

HEADLIGHTS

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Street lights illuminate ten traffic lanes. Barriers and medians separate them into two sides; north and south.

Cars, trucks, and motorcycles flow along the lanes with their headlights on full blast.

INT./EXT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

DRIVER, 28, a good-looking man besides his puffy red eyes, cranks the stereo's volume, which blasts heavy HIP-HOP MUSIC.

He presses a tissue against his cheek and wipes it across a bloody cut. He sucks on his teeth and reapplies the tissue.

The sedan's speedometer needle passes sixty-five miles per hour and continues to rise.

A box of clutter sits in the passenger seat. A picture of a blonde woman with bright green eyes rests on top. A crack in the frame's glass slices right across her face.

Driver's eyes glance at this picture. He flips it over.

The HIP-HOP MUSIC disappears, and a phone ring RATTLES out. On the dashboard, in a mounted cradle, sits an iPhone.

The iPhone's screen shows the blonde woman. The name "Baby <3" hovers above her bright green eyes. Two options, "Answer" and "Ignore," await below her chin.

The speedometer needle falters and falls slightly. Driver's eyes hold fast on Baby's face.

He reaches forward with an index finger and lets it hover over the "Ignore" option.

The speedometer needle falls below forty-five miles per hour, but Driver's finger protrudes as stiff as a corpse.

A car's headlights grow brighter and brighter in the rear view mirror as it quickly closes in on the white sedan.

Driver's finger hovers over the "Ignore" option, but then the car behind BLARES its horn.

Driver's eyes snap out of their daze, and his foot slams on the gas. The speedometer needles jumps to fifty-five miles per hour and rises slowly.

The car behind over takes Driver; RUDE HONKS follow it the entire way.

DRIVER
Yeah, fuck you too!

The HIP-HOP MUSIC returns. Driver glances at the iPhone, which now waits in rest mode.

A mysterious black sedan with bright green headlights appears in the rear view mirror, and it slowly, but surely, gets closer and closer.

A sweet chime TOLLS throughout the car, and a "New Voicemail" notification blinks on the iPhone.

Driver rolls his eyes and taps on the iPhone's screen. The HIP-HOP MUSIC fades, and an upset female voice clambers out of the stereo.

BABY (V.O.)
Run. Run. It's what you do. What
you always do. Always disappearing.
From your problems. From me!

Driver clenches his jaw. The green headlights grow brighter.

BABY (V.O.)
Now I know the truth. Why you run.
You're weak. Can't face a simple
argument or any kind of
confrontation for that matter.

Driver's hands tighten around the steering wheel. The green headlights take over the car's rear windshield.

BABY (V.O.)
How about being a man, turning
around, and facing me like a human
being? Oh wait... you can't, can
you? No, because you're a coward.

The green headlights disappear.

CRUNCH! BOOM! Driver jolts in his seat as the sedan violently quakes. The broken picture of Baby flips off the box and tumbles to the floor. Her bright green eyes face the sky.

BABY (V.O.)
You can't hurt me anymore. I fought
back this time. I beat you. Your
temper is a false façade, hiding
your cowardice.

Driver regains control of the steering wheel and checks the rear view mirror, where the green headlights float backwards and violently rap forward again.

DRIVER
What the fuck?!

KAROOM! The white sedan quakes; the box tumbles. Its contents scatter, and a thermos rolls behind the brake pedal.

Driver whips the wheel, and the white sedan barely misses the rear bumper of another car, which HONKS with annoyance.

BABY (V.O.)
You don't hurt me anymore. I hurt
you. I make you bleed. I pray you
come back... so I can kill you!

DRIVER
Shut up, bitch!

Driver rips the iPhone out of the cradle and chucks it against the passenger door.

The white sedan veers off onto the nearest...

EXT. OFF-RAMP - NIGHT

The white sedan glides towards an intersection, where traffic lights beam red and DRUNK GIRLS, 20s, cross a crosswalk.

INT./EXT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

The speedometer needle drops, but the sedan still barrels towards the intersection.

Driver presses the brake pedal, but the thermos blocks it.

Driver's eyes widen as the Drunk Girls grow closer.

He fires a hand between his feet. His fingers frantically pull at the thermos' smooth surface.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Drunk Girls laugh and strut across the crosswalk. The white sedan speeds towards them with an unforgiving manner.

INT./EXT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

Driver catches the lip of the thermos and rips it out. His foot slams on the brake.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Trails of smoke rise from the sedan's tires, and they SQUEAL. The Girls yell and scamper out of the way, but the sedan halts just before the crosswalk.

The Drunk Girls laugh and stumble over each other. One throws a middle finger to Driver and returns to the others.

INT./EXT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

Driver exhales, pants, and relaxes in his seat. He wipes a ribbon of sweat off of his brow.

Out the rear windshield, the green headlights creep into existence. While Driver pants and calms his heartbeats, the green headlights approach.

Driver peers at the rear view mirror, and a scowl takes over his face. He rips off his seat belt.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Driver exits the white sedan, slams the door, and marches towards the black sedan and its skull-shaped hood ornament.

DRIVER

Fuck is your problem?

The dark tint of the black sedan's windows makes it impossible to see its driver.

DRIVER

You could of kille--

The black sedan REVS its engine and flicks its headlights to their bright setting. Green light spills over Driver, who halts and shields his eyes.

The black sedan jolts forward, and Driver hops back.

DRIVER

Who are you? What do you want?!

The black sedan speeds at Driver, who dives out of the way and scampers to the white sedan's rear.

