

POINDING SAND

August. 2016 OWC

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A taxi cab cruises past small shops on a well lit street. It's a 1990 Ford Taurus painted in the standard cab yellow. A few dents and dings suggest it's seen better days.

INT./EXT: TAXI - NIGHT

NICK, a scrawny, ugly little angry looking man in his thirties slouches behind the wheel. He clutches a fifth of whisky in one hand. The steering wheel with the other.

The radio SQUELCHES. The Dispatcher, DOROTHY, barks through the speaker.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Dispatch to thirty-six. Dispatch to
thirty-six.

NICK
Shit.

He takes a long swig from the whiskey bottle.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Dispatch to thirty-six.

NICK
Fuck off, bitch.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
I know you're there, Nick. Pick up.
Pick up, damn it.

Nick grabs the microphone and triggers it.

NICK
This is thirty-six. You got
something for me?

DOROTHY (V.O.)
You're late on your payments, Nick.

NICK
Oh, fuck this.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
I know you can hear me. You're two
months behind. You buying the cab
or not?

Nick toggles the microphone.

NICK
Damn it, Dorothy. Cut me some
slack.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Company policy, Nick -

Over the microphone again.

NICK
I know the god damn company policy.
You been tellin' me the damn policy
for the last month.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
You can lease to own but you gotta
keep up the payments.

NICK
I know! I know!

DOROTHY (V.O.)
They need the money tomorrow -

He hit the microphone again, yelling.

NICK
Tomorrow!!

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Or the cab goes back to them and
you're a regular driver again.

NICK
God damn it!

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Dispatch out.

Nick tosses the microphone away.

NICK
Yeah, fuck you, bitch

The radio crackles. Dorothy comes on again.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
You're an asshole, Nick.

NICK
No shit.

INT./EXT: TAXI

The cab slows as it passes a liquor store at an intersection.

Nick turns right just past the liquor store.

He pulls the cab away from the lights and parks.

The last of the whiskey drains into Nicks mouth.

INT. Liquor store - night.

Nick heads down the whiskey aisle. He finds his cheap brand and grabs four bottles.

Nick sets the four bottles in front of the CLERK, a shaky old fat man in his sixties.

CLERK

Looks like we're having a party tonight.

Nick stares at the Clerk, bleary-eyed.

NICK

What?

CLERK

I said, looks like we're having a party tonight. That'll be fifty-seven eighty-five.

NICK

What?

CLERK

Fifty-seven eighty-five.

Nick stares at the Clerk. He picks up one of the bottles and smashes it on the edge of the counter.

CLERK (CONT'D)

The hell, boy?

Nick shoves the jagged bottle in the Clerk's face.

NICK

All the money.

CLERK

Son, you don't wanna -

NICK

All of it!!

The Clerk opens the register and grabs bills. Slapping them onto the counter.

NICK (CONT'D)
Under the till.

The clerk lifts up the change drawer and grabs more bills from underneath.

Nick scoops up cash with one hand. Stuffing it into his pockets. Keeping the broken bottle leveled at the Clerk.

He scoops the remaining three bottles up and heads toward the door.

CLERK
Kinda a spur of the moment thing.
Wouldn't ya say?

Nick hurles the broken bottle back toward the clerk and steps through the door.

INT./EXT: TAXI - NIGHT

Nick climbs into the taxi.

He unscrews one of the bottles and takes a long, long swig.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The cab races down a dark two-lane black top. Weaving. Straddling the center line.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The radio crackles to life.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Dispatch to thirty-two. Dispatch to
thirty-two.

Nick drinks deeply. Determined to ignore the radio.

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Come on, Nick. Where the hell are
you?

Nick grabs the radio microphone by the cord and swings it repeatedly at the radio.

NICK
Shut the fuck up!

DOROTHY (V.O.)
Nick, answer the damn rad-

The radio goes silent.

NICK
I got the damn money you cunt. I
got the money and I'm goin' on a
little vacation.

He gulps more whiskey.

NICK (CONT'D)
I got the god tamm money!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT.

The cab slows at a dirt road. A single chain draped between
two posts blocks the access to the road.

The sign on the chain reads, "NO BEACH ACCESS".

The cab edges slowly forward. Pushing on the chain.

Metal SCRAPES against metal.

The chain snaps.

Gravel crunches under the tires as the cab moves down the
road.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The taxi rushes over the wet sand.

LIGHTENING snaps through the sky.

Rain pours down on the beach and the taxi.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Nick stretches across the seat, trying to reach the next
bottle of whiskey.

He slips, pulling the steering wheel hard to the right.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The cab pulls hard to the right, toward the water, just as it hits a large log of driftwood.

The cab leaves the sand, rolling over and over. Sand flying everywhere. Water flying everywhere.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Nick's scrawny little body is flung around the front of the cab. Whisky bottles dancing with him as the deafening noise of the cab rolling mixes with the sound of THUNDER.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The cab comes to a stop in it's wheels, facing the sea.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Nick looks around. Confused.

He finds an unopened bottle of whiskey. Miraculously unbroken.

He poens it and takes a drink.

He slides back behind the wheel and turns the key. The cab does nothing.

NICK
What the hell?

He tries the ignition again. Again, nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Aw, come on.

He looks around. Sees that the front windshield is shattered.

The side windows are still in tact. The window seperating him from the back seat is still in tact.

NICK (CONT'D)
How'd the windshield . . . ?
Awright, damn it!.

Nick pulls on the door handle. Nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)
Fucking peice of trash! Damn it!!

He body-slams against the door over and over again.
Senselessly screaming.

The door remains closed.

He moves to the passenger side and tries it. Nothing.

He slams against the passenger side door. Nothing.

Dropping flat on the seat he kicks the door and window.
SCREAMING. The door doesn't move.

He sits up. He takes a long drink.

He stares at the front windshield.

NICK (CONT'D)
Okay. Fine.

He leans back in the seat. Pulls his legs up over the
dashboard, and kicks at the front windshield. Over and over
again.

The windshield collapses like a sheet of thick fabric.

INT./EXT: TAXI -NIGHT.

Nick pulls himself out onto the hood of the cab. Out into the
rain.

Rain pours into the cab.

Nick pushes the broken window in front of him until he
manages to get all the way out.

Standing in the pouring rain, next to the cab, Nick lifts the
bottle of whiskey and grins.

NICK
I got'cha, baby.

He drinks.

He yells at the sky.

NICK (CONT'D)
Okay! It's a little bit to fuckin
wet out here!

He looks around. Rain is pouring into the front of the cab.
Rain on the beach. Rain on the ocean. Rain on Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)
Okay! Fine! So . . . So fuck you. I
got this.

Nick falls to his knees and then lays on his side.

He scoots under the cab. Dragging the whiskey bottle with
him.

EXT. UNDER THE CAB - NIGHT

Nick Grins, satisfied with himself. He awkwardly manages to
drink from the bottle.

NICK
Tha's it. Night Baby.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE CAB - DAY

Nick grunts. He wakens.

He can't move.

The muffler of the cab is pressing against his face.

Water washes up around his shoulders.

The cab seems to sink onto him.

Nick Realizes he is pinned. He SCREAMS.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The tide washes in around the cab.

The cab sinks gently into the sand.

We hear Nick SCREAM.

FADE OUT.