

WHEN WINTER COMES

By

Ezekiel Salerna

© (2018-)

1 A DECREPIT BILLBOARD WITH SCRATCHED OFF LETTERS 1

The American Dream. A mother and father, standing by a red car with two blond hair kids-- **WELCOME TO MISSOURI!**

2 EXT. A VACANT LOT-- NIGHT 2

A lens flare shining from the diner's neon lit sign. A man and women walk out from this almost empty place.

Just outside this diner is a dark blue truck. Terribly parked, taking up the space of two parking spots.

The car doors are locked. Windows closed shut. The front headlight broken..

3 INT. CAR-- NIGHT 3

We move to the back seat, pass two empty beer bottles and a novel.

An old man, early fifties. Asleep in his truck. Clearly drunk, as he awakes from his long slumber.

4 EXT. A VACANT LOT-- NIGHT 4

The door kicks open. His boots hit the gravel. Struggling to get out from his truck, he drunkenly walks towards the diner. Half asleep.

A small group of youngsters, suspicious looking, laughing hysterically (off screen). Secretly watching the old man.

He turns his head back at them just before opening the doors.

5 INT. DINER-- CONTINUOUS 5

Short staffed, clean. Full of old worn out people. Two young men sit by the window, looking back towards the old scruffy looking man who just walked in.

His name is LOGAN.

He approaches the bartender, BOB.

BOB
(cleaning a glass mug)
Back for another?

(CONTINUED)

LOGAN
One for the go..

BOB
Okay.

The bartender steps back. We watch Logan, his eyes RED. As he slowly blinks himself to sleep, a loud sound goes off in the background. Two youngsters smashing a crowbar into Logan's truck window..

He doesn't notice. He's half asleep. Bob comes back with his beer. He alerts him of his truck.

BOB (cont'd)
Take it easy.

Bobs looks to Logan's truck. Logan follows the movement of his eyes, turning back in his seat. He looks out from the diner window.

LOGAN
Fuck..

6 EXT. A VACANT LOT-- NIGHT

6

Logan walks out from the diner, nonchalant. Dragging his feet along the dirt, he looks through the window. His novel is missing.

His head quickly turns to:

7 A GAS STATION ACROSS THE STREET

7

A gang perhaps. Huddled around a white van. One of them holding a bat. The other holding a pistol..

Logan moves across the street. He approaches the three men, a tired face. Exhausted..

LOGAN
I uh... like what you did with my window.

The one with the bat stands up, positioning himself closer to Logan. Ready to smash his face. The other, still holding his gun, does the same. The guy with the crowbar steps out from the back, shouting at him.

(CONTINUED)

CROWBAR

Aye! Go fuck off man.

Logan looks to the bat man. In his other hand, he holds a book. The novel we saw in Logan's truck. He points to it..

LOGAN

Hey man, I don't want to fight. All I want is the book.

The kid with the bat swings for Logan's head nearly missing but, knocking him down to his knees. The youngster raises the bat above his head, smacking it downward into Logan's back. The bat snaps in half..

His eyes, RED. His face reeks of anger. He gets up FAST, smashing the beer bottle into his face. The glass breaks, shattering across his cheek. Beer splashes to the ground.

Still holding the broken bottle, Logan looks to the man holding the pistol. He viciously swings, lacerating the mans face from lip to ear. The man with the crowbar swings for his ankles tossing him on his back. He swings again, hitting the ground. Logan rolls away. Another swing, this time Logan catches his arm. The sound of a BONE snapping. The young man screams in pain. He smashes his face against the van, knocking him unconscious.

Logan spits. He walks away..

8 INT. CAR-- NIGHT

8

He slams his door shut. The novel sits just beside him in the passenger seat. He grabs a beer, shakes it. Hoping for a drink... he tosses it outside his window. The ignition starts, and he pulls away.

9 EXT. A VACANT LOT-- CONTINUOUS

9

The dark blue truck rolls out onto the street. Just above him, the decrepit billboard. Tires shriek, as he drives off.

TITLE OVER BLACK:

WHEN WINTER COMES