

ROLLING DARKNESS

Written by

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OPENING CREDITS

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE "L" TRAIN - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A young man leans up against his JEEP CHEROKEE, smoking a CIGARETTE, carrying a BRIEFCASE.

This is BARRY DALTON, mid thirties, suburban yuppie, wears a DRESS SHIRT tucked in with a WINDBREAKER over it. He's pretending to be a lot cooler than he really is.

He checks his watch. Looks a bit agitated.

Suddenly a beaten down STATION WAGON pulls into the lot.

Out comes TWO THUGS, mid twenties, carrying a DUFFEL BAG.

They head over to Barry, who smirks while he taps on his watch.

BARRY

We said 11:30 gentlemen. You boys are late.

THUG #1

We hit traffic. Some four car pile up, man. Shit was insane--

BARRY

Yeah, you've mistaken me for someone who gives a flying fuck. Whip it out.

THUG #2

The fuck you sayin', "Whip it out," man? Whip YOUR shit out first.

BARRY

Hey, I'm the guy with the coke. Okay? That's what you fellas want right? Am I right?

THUG #1

Yeah, and we're the niggas with the money and a .357 that'll blow your punk ass off the fuckin' planet, yuppie. Now show us the shit. NOW.

Barry gives in.

BARRY

Okay, okay, okay. I've never done this before, all right? Forgive me.

THUG #1

You're forgiven. Now show us the shit.

Barry opens the briefcase. The Thugs look inside it. Inside, lies an enormous amount of COCAINE.

Thug #1 whips out a SWITCHBLADE.

BARRY

Whoa, whoa, what the hell you guys doing, man--?

THUG #1

Man, knock that shit off. We're just checkin' to see if it's pure.

Thug #1 cuts one of the ZIPLOC BAGS open, digs into it, tastes it. Barry waits. Long beat.

THUG #1 (CONT'D)

Okay. All right. Lets do this then.

BARRY

Beautiful!

They exchange.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LATER

Barry's wife, LINDA, mid thirties, beautiful suburban woman, wonderful figure, someone directly out of *The Desperate House Wives*, sits on the couch and watches REALITY SHOWS.

Busts in Barry, who looks like he just won the lottery, which in a way, he has. He starts tap dancing around the house, making his way to Linda.

BARRY

Linda! Ohhhhhhh Linda!

LINDA

Yeah? You get it?

BARRY

Oh, I got it, baby. I got it!

Barry lunges at Linda and kisses her on the lips tightly. Quite aggressively.

Barry opens the duffel bag. TONS AND TONS OF MONEY.

Barry laughs hysterically to himself.

BARRY (CONT'D)
We're rich, baby! FILTHY, STINKING,
BLOODSUCKING RICH!

Linda smiles from ear to ear.

Barry throws \$100 BILLS all over the living room.

LINDA
I can't believe it. No problems?

BARRY
No problems. Baby, it was
spectacular. You should've been
there. I was like a fuckin'
Kingpin.

LINDA
Wow... Look at you. Mr. Barry
Dalton. You're sexy when you're
dangerous.

BARRY
Oh yeah... You ain't seen nothin'
yet. You know what I wanna do?

LINDA
What's that?

BARRY
I wanna take a long hot shower...

LINDA
...Yeah...?

BARRY
...Then take you out to a gorgeous
restaurant...

LINDA
Oh yeah...? And then?

BARRY
Then make love to you til my cock
falls off.

LINDA
Mmm. Sounds like a plan.

BARRY

Whoo hoo! Now I'm gonna take that shower. Care to join me?

LINDA

No... better save your energy.

BARRY

Good point.
(Laughs)
Whoo!

Barry runs into the bathroom. SLAMS the door. He switches on the shower and begins singing some cheesy fifties song.

Linda puts all the scattered \$100 bills, Barry threw, back into the duffel bag. She zips it up.

Linda rises from the couch, heads over to the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Linda heads over to the closet.

SHOWER

Barry washes himself off.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hey, you know what I was thinking!
How bout the two of us... We head to Mexico this weekend, whatta ya say? Cancun maybe! We'll hang by the beach... Get a tan... Maybe even learn how to surf!
(Laughs)

BEDROOM

Linda reaches at the top of the closet and pulls out a hidden .45 CALIBER from under some clothes.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Have cocktails. It'll be great!
Sound good?

Linda injects SEVERAL BULLETS into the gun.

LINDA

Yeah!
(Under her breath)
Haven't been to Mexico in years...

Linda exits the bedroom with the gun hidden.

