

**RESTLESS**

**BY**

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EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

It's an EMPTY HIGHWAY on a dark night and crickets chirp loud.

In the distance a BLACK BMW 3 SERIES is seen approaching the CAMERA. The loud sound of the engine resonates louder and louder as it approaches, the car must be doing at least 100mph.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

BRAD DALE, 25, although young and athletic, looks as if he has been driving for a while, drives his car on the empty highway like there's no tomorrow.

He turns the KNOB on the RADIO and an assortment of noise comes from various stations as he skips through them.

He finds a station that plays 'Vertigo' by U2. He turns the volume up.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - ROAD AHEAD

The hypnotic rhythm of the ROAD LINES passes by as the headlights of the BMW shine off them.

In the distance the figure of a MAN standing near a BUS STOP is seen holding a BROWN SUITCASE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The BMW suddenly stops. The MAN steps back cautiously.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

The MAN crouches down to look at Brad. He is well-dressed in a KHAKI COAT, wears a BLACK HAT and is clean shaven.

BRAD

Where you going? Maybe I can drop  
you off at a motel.

The MAN says nothing just examines Brad as he  
asks the question.

BRAD

You want a ride?

MAN

Oh, it's OK sir. I'll just wait  
for the next bus to arrive.

BRAD

It's one in the morning and  
there's no bus at this hour.

The MAN thinks about it and then climbs in the  
back seat. He shuts the door. Brad talks to him  
through the REARVIEW MIRROR.

BRAD

You got a name?

MAN

The name's Samson. Samson  
Johnson.

BRAD

Hi, Samson. I'm Brad.

Brad starts the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

The car pulls off.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Brad drives on and watches Samson in the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

BRAD POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Samson just sits and admires the leather interior and other features of the car.

CUT TO:

INT - CAR - CONTINUOUS

BRAD

So where are you from?

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

SAMSON

Oh, I'm from Texas.

BRAD (O.S)

Texas? That's like thousand miles from here. What brings you here?

SAMSON

I was here on business and I had a late meeting. I just missed my bus.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

SAMSON (O.S)

So where are you from? May I ask?

BRAD

I'm from New York. I'm driving there right now.

Samson cannot stop admiring the beautiful creamy leather interior of the BMW.

SAMSON

Gee, this car is pretty nice. It must've cost you quite a penny.

BRAD  
Seventy Thousand, including tax.

SAMSON  
Dollars? That's a hunk of change.

Brad aligns his mirror to get a better view of Samson.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Silence. No-one says anything.

Brad's eyes catch Samson looking at him clearly, evaluating everything he does.

BRAD (O.S)  
You like music?

SAMSON  
I enjoy a bit of music now and then.

BRAD (O.S)  
What kinda music you into?

SAMSON  
I'm into country music myself. Nothing like good ol' country music to remind you of the simpler times.

BRAD (O.S)  
I'm can dig country but I'm really into rock. Classic rock that is! That shit they listen to nowadays is not my kinda thing if you know what I mean!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Brad rolls his WINDOW halfway.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Brad sees a WOODEN CROSS on Samson's neck with a gold outline on the edges.

BRAD (O.S)

That is a nice cross.

Samson looks down at his cross in pride.

SAMSON

Gee thanks, mister. You a religious man yourself?

BRAD (O.S)

Me? Religious? You gotta be kidding me!

SAMSON

It's good to have a bit of faith.

BRAD (O.S)

The only faith is during Christmas. Turkey and mom's apple pie!

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

SAMSON

What's good than praying to Jesus on his birthday.

BRAD

(Defeated)

I guess.

SAMSON

Is there a gas station nearby maybe?

BRAD

No. The next gas station is not for another fifty miles. Why?

SAMSON

I need to use the bathroom.

Brad looks around at the empty road and sees there is no one around.

BRAD

I'll stop here. You can go here.

Samson pulls over.

SAMSON

In the field?

BRAD

If you wanna go then go because there's not a gas station for miles.

