

Final Draft 8 Demo

HUNGER STRIKE

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Final Draft 8 Demo
Breezeway Productions

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Address
Phone Number

EXT. ROAD/FARM FIELD- NIGHT

On a rural side road, two cars sit on the shoulder lane, one car is turned off, another car with hazard lights on and engine still running, car passenger door ajar. There is a corpse in the middle of the road, with a bullet wound in his head. A man is seen walking through the corn fields.

TRACKING SHOT

Donald Ritz (27 Years old, Brown Hair, Tall, Slender, Artistic Type) walking through the fields with blood splatter on his face, pistol in hand, terrified, confused, and frustrated.

DONALD

FUCK, Why didn't he just leave? AW
GODDAMIT, This isn't happening,
That didn't happen FUCK What am I
doing? Where am I going?

Becoming quickly agitated DONALD quickly looks around and begins to dig a hole, he places the gun deep enough down in the hole and then buries it amidst the cornfields, covering tracks leaving little trace. Hearing Sirens DONALD begins to run faster through the cornfield.

CUT TO

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The diner is old, and vintage stylized. There is one waitress CHRISTINE (30 Years old, Blonde, Aged A Bit) standing behind the counter, and a simple loan trucker at the bar sipping Coffee GARTH (50, Grey Beard, Rugged). The silence is broken by DONALD'S abrupt entrance.

Door Opens (Sound of a Welcome Bell)

CHRISTINE stops chewing her gum, and blankly looks at DONALD stunned, bewildered, slightly frightened. GARTH turns around after he notices CHRISTINE'S face.

DONALD

(Quickly)
Hey, do you have a payphone around
here?

CHRISTINE

Oh! It's you! I hope things are
better with your wife, Did you get
everything fixed up?

DONALD

(Furious)

The phone...do you have one...where
is it?

CHRISTINE

(Intimidated)

Ye...Yeah, It's in the back, 50
Cents a call

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DONALD

(Rushing To The Phone)

Gets to phone, jumbling with the receiver he drops the phone,
it hangs by the floor, he pulls out his change and drops it
on the floor, and as he bends down to get it. He stops.

GARTH puts down his coffee and stands up from his seat.

GARTH

Everything seem to be alright
mister?

DONALD

(From the floor)

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Yes, Yes! Just a little car
trouble, got me jumbled up a bit
here, let me just get my head
straight for a second.

GARTH

(Approaching Donald)

You sure I can't help you with
some...

DONALD

(Springing from the floor)

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OH NO, NO, NOT AT ALL, I can handle
this no problem, happens all the
time, the cars a real POS if you
ask me, always happens to me,
Always!

Donald breezes past Garth, and sits down at the bar, still
nervous and spastic.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Where's a menu? You got a menu?
What's your name? Brittany maybe?
Or Claire, you look like a Claire.

CHRISTINE
 (Quietly)
 Christine Gates sir

DONALD
 (Shouting)
 CHRISTINE! Yes! That was my next
 guess, Duh! It's right there on
 your nametag! Wheres my head at
 right?

Christine walks away from DONALD to go and get a menu, and GARTH returns to his seat, cautiously staring at DONALD as he is showing his anxiety playing with his thumbs and bobbing his legs. CHRISTINE returns with a menu, and takes out her pen and pad.

CHRISTINE
 What would you like?

DONALD
 I just got the menu, can I look at
 it for a second?

CHRISTINE
 Sure, take your time, but didn't
 you want to make a call before?

DONALD
 Excuse Me?

CHRISTINE
 Before, you were going to make a
 call but you dropped your coins,
 you didn't even pick...

DONALD
 (Outburst)
 I'M HUNGRY, I WANT TO PUT IN AN
 ORDER, I'LL GET TO IT IN A MINUTE.

GARTH gets up from his bar seat and moves towards DONALD

GARTH
 (Deep and Bellowing)
 I don't like the way your tone is
 boy, you better get on out of here
 before there's trouble.

DONALD
 (Closes Eyes)
 Trouble? Is that what I am to you?
 Trouble?
 (MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)
 I wasn't even talking to you. But
 if thats what you think I am.

