

SPEED TRAP

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL TOWN - DAY

A sunny day on the edge of town.

EXT. KILDARE ROAD - DAY

A sedan speeds through a series of turns.

The DRIVER rocks out to a heavy metal song on the radio. His form fitting sunglasses complement his windswept hair.

A small sign hidden by brush warns of a reduced speed limit ahead. The Driver stomps on the accelerator and zooms by.

He grins as his vehicle flies over a crest in the road.

A patrol car waits.

The Driver cusses as his foot hits the brakes -- the hood of the vehicle dips as the brakes grab. The wheels smoke as the sedan screeches to a stop.

The Driver slides the door open. His beat up tennis shoes touch the pavement. The heavy metal music stops.

JOHN BARLOW, 16, stands, slides the sunglasses off, gazes at the patrol car. He approaches the car. Empty.

A nasty sneer as he reaches for the front of his pants. He points his feet toward the patrol car. Urine puddles between his spread out shoes.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

OFFICER ROBERT DRUMMOND, 50s, compact build, crew cut, carries a cup of java. He yawns, covers his mouth.

OFFICER KEVIN SLATES, 30s, a doughboy, strides to catch up to his fellow officer.

KEVIN

What's the hurry?

ROBERT

The faster we get to the car, the quicker I can return it to the station, the sooner I can get my ass to bed.

KEVIN

Give me the keys.

Robert sneers, jangles the keys in his hand. He throws the keys to Kevin.

KEVIN

Prick.

EXT. KILDARE ROAD - DAY

John joyrides past the vacant patrol car.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

SAM JACKSON, 15, rides shotgun.

SAM

I can still see where you peed on the car! I still can't believe you did that. Serious shit.

JOHN

Piece of shit car gave me a heart attack.

He nudges Sam.

JOHN

Damn, I'll never get my license.

Laughter. The car speeds up. Sam hoots as the tires squeal.

EXT. KILDARE ROAD - SPEED TRAP - DUSK

Kevin pulls up next to the empty patrol car.

Robert exits. Yawns.

ROBERT

Back in thirty.

Kevin waves and drives off.

INT. DETERRENT (ROBERT'S) PATROL CAR - DAY

Robert stretches and settles behind the wheel. His eye lids flutter and he's asleep.

EXT. KILDARE ROAD - DUSK

John obeys the speed limit.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DUSK

JOHN

Let me see it.

Sam pulls a crumpled paper bag from under his seat. He slips a revolver out.

SAM

This is for target shooting only.
At the old factory. Understand?

The revolver barrel reflects the interior lights.

SAM

Serious shit. My uncle will shoot
my ass with it.

JOHN

Loaded?

Sam nods, checks the safety and hands the revolver to John.

John checks it out while he drives. Front windows down. John clicks the safety off. He aims the revolver at Sam...

Sam face changes to a mixture of disbelief and fear.

... fakes the recoil. John laughs.

SAM

What the hell? You never point
unless you're going to shoot!

John scoffs.

JOHN

Target acquired, Gunny. Shoot!

He slaps the revolver flat on Sam's chest. Sam panics when he looks ahead and spots the parked patrol car.

SAM

No way!

The front windows of the two cars line up.

Sam pushes the revolver off his chest at the same time as John PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Muzzle flash. Sonic boom in the car interior. Sam yells.

INT. DETERRENT (ROBERT'S) PATROL CAR - NIGHT

The bullet pierces the window followed by blood blowback on the inside.

Robert's head is a bloody mass.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

John hits the brakes. The two teens are thrown forward. He reverses the car.

SAM
What are you doing?!

John hands the revolver to Sam.

JOHN
Checking it out!

I./E. DETERRENT (ROBERT'S) PATROL CAR - NIGHT

John approaches. He examines the body through the front windshield.

He opens the door, touches Robert's wrist. No pulse.

JOHN
Shit! A dead cop.

Sam stands behind him.

SAM
Let's get out of here!

The dead cop moves. John jumps back.

Robert sits up, his face a bloody pulp. Opens his eyes. He works his jaws.

Robert looks at his hand and sticks his fingers into his wound...

John and Sam can't look away.

...and digs out the bullet and some brain goo.

Sam and John hustle back to their car.

CAR CHASE

SAM
Go. Go. Go!

John floors the gas pedal. The tires spin.

Robert floors the gas pedal. The tires spin.

