

THE BEETLE

Written by

Nathan Westenhaver

2855 Apalachee Pkwy Apt 72b  
Slevinronyo@gmail.com  
602-326-0645

FADE IN:

EXT. ADANDONED ROAD - DAY

On the side of a rainy dirt road sits an old Volkswagen Beetle. It's yellow paint sun bleached and rusted, a tire flat. Siting in its worn interior is JORDAN, a young 20 year old who's hair matches the car exterior. Her head slumped against the steering wheel, eyeliner running down her face.

Behind the Beetle a small red sedan stops. It's headlights cut out and the engine shutters to a stop. The door opens and out steps CHRISTIAN, mid 20s short red hair. He hustles to the passenger door and taps on the window.

Jordan looks up from the wheel.

CHRISTAIN  
Oh come on Jordan!

His clothes now soaked from the rain.

CHRISTIAN  
At least let me get your spare.

The trunk pops open.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
Thank you!

He moves to the trunk and leans in. The driver door swings open.

JORDAN  
How dare you!

Surprised, he hits his head on the trunk.

CHRISTIAN  
Ow...How dare me? What the hell did I do?

JORDAN  
The flaw...you always point out the flaw.

He pulls the tire out and moves to the flat.

CHRISTIAN  
How many times have I told you this tire would go and look... it finally did.

JORDAN

God Damn it Christian! I had a good thing going..I liked this guy.

He stops and stares at her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Okay maybe not, but point being you don't get to say who I fall in love with.

CHRISTIAN

How many times, huh? How many times have I come to pick up the pieces, been the shoulder you cried on?

Jordan's mouth hangs slightly open. She takes a step back.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm here changing your tire aren't I? And I'm always here for you.

She moves in and embraces him ignoring the rain pouring over them. She moves back.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

So there's that...

FADE TO BLACK.