

NOTE WORTHY

By

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FADE IN

EXT. WOODED NORTH COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Full moon. Snowflakes dance 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.

A long path of zigzagging skid marks, evident on the snowy road, lead to the truck.

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 black sports car rests, unattended, collecting snow.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Behind the steering wheel, a MIDDLE AGED MAN sits in overalls, flannel shirt and skewed baseball cap.

Unconscious, his hands choke the wheel. Eyes open suddenly, hands start trembling. A splash of blood on his forehead. The radio BLASTS country music.

An empty fifth of Jack Daniels lies on the floor of the cab, next to a nine millimeter service pistol. A sheet of crumpled paper and a pencil lie there as well.

The man MOANS, turns off the radio and wipers. Slowly, he bends and lifts the paper and pencil. Examines the note on the paper:

INSERT: Note

Hate being alone. Can't take anymore... You can have the truck.

BACK TO SCENE

Hands still trembling, he attempts a signature but can't muster the coordination. Instead, he stuffs the note and pencil into his shirt pocket.

Turns his head toward the driver's side window and is startled by a girl's face on the other side of the pane.

STARING

He turns the window crank. Nothing.

MAN

You bitch! You should be dead!

The crank comes off in his hand.

MAN

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

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

The man tries to open his door unsuccessfully.

MAN

Shit!.. Get back here you!
I'm not a country moron. Flashing
that green shit at me in this
stuff? At this time of night?
Bitch!

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

EXT. WOODED NORTH COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Quickly inspects his truck while limping across the road. He bends over and vomits. The pencil falls from his pocket. He shouts at her disappearing image.

MAN

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!?

Before taking his next step, he makes an effort to recover the pencil. Finally, grabs and replaces it in his shirt pocket.

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

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, empty, save one small table and an occupied chair.

With her back to him, a YOUNG WOMAN; long silky brown hair down to her waist, sits.

MAN

Hey, you!.. You almost killed me!
I don't like near misses!

No response.

A green nebulous haze encompasses her body.

MAN

Get off that God damn thing, bitch!

The man limps over to the woman, grabs her by the shoulders and spins her around to face him. Angelically beautiful.

His hands move to her throat. He squeezes.

MAN

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

STARING, again.

An electrifying, alluring grin accompanies her stare this time. The green haze accentuates her sparkling emerald eyes. The stare is piercing; controlling.

He becomes very still, stoic; almost frozen.

The young woman removes the paper and pencil from his shirt pocket. She crosses out his note, turns the paper over and writes a new note.

INSERT: New Note

... didn't miss. I came for you.

BACK TO SCENE

She signs the note. The paper is refolded and returned to the man's shirt pocket.

EXT. WOODED NORTH COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A police car parked on the snowy road. All lights swirl; blaze. One patrolman sits in the passenger seat.

His window is open. The car rests in front of a severely damaged pick-up truck.

A SECOND PATROLMAN (50) portly, stands at the side of the truck. He peers through the driver's side window.

The driver, slumped over the steering wheel, motionless, not breathing, bleeds profusely.

SECOND PATROLMAN

(shouting)

Jack!... He's gone. Call in for a bus!

In the distance, down the road, the tail lights of a black sports car fade within a green haze. In the rear window, the silhouettes of a young woman driver and a baseball hatted passenger fade as well.

FADE OUT