LIVING ROOM

The sound of the shower shutting off is heard.

Linda stands in the center of the living room, waiting for Barry to exit.

Barry finally exits. He wears a towel around his waist and soaking wet hair.

BARRY
(Confused)
What are ya doing, Lynn?

LINDA
Sorry Barr.

BARRY
(Chuckles)
About what--?

Linda whips out the handgun and FIRES a bullet right into Barry's chest. He falls to the floor.

Linda is shocked that she even pulled it off. Speechless.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(Dying)
LINDA! WHAHHH! WHAT THE--!

She knows she has to finish him off, but is afraid to do so.

Linda finally gives in. Heads over to Barry.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Linda!

Linda fires one more bullet into Barry's chest. He dies immediately.

LINDA
Been nice knowing ya, Barr. Good marriage. Really.

Linda throws the handgun in the duffel bag and exits the house.

EXT. LINDA'S HOUSE - LATER

Linda takes one last look at the house, then gets in her Jeep and drives off...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT./EXT. LINDA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The duffel bag is in the passenger's seat.

Linda flips through channels on the radio.

RADIO VOICE

...Sunny showers and a partial chance of rain this weekend--

Changes channel.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

...Republicans rolled to their greatest midterm gains in 80 years, recapturing--

Changes channel.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

...Police are still searching for 50 year old Wyatt Quinn. A recent escaped patient from the mental ward in--

Linda continues flipping through channels.

LINDA

Jesus Christ. You're music stations. Play music!

Finally Linda gets to a station she likes...

RADIO VOICE

...This is Chuck FM playing old school classic rock 'n roll all night long. That's right, baby. All night long... Now on to Guns 'N Roses. With *November Rain*.

The song kicks on.

LINDA

Thank you!

INSERT: RADIO PLAYING GUNS 'N ROSES

Linda turns it up. She starts singing to it.

Linda glances down at the duffel bag.

She opens the glove compartment. Pulls out a pack of BLISTER CIGARETTES. Throws one in her mouth and lights it.

She puffs away. Glances at the duffel bag again. Has a moment of self satisfaction.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 (Under her breath)
 Never underestimate me, Barr.

Linda continues to sing to the song. Then shifts her eyes over to the gas tank.

ECU. The Gas Tank Display. The orange needle is on, "E."

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding
 me.
 (Smacks her fists against
 steering wheel)
 SHIT!

Linda speeds right past a ROAD SIGN THAT READS:

FUEL

5 MILES

Linda lets out a deep sigh.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Unbelievable.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. LINDA'S CAR - FREEWAY - NIGHT

Linda's cigarette flies out of her window and into frame.

She drives out of frame.

HOLD ON CU: Cigarette dying out.

EXT. JERRY'S GASOLINE - LATER

Linda pulls her car up next to a PUMP STATION. She gets out of the car and starts pumping. She looks around for a bit... Registering her surroundings. The gas station's empty. Not a car in sight. Not even a gas station attendant.

Suddenly the pumping stops at only \$5. Linda continues pumping the trigger but it won't budge. Jerks the trigger more and more. NOTHING. Something's broken. She's not happy.

Linda heads over to the little market that's attached to the gas station.

GAS STATION MARKET

It's entirely empty inside however the lights are all on and it might as well be open for business. Linda tries opening the glass door but it's locked. She starts knocking.

LINDA

Hello! Hello! Your gas pump's broken!

Linda remains there for a couple more beats and realizes there's no one there.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Comedy of fuckin' errors.

Linda heads back to her car.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Inside the empty market... over the main counter... is a giant puddle of blood.

We move gently past the puddle to reveal the former cashier's torn up body covered in blood and a missing head... All that's left of the cashier's body is his uniform. A dirty button down with a cheesy NAME TAG that reads:

"HAROLD"

INT. LINDA'S CAR - PARKED

Linda is in the middle of a conversation with someone.

LINDA

(Into phone)

...It was beautiful, baby.
Everything went perfectly. Fucker
had no clue.

(Beat)

Yeah... Yeah I'm about fifty miles
from you. Should take me an hour
tops, but I'll be gunnin' it. I'll
be in your sexy arms before you can
say Pumpkin Pie.

(Beat)

You know it, baby...

(Beat)

We're rich, darlin.' RICH. And the
quicker you get that through your
silly little head, the better. Now,
as soon as I reach you, we can hang
out for a day or two, but after
that we gotta split, got it?

(Beat)

You get the tickets?

