

"ROAD KILL"

Written by

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Address
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OVER BLACK a steady stream of air blown from contracted lips straight at the rim of an empty beer bottle is heard. Air is then inhaled through the nasal cavity... then once again we hear the same sound.

VIC V.O.

The sound you hear is me. I'm blowing air into a bottle. An empty bottle that was once filled with Rolling Rock, my favorite beer, brewed in Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love they say. Between you and I, I once put back two six packs, in less than 4 hours. That's like a beer ever twenty minutes. What's even more crazy, I downed all those beers on a school night. Nuts...

(breath)

Anyway, you're probably wondering why I'm blowing air into an empty bottle, or why I'm even telling you all this...Well, it's because I want you to know what it sounded like when I ascended.

(beat)

Here, listen to it one more time.

Again this sequence of blowing air into the bottle then breathing in through the nose is repeated several times. However on the last blow... our male VIC draws out the stream of air as we start to glimpse faint, unfocused images of passing cars. Superimpose: **10 MINUTES EARLIER**

FADE IN:

EXT. ROADSIDE - BUSY INTERSECTION - SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

Several yards out, across a large intersection rests a ROUTE 76 GAS STATION. The suns out, but dull enough to not warrant shades. The sky's dreary, it looks cold. Vehicles and large trucks speed by in both directions chasing a world that is recklessly running away from itself. The sound of high-powered engines, honking horns is deafening. Then silence.

A lull in the blurred movement of vehicles, allows us to see busy commuters, men and women filling their tanks with low priced gas, most likely imported from some far off country.

VIC V.O.

I guess you can say I was a decent kid. In my opinion, I was no better, no worse than the next.

(MORE)

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

Probably smiled a bit too much, though. My dad hated that. Where he grew up a smile on your face was a sign of weakness. Nevermind if you were truly happy.

A slight breeze picks up, causing trees to sway in the distance.

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

I'd say I was happy. Yeah, for the most part I think I was. You know, besides the growing pains that we all go through.

(snickering)

Ha-ha, growing pains. I say that like I had a chance to fully experience them. Anyway, where was I, oh yeah, so yeah I was happy.

(short beat)

Sports. Sports made me happy. I loved sports. Anything active, I did. Basketball, running -- football. Those were my favorites sports. Running came more natural, though. Football, too. I was a skinny buffed kid, but way too short to excel at basketball. Funny thing is, my mom never let me play football. She thought I could get hurt. How ironic...

My twin sister, she was the all-star athlete in the family. Last time we spoke she said she was going to accept an offer to run cross country for some university upstate. Kudos to her. My sister.

(solemn beat)

But yeah I had dreams too, you know? I mean who doesn't. Everyone has dreams. They may not all be realistic, but your dead without em. They pull us through life. Basketball was my unrealistic pipe dream. I swear, I thought I was Michael Jordan in the flesh some days. I remember way back when NBC used to broadcast NBA games on Sundays. Remember that? Remember the theme song?

(humming old NBA on NBC theme song)

(chucking to himself)

Yeah!

(MORE)

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

Yup, man -- craziness -- those were the days. I remember as soon as church ended and we got home, I'd run downstairs to my room in the basement, change my clothes. Then I'd run upstairs with my basketball in my hands, pick a spot right in front of the television and watch *MJ* put on a show. Everyone wanted to be *MJ*. During commercials I'd even run outside and toss up a couple shots on a goal my father and I put a few years back. We don't live in that house anymore, but the hoops still there.

(beat)

Yeah.

(sigh)

That was my dream alright. My pipe dream that is. Mother knew it, too. But she always believed in me. Always. Always respect your dreams and goals, she'd say. Put in front of you what you want to remember every single day...

Our Vic remains faceless, but we hear him sniff in through his runny nose and make a shivering sound suggesting he is getting cold.

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

It's getting windy out. Cold, too. Good thing the light is about to change. It's a long light, I should know because I'm lying a few feet from it. See, I was on my way to play basketball with some friends of mine who were a year older than I was. Even though they're in college, we still remained close. The courts were across that nasty intersection you're looking at right now, in the next neighborhood over. We all planned to meet at 1:30. All five of us. It's about 1:42 and they're probably wondering where I'm at.

A cell phone begins to ring.

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

Think that's my cell phone now. If it is then that's probably them.

(getting choked up)

(MORE)

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

But do you wanna know something funny? I'm actually smiling right now. You should see my face. I'm not angry, at all. I was happy knowing I would be playing basketball soon. I mean it was an accident. I blame myself really. I didn't abide by the most basic rule every parent repeatedly told their children. I didn't look both ways. Maybe it's partially my fault, I don't know. But one thing I am, is, I'm sad. I'm sad that the world is in such a damn hurry. I was in a rush. Hell, I couldn't wait for the light to change. People feel that if they're not doing whatever they're doing fast, then they feel the need to speed up. Made no sense but it does now.

(short beat)

I would like to know who was behind the wheel of those two sedans? And the large semi, too for that matter. They must've been late for something. Or had somewhere real important to be. I heard truck drivers got a lot of pressure with crazy deadlines n' all, but Jesus H, no one could spare a minute to pull over?

Cars come to a gradual stop as the light changes from green to yellow and then to red. The brakes of a blue pickup screech, whistle to a halt.

VIC V.O. (CONT'D)

See that old blue dodge truck right there? In a few moments the driver side door is gonna swing open, and an old man with a thick greying beard is gonna step out, circle around and find me.

A man in his later years exits his blue pickup truck on the drivers side. Steam billows out from the tailpipe of the car ahead as a spirit, ghost shoots up into the sky. The man quickly circles around his vehicle, slows down a bit, nearing whatever it is that has caught his eyes with apprehension. He then covers his mouth with his hand upon seeing --

THE END.