The black sedan skids to a halt; its reverse lights flick on.

Driver's eyes widen. He pulls out his keys and presses a button on a remote. The white sedan's trunk pops open.

The black sedan's tires skid. The vehicle fires in reverse towards Driver, who searches through his trunk, but one of his leg sticks out a little too far.

The black sedan misses the white sedan's back corner, but its rear tire cranks over Driver's heel.

Driver screams and crashes. A tire iron slips out the trunk.

Blood leaks from Driver's heel, and the black sedan readies itself for another attack.

Driver's screams turn into yawns of anger. He snatches the tire iron and hobbles in the direction of his attacker.

The black sedan REVS its engine. Its green headlights shine almost too brightly.

DRIVER

Come on. Hurt me. Kill me. Do it!
That what you want? Is that what
everyone wants? Huh? Stupid bitches
been trying to kill me all day!

The black sedan launches forward. Driver pitches the tire iron at the windshield.

The black sedan swerves out of the way; the tire iron crashes against the pavement.

The black sedan turns and speeds away down a connecting street. Driver laughs with a bit of madness.

DRIVER

No. Hell no. Think running is that
easy? No, no, sir. You don't know
the rules. What you run from
doesn't just disappear. It stays
forever, eating away at the coward
you are. Get ready, fucker, 'cause
I'm coming. I'm not disappearing.

Driver groans as he limps towards the tire iron.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The white sedan creeps past closed businesses and bars.

INT./EXT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

Blood trickles from Driver's heel and stains the carpet. Both of his hands grip the steering wheel. While they do look relaxed, a calm alertness best describes their form.

Driver's eyes appear just like his hands; calm and alert. He looks left and right with expertise and relaxation. The stare mixes well with the dark world that rolls by outside.

The white sedan bounces over a manhole.

Driver's heel bounces with the sedan. His eyes roll back, and he bites his bottom lip. A sliver of a moan eeks out of his throat, and then he squeezes his eyes shut.

Driver breathes deep, shakes his head, and exhales everything. He glances out the right window as the sedan passes a parking lot behind a barber shop.

Driver squints and hits the brake pedal with his good foot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The black sedan sits idle and alone in darkness.

INT./EXT. WHITE SEDAN - NIGHT

Driver clicks off the sedan's headlights and turns the steering wheel ever so carefully.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The white sedan creeps towards the black sedan's rear. MUFFLED MUSIC radiates from the black sedan, and fluffs of exhaust spurt out of its muffler.

The black sedan's tail lights spread red pools over the white sedan's hood as it comes to a halt.

Driver exits his car with the tire iron in hand. He hobbles towards the black sedan's driver side door. The black sedan's dark windows hide the interior contents.

Driver grinds his teeth, cracks his neck, and spins the tire iron in his hand.

He snatches the door's handle; locked. He yanks it again, but then he swings the tire iron at the tinted window. The glass explodes. A woman screams.

BABY, 26, blonde bombshell with the bright green eyes from the picture, screams as Driver yanks her out and throws her to the ground.

Baby scampers and crawls quickly, but Driver whacks her in the back with the tire iron. THUD! Baby groans and collapses.

Driver presses a knee into her back and continuously whacks her legs with the tire iron. Baby squirms. Her screams increase to a higher pitch as she whacks bloody her legs.

Driver flips Baby over. Blood swings out of her mouth, and tears flow down her cheeks.

BABY
Please, stop. Please.

Driver raises the tire iron into the air.

DRIVER
I'm here. Right in front of you.
Keep your promise. Make me bleed
more. Come on, baby. Kill me!

Baby moans and cries. Driver laughs.

DRIVER
Can't fight back this time, can
you? No, because I didn't
disappear. Didn't run like a
coward. I faced you. Happy now?
Huh? Now I make you bleed.

Driver swings the tire iron down, and it pierces Baby's throat. Blood squirts onto Driver's face. Baby chokes. Her eyes lock onto Driver, and her head flops to the side.

Her chest lowers, and blood drains out of her mouth.

A terrifying grin takes over Driver's bloody face. He stands, hobbles back, and lets out a creepy giggle.

The giggle turns into a full-blown laugh, and it continues as Driver turns around. But, the laugh immediately cuts out when he sees a tan sedan instead of a black one.

The tan sedan's driver side door sits open. Glass rests on the ground beneath it. MUSIC bangs from its stereo.

Driver spins around to face his female victim, but a BLOODY MAN, 30s, lays there with the tire iron in his throat.

Driver's legs buckle, and he collapses to his knees. He gawks at the blood on his hands, shrieks, and scoots away for the dead body.

Driver tugs at his hair, rocks back and forth, and dry heaves. His legs swing out, and he falls to his butt.

Driver cries, but a LOW RUMBLE of a car engine arises.

A green light cascades across the concrete, up Driver's body, and surrounds his face.

Driver turns his head and finds the black sedan no more than fifteen yards away.

Driver snarls, brandishes his teeth, and whips to his feet. He marches to the dead body, rips out the tire iron, and faces the black sedan.

The black sedan REVS its engine. Its skull-shaped hood ornament rumbles with vibration.

Driver hobbles forward and groans with every step.

DRIVER

Come on, mother fucker. Do it.

The black sedan CLICKS into gear. Driver closes in.

DRIVER

I'm not running. Come on!

The black sedan's back tires skid, and the entire vehicle hurls toward Driver, who cocks back the tire iron.

FADE OUT.