SAMSON

OK, I'll go.

CUT TO:

EXT. BMW - NIGHT

Samson goes out and walks to the fields and takes a whiz. He goes back and sits in the BMW. The BMW drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

SAMSON

I have never done that before. Polluting our country.

BRAD

You mean you've never taken a whiz outside before.

(Then)

How did it feel?

SAMSON

I felt guilty but it felt good.

BRAD

What? The excitement that you did something outside of the law?

SAMSON

No! I really had to go.

Brad smiles.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Samson takes out a CIGARETTE and lights up.

BRAD (O.S)

No! No! I'm sorry but not in my car.

SAMSON

I'm sorry?

BRAD (O.S)

I'm sorry but you can't smoke in my car. You gotta watch for the leather seats.

Samson opens his window and throws the cigarette outside.

BRAD (O.S)

Thank you.

(Then)

I'm sorry about that. I pretty particular about smokers in my car. I just had the car detailed.

SAMSON

My apologies. I'm trying to cut down anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Brad focuses on the road ahead as he passes a BRIDGE.

BRAD

So, who you got in Texas?

No answer. Brad now looks into his rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Samson has disappeared! All he sees are the empty leather seats.

BRAD (O.S)  
What the fuck!?

Samson moves the rearview mirror left to right but there is no one there.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Brad slams on his brakes and the loud screech of the car is heard as it stops.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car sits in the middle of the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Brad searches everywhere - left, right but Samson is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Brad gets out of the car and circles the car. He get's back in.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Brad rests his head back.

BRAD  
(To himself)  
What the hell...? Where did he go?

He opens the GLOVE BOX and takes out a CAN OF COKE. He opens it and takes a huge gulp.

Then suddenly -

SAMSON (O.S)

Why did you stop?

Samson is on the back seat.

BRAD

Aah! What the hell? Where did you  
come from?

SAMSON

You picked me up, remember?

BRAD

But I just turned...and you  
weren't...

SAMSON

What?

BRAD

You weren't there! I mean you  
were gone! Vanished!

SAMSON

Vanished? Boy, you are losing  
your mind! I have been here all  
the time.

BRAD

You were? I mean, seriously you  
were gone!

SAMSON

No.

BRAD

(To Samson)

OK. Maybe I need to stop.

(To himself)

I have been driving a while.

Brad starts the engine and moves off.

BRAD

That was some episode, huh?

No answer.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

Samson has disappeared again.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Brad keeps on driving. Maybe he's dreaming maybe he's not.  
He keeps his eyes ahead on the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY

The BMW speeds up fast.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - ROAD AHEAD

The road is clear not a car in sight that is until he sees  
a man standing in the middle of the road - it's Samson!

Brad stops the car and looks at Samson who is smiling at  
him.

SAMSON

Do you want to kill me?

BRAD

Man, what the fuck is going on?!

SAMSON

Let me in and I'll tell you.

BRAD

What are you a magician?

SAMSON

You can say that.

BRAD

You're really starting to freak  
me out.

SAMSON

Look, your door opened while you were driving and I fell out.

BRAD

What?

Brad goes to look at his rear door and he sees-

CUT TO:

REAR DOOR - CLOSE

The rear door is open.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Samson sits in the back seat again. Brad drives off.

BRAD

Are you hurt?

SAMSON

I'm OK. Just a few scratches here and there.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Brad glances at the rearview mirror to make sure Samson is still there.

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV - ROAD AHEAD

A ROAD SIGN appears that reads 'Gas Station - 3 miles'.

BRAD (O.S)

Hey look, there was a gas station nearby.

OFF SCREEN we hear a repetitive ping.

The CAMERA moves down at the gas meter. The NEEDLE points to EMPTY.

BRAD  
 (To himself)  
 I thought I filled up.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The BMW parks next to a PUMP.

Brad comes out and walks inside the SHOP that displays a NEON SIGN that reads 'Stop 'n' Save'.

