

SAYING GOODBYE

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FADE IN:

INT. A CAR, MOVING - NIGHT

A car's headlights cut bits of country landscape out of darkness.

DAVE (28), eyes tired and tense, accelerates to a dizzying speed. He barely stays within a lane.

The road takes a sharp turn.

A dark figure on the road, ETHAN (32), blocks the way.

The headlights shine on Ethan, he squints and shields his face.

Dave curses under his breath as he slams the brakes. The car screeches to a stop - inches away from Ethan.

DAVE

What are you, suicidal?!

Ethan yanks the passenger door open.

ETHAN

Please, brother, I need a ride.

He jumps in before Dave has a chance to respond. Dave glares at him, irritated.

DAVE

Get out of my car you crazy dick.

Ethan doesn't flinch. Dave rushes out of the car and tries to pull Ethan out. Ethan doesn't resist but somehow unmovable.

Dave dials 911, as he waits for an answer:

DAVE

You want my car? My money?

ETHAN

I just need to get to Blossom Hill Road. Hope you go that direction.

Dave glances at his watch - must be very late - he jumps in the car and slams the gas.

A long pause - Dave is not much of a talker, just intense stare on the road ahead. Finally:

DAVE

Weird. That's where I'm going.

He speeds recklessly. Ethan sinks in the seat, scared.

ETHAN

Sometimes we rush because we think we're late, but everything around us is simply relativity. Perception is the key.

Dave doesn't hear him, absorbed in his own world.

The speedometer's arm crawls to a hundred digit. Ethan puts his hand on the steering wheel.

ETHAN

Slow down if you want to get to where you are going.

Suddenly, Dave breaks down in tears. He turns and looks at Ethan for the first time since the trip.

DAVE

My mother's dying.

Ethan nods, compassion in his eyes.

DAVE

You know, when you're twenty-eight you just don't see your parents much. If you call them once in two months - that's often. Buddies call to watch a game, chicks wanna hang out, your boss whines to go in on a Saturday - always something.

ETHAN

Right...

DAVE

And now her doc says she has only hours left.

Town lights twinkle on the horizon.

ETHAN

I feel your pain, I lost my mom when I was eight.

DAVE

I just want to get there on time. At least for the last time, you know what I mean?

They both stare at the road in silence.

DAVE  
Forgiveness, that's all I'm gonna  
ask for. I just hope I'll get there  
on time.

Dave's words hang in silence.

The town lights are getting closer. Dave glances at Ethan.

DAVE  
Did we go to school together? Your  
face, I can't explain, it's like I  
know you.

Ethan smiles.

ETHAN  
Not school, brother.

DAVE  
What's your name?

ETHAN  
Ethan.

DAVE  
Ethan?

Surprised, Dave peels his eyes off the road to look at Ethan,  
but there is no one in the seat. Ethan is gone.

The car enters the town.

Dave pulls out his wallet. In the very back, a small yellowed  
photograph of a young WOMAN, embracing a GIRL (6) and two  
BOYS (ages 4 and 8). He flips it, faded words: MOM, DAVE,  
ETHAN AND KATIE.

His eyes dart between the road and the photograph. A look of  
realization, warm memories, then sorrow. He smiles as tears  
fill his eyes.

He pulls onto a driveway.

KATIE (30) runs up. Dave lowers the window. Katie gasps for  
air, trying to talk, but instead, just sobs. Dave reaches  
over through the window to caress her hair.

DAVE  
It's okay, sis.

She takes his hand into hers.

KATIE

She... She just passed away.

Dave is crushed. He holds back tears.

KATIE

Are you coming?

He nods.

The front door creaks open as if someone exits. They both turn to look, but there is no one there.

ETHAN'S WHISPER (O.S.)

She forgives you.

FADE OUT.