

Save Me

Written By

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FADE IN

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

A worn-out pickup truck barrels down the lonely farm road.

Rows of empty plowed earth blur past the view of the truck's back window with the anti-Obama sticker. ROCKABILLY MUSIC plays from the open side windows and mixes with the sound of WIND and ENGINE HUM.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

JOHN, a 30-something gaunt man dressed in a grimy white T-shirt, is behind the wheel with a wild-eyed look.

With vigor, he rubs the bloody makeshift bandage on his head. He GROANS.

He reaches down to turn off the radio.

SYLVIA a carved head on a stick rolls on the dashboard. She resembles his wife. Facing John, the inanimate object begins to talk.

SYLVIA

(calm and confident)

Good. Now I can hear myself talk.

Sitting in the cup holder is a long neck bottle of beer. Printed on the logo is EDGAR who resembles John sporting a turn of the century suit and haircut. He too begins to talk.

EDGAR

(haughty and deep)

Hey, I was listening to that little ditty.

John grasps his forehead and squeezes.

JOHN

What's wrong with me?

Sylvia rocks back and forth slightly.

SYLVIA

I'll tell you what's wrong. She told you she's going to leave you.

JOHN

Shut the fuck up.

Edgar sternly stares forward from the bottle.

EDGAR

Trust me, John. The privy-sitter
has no balls.

SYLVIA

You hit her and she's not going to
take it.

EDGAR

Don't listen to that wooden hussy.
Besides, she won't be expecting us
home so early.

John winces from the pain in his throbbing head.

EDGAR

You don't look so good, Chap.

JOHN

My head feels like a balloon.

John takes a swig of beer.

The truck heads toward the old farmhouse at the end of the
rough road.

Through the windshield, he sees the open trunk of an old
sedan in the driveway. Sylvia rolls on the dashboard to get
a better look.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

Sylvia rolls back to face John.

SYLVIA

Looks like somebody's got moxie.

The bottle shifts in the cupholder.

EDGAR

What's happening. I can't see.

John pulls the pickup truck into the driveway and edges
toward the bumper of the sedan.

JOHN

You're not going anywhere.

The truck bumper bears down on the smaller sedan bumper
locking the car in place.

Sylvia rolls to look forward.

SYLVIA

You think that's going to stop her?

EXT. VICTORIAN FARMHOUSE IN DECAY- DAY

Angry, John gets out of his pickup truck carrying the open bottle, a 12 pack of beer, and a half-whittled stick with Sylvia's head.

John chugs a beer and then looks at the empty bottle with Edgar's face.

The face on the bottle stares forward.

EDGAR

Bully for you on that bumper, John.

He pauses to look sideways at the boxes filled with personal items in the open trunk of the sedan.

The closest box contains stuffed animals, a pale blue blanket, and a baby's mobile.

Sylvia is held in the same hand grabbing the 12 pack.

SYLVIA

See, she's just working through the past. But she's not listening to some bastard on a bottle.

EDGAR

Stick it up your arse you tree bound trollop.

John throws the empty bottle in the large plastic trash can at the end of the driveway. The trash can is filled with empty beer bottles. The faces on the label begin to speak.

EDGAR(S)

(in unison)

Don't take crap from nobody.

He grabs another beer from the pack as he walks through the over-grown grass of the lawn filled with discarded appliances and tools.

In front of the run-down porch, a half-dug flower garden. Potted flowers wilt nearby.

He TWISTS OFF the beer cap and tosses it into the garden.

EXT. VICTORIAN FARMHOUSE PORCH - DAY

SARAH a 30-something blonde, with a black eye, dressed in a

tattered dress and carrying a packed bag, stops in her tracks when she sees John.

Disappointed, Sarah sets down the bag and SIGHS.

Sarah looks at John's head.

SARAH
(reluctant)
That doesn't look good.

John places the stick on the armrest of the old rocking chair before sitting. He sets his beer on the rotted wicker table.

JOHN
I whacked the hell out of my head on a hanging pipe valve trying to get the school's old boiler under code.

SARAH
You probably should see a doctor.
You look a little pale.

John takes a swig of beer.

JOHN
I'm fine.

He looks at the bottle.

EDGAR
That's right, show no weakness.

John sets the bottle on the table.

He rubs his forehead.

Sarah looks to the driveway.

SARAH
(meekly)
Could you move your truck, please?

JOHN
You going somewhere?

SARAH
I'm going to my Dad's.

John leans back in the chair to remove a folded buck knife from his front pocket.

JOHN
Why's that?

Sarah pauses to think before she answers.

SARAH
I've had enough.

He unfolds the knife, and twirls it about before firmly grabbing the handle.

JOHN
Enough of what?

SARAH
Of living like this. Not knowing
when you'll explode.

John picks up the stick and looks at the rough carved female head still attached at the end.

