

TAXI JOE

Written By

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BLACK SCREEN

YOUNG WOMAN

Is it on?

YOUNG MAN

Give me a sec... okay, I think I got it.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

BECCA, 18, chubby, attractive, looks directly into the camera.

BECCA

We're here today to make a documentary film on the homeless man who lives out in the woods. You all might know him as Taxi Joe.

The camera spins around.

REGGIE, 18, scruffy with a cheesy grin.

REGGIE

Hey, hey.

BECCA (O.S.)

Stop that. Let's get going.

REGGIE

Yes, ma'am.

LATER

The track is overgrown but visible. It is Large enough to accommodate a vehicle.

The woods grow more dense.

REGGIE (O.S.)

I didn't realize it was such a hike to get out here.

BECCA (O.S.)

I think we're almost there.

EXT. JOE'S CAMPSITE - DAY

The woods open up to a makeshift campsite. An old beaten up taxi and a dead campfire.

The area is scanned for signs of life.

BECCA
Where is he?

REGGIE (O.S.)
Don't know.

BECCA
Joe!

Becca looks around.

Reggie walks over to the taxi.

He peers inside.

The front is packed with junk, the back not much better.

A pile of blankets cover the backseat.

Reggie zooms in.

Suddenly JOE, 50's, long hair and beard, torn, dirty clothes, sits upright.

REGGIE (O.S.)
Holy shit!

Reggie stumbles back, falls.

BECCA (O.S.)
Careful with the camera.

REGGIE (O.S.)
Careful with the camera she says.
Don't worry, I'm fine. Just had the
life scared out of me.

Joe steps out of the taxi.

JOE
What the hell ya'll doin' out 'er?

BECCA (O.S.)
Sir, we... ah, we're making a film
and wanted to know if we could ask
you a few questions.

Joe waves his hand.

JOE
Not interested.

REGGIE (O.S.)
We can pay.
(to Becca)
Here, hold this.

The camera is transferred to Becca.

Reggie empties his wallet, counts it.

REGGIE
I've got eighteen dollars.

BECCA (O.S.)
Just a quick interview.

Joe grabs the money.

JOE
Fine, but ya'll come back tonight.
I'm busy at the present.

Reggie shrugs.

REGGIE
Um... yeah, okay.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Becca looks directly into the camera. A light on the camera illuminates her.

BECCA
So here we are. I'm just about to
interview Taxi Joe. I'm interested
to know his story. What brought him
all the way out here? How he lives
day to day? Does he have any hopes
or ambitions? Let's go find out.
(to Reggie)
How was that?

REGGIE (O.S.)
Perfect.

EXT. JOE'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Becca walks with a flashlight in hand into the campsite.

The remnants of campfire coals glow and smoke.

Two large bones lay smouldering in the coals.

REGGIE (O.S.)

I think we just missed dinner.

Reggie scans the area.

Becca shines the flashlight at the taxi.

BECCA

Joe, you in there?

REGGIE (O.S.)

I don't think he's here. Eighteen bucks well spent.

BECCA

Seriously. What's wrong with --

A RUSTLE in the bushes and Becca jumps.

Reggie investigates with the camera.

BECCA (O.S.)

What was that?

REGGIE (O.S.)

He's probably just taking a piss. Give me the flashlight, I'll go check it out.

Becca trades the flashlight for the camera.

BECCA (O.S.)

Hurry up.

Reggie runs off into the woods.

The taxi is illuminated by the camera as Becca walks around it.

Soft SCRATCHING comes from the trunk.

BECCA (O.S.)

(to herself)

What the hell?

She walks to the back of the taxi.

Zooms in on the trunk.

A BANG from inside.

BECCA (O.S.)

Fuck!

Becca breathes heavily.

CLICK, the trunk unlocks.

Becca's hand reaches out slowly.

She opens the trunk.

A WOMAN, 30's, dressed in hiking apparel lies inside, beaten and bloody. Arm amputated at the elbow.

WOMAN

(whispers)

Help me... plea --

Becca SCREAMS, turns, Joe waits.

A fist races towards her.

The camera falls to the ground.

Several THUDS and BANGS.

The camera is lifted.

Becca lies next to the woman in the trunk, both unconscious.

Joe's hand runs up the inside of Becca's thigh, grabs it at the meatiest part.

JOE (O.S.)

That's good eatin'.

The hand vanishes, the boot slams shut.

LATER

The taxi is illuminated by the camera's light.

REGGIE (O.S.)

Becca.

Reggie walks back into the campsite.

He looks down at the camera from a distance then walks over to it.

REGGIE

Becca! Where are you?

Reggie passes the taxi, the door swings open silently.

Joe slinks out, bloody knife in hand. He approaches Reggie.

Reggie reaches down to pick up the camera.

Joe strikes.

Reggie drops to the ground.

Ragged breaths as he is pulled by a leg towards the taxi.

FADE OUT.