Both cars tear ass on the dark roads.

John's car races ahead in the intersections but the patrol car has the advantage on the straightaways.

The two cars end up side on a straight away. Robert hits John's car in a rear corner in the pike maneuver.

SAM
I don't like this.

John's car swerves out of control. The two boys scream as John regains control.

JOHN
Hang on!

SAM
Shit!

KEVIN'S PATROL CAR waits for a traffic light at an intersection when the two cars zoom past.

He turns on his cherries and speeds after the two cars.

KEVIN
(radio)
Officer Drummond please advise of
your status.

No answer from Robert.

KEVIN
(to himself)
What the hell?

Kevin doesn't wait for an answer.

KEVIN
(radio)
Be advised that a high-speed
pursuit is underway. Officer
Drummond has the lead.

Robert looks at the radio and grunts. The gas gauge reads empty. His mangled face shows surprise. He swerves off from the pursuit.

John speeds off in a different direction.

Kevin blasts by too late to see any of it.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A pickup truck sits in front of a pump. An ELDERLY MAN finishes with the pump and shuffles in to pay.

Robert drives in behind the truck. He pumps his own gas. Stretches. Music plays overhead.

The overhead lights glare on his mangled face and the blood splatter on the inside windshield.

The gas pump clicks off. He slides the nozzle away.

He walks toward the door. The CASHIER and Elderly Man peer through a window. They crouch as Robert approaches.

CASHIER (O.S.)
 Officer, the gas is complimentary.
 No need to come in. No need at all.

ROBERT'S CAR

Robert rubs the dried blood off the rear mirror and catches himself in the reflection. His face oozes less than before.

He shrieks. Angry. The tires lay down scorch marks.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A pair of headlights and a rough muffler. John's car settles in as he turns off the engine and the lights.

SAM
 What did I tell you?! Never point
 unless... You shot on purpose!

JOHN
 At an empty car!

SAM
 You idiot! You already pissed on
 his car.

JOHN
 I could so I did.

SAM
 We're going to die. That thing
 wants us bad. Serious shit.

John straightens up.

JOHN
 Not as long as we keep one step
 ahead.

Sam's tired gaze holds no hope. He wants to believe.

John turns the keys on. The engine grumbles to life.

Sam grabs the revolver off the floor and slides the barrel in his mouth. He cries with his finger on the trigger.

John places his hand on the revolver.

JOHN

Let it go.

Sam releases the weapon, sheepish, snuffles.

JOHN

Ready? Back to the speed trap.

Sam nods. No more tears for fears.

EXT. KILDARE ROAD - SPEED TRAP - NIGHT

John retraces his route from earlier and speeds over the crest of the hill. A patrol car blocks the road on the other side.

John's car screeches to a halt.

The door on the patrol car opens.

A second patrol car pulls up behind John's car. The two patrol cars bookend the joyriders' car.

SAM

Can you tell?

JOHN

No. Wait for mangled face.

John grips the revolver in his lap.

A shout from the second car. Kevin huddles behind a car door.

KEVIN

Robert, is your radio busted?

No answer. Kevin sweats. He aims his revolver at John's car.

KEVIN

Okay, nice and easy boys. Out of the car.

Nothing.

Kevin advances with weapon drawn.

KEVIN

Hands on the dash!

John and Sam strain to get a good look at him. They sigh relief at Kevin's unmangled face.

The shape of Robert appears on the other side of the car.

KEVIN

Thanks, Robert, but I got it.

Kevin spies Robert's disfigured face.

KEVIN

What the hell?!

JOHN

Shoot him!

Kevin realizes too late he should listen to John.

Robert aims at Kevin, pulls the trigger.

Kevin's head jerks back. His eyes go wide as he falls to the ground, a bullet hole in his forehead.

Robert lowers his revolver.

Robert grabs Sam and pulls him through the window.

FROM DASH CAM OF KEVIN'S PATROL CAR:

A gunshot. Sam folds.

John's car sits in the foreground rear end first. Robert's patrol car sits in the background.

Kevin lies in a small pool of blood. Sam lies in a crumpled heap on the passenger side.

John exits his car, revolver ready. Backs up.

Robert speeds forward.

John empties his weapon into Robert.

Each bullet slams into Robert slows him down but not a lot.

John screams as Robert overwhelms him.

Robert walks off screen.

LATER

Kevin sits up. He picks something out of his head.

FADE OUT.