

DEXTING TRIVING AND DRNKING

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A silent snowfall dances across the shining headlight of an old, severely damaged, pick up truck. The vehicle faces the forest, see-saw teetering, on the crest of a snow bank.

The other headlight, front bumper and hood are victims of the large tree trunk lying over the roof.

Wipers thrash.

Across the road, facing in the opposite direction, an expensive sports car rests, unattended, collecting snow.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

BYRON (58) sits in overalls, flannel shirt and skewed baseball cap.

UNCONSCIOUS, his hands choke the steering wheel.

Eyes open suddenly, hands start trembling.

A splash of blood on his forehead.

The radio blasts country music. An empty pint of Jack Daniels lies on the floor of the cab.

Byron moans, turns off the radio and wipers.

He turns his head to glance through his window and is startled by the girl's face on the other side of the pane.

STARING

Byron turns the window crank. Nothing.

BYRON
(yelling)
You bitch! You should be dead!

The crank comes off in his hand.

BYRON
Damn... Dead, dead! You hear me,
bitch?

The girl turns away and walks around the sports car towards the forest.

Byron tries to open his door unsuccessfully.

BYRON

Shit!.. Get back here you!
I ain't no country moron. Flashing
that green shit at me in this
stuff? At this time of night?
Frigging butt ho!

Byron, painfully, slides over and exits the truck from the passenger side.

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Byron quickly inspects his truck while limping across the road. He shouts at her disappearing image.

BYRON

Texting right? I know all about it!
You're done sweetie. That thig-a-
ma-jig is history. You're gonna
eat that thing! Ya hear!?

He limps to the spot where she entered the forest, looks down, spies footprints in the snow.

Byron follows the foot printed path. A dilapidated wooden shack appears in the distance.

He steps onto the shack's front porch, grabs the door handle and angrily opens the door.

INT. WOODEN SHACK - NIGHT

The shack is dark. At a table, with her back to Byron, sits NESHI (25); long silky brown hair falls to her waist.

BYRON

Hey, you!.. You almost killed me!

No response from Neshi.

A faint beeping and green flashing emit from her aura.

BYRON

Get off that God damn thing, bitch!

Byron limps over to Neshi, grabs her by the shoulders and spins her around to face him. She is beautiful but expressionless.

His hands move to her throat. He squeezes.

BYRON

I'm gonna teach you a lesson. You
little--

Bright green laser beams shoot from Neshi's eyes into Byron's eyes. He hears her unspoken words.

NESHI (V.O.)

Warning! Slow down... Stop! Bridge
damaged ahead! Perilous! Certain
death!

FADE OUT.