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A Black Void.

Dirty. Grainy. CHILLING.

But...INSIDE THE VOID, in the distance...a small entity.

It gets closer and closer...and closer. Until we realize this is the exterior of a minivan and we are racing down towards its roof like a hawk as if we are going to explode through it, until -

We are inside of it.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - RURAL HOME

A foggy, smoky, devilish night creeps in, crashing against the windshield of a parked minivan. Full of remnants of life, but only Rebecca, (30s) sits in her car dressed in her winter clothes, car still running, WALLS by BEWARE OF DARKNESS playing from her phone over the car.

THIS MOVES QUICK AS HELL. HARD CUTS.

She furiously types away on her phone. A food app, "DriveYumYum", she scrolls through the nearest sushi restaurant, "Digging" for poké. She finds it. Sets her directions. Hits "Leave it at the front door". Orders it. Tips good.

A Slack message.

"Can you zoom really quick?"

She dies inside and sinks in the car. She quickly replies back.

"Two secs"

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - RURAL HOME

SLAM.

The car door is closed, and she clutches far too many things; the most noticeable is the brown wrapping of a wine bottle.

Slack again

"Just wanted to chat about tomorrow and get your opinion."

She rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

Please. Give me a moment.

Another notification. DriveYumYum

"Your order is being prepared."

She fishes for her keys to the front door on the front porch, which is draped in Christmas lights.

"A driver has been selected."

"Paolo is your driver."

"Hello! Thank you for using driveyumyum. I am happy to be able to bring your food to you. - Paolo"

She bites her binder by her teeth as she puts her keys into the front door and opens it to her homey, darkly lit, family house.

"See you soon!"

The words hurt her; she is compelled to reiterate.

"Thanks so much! And you can just leave it at the front door!"

She throws her things into the house.

"Too bad. *WINK FACE"

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A car rips by, shaking Rebecca out of how unwanted that reply was. It leaves her alone at her front door, leaving her in a moment of zen to think about how alone and far out her house is.