(Beat)

Disco. All right, darlin.' I gotta
go. See you at midnight. Bah bye.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - LINDA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Linda drives while puffing on a cigarette with the window
down. Soft classic rock plays on the radio...

Suddenly! Linda starts to hear voices in her head of her dead
husband, Barry. Her conscious is starting to kick in.

We see a reincarnation of Barry with BULLET HOLES in his
chest, sitting in the passenger seat, alive and well. Very
bizarre image.

BARRY

Linda... Oh Linda...

LINDA

You shut the fuck up, Barry. You're
dead.

BARRY

You're gonna get what's comin' to you, Linda...

LINDA

You shut the hell up, Barry! You're dead!!! UNDERSTAND ME!

BARRY

You... two timing bitch. I knew I couldn't trust you...

LINDA

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP--!

Then! An UNKNOWN MAN is seen in the middle of the freeway. Linda smashes into him with her car! She screams.

The Man flies over her hood, over the car and back onto the road. Linda swerves onto the side of the road and comes to a screeching stop. Linda breathes heavily. Hyperventilating even. Not sure whether she should get out or not.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Oh shit... Oh shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!

Linda looks back into the REARVIEW MIRROR. Sees the body just lying on the ground.

Linda turns on the ignition.

EXT. - LINDA'S CAR - FREEWAY - NIGHT

Linda exits her car. Shuts the door.

She starts making her way over to the body.

LINDA

Excuse me, sir? You all right?
Sir...?

(To herself)

Course he's not all right. You just hit em with your car.

Linda finally makes her way to the body. Gets a good look at the Man's face. The Man looks like a Hobo. A DRIFTER. Barely looks like a human being.

Linda looks around to see anyone, but no one's in sight. The whole area's deserted.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Nobody saw it then... nothing
 actually happened, right? Anyone
 could've hit em.

Linda starts backing up. She runs into her car.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. - LINDA'S CAR - NIGHT

Linda stalls for a moment.

LINDA
 (Under her breath)
 Nobody did anything. You're fine.
 You did NOTHING wrong. Maniac
 just... jumped out in the middle of
 the street. Lunatic. That's all.
 Probably on drugs.

Linda looks back in the rearview mirror. The body still lies
 there. Linda looks back at the windshield. She turns on the
 ignition. She's about to drive off, but looks back at the
 rearview mirror one more time.

THE BODY HAS VANISHED!

Linda gasps!

LINDA (CONT'D)
 What the fuck! What the... Where'd
 he go!

Linda continues taking sharp turns with her head, looking all
 over the place. NOTHING IN SIGHT. She gives up.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Ahhhhh fuck it!

Linda puts the pedal to the medal and drives off away from
 the vicious scene.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - LINDA'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Linda is looking through her map while she's driving.

LINDA
 (Under her breath)
 Now how the hell did I end up here?
 (MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)
 I should've been on the goddamn
 Exit 40 by now. Come on, god damn
 it!

BANGING SOUNDS are heard from the roof of Linda's car...

Linda slowly raises her eyes up. The banging sounds continue.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Christ. I told Barry to get that
 rattling fixed.

The Drifter's face droops down over Linda's windshield. He's covered in blood and has a huge menacing smile on his face from ear to ear! His teeth are razor sharp. Something demonic almost.

Linda screams!

DRIFTER
 ...Remember me...

Linda SLAMS her foot on the breaks. The Drifter goes flying off the windshield and onto the ground.

The Drifter rises up from the ground like a ruthless zombie. Starts making his way over to Linda.

LINDA
 No, no, no, no, no!

Linda puts the TRANSMISSION IN REVERSE. Backs the car up at full speed. Puts the transmission back in DRIVE. She drives full throttle, immediately running over the Drifter.

She drives off.

CONTINUED

Linda starts crying from the terror she's been experiencing.

She turns on the radio. Patty Smith's *Goodbye to You* plays. She reluctantly sings along. Still frantic. She keeps looking over her shoulder...

Suddenly the car begins to sputter.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 What's going on here! Come on, come
 on, come on! NO! NO!!!

The car begins to slowly come to a stop. It's breaking down. The fuel's officially out.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Oh, come on!

Linda smacks her fists repeatedly against the steering wheel.

Linda grabs her CELL PHONE and dials 911.

She presses it against her ear.

911

(Over phone)

911, what's your emergency?

LINDA

Please! My car's broken down. I don't know where I am... He's coming...

911

Slow down, Miss. Who's coming? Do you see any landmarks? Anything?

LINDA

I'm in the fucking boondocks, bitch! I don't see any fucking landmarks!!! There's someone chasing after me!

