

The Curve

INT. PARTY

A party in the kind of glory only parties in slow-mo have. BODIES bouncing, boobs threatening to pop out of tank tops, beer splattering on shirts. Too bad this isn't that kind of story.

We follow CHARLES as he stumbles outside.

EXT. PARTY

Charles stumbles down the front walk to his car. Three GUYS are sitting in it waiting. They are called DRINKER, STONER, and EATER for simplicity's sake. Drinker sits shotgun, the other two in the back.

INT. CAR

Charles climbs in. Eater is, well, eating a Whopper.

EATER
What took you so long?

STONER
We've been waiting for-e-ver.

His "forever" is definitely reminiscent of The Sandlot.

Charles starts up the car.

DRINKER
Let's roll!

Drinker's window is down and he leans out and does a drum roll on the side of the car, letting out a victorious yell as they drive.

Drinker sits back down and turns on the RADIO. Portugal The Man's song "Mornings" (or something similar) comes on.

EXT. CAR

The car travels down a winding and dark road. The trees creep in from the sides of the road like they're waiting for something.

INT. CAR

STONER
(to drinker)
Roll up the window so we can hot
box it.

Charles turns the music down and Drinker rolls his window up.

Stoner pulls a fattie out from behind his ear and lights it up.

Eater is still munching on his burger. He leans up to Charles.

EATER
Did you stick it to Clare or what?

The others laugh. Charles attempts to stray from that topic.

CHARLES
Your breath smells like onions,
dude. Where'd you get that burger?

EATER
We stopped at BK on the way there.
Don't you remember?

Eater slumps back in his seat.

Charles has a blank look on his face, he doesn't seem to remember.

STONER
You're losing it bro.

Stoner passes the joint to Drinker who hits it.

EATER
So what did she say?

Charles and Drinker say the next line in perfect unison.

CHARLES/DRINKER
She said we should just be friends.

Charles looks at Drinker, surprised. Drinker passes the joint to Eater.

CHARLES
How'd you know that?

DRINKER

Dude, I was in the room with you.
Remember?

INT. PARTY - FLASHBACK

In one of the bedrooms, Clare is telling Charles "I think we should just be friends" except the room is a vacuum and she is silently mouthing the words as Drinker says them.

DRINKER

I think we should just be friends.

Charles turns his head to catch where the words are coming from and sees Drinker, standing in the room with them.

INT. CAR

Headlights and a HORN blares in on Charles as he swerves back onto his side of the road.

A sign along the side of the road indicates a Dangerous Curve ahead.

DRINKER

You're losing your shit, man.
(a beat)
Here, have some of this.

He hands Charles a small bottle of whiskey.

CHARLES

Nah, I'm fine.

Drinker is a little more forceful. Charles knocks it away, but it just spills in his lap.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Damnit.

Something THUMPS on the front of the car, hard! It rolls over the top and lands somewhere behind them. There's a bit of blood on the windshield.

Charles stops the car.

STONER

What the fuck was that?

Charles puts it in reverse and drives back a bit.

EXT. CAR

They all get out and gather around what appears to be a body. Charles bends down and checks for a pulse. Nothing.

He's about to cry. The combination of drugs, alcohol and the dead person lying at his feet is taking its toll.

Drinker's face turns to stone.

DRINKER

Get in the car. We're getting the fuck out of here.

CHARLES

We can't just leave.

STONER

He's right, man. We have to do something.

DRINKER

Do what? Say we were fucked up, joy riding and killed someone?!

STONER

It wasn't my fault.

Drinker punches Stoner in the face. Stoner goes down.

DRINKER

We're all in this together. Now get in the fucking car. I'll drive.

Drinker climbs in the driver's seat. The others get in too.

INT. CAR

They start off down the road. No one says anything for a beat. Drinker sticks a cigarette between his lips and lets it hang for a bit before finally lighting it. He takes a deep drag.

DRINKER

It's gonna be fine. No one saw anything. Just everyone keep your mouth shut about it. Agreed?

Everyone nods, agreed.

Another beat or two.

DRINKER/CHARLES

(in unison)

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

No, I'm sorry.

Another beat. The music is still playing softly underneath it all.

EATER/CHARLES

(in unison)

I'm hungry. Anyone else want Taco Bell?

STONER/CHARLES

(in unison)

We should probably stop at a car wash.

Now when we cut to Charles we see not only is he still the driver, he's the only person in the car.

CHARLES

That's not a bad idea. Not a bad idea at all.

The camera sets on the slight grin on Charles's face. The music grows louder as the credits roll.