

KARMACIDE

Written By

Dena McKinnon and The Bartender

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Girlbytheshore@hotmail.com
904. 370. 9563

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A dark desolate stretch of highway.

The ROARING of an engine grows LOUDER and LOUDER until a car ZOOMS past in the night.

A SCREAM takes us inside the speeding --

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The needle pushing 100.

Pedal to the metal, near panic on his face, is LUKE (20s).

He trades frantic glances between the road and his pregnant wife riding shotgun. This is MARTA (20s). She's covered in sweat, panting profusely.

MARTA

Oh God, Luke, there's so much
blood!

She sobs. Her hands rest on her swollen belly. Her dress soaked with hemorrhaging blood.

LUKE

Hang on, baby.

She buries her head in her hands. Lies back in her seat.

BRAKES SCREAM...he takes us into a hard turn.

BURNING RUBBER...he punches it back to full speed.

MARTA

It hurts so much!

He reaches over a hand to calm...turns to her with worry.

LUKE

I'll get us there, I promise.

The car drifts into the breakdown lane.

A FIGURE in front...

TIRES SCREECH as he hits the breaks...

SLAM. A body flying across the hood, cracking the windshield...disappearing behind.

LUKE

Fuck!

He punches the steering wheel.

Catches his panicked breath.

Opens his door and --

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- climbs out.

The VICTIM lies unmoving a short distance away.

Luke buries his face in his hands, remaining by the open door.

LUKE

Jesus, oh Jesus.

MARTA (O.S.)

(weakly)

Luuuke...

The victim is in his 40's. Blood trickles from his ear, an ugly gash on his forehead. His leg is terribly broken, as is his ankle, bent at an impossible angle.

The victim opens his eyes...spots Luke.

VICTIM

Help me...

Marta MOANS weakly from the car.

The victim moves his head, but nothing else.

VICTIM

I...I can't feel my legs.

Luke starts to go to him --

MARTA (O.S.)

(scream)

It's coming! Oh, God!

Luke freezes. The victim begs with his eyes.

Luke shakes his head...runs back to the car. Slams the door.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

BURNING RUBBER. A cloud of smoke and gravel.

The speedometer climbs.

Marta looks up. Her voice weak.

MARTA

Wha...what was that?

He stares straight ahead.

LUKE

Nothing.

MARTA

Are you sure?

LUKE

Just a deer. Hang in there.

He runs his hand through his hair. Tormented by guilt. A glance at the rearview. Dark empty road behind.

She MOANS.

MARTA

We're not gonna make it...

She slumps in her seat, barely conscious.

He pushes the engine harder.

A tear rolls down his cheek. He wipes it away.

LUKE

Fuck, fuck.

He reaches up to his face. A stream of blood trickles from his ear. He wipes...checks his fingers.

LUKE

What the...?

He eyes a HOSPITAL SIGN as it ZIPS by.

Marta almost unconscious, a pained grimace.

MARTA

Luuuke...

He grabs the steering wheel with both hands. Will the car forward.

LUKE

Hang in there, baby, hang in there.

CRACK...like a branch snapping. Pain on his face. He looks down at his legs. Left ankle bent at an impossible angle, broken in the same fashion as the victim.

Marta MOANS.

He takes the car into a hard turn.

FLOORS IT. The dark outline of buildings fly by.

His face intense. Suddenly a gash appears on his forehead. He yelps in pain. Blood drips into his eyes.

LUKE

Jesus!

She doesn't hear. Unconscious in her seat.

He skids the car into another turn.

LUKE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so
sorry...

CRACK. He looks down. Leg bent, compound fracture visible.

Determined, he guns it.

The hospital ahead.

LUKE

(whispers)
I can't feel my legs!

He pushes his knee with his hand...forcing the accelerator.

LUKE

Hang in there, baby, just hang in
there.

She fades back out.

Bright red letters ahead: EMERGENCY ROOM.

He claws at a sudden pain in his chest.

Turns toward the entrance...coming too fast...can't move his legs...

He pulls the emergency brake...GRINDING METAL...yanks the steering wheel, slamming the car into the corner of the Emergency Room bay.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS

-- STAFF and COPS surrounding the car.

-- Marta removed to a gurney.

-- spinning fluorescent lights overhead...wheeled inside...slamming through double doors.

STAFF (O.S.)

Been in an accident...internal
bleeding...get him on the table.

-- oxygen mask placed on his face.

-- the sound of a BABY CRYING.

-- back roadside, a police cruiser pulls next to the Victim.

END SERIES

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

DOCTORS tend to Marta, surrounded by a curtain, Luke can only see her feet.

A DOCTOR removes a crying, healthy BABY.

Staff attend to him.

LUKE

My wife...

NURSE

She's going to be ok, you just
relax.

DOCTOR

Get him up to OR, we have to
stabilize this bleeding.

A HEART MONITOR beeps.

NURSE

He's going cardiac. Code blue!

DOCTOR

One miligram of epinephrine, stat!

From the corner of his eye, Luke sees a man slip into the emergency room with the SHERIFF. Not a trace of injury...it's the victim...even the gash on his forehead completely healed.

He watches Luke...a knowing look.

Luke smiles. Relief on his face. A weight lifted from his shoulders.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Paddles!

The victim nods...eyes filled with sympathy.

Luke closes his eyes. At peace.

FLAT LINE on the EKG monitor...the ominous, endless beeeep brings us to --

FADE OUT