

Trucker

written by

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EXT. PETROL STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

SARAH is lying on top of a truck's bonnet.  
An orange sun is lighting up her face.  
She's a tiny 13 year old girl.  
A butterfly floats through the air and lands on her finger.  
She's enthralled by the creature and studies it.  
She's taken out of reality for a few seconds then...

CLANK! the back of the truck is closed.  
The butterfly leaves Sarah and she sits up.  
From behind the truck emerges BARON (40's).  
He's a middle aged man and a little rough around the edges.  
He walks past SARAH to the drivers side.

BARON  
(As he passes)  
All done.

Sarah watches him closely.  
He makes his way around the front of the truck.  
Climbs in.  
Silence.  
Sarah jumps off the bonnet and takes her place next to him.

INT. COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

The truck has a large interior.  
The cockpit is filled with KNICKKNACKS.  
Personal photos line the inside.  
They might live in this truck.

SARAH  
Everything OK?

Baron clutches steering wheel.  
Deep in thought. Snaps out of it.  
He turn his head and gives her a reassuring smile.

She sees right through him but plays along.  
Gives a slight smile then looks forward.  
Waiting.

They sit in silence.  
Baron sighs and turns the ignition.

EXT. PETROL STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

The truck roars to life and shoots out a ball of smoke.  
They drive off towards the sunset into the night.  
Slowly disappearing over the glazed horizon.

INT. COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

The truck's engine is roaring down the road.  
Pulling itself along the blacktop.  
Orange light paints the distance.  
Baron turns on the headlights of the truck.  
Sarah is peering out the window, thinking to herself then  
breaking the silence...

SARAH

You know, we haven't taken a  
vacation in a while.

Baron knows what she's trying to do.  
Always trying to be the optimistic one.  
He decides to entertain her.

BARON

Oh yeah.

Yes! She has his attention.  
Now it's easy.

SARAH

Yeah. We're always so busy. You  
need to relax every now and then.

She sits up on her knees and turns her back.  
Shuffles in the back of the truck and pulls out a pile of  
magazines.  
Falls back into her seat and gives him a bright smile.  
Baron shakes his head.  
He is slowly loosening up.  
She takes the top magazine and opens it up to its centerfold.  
Holding it in front of her face she shows it to Baron.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look. Doesn't that seem really  
cool.

In the centerfold we see a beach.  
In the foreground there is a palm tree with a girl wearing a  
long white dress swinging from it.  
Sublime.

BARON

Looks nice.

SARAH

Uh-huh. It says its in the  
Caribbean. We should go.

Baron gives her a smile and continues to look straight ahead.  
Sarah marvels the magazine's content as she pages through it.

Then...

BARON  
Get down.

Sarah's head shoots up.

SARAH  
What?!

BARON  
I said get down!

Sarah immediately throws the magazines to the side and climbs down her seat to the floor of the truck. Once below she peers up to Baron. He looks vigilant. Distressed.

BARON (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Just stay down.

SARAH  
What is it?

Baron shifts up in his seat. Eyes peeled. In the distance is the glow of blue lights. Police.

BARON  
Road side check.

The truck approaches the eminent glow in the distance. A few cars are parked on the side of the road with police officers at their windows. The truck slowly rolls closer. Baron gears down... Etching closer to the officer on the side of the road. Sarah has her eyes sealed on Baron. Studying every movement of his face. Trying to determine the situation. She is distraught. Baron gears down... Preparing to stop. The truck approaches the officer. Comes to a halt. The officer approaches. She looks in through the window, pointing her flashlight. Baron stares straight down at her not losing eye contact. She starts to circle to truck, the flashlight illuminating all that could cause them problems. The officer returns to the window. One last look... She motions for them to pass.