DONALD Opens his eyes and with a bloodthirsty fury gets up
 putting his hands around Garths neck, pushing him to the wall
 putting all of his weight against it

DONALD (CONT'D)
 IS THIS THE TROUBLE YOU WERE
 LOOKING FOR? IS IT? I DON'T KNOW,
 IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT DOESN'T IT,
 JUST A WHOLE LOT OF TROUBLE FOR
 YOU.

Donald gets GARTH to the ground, mounts, and continues to
 choke as GARTH breathes for air, begging to get up, but
 DONALD keeps his eyes glazed with anger, rage, and blood
 lust. DONALD strangles GARTH to death.

Christine remained stunned for the first half of the fight
 that took place, as GARTH goes to the ground, she finds a
 BUTCHER KNIFE in the shelves beneath her, she is holding it
 up towards DONALD.

CHRISTINE
 You get the hell away from me!

DONALD
 What? How? I lose control
 sometimes! It happens when I don't
 eat, I'm just not myself! I black
 out! It's been a condition I've
 always had. Please wait...

CHRISTINE
 BACK OFF! I'm going to call the
 cops!

DONALD
 You don't have to worry about that,
 they'll be here soon I'm sure.

CHRISTINE
 Oh is that right? How come?

DONALD
 Because that sorry sack of shit
 isn't the only dead body of the
 evening for me. He didn't mind his
 manners, did he? I'm starving, you
 guys have hamburgers here?

CHRISTINE
 Your kidding right?

DONALD
 Why would I be kidding? I don't
 joke about food.

CHRISTINE
 Please...just...get out.

DONALD
 (staring at CHRISTINE/
 LONG BEAT)
 Well....alright, Since you asked
 nicely.

DONALD gets up and walks out the door, puts his hands in his pockets, whistling down the street as if nothing had happened, CHRISTINE is shocked, drops the knife as he leaves, bursts into tears and puts her head down on the counter. GOES TO BLACK. Hearing (Psst) she lifts her head up to see DONALD as he slashes towards her throat

CUT TO

ALARM CLOCK GOING OFF- INT/BEDROOM/DAY

DONALD awakes in his bed in a cold sweat, looking over to his side is his wife SARAH, tossing a bit still groggy from the early morning hours, DONALD puts his hands through his hair and falls back on the pillow, panting, SARAH rolls towards him.

SARAH
 Nightmares again?

DONALD
 (Gaspng)
 Yeah...this is getting a little
 ridiculous, it's been every night
 now!

SARAH
 Do you want to see a doctor,
 psychiatrist or something?

DONALD
 You think I'm crazy? People have
 bad dreams all the time.

SARAH
 But every night?

There is a moment of silence as SARAH and DONALD look at each other, with worry in their eyes, wishing that these pestering Nightmares would end.

SARAH gets up and walks towards the bathroom, just in bra and panties, she turns to DONALD as she gets to the doorway.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I could give you something better to dream about

DONALD rises in the bed, and looks towards SARAH smiling as she walks in towards the shower and turns on the water.

DONALD looks around sneakily and jumps out of the bed towards the bathroom.

CUT TO

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INT. DINING ROOM- DAY

DONALD walks into the living room with Robe on drying off, he goes towards the fridge to see if there is any food that he can start to cook for breakfast, he sees that the fridge is empty, baron, nothing in it besides a tube of mustard. He begins to panic.

DONALD

(Calling to Sarah)

SARAH....HONEY....WHERE'S THE FOOD?

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SARAH (O.S.)

WHAT BABE?

DONALD

THE FOOD...THERE IS NO FUCKING FOOD

SARAH

(Walking into the dining room)

Hey! Take it easy babe! God, you always get crazy when theres no food around, it's not normal you know.

DONALD

(Sternly)

I thought you told me that you were going to the grocery store yesterday, I laid out 60 dollars for you to get food.

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SARAH

(Cutting her eye away)

Well...I kind of went to lunch with the girls, and we got carried away.

DONALD
 (Losing his temper)
 You...WHAT!

Donald slams the fridge door shut and goes into the bathroom, he starts to break out in serious sweat, his pulse starts to race, he turns the faucet on and flushes his face with water, he looks up and.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD/FARM FIELD- NIGHT

DONALD looks up and around, completely bewildered, he has no idea how he arrived at this location, but realizes after a few beats that this is the same scenery as the dream he was having. Two cars, hazard lights on, door open, but no body in the street.