CUT TO:

INT. STOP 'N' SAVE - CONTINUOUS

Brad walks in through the ELECTRONIC DOORS.

The store is neatly stacked with shelves of food, beverages and other assorted goods.

A CASHIER stands at the CASH DESK reading a MAGAZINE.

BRAD  
 (To Cashier)  
 Fill her up on seven.

The Cashier closes his magazine and presses an array of buttons on the CASH REGISTER.

CASHIER  
 That'll be thirty five-ninety  
 five.

The Cashier looks at the BMW impressively and then glares at Brad.

CASHIER  
 Nice car.  
 (Then)  
 You from outta town?

BRAD  
 Yeah, New York.

Brad takes out CASH from his WALLET and hands it to the cashier.

BRAD

Hey, I've got this guy in the back of my car. I picked him up.

The cashier looks at the car.

CUT TO:

CASHIER'S POV

The BMW stands alone near a pump as it is being filled up. He sees no one on the back seat.

CUT TO:

INT. STOP 'N' SAVE - CONTINUOUS

CASHIER

I don't see anyone. Are you sure you picked someone up?

BRAD

I'm telling you I picked up a guy called Samson.

CASHIER

Samson?

BRAD

Why? You heard his name before?

CASHIER

Samson Johnson?

BRAD

Yeah. That's him!

(Beat)

Who is he?

CASHIER

He was a resident of a town not too far from here.

BRAD

What do you mean was?

CASHIER

There were reports that he murdered his family and then killed himself.

BRAD

Murder...?

CASHIER

Yeah. You said you saw him?

BRAD

No. I picked him up! He was just standing there and I picked him up. He was sitting in my car! He was talking to me!

The Cashier now thinks he is looking at a crazy man.

CASHIER

How can you pick up a guy whose dead?

Brad runs out of the shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. STOP 'N' SAVE - CONTINUOUS

Brad comes out and looks at his car. The back seat is empty - no Samson.

The cashier comes out with a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING in his hand.

CASHIER

Sir. Look.

Brad reads it.

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

The clipping has a photo of Samson with that same smile and same attire he presented to Brad. Next to the photo is a headline in bold letters that reads 'FAMILY MAN KILLED FAMILY THEN HIMSELF'.

CUT TO:

EXT. STOP 'N' SAVE

Brad is shocked and frightened.

BRAD

What? This is dated March 15th,  
1972.

Something comes to his attention on the newspaper clipping.

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING - CLOSE

A photo of the cashier is on the clipping.

BRAD

Hey, this looks just like you..

Brad turns back and -

CUT TO:

BRAD'S POV

The Stop 'n' Save has disappeared! The gas pumps have  
disappeared. The only thing left is his car stood in the  
middle of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brad hyperventilates and begins to retch on the side of the  
road.

He runs to his car and closes the door. He checks the gas  
meter and this time it reads 'Full'. He starts the car and  
zooms off into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Samson and the Cashier both are now sitting at the back  
seat.

CASHIER

This is some ride.

Brad looks at his rearview mirror and sees them both and begins to hyperventilate but as he begins to retch again -

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The BMW crashes into a WALL at the bottom of a BRIDGE. The AIRBAG pushes out towards Brad snapping his neck on the head rest of his seat.

The CAMERA pans back and Samson and the Cashier stand near the wreckage.

SAMSON

(At the camera)

Looks like you lost control.

CASHIER

(To Samson)

He kept his eyes off the road.

Driver these days!

(Then: To Camera)

Oh, my name is Clayton Johnson.

The CAMERA turns around to arrive at Brad standing next to the two men as they engage in conversation. He breathes hard and cold steam comes out of his mouth as he breathes.

CLAYTON

(To Brad)

Come on. We'll lead you the way.

SAMSON

(To Brad)

Come on now boy.

Samson and the Cashier begin to walk into the distance. Brad, dazed and confused, follows them. Brad takes one last glance at the wreckage as he walks.

THE END