911

Calm down, Miss. Now what kind of man is after you?

LINDA

Some crazy fuckin' hobo! I don't know!

911

Do you see anything at all, Miss? Anything? Cause we're having trouble locating your position--

LINDA

Oh, please don't tell me that... Please don't tell me that right now!

Linda sees through her windshield, the Drifter. Walking now with a limp, covered in blood and dirt. He walks down the deserted, dark street on his way to Linda's car.

Linda's jaw drops.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Oh no.

911
Miss? Miss? What's wrong? Miss?

Linda drops her phone.

LINDA
(Regarding the Drifter)
You wanna play with me, fucker?

Linda opens up the duffel bag, swipes the .45 Caliber, zips the bag up and holds onto it. She leaps out of the car.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED FREEWAY - NIGHT

Linda raises her gun. Aims it at the Drifter.

She fires a bullet. It misses him. She fires another bullet. Hits him in the shoulder. Fires another bullet. Hits him in the neck. But he keeps walking towards her! Like the Terminator.

LINDA
No! No!

Linda pulls the trigger again. Nothing. She's out of bullets.

Linda starts running down the street, in the darkness.

The Drifter continues to walk after her.

Linda sees a RED PICKUP TRUCK in the distance, with his HIGH BEAMS glowing. Linda starts flagging it down.

The Pickup slowly comes to a stop, but with the ignition still on.

A YOUNG TRUCK DRIVER sits in the driver's seat.

TRUCK DRIVER
Hey! Are you outta your mind! Don't you know I coulda' ran you over--!

LINDA
There's some fuckin' psycho after me. Please! I need a ride! Just help me, please!

TRUCK DRIVER
Psycho?

The Truck Driver looks off into the distance. No one can be seen.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
I don't see any psycho, lady but...
I'm happy to give you a ride as
long as it's not outta my way.

LINDA
He was just there.

The Truck Driver just stares at her.

TRUCK DRIVER
You been drinkin' the Kool-Aid,
lady?

Linda whips out her gun and aims it at the Truck Driver, who immediately throws his hands up.

LINDA
Gimme a fuckin' ride now!

TRUCK DRIVER
Okay, shit! Said I would!

Linda walks around the Truck and gets in.

The Truck drives off.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Linda is still frantic. She just zones out.

TRUCK DRIVER
Hey, ya know. You want me to take
ya to a mechanic or somethin'? I
mean, there's gotta be a 24 hour
one somewhere. Or Triple A? You got
Triple A?

Linda doesn't respond.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
I mean, listen. I don't want any
trouble. I'll take ya wherever ya
want me to take ya but I need a
destination.

LINDA
Just drive.

TRUCK DRIVER

Now listen, lady. I'm serious here, ya know. I need ya to guide me somewhere. I need to think about my fuel tank, ya know?

Linda still doesn't answer.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Okay, whatever, ya know.

The Truck Driver notices Linda's duffel bag.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Whattya got there, in that bag a yours?

LINDA

What...?

TRUCK DRIVER

Well, shit. Must be pretty damn important if you were bein' chased by some crazy person and you still managed to grab your bag.

While the two converse... in the background we see the Drifter rising from the back. He starts making his way over to the Truck Driver and Linda.

LINDA

Just mind your fuckin' business, all right? Enough chit chat.

TRUCK DRIVER

Fine by me, kitty kat. I'm just tryin' to make a little convo. No need to get so defensive.

(Laughs)

The Drifter BURSTS through the window! Glass shatters. Linda screams!

The Truck Driver takes his hands off the wheel. The Drifter grabs a hold of the Truck Driver. He DIGS his fingers into the Truck Driver's eyes and begins to gauge them out.

Linda screams even more! She tries to open the door, but it's locked.

Blood pours out of the Truck Driver's eyes. Dripping down his face. He convulses.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Truck loses focus and goes slamming into a tree in the middle of the woods. The Truck is TOTALED.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. - PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Smoke clears out of the Truck. Linda has a massive bruise on her forehead. Totally dazed.

The Truck Driver's face is mangled. He's dead.

The Drifter is unconscious. Hunched over the Truck Driver.

Linda slowly starts to wake up.

Linda tries to open the car door, but it's still locked. She unlocks it and tries to open it, but it'll only open a short bit. It's pressed up against the tree.

The only way she can escape is crawling over the Drifter and Truck Driver's bodies, and exiting through the driver's side.

Linda stalls for a long while. Very nervous.

