

blue forty-four

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EXTERIOR. A FIELD. MORNING.

The kind of day that was shitty twenty minutes ago. Gray overcast split open by a blast of early-morning sun.

And we're CLOSE BEHIND **A DOG**. Ears, collar. The world a blur as he HAULS ASS through overgrown brush. Huffing. Snorting.

Until someone WHISTLES from afar -- HE STOPS, alert as we ANGLE ON HIM: a modestly built mutt. One eye blue, one brown.

And **HE'S BEAT UP**. Snout scratched, hair shabby, ears tattered.

We take a good long look at him -- before -- a **PHONE RINGS**.

VOICE (V.O.)

*Benny --*

ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)

*-- Daniel! I need cavalry --*

We move in on the mutt -- watching. *Waiting.*

DANIEL (V.O.)

*-- where are you?*

SNAP TO:

INT. A CUTLASS - MOVING - **FAST AS FUCK** - DAY

**BENNY MILLER**. Late 20s. An aging boy's face, mussy dirt hair, the slight beginnings of a receding line.

Against the phone call bluetoothin' from its speakers, we can hear the car's ENGINE -- **WORKING ITS ASS OFF** --

BENNY

Mickleson south of ninety-four!

-- because Benny is *fucking PANICKING*, rain violently streaking at the windows as he scrambles.

DANIEL (O.S.)

(on phone)

*Culprits?*

Benny looks out through the streaks -- as ANOTHER CAR ZOOMS UP ALONGSIDE HIM, matching his speed --

BENNY

White Supreme, three guys! On me since the interstate --

-- and an IMMENSE FIGURE protrudes through a sun roof, wearing  
**A WOLFMAN MASK** --

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*Are they cops?*

-- SHOTGUN IN HAND -- **SHK-RK** -- THE WOLFMAN AIMS AT BENNY --

BENNY  
 -- *shit* -- !!

-- Benny SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, slicking about in the rain as  
**BWOOM!** The WOLFMAN FIRES -- missing as Benny drops back --

BENNY  
 Ain't no *fuckin'* cops I've ever seen!

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*Calm, Benny. I'm calling it in.*

-- Benny ZOOMS PAST THE CAR ONCE AGAIN -- a speedy game of  
 cat and mouse -- back and forth and forth and back --

BENNY  
 -- man, fuc'-- !

-- he grabs a **.38 SPECIAL**, SNAPS OPEN the cylinder, steering  
 wheel lodged between his knees, fumbling to load --

-- as the assailing car aligns itself, the passenger windows --  
**PLURAL** -- ROLL DOWN -- revealing **TWO MORE MASKED MEN:**

A **SKELETON** and a fucking **ZOMBIE** -- A BAND OF MONSTERS stopping  
 at nothing to get what they came for.

BENNY  
*Four guys! **FOUR!!***

Benny rolls his window down, aimlessly SHOVES HIS GUN OUT.

**BLAM! BLAM-BLAM!** Shooting for tires -- *hitting nothing* -- the  
 monsters swerve away, falling back.

BENNY  
 Daniel!

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*Carson Street. Two blocks ahead. Get  
 some distance and take a right.*

EXT. CUTLASS - MOVING - DAY

And the CUTLASS CRANKS RIGHT, faltering only a moment before taking off down Carson St. --

INT. CUTLASS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

-- **SKKKRRRRRRR!!** In the REARVIEW: the monsters SKID BY --

-- and it's becoming clear that our Benny may not be great with a pistol, but he's got this steering wheel thing under control --

-- as the monsters make their way back after us -- Benny watching, gaining more speed.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*Get across Thompson Road.*

EXT. CUTLASS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

But, the monsters -- **SKKKRRRUNKKKK** -- have gained on us, bumper-to-fucking-bumper --

INT. CUTLASS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

-- the car JOLTS -- **BWOOM!! BLAM! BLAM! BWOOMMM!! BWWOOMM!!**

The monsters **FIRING**, rear window spider webbing --

-- as they creep up once again -- BENNY WATCHES IN HIS SIDE MIRROR, frustration and wrath sparking his eye --

-- they pull up, BENNY LEVELS HIS PISTOL, **DEAD SET ON THE ZOMBIE**, caught trying to reload an assault rifle --

-- **ANGLE ON BENNY:** finger tight around the trigger -- but he hesitates -- *he can't do it.*

**BWOOM!**

**CREEESSSHHHHHH!!!**

GLASS **EXPLODES**. Benny's rear window. The Wolfman with a direct hit on the Cutlass.

Shards and buckshot spray Benny as he DUCKS, incisions blitzing the side of his face, LOSING CONTROL OF THE CAR.