

INTOLERABLE

by

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OVER BLACK

The sounds of a car driving through a quiet neighborhood. The RADIO plays.

FEMALE VOICE
Did you see the expression on
Walt's face when Debbie... Watch
out!!

A slight SQUEALING OF TIRES and a SOFT THUMPA-THUMP.

MALE VOICE
Oh, man, we hit it.

FEMALE VOICE
Is it dead? Can you see?

A beat, then:

MALE VOICE
Yeah, it's dead.

FEMALE VOICE
Shouldn't we stop?

MALE VOICE
Nothing we can do.

The car accelerates away.

FEMALE VOICE
Poor thing. I feel bad...

FADE IN

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Quaint and well kept. Parked on the driveway: an older pickup and a newer econo-sedan.

In a secluded corner of the backyard, MAXINE (23) places a nicely made cross, inscribed with the name "Tabby", at the head of a newly filled grave.

She takes a moment before wiping the sweat from her brow, picking up the shovel and shuffling off toward a nearby shed.

Max appears butch; stout, short hair, tattoos, wears men's clothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Laying on the couch, grieving, is Maxine's polar opposite: ERICA (21) pretty, ultra feminine; long, silky hair, slender... Her normally bright eyes are puffy from crying. She blows her nose in a tissue -- FSHOOT.

Max can be heard entering through the back door. She appears from the kitchen, kneels on the floor next to Erica. She gently fingers some errant strands of hair from Erica's face.

MAXINE

I put her where she won't be a constant reminder, but you can still visit anytime.

ERICA

Thank you.

Maxine kisses her forehead.

ERICA (CONT'D)

I miss her. (bawls)

MAXINE

I know-I know. Me too. We'll get through this together.

They share a hug.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Maxine prepares lunch. Her phone RINGS. It's an old friend, BECKY.

MAXINE

Hey, Beck, how are ya?

BECKY (V.O.)

Good. And you guys?

MAXINE

Not so well at the moment. We lost our furry friend to a hit and run driver.

BECKY (V.O.)

Tabby? Oh, no.

MAXINE

Erica's taking it pretty hard.

BECKY

I can imagine. Poor thing. Anyway, maybe the reason I called will help cheer you guys up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maxine enters, places a plate of sandwiches and a drink on the coffee table for Erica.

MAXINE

Don't know if you overheard, but Becky and Craig finished their cabin and have invited us over.

ERICA

That's nice.

MAXINE

Seriously. We should go. You love road trips and a few days on the lake will help you, us feel better. We've got a couple of days to decide and make arrangements, so...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Erica spends a moment at Tabby's gravesite.

MAXINE (O.S.)

Ready when you are!

I./E. ERICA'S CAR - LATER

Traveling. The two make their way over/through remote hilly terrain via a two lane paved road.

There's a dead animal on the shoulder ahead. Max tries to distract Erica -- points...

MAXINE

Wow, check out those, rocks.

They pass the roadkill.

ERICA

You didn't have to do that.

MAXINE

Do what?

ERICA

Distract me.

MAXINE

Just in case...

She rests her hand on Erica's thigh. Erica places her hand on top of Maxine's.

SAME - LATER STILL

They pass a rustic sign advertising a diner up ahead.

MAXINE

Ooo, look... Let's stop for lunch.

EXT. DINER - DAY

It's an old mom and pop place, located at the juncture of a road that leads to a small town. Max parks.

MAXINE

This is so cool. Selfy.

She joins Erica to take a pic with the building behind them.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I'm glad we chose the scenic route.

They enter the building.

INT. SAME - CONTINUOUS

The place has been around since the sixties and the decor reflects the era. Regular locals notice the two out-of-towners coming in.

Derogatory WHISPERS and narrow eyes ensue as the pair heads for an open booth near a window.

Our focus turns toward two men seated at the counter -- ARNIE and RUFUS (20s). A couple of scraggly looking backwoods types.

ARNIE

(low;to Rufus)

Well, look what kinda shit the cat dragged in.

RUFUS

The one's definitely a female, but that other one -- some kind of mutant aberration.

ARNIE

One of those damned he-shes.

The waitress, having seen the women, steps through a door to the back.

An OLD MAN seated next to Arnie leans in:

OLD MAN

You think they're... (wiggles tongue)

ARNIE

Oh, no doubt. Anytime you see two women together and one's pretending to be a man...

RUFUS

It's just not normal.

OLD MAN

That's for sure. Ever since that damned retreat opened up...

ARNIE

Don't worry, we'll keep doing our part.

OLD MAN

Speaking of which, where's B.R.?

RUFUS

Finishing up a tow in Roxbury.

ARNIE

(pulls out phone)
I better tell him to get ready.

Max and Erica have noticed the reaction.

ERICA

Doesn't look like they're used to seeing strangers.

MAXINE

Like they don't have any tomboys.

The waitress reappears with the manager...

ERICA
Here comes the waitress.

MAXINE
'bout time.