Linda unbuckles her seat belt. Holds onto her duffel bag. She starts crawling over.

Suddenly! The Drifter's head jerks.

Linda screams! Backs away! She tears up a bit. Linda redeems herself. Then starts crawling over again.

She manages to unlock the driver's side door. She opens the door, but now she still has to crawl across.

Linda chucks the duffel bag through the smashed up windshield. It lands on the pavement.

Linda starts making her way across. She manages to get her upper torso out of the driver's side.

Linda is almost home free. Her feet are stuck though. They're hooked under the Truck Driver's arm.

Linda struggles. She manages to yank her left foot out.

Then! The Drifter's mouth bites onto Linda's ankle! He starts gnawing at it. Linda screams for her life!

The Drifter manages to gnaw off a piece of skin from her ankle. Linda immediately yanks her right foot out of the Truck and she falls to the ground, screaming.

The Drifter spits out a chunk of Linda's ankle. He smiles. Blood fills his teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED FREEWAY - NIGHT

Linda continues to charge down the freeway. She has a major limp now.

Linda looks back and sees the Drifter following her. He's even more nutty than he was before. He speed walks.

LINDA

NO!

Linda takes a detour and runs into the woods beside her to hide.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FORESTRY, WOODS - NIGHT

Linda starts charging through the woods, still holding onto the duffel bag, while frantically screaming.

LINDA

SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME! SOMEBODY,
PLEASE!!! HELP ME!!!

She's all alone.

Linda hears the whistling echoes from the Drifter. He's in the woods, not too far from her.

Linda continues to run. She has no idea where she is or where she's going.

The Drifter jumps out at her! Tackles her to the ground. They start wrestling all over the ground. The Drifter tries to grab a hold of her throat, but she keeps slapping his hands away.

DRIFTER

Lemme get a taste...

The Drifter opens his mouth wide piercing his razor sharp, mangled teeth. Drool drops from his chapped lips.

Linda SLAPS the Drifter across his face. He falls to the ground.

She grabs a rock from the ground and SMACKS it across of the Drifter's head. He stalls for a moment. His eyes raise up. Little blood starts dripping from his forehead.

He continues to come after her.

LINDA

NO! NO!

The Drifter doesn't get very far. He falls to his knees and down to the ground.

Linda stands over him holding her rock. The Drifter grabs a hold of her ankle!

Linda raises the rock up, in a fit of rage, and SLAMS it down on the Drifter's head. CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH! The Drifter's head comes apart. BLOOD AND BRAINS everywhere.

Linda has completely lost all of humanity. She kneels over his body. The nightmare is over.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Linda spots a small river across from her calling her name. She makes her way to it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORESTRY, WOODS - SMALL RIVER - NIGHT

Linda crouches down in front of the river and starts splashing water on her face. Soaking it in. Washing all the sweat from her body, tending to her ankle.

Linda continues to walk. She can't run anymore. She's hurt badly. She starts making her way to the other side of the woods, desperately trying to seek for an open road.

CONTINUED

As Linda walks, she begins to space out. Lack of food. Lack of energy. Lack of everything.

She suddenly passes out. Falls right onto the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. FORESTRY, WOODS - DAWN

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Different patches of the woods.
- Beautiful sunrise

It's a beautiful morning. Sun is rising.

CONTINUED:

Linda is fast asleep against a tree. The sun shines in her eyes. Her eyes flicker and slowly start to open. She sees beautiful daylight. A mild smile comes out of her. She looks beside her. The duffel bag. Opens it up. All the money's in there. She smiles even more.

And if that's not excellent news, Linda lifts her head up and sees an open freeway across from her. Her eyes, somewhat out of focus but she sees it dead on.

Linda lifts her bruised body up and starts making her way across the woods and charging towards the freeway. Still holding onto the duffel bag like her life depended on it.

She gets closer... and closer... and closer...!

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Linda runs into the middle of the freeway, practically comatose.

She sees a LARGE PICKUP TRUCK coming her way, full speed.

She dizzily struggles to flag it down. Barely able to see straight. Her arms can barely move. Eyes half shut.

LINDA
(Completely dazed)
...Help... me...!

Suddenly! The PICKUP TRUCK screams full throttle and TRAMPLES over Linda, crushing her instantly like a deer in the street. Her GUTS AND INTESTINES scatter all over the street.

Not to mention all the money flies out of the ripped up duffel bag and goes all over the street like confetti.

The SCREECHING SOUNDS of the Pickup coming to a full stop are heard off screen.

HOLD ON: Linda's mangled body.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.