DONALD
 Wha...What is this? HELLO?
 (Shouting)

He is answered by complete silence, rustling of the corn fields, wind blows through the field slowly.

STRANGE VOICE (V.O.)
 Temper, Temper, Donald

DONALD
 (Frustrated)
 Who is that? Where are you?

SARAH (V.O.)
 Donald! Donnie!, Babe! Snap out
 of it!

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

DONALD is sitting against the bathroom wall with his eyes wide open, shocked, confused, bewildered about what was going on, it seems he has blacked out for a moment of consciousness. SARAH stands in front of him, shaking him harshly trying to bring him around.

SARAH
 (Crying, Tearing Up)
 Baby....What's happening to you?

DONALD
Well...maybe we should talk to
someone.

CUT TO

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE- EVENING

SARAH and DONALD sit in the patient examination room, nervous with anticipation. All tests have been done from MRI's, CAT Scans, and Bloodwork as well. Donald gets up from the table and paces back and forth across the room.

SARAH
(Tired)
Donnie...come sit with me.

DONALD
(Lost in thought)
Hm?

SARAH
Come to me

DONALD
(still nervous)
Mmm..

DONALD sitting down next to Sarah, begins biting his nails and shows signs of anticipation, not love or affection towards SARAH. She looks at him with a sense of longing, desperation, and distance. She lies her head down on his shoulder, but he does not react to it. The door opens

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ (45, Balding, Jewish) Walks through the door with clipboard in hand, looking over the notes taken on the blood, tests, and otherwise. DONALD springs to his feet, and lets SARAH fall slightly as she was beginning to sleep on his shoulders.

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ
Mr. Ritz?

DONALD
(Quickly)
Yes! You can call me Donald please,
whats the news doc?

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ
Perhaps you should sit down, we
have some things to go over

DONALD sits up on the examining table while SARAH sits patiently listening as the DOCTOR pulls up a stool and sits down next to DONALD. Looking down at his paperwork, and then back up to DONALD, Long Beat

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)

Are these symptoms you were describing to the nurse earlier correct? Nasuea, Hallucinations, Lapse of Memory, Euphoria, Temper Tantrums...are all of these correct sir?

DONALD

Yes doctor, every one of them

SARAH

(Chiming in)

It was a scary experience Doctor Schwartz, we didn't know what was going on.

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ

Well according to the tests we've run, I...don't see anything wrong with you.

DONALD AND SARAH

(Totally Surprised)

What??? Are you serious? Nothing? You must have missed something.

DONALD

Do another test!

SARAH

Take some more blood

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ

(Stern)

Please Mr. And Mrs. Kaser from what I have seen is this...We have taken numerous tests, and each one that we have taken the results have come back negative or normal. No signs of tumors, legions, abnormalities, blood level problems, cancer, diseases...according to our computers you are 100 percent healthy sir.

DONALD

(Looking down, defeated)
No....That Can't be right, this
isn't normal

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ

(Impatient)

The best thing I can suggest is you
go home and get some rest, you
might be overexhausting yourself
and your sleep patterns have been
throwing you off. Try to sleep
alright?

SARAH

He has nightmares! Weren't you
listening to us!

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ

(Searching for an answer)

Try to relax, listen to classical
music, have a nice dinner, try to
stay positive and the nightmares
should cease. Now if you will
excuse me.

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ moves to leave when DONALD grabs his arm
right before he goes, and sternly looks at him, knowing for a
fact there is something wrong with him and there is nothing
in medicine that can determine his illness.

DONALD

(Scary)

Your wrong Doctor, I want you to
know that.

DOCTOR SCHWARTZ

Sir! I suggest you get more sleep,
I have to go.

SCHWARTZ hurriedly brushes off his arm and moves to go down
the hall. DONALD and SARAH are left in the room, as DONALD
moves his eyes to SARAH, she seems to see that this is not
the man she married, but something is happening to him.

CUT TO

INT. CAR- NIGHT

DONALD drives the car quickly, down a road leading from the
hospital towards town, there is a field with corn that grows
in between the town and the hospital, he passes through the
area increasingly aggitated, frustrated, confused, and angry.

DONALD

What is it! Why is this happening to me!

SARAH

Donnie! Please slow down, your scaring the shit out of me.

