NEWSPAPER ROUTE

Written by

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INT. SHED—NIGHT

JEAN and CHARLES, a young married couple, are in the inside of an old, decrepit shed. Tables in the shed are stacked with newspapers while newspaper wrappers are scattered around the area.

Spiderwebs are entangled along the walls and roof of the rusted building. Charles finishes wrapping one of the newspapers. Jean holds a pencil in her hand and looks over a sheet of paper that lists the houses that the two are assigned to deliver papers to.

JEAN
We’ve got some new people on the route.

Charles groans as he throws the wrapped paper into a box that lies on the floor.

CHARLES
Fuck. Another one?

Jean weakly smiles.

JEAN
More money.

Charles shakes his head as he wraps another newspaper.

CHARLES
That also means that we have to stay out later.

Charles looks at Jean.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
I’m tired, Jean.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
I don’t want to do this shit every night.

Jean smiles.

JEAN
Neither do I.

Jean circles the address of the new subscriber that is listed on the sheet of paper.
JEAN (CONT’D)
14 Irena Lewton Road.

Charles shakes his head as he throws the wrapped newspaper into the box.

CHARLES
I don’t know where the Hell Irena Lewton Road is.

Jean smiles.

JEAN
It’s got a really interesting name though.

Charles looks at the newspaper that he is wrapping. He notices the headline: LOCAL MURDERS BAFFLE POLICE. He smiles at Jean.

CHARLES
At least they’re subscribing when there’s interesting news to report.

EXT. SHED-NIGHT

Outside the shed is where Jean and Charles’ green car is parked. The light from within the shed illuminates the young married couple inside.

Suddenly a mysterious silver car drives up near the shed and parks on the side of the parking lot of the shed, away from the view of Jean and Charles. The car’s headlights are then switched off.

INT. SHED-NIGHT

The newspapers in the shed are now gone as Jean and Charles walk out of the building. Jean turns off the light while Charles opens the door on the driver’s side of their vehicle and gets inside.

EXT. SHED-NIGHT

Jean closes the door of the shed and gets inside the backseat of the green vehicle. Charles turns on the vehicle and pulls away from the shed. The headlights of the silver car that is parked in the distance are suddenly turned on as the vehicle starts to follow Jean and Charles’ car.
INT. JEAN AND CHARLES’ VEHICLE-NIGHT

Charles sits in the driver’s seat while Jean sits in the backseat. Only a handful of wrapped newspapers are left, scattered around in the backseat of the car.

The headlights of the silver car are faintly seen through the back window of Jean and Charles’ vehicle. Charles looks at Jean.

CHARLES
I guess tonight will be like a scavenger hunt then.

Jean smiles as Charles pulls the car over to the left side of the road, next to a red mailbox that reads: The Caligari Times. Through the back window, the headlights of the silver car are seen in a stationary like the car has slowed down.

JEAN
They always tell us to go to these addresses and they never tell us where they are.

Jean hands Charles a wrapped newspaper.

JEAN (CONT’D)
No directions or anything. They just tell us to go find them like we’ll know.

Charles rolls down the window on his side and puts the wrapped newspaper into the mailbox. He rolls the window back up.

CHARLES
Makes our job a lot easier I guess.

Jean laughs.

JEAN
Don’t worry, Charles. We’ll quit this route soon.

Charles smiles as he pulls the car away from the mailbox.

CHARLES
You keep saying that.

The headlights of the silver car are now seen following Jean and Charles’ vehicle again.
CHARLES (CONT’D)
The extra money’s not too bad I guess.

Charles looks through the rearview mirror and nervously notices the steady headlights.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
They’ve been following us awhile.

Jean uneasily turns around and looks out the back window.

JEAN
What do you mean?

Charles looks at Jean.

CHARLES
That silver car has been following us all night. I saw it near all the stands we went to in town.

Jean looks at Charles.

JEAN
We’re on a highway. Maybe they live out this way.

Charles pulls the car into a remote gas station that sits on the right side of the road.

CHARLES
This isn’t really a popular highway.

Charles pulls into the gas station. A Caligari Times newspaper stand sits next to the entrance of the gas station. The area is dark while cobwebs cover the old newspaper stand.

JEAN
We’ll be alright. We’re almost through with the route anyway.

Jean grabs a few of the newspapers and gets out of the vehicle. Charles turns off the car.

CHARLES
Yeah. You’re right.

Charles looks at Jean.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
All the news lately just has me worried.
JEAN
Relax. We’ve been doing this for months.

Charles weakly smiles as Jean walks toward the newspaper stand. She takes a few quarters out of her pocket while her husband watches her. She puts some quarters into the stand and opens it up. Charles then notices the silver car cryptically pull into the gas station.

CHARLES
Oh fuck.

Jean methodically takes some old newspapers out of the stand and puts the new ones in. Charles quickly opens the door on the driver’s side and looks at her as the silver car parks right behind their vehicle.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
Jean, let’s go!

Jean nervously looks at the silver car as she closes the stand and runs toward her and Charles' vehicle. She gets inside the backseat, closes the door, and looks at Charles.

