

The Drive
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FADE TO:

EXT. BLUE VOLVO / DAY

It's a clear, bright day, as a small blue shiny Volvo travels northbound down Highway 99.

INT. BLUE VOLVO / DAY

A pair of young petite feet are nestled top most of the dashboard. Bright hot pink nails, clean and trimmed superimpose themselves among the litter of tapes, tape inserts, and various rock/funk/80's band's paraphernalia that fills the car with so much debris.

Driver's side, NORMAN 30s clean cut average looking man, dressed in khakis and a white t-shirt.

He drives with one hand as he vainly searches for something with the other.

Next to him HILDA 29, a young pink-nailed beauty Reads, while ignoring Norman's dilemma.

NORMAN

Hilda! Where's my Beastie Boys
tape?

A minute passes in silence.

HILDA

(mono-tone voice)

I don't know; *where is* your Beastie
Boy tape?

Hilda doesn't look up, continues to read her magazine.

NORMAN

I love that tape you know.

Hilda, exasperated, gives a dirty look then goes back to her reading.

HILDA

I know, you've had it since our
honeymoon and you've worn it out.

NORMAN

But it's Paul's Boutique!

Norman looks over in helpless amusement.

(CONTINUED)

Stares at Hilda.

No response.

His eyes flicker back to the road.

Norman again looks over again at his side companion.

Hilda reads on.

Eyes back on the road.

Again Norman looks over at Hilda, determined to never take his gaze off her again.

Hilda roughly slams the glove compartment with her foot. Contents spill out and all over the car.

Hilda looks.

Norman, pleased looks down for a second and spies the magazine Hilda is reading.

LAPHAM'S QUARTERLY with the title "DEATH" in bold.

NORMAN

Hilda!

Yell's back.

HILDA

I'm looking!

NORMAN

(Nudging her)

What are you reading!?

HILDA

What? What are you talking about now?

NORMAN

What are you reading; What's better then Listening to Beastie Boys?!

Hilda continues to look for Paula's Boutique.

Pays no attention to Norman.

NORMAN

(exasperated)

Fine...Don't tell me. I mean we were supposed to take separate

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN (cont'd)
vacations to help our marriage You
show up last minute changing your
mind, no explanation and you act
like I did something wrong, I'm not
the one who -

HILDA
How many people did Stallone kill
in Rambo?

NORMAN
What! I'm not sure.

HILDA
How many people do you think died
in the movie Rambo?

Hilda still looks for the tape.

NORMAN
15 maybe.

HILDA
No.

HILDA
Still wrong.

NORMAN
25?

HILDA
One, just one person dies. And
that's in self-defense. It's
interesting don't you think?

Norman, about to answer the question when a loud stall is
felt in the VOLVO.

It makes a loud grinding.

The car slows by the highway and both get out in a rush.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY / DAY

Norman checks the hood, looks for the source of the problem.
Exasperated, Norman settles by the car next to Hilda.

Hilda goes back to her magazine.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Strange, I just took it to the shop.

HILDA

Let's just hitch it into town.

NORMAN

It's just that I *just* got it checked.

Hilda goes back to her magazine.

NORMAN

So what's interesting about Rambo?

HILDA

It's the fact that one death had so much more impact than the 69 total bad guys killed in part two, it's not about the death or how many. It's the who, what and why that person was in life and what they deserved.

Looks into her eyes.

NORMAN

I guess.

NORMAN

Look, I would appreciate that you not talk like this at my parent's house.

NORMAN

I told them you weren't coming.

HILDA

(Monotone)

Of course, Let's not upset them.

In the far horizon, a car approaches.

HILDA

Looks like our ride.

NORMAN

It's going pretty fast.

A car looms closer and closer as Norman steps out on the side of the roads and flag down the car.

Looks back at Hilda.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN
You sure about this?

HILDA
(Monotone)
Nope.

NORMAN
I think it's speeding up.

HILDA
Flag the car already! He can't see
if you don't step out further.

NORMAN
He can, I swear he's not slowing
down!

HILDA
Imagining things as usual. Aren't
you man enough, want me to take
care of things?

Norman steps into the road frantically waving.

Hilda stares calmly ahead.

Norman turns his head to face the upcoming car, it crosses
the last twenty feet and hits Norman full force.

Slams into Norman like a rag doll and sends him flying
feet onto the road.

The car speeds up and runs over Norman, crushing him like an
eggshell.

Hilda stares.

No reaction.

The car stops and reverses full speed running over Norman
again and heads towards Hilda.

It stops.

Man gets out and approaches Hilda.

He's tall, six foot two dressed in tight blue jeans, shiny
button flannel shirt and shocking red handlebar mustache.

HILDA
What took you so long?

MYSTERY MAN

Didn't want to be so obvious. Had to keep my distance and wait for the car to stall.

HILDA

I had to endure his inane bullshit for three hours, let's get the hell outta here.

MYSTERY MAN

Sure thing lil lady!!

HILDA

Let's enjoy our honeymoon vacation, shall we!

Walking past the blue VOLVO, Hilda leans in the front seat pulls out a tape from her bag and pops it on the car radio.

Beastie Boys blast from the speakers.

Hilda smiles and walks away.

Both get in the stranger's car and drive off in a hurry.

FADE OUT

THE END