DONALD

I can't sleep! I can't eat! I can't function! And they say I'm fine! Do I look fine to you??

SARAH

Donald! Slow Down!

The car begins to slow, and DONALD becomes a little more relaxed.

DONALD

Baby, I'm sorry, it's just, that this...isn't....fair, What is going on? WHY

SARAH

Maybe its just a phase, a rough patch, it will go away, things always pas.

DONALD

BULLSHIT, what if it doesn't? What if I can never go to sleep? What if I dont ever have an appetite? THEN WHAT

SARAH

Quiet...Unsure of what to say.

The engine of the car starts to kick up smoke, and spit out fumes, it begins to slow showing that clearly there is some engine damage of some sort and the car comes to a complete stop.

DONALD

Perfect, just perfect, why am I not surprised about this.

DONALD turns the hazard lights on and opens the door to get out to check the engine, opening the hood of the car and looking to see whats wrong, he touches the engine without thinking and burns his hand pretty badly.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Motherfucker! Son Of A Bitch!

SARAH did not see what had occurred but she heard the profanities and was discontent with the way that DONALD has been, she decides to turn a new leaf at this moment and stand up for herself.

SARAH

Donald...You have got to cut this out, you are not the man I married!

DONALD

What? Are you bringing this up now? After all of this we've been going through? Somethings wrong with me Sarah! Can't you see that!

SARAH

Is it me? Do I do this to you? Do you not love me anymore?

DONALD

(Exploiting Sarah)

Why are you making this about you? You have nothing to do with this, I don't know whats going on!

SARAH

Why won't you let me help you? Your keeping me out of something. Do you have a guilty concious?

DONALD

(Getting Angrier)

Sarah....Please...not now of all times.

A car passes by slowly, watching DONALD and SARAH screaming at each other, it is CHRISTINE on her way to work, a truck passes by, GARTH driving listening to highway radio, DONALD does not notice his surroundings as he is caught in the moment of fighting with his wife.

SARAH

It's only been a year Donald, and this should have been the happiest year of our lives, but this, you, everythings changing!

DONALD

Please can you just get in the car and relax, I need to look at this engine and see if I can do anything with it.

SARAH

Relax? You want me to relax? Your impossible.

DONALD

You want to try and fix it here!
Come here! Look at this!

DONALD grabs SARAH by the arm and throws her to look at the engine, smoke comes out from the engine into her eyes and she begins to water from it, he is forcefully holding onto her, as another car pulls in front of the scene after noticing what is happening and gets out of the car.

TRAVELER

Hey! You let her go! Get away from her!

The TRAVELER moves over towards DONALD and tries to pull him off of SARAH in his blind rage, she is crying after he is holding her neck above the truck, as the smoke pours out of the machine, she is crying, screaming, fighting for her life.

TRAVELER pulls SARAH away from DONALD throwing her into the street, DONALD gets tossed to the ground with TRAVELER as they both see that SARAH has been thrown to the street.

DONALD

So Can you fix it? Can you help me? Your my loving wife? Make it Better!

SARAH

Your sick! You bastard! I want you out of my life! How could you do...

Her sentence is cut short after a car comes barreling down the highway and completely hitting her and taking her off her feet, making her fly away at impact and clearly killing her instantly. DONALD gets covered in blood from the accident as well as TRAVELER. BOTH stand there in shock for a moment, The TRAVELER looks at DONALD and panics

TRAVELER

You...You pushed her...Your a murderer! I'm going to tell the cops!

The TRAVELER sprints back to his car and floors it out of the area, DONALD stands next to his wife on the ground as she lays ther bleeding. SARAH motionless on the ground, completely dead.

DONALD stands there in front of his wife, and begins to completely break down with tears in front of her, crying, moaning, screaming, and terrified. He looks around the area and see the wind blowing through the cornfields, the cars that had the hazard signals on, the body in the middle of the road, and his sweatshirt covered in blood...and he finally realizes.

DONALD

Oh....god...this is what you were
trying to tell me? this is my fate?
My....My Wife...My love...My
everything.

AERIAL shot of the whole scene as DONALD and SARAH are in position for the accident that has occurred. It pans back and shows that the POLICE are currently closing in to the crime scene, as it slowly fades to black.

THE END

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