JEAN
Charles, who are they?

CHARLES
I don’t know. I told you that they’ve been following us.

Charles turns the key. The car will not crank though.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
Shit.

JEAN
Let’s get out of here.

Jean looks out the back window and toward the silver car. The mysterious vehicle continues to sit there waiting. She looks at Charles.

JEAN (CONT’D)
Hurry.

Jean looks out the back window. She can now see the occupants in the car. A strange couple sit in the vehicle. A MAN sits in the driver’s seat while a WOMAN sits in the passenger’s seat.
They are both wearing black clothing while the Woman wears a red coat too. Each of them are also wearing pale masks. They look straight at Jean with cold, calculated looks.

Charles turns the key in the ignition again. The car still will not crank. He looks at Jean.

CHARLES
    Shit. I’m trying.

Jean can faintly see a knife that the Woman clutches as the menacing Woman continues to look at her.

JEAN
    Fuck.

Jean looks at Charles.

JEAN (CONT’D)
    She’s got a knife.

Charles frantically keeps turning the key.

CHARLES
    It’s not cranking. Goddammit.

Jean looks out the back window. Suddenly, the silver car starts to drive next to Jean and Charles’ vehicle. She looks at Charles.

JEAN
    They’re about to pull up.

The silver car stops right beside Jean and Charles’ vehicle. The terrified couple look at the car while Charles keeps turning the key.

JEAN (CONT’D)
    Charles, please.

The window on the passenger’s side of the silver car is rolled down and the masked Man and Woman sit in the car. They both intensely and silently stare at Charles and Jean. Jean rolls down the window in the backseat that faces the intruding car. She looks at the Man and Woman.

JEAN (CONT’D)
    Leave us alone!

The unnerving couple remain quiet as they look at their prey.

JEAN (CONT’D)
    Stop following us!
CHARLES

Fuck.

Charles turns the key and finally cranks the car. Jean looks at him as she then rolls up the window.

JEAN

Go.

Charles pulls away. The silver car quickly follows him. He looks at the silver car through the rearview mirror.

CHARLES

What the Hell is their problem?

The silver car's bright lights are suddenly turned on as the vehicle gets closer and closer toward them.

JEAN

I don't know.

Jean nervously looks at the silver car through the back window.

JEAN (CONT'D)

They’re getting closer.

Charles quickly turns left onto a dirt road. The silver car continues to follow him. Charles goes faster on the road while the silver car still follows them. Jean worriedly notices the frantic driving and looks at Charles.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Don’t get us killed.

CHARLES

We got to get away from them. We don’t know what the Hell those people are trying to do.

The silver car continues to follow them and just as it is about to hit Jean and Charles' vehicle, the car quickly passes them. Jean looks toward the silver car as it travels out of sight before she smiles in relief at Charles.

JEAN

We’re alright.

Jean nervously laughs.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I was so scared.

Charles relaxes and slows down his driving.
CHARLES
Yeah.

Charles smiles as he looks at Jean.

CHARLES (CONT’D)
I was actually pretty scared too.

The two are relaxed for a few moments until suddenly they
pass a green road sign. The sign reads: Irena Lewton Road.
Jean notices the sign. She looks at Charles.

JEAN
Hey this is the road the new people
are on.

Charles looks toward the green sign before he looks through
the windshield.

CHARLES
What's the number again?

JEAN
14.

Charles sees an old mailbox on the left with the number
fourteen on it. A fresh, new, and red Caligari Times mailbox
stands next to the old mailbox.

CHARLES
I see it.

Charles pulls the car over next to the mailbox. Jean smiles.

JEAN
I can’t believe we actually found
it.

Jean hands Charles a wrapped newspaper. Charles smiles as he
rolls down the window on the driver’s side.

CHARLES
I’m glad we’re almost finished with
the route.

As Charles sticks his hand out the window to put the
newspaper in the red mailbox, headlights from the silver car
are suddenly turned on. The silver car is parked in the
driveway of the yard of the mailbox. Jean and Charles
fearfully look at the menacing headlights of the vehicle.

JEAN
What the Hell?
Suddenly the Woman appears next to the rolled-down window of Jean and Charles’ vehicle and grabs Charles' arm. He is startled by her suddenness and drops the newspaper to the ground. He looks into her pale eyes.

CHARLES
Let go of me.

Jean screams as the Woman then raises the knife she holds.

JEAN
Charles.

The Woman then violently stabs Charles several times in the face and throat with the knife. His blood splatters her pale mask. She looks at Jean with silent menace.

Charles’ deceased corpse falls onto the steering wheel which causes the horn of the vehicle to loudly BLARE. His blood flows and drips through the vehicle. Jean looks on at the sight in petrified sadness and fear.

The Woman then leans down to the ground and picks up the wrapped newspaper. She looks at the main article on it and holds it up toward her next victim. She raises the now blood-stained knife toward Jean as blood loudly DRIPS from the weapon, its splashes echoing through the dark, quiet night.