ERICA
Don't be mean.

Rufus winks at the waitress as she passes. The manager gets a short nod from Arnie.

The waitress stops to take the women's order. She favors Erica.

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

Rock walls to one side and a steep sloped ravine to the other.

Max and Erica take in the sights as they cruise along. Erica snaps some pics with her camera.

INT. ERICA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Max has said something funny and Erica is cracking up.

ERICA
That's enough. My stomach hurts.

She pops the glove box door, pulls out a journal/diary, begins writing.

MAXINE
Good idea. You gonna write about me?

ERICA
Of course.

E./I. MUSTANG

A short distance behind the women. Rufus drives. Arnie rides shotgun. They catch glimpses of Erica's car. The determined men are gaining ground.

ARNIE
(into 2-way radio)
We just passed mile marker twenty six. We'll be on them pretty quick.

B.R. (V.O.)
Good. I'm almost in position.

ARNIE
(to Rufus)
Pick up the pace.

Rufus accelerates. He knows how to drive these mountain roads.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Let us know of any traffic.

B.R. (V.O.)
Will do.

I./E. ERICA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Max glances in the rear-views. The Mustang's coming up at speed.

ERICA
What is it?

MAXINE
Another car. Coming fast.

Erica looks back. Her POV of the Mustang advancing.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Slow down, buddy.

ERICA
He can pass us, can't he?

MAXINE
Not here.

The Mustang gets right up on their bumper.

ERICA
They look like two guys from the diner.

The Mustang's lights flash. Horn HONKS.

ERICA (CONT'D)
What do they want?

MAXINE

I don't know, but I'm not pulling over.

ALTERNATING SHOTS BETWEEN THE CARS

Arnie readies a pistol.

RUFUS

What're you doing?

ARNIE

Pull up along side.

RUFUS

No. If you freak them out, they might bump us. Remember, the bitch driving thinks she's a guy. We just wanna distract them.

ARNIE

Okay-okay
(via radio)
B.R., you ready? We're coming up.

B.R. (V.O.)

I'm waiting.

Rufus alternately speeds up and backs off.

The women are thoroughly frightened and keep looking back.

ERICA

Leave us alone! Please!

A sharp turn looms ahead.

ARNIE

(into radio)
B.R., we're almost there.

B.R. (V.O.)

Just tell me when.

The sign marking the curve lies face down on the shoulder.

Arnie and Rufus anticipate the moment...

ARNIE AND RUFUS

Now!!

The Mustang suddenly decelerates. The girls are perplexed...

MAXINE

What the...

And distracted enough not to see the tow truck barreling around the curve, just over the center line -- until it's too late.

ERICA

Look out!!

Max swerves right. The truck turns toward them. It has rocks attached to the front bumper plate. The driver's side of the car caroms off of the rocks (chunks of which fly everywhere) before sailing over the edge after just missing the end of the guard rail.

The tow truck slams on its brakes, comes to a skidding halt at the edge of the road.

The car crashes down the rocky slope, rolls a couple of times before coming to rest against the rocks.

The Mustang pulls to a stop at the shoulder. The men all get out and rush to the edge.

They can see steam rising, but the vehicle is hidden from view.

ARNIE

That was fantastic!

B.R.

Was that perfectly executed or what?

He and Rufus high five.

RUFUS

At least we don't have to repair the guard rail this time.

ARNIE

Get things cleaned up up here. Rufus and I'll check below.

B.R.

Got it.

He heads over to re-erect the sign.

Arnie and Rufus pick their way down to the wreck.

AT THE WRECK

In the B.G. A weathered prior wreck with a skeleton inside.

The two men come up on the scene. Erica's car is on its roof. Max has been ejected and lays sprawled out over a rock. Arnie is closest to her, so...

ARNIE

I'll check the ugly one.

Rufus moves up on the passenger side of the car. Erica hangs part way out of the passenger window, on her back. She's hurt bad, but alive.

ERICA

Please, help me.

Rufus looks at her.

RUFUS

You stupid girl. You could've made a guy real happy.

The slightest look of pained confusion crosses Erica's face.

Rufus finds a bowling ball sized rock nearby, stands above Erica, brings it up over his head and forcefully down. We hear only a sickening CRUNCH.

ARNIE

This one's dead.

RUFUS

This one too.

ARNIE

Let's get outta here.

As they leave, Rufus comes across Erica's journal. He picks it up and opens it.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Leave it.

RUFUS

Hang on.

He flips through it, reads the last entry. His face blanches. He staggers.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Oh, Shit.

ARNIE

What is it?

Rufus drops to a rock, shock setting in. Arnie takes the journal from him. Reads:

ERICA (V.O.)

Was a good idea to take this road trip after the loss of Tabby. Max is as supportive, funny and loving as ever. Others might not accept her facade, but she's still the best sister anyone could have.

He exchanges a sickened glance with Rufus.

ARNIE

Fuuu... They were...

FADE OUT.

THE END