

ROADSIDE CHARM

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

It's a bright sunny summer day. White pillowy clouds shuffle along gently in the sky with the guidance of a soft breeze.

A police vehicle is parked roadside, light bar flashing.

A police officer, JOHN (30s), opens the door and steps out of the vehicle. He wears sunglasses. Aviators, what else.

John is in prime physical shape. He is clean shaven, uniform crisp and tidy. He carries a ticket book in his right hand as he saunters to the vehicle.

JOHN
(nodding his head)
Good morning, mamm'.
(beat)
License and registration please.

No reply.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Do you have a license, mamm'?

Still nothing.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No license huh?

John pauses.

He flips his sunglasses up to the top of his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Has anyone ever told you you're
pretty cute?

He pulls a pen out of his pocket and flips the ticket book to an empty page.

He writes WARNING on the ticket.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm sure we can work something out
here.

John rips the ticket away from the book. He WINKS.

He passes the ticket to EMILY (5), his daughter, who sits in a pink twelve volt battery powered ride on car in the driveway of their house. She smiles at her father with admiration. He's her hero.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now you be careful out here
sweetheart. It can be dangerous,
so make sure you pay attention,
okay?

EMILY

Okay, daddy.

JOHN

I love you, baby girl.

EMILY

I love you too, daddy.

John returns a smile and walks back to his car. He gets in the police car, closes the door, and turns the lights off.

Emily watches as he backs up. She sees John wave, and excitedly returns one.

INT. POLICE VEHICLE - DAY

John, still fixed on Emily, continues to back up.

CRUNCH, something hits the back of the police car.

John JAMS the breaks, puts the car in park.

EXT. BACK OF POLICE CAR - DAY

A JOGGER lays flat on his back. He groans in pain.

EXT. FRONT OF POLICE CAR - DAY

The most novice lip reader could make out "Fuck" from John's lips.

FADE OUT