SYLVIA
Why should she have to dread her
husband coming home?

JOHN
Is this about last night?

SARAH
You hit me.

JOHN
I never hit you before.

SARAH
(growing confident)
And I told you that if you ever did
I would leave.

JOHN
You want an apology. Ok. I'm sorry.

EDGAR
Don't stop there, John. Why not
apologize for having a tallywacker?

John tries to ignore the pain in his head as he whittles and rocks.

Sarah looks down at John.

SARAH

I really wish you wouldn't handle
knives when you're drinking.

John glares and doesn't respond.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But I guess you're going to do what
you want.

JOHN

Yep...So, you still leaving?

SARAH

Why would I want to stay?

JOHN

Because you are MY wife.

Wide-eyed, John looks over to the bottle sitting on the
table.

EDGAR

Indeed. Show her who's boss.

Sarah remains silent but resolute. Her body language is
defensive.

John twirls the blade until it lies along his forearm before
taking another swig of beer.

JOHN

We were happy once.

SARAH

Those days are gone.

JOHN

You can just throw away what we
had?

SARAH

No. That's on you.

The blade cuts through the neck freeing Sylvia from the
stick.

Sylvia lets out a little SQUEAL.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I can't believe I ever thought
you'd make a good father. Thank God
we stopped trying.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sarah subconsciously touches her abdomen.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But back then, I was hurting and you abandoned me.

JOHN

I didn't know what to do. You were always crying.

John rubs his head that is beginning to redden, and takes another swig.

SARAH

I just wanted to be held. I know you were hurting too. You wanted a son.

JOHN

Why should I cry over something I can't control, Sarah?

SARAH

Do you feel anything? Or are you just going to crawl back inside a bottle?

John holds Sylvia in his hand and smooths the finish with the blade.

SYLVIA

She's got you figured out.

Sarah looks at John funny.

SARAH

Why do you keep staring at that carving?

JOHN

Nevermind that.

He rubs his forehead before changing the subject.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Why have you stayed this long?

SARAH

Maybe I thought our marriage could be salvaged. Maybe I thought I could ease your pain.

JOHN
I didn't ask for help.

SARAH
No you'd rather crush any emotion
you ever had.

Sarah looks at John with concern.

SARAH
Are you sure you're OK?

SYLVIA
He's far from fine.

After taking a swig, he slams the bottle down on the table.

EDGAR
Please tell me you're not going to
let that woman mouth off like that.

John flips the knife, grabs the tip of the blade and points
it in her direction.

SARAH
John!

Sarah holds up her hands.

SARAH
Put the knife down.

John looks to Sylvia in his other hand.

SYLVIA
You really think this makes you
strong?

He turns back at Sarah and throws the knife.

The knife tumbles end over end past the ear of Sarah who
dodges to the side as it sticks in the wood porch post.

SARAH
(angry and shaken)
Damn it, John. What's wrong with
you?

Sarah pulls the knife from the post that has hundreds of
little divots from where the blade tip penetrated the wood.

She hurls it into the over grown grass in the yard.

John looks at the beer bottle in his hand as he rubs his head.

EDGAR

Man, if you have any self respect
you're going to make that bitch
pay.

John sets the bottle on the table and turns the label away from him.

EDGAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey. What are you doing?

He struggles to get out of the rocking chair.

SARAH

I can't believe I let this go on.
But I'm not going to feel bad
anymore.

Sarah backs up. He stands on unsteady legs.

JOHN

Don't go...Please.

EDGAR (O.S.)

Please? PLEASE? Is that any way
for...

John collapses to the porch floor. The beer bottle in his hand shatters.

Sarah looks down at him.

SARAH

Look at you.

She bends down and peaks under the bandage to see the nasty gash.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jeez. No wonder you're acting so
strange.

Sarah SIGHS as she looks down at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'll get you some help, but after
everything I just can't stick
around.

She brushes a lock of hair with dried blood out of his eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Maybe one day you'll come to terms
with what happened. Right now,
though, I need to take care of
myself.

John wild-eyed and dazed reaches for her ankle with his
bloody hand.

She picks up the bag and begins to walk away.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Goodbye, John.

Sarah walks toward the sedan while talking on the phone.

SARAH
(growing faint)
Yes. I need an ambulance. My
husband hit his head earlier but
now he is nearly passed out.

John opens his other hand to look at Sylvia.

SYLVIA
This is no way to make yourself
feel better.

John watches as the sedan breaks free of the truck bumper.

The sedan makes a sharp u-turn and knocks over the trash can
filled with beer bottles. The car continues to turn through
the lawn and out to the farm road.

SYLVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She's gone now.

He looks at Sylvia.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(nonchalant)
You really need to get your shit
together.

John lays on the porch staring at Sylvia as he begins to
drift in to unconsciousness.

FADE TO BLACK.