clears his throat.

Ingrid nods at her teammates.

LINDA (O.S.)
Denis Abols wants to attend the
service?

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

The box of Peter's Skeleton stuff barely fits in Ingrid's packed trunk.

INGRID
A few others too, I think.

Linda struggles to drag a bag of trash across the dead lawn.

LINDA
I don't think that's a good idea.

Ingrid takes the bag from Linda and adds it to a pile on the curb.

INGRID
I know things didn't end great
between Peter and them, but they
still cared about him.

LINDA
They didn't care about his safety.

INGRID
What?

LINDA
You know what I mean. He'd come
home from the track so out of it,
he could hardly speak.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

16-year-old Ingrid in the passenger seat. 26-year-old Peter drives.

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Then he'd go back the next day and
do it again.

I-80 rolls under them, through Parley's Canyon. Peter lets the car accelerate. They pass a semi on the right.

The road curves to the left. The car drifts to the right.

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They encouraged him.

The car drifts further. Ingrid looks at Peter.

His eyelids droop. His neck bows.

A semi-truck's horn BLARES--

EXT. PETER'S CAR - SECONDS LATER (FLASHBACK)

Peter clutches Ingrid tight. They both shake violently, but neither are hurt.

The damaged car smokes on the side of the road.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid stands alone by her car.

The house is dark. The garbage bags make neat pile on the curb.

Ingrid slams her trunk closed. The blue helmet rattles inside.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

The sky is massive. The sun sets pink and orange over the six-lane highway.

INGRID
(into phone)
Hi, um, I recently saw Dr. Fields.
My name is Ingrid Anderson.

Headlights twinkle on. Ingrid shuts her eyes.