WET DRIVE

By

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INT. – DAY – SEMI CAB

We see the U.S. border through the windshield and in the distance. A smart phone and GPS are mounted on the dash and we see a man’s hand tuning the radio.

BBC ANNOUNCER

… School is the latest in a series of attacks that have left authorities baffled. The level of brutality and malicious carnage has cartel members disavowing the actions of the group referred to by authorities as ‘the Hell Dogs’. Whatever the purpose or message behind the attacks both official and unofficial sources are asking ‘why’?

The phone buzzes and CHARLIE answers.

CHARLIE

Driver.

MR. PHONE

Get off of the highway and leave the truck. We do not have control of the check-point.

CHARLIE

Fuck you! You are paying for…

INT. – DAY – PLUSH HOTEL SUITE - DRISKILL

We can see the back of MR. PHONE’S head and a Bluetooth device in his ear.

MR. PHONE

We will honor our agreement. You have completed the task you were assigned. Get the truck off the road and get away from it.

INT. – DAY – SEMI CAB

CHARLIE

I just passed the last exit before the border. Plus I’m way over in the trucking lane. Stopping now will get the attention of every Federale within five states.

MR. PHONE

Your choice.

Charlie looks at the phone disgusted/puzzled.

The border is approximately 200 yards ahead of him. Charlie is disappointed as he puts the vehicle in neutral then shuts off engine.

Charlie gets out of the truck walks a few paces ahead of the vehicle as traffic passing in the other lanes.

The Mexican border patrol turn and point at him.

Charlie stops, drops his bag, and then lies face down on the asphalt, lacing his fingers behind his head.

MBP OFFICER ARAPOSTA approaches within a few feet of Charlie and squats in front of him.

MEXICAN BORDER PATROL AGENT

American?

CHARLIE

Yes.

Patrol agent removes his cap, wipes his brow and squats in front of Charlie as the slow moving traffic continues.

ARAPOSTA

So why are you lying on this very hot road and surrendering my friend?

CHARLIE

It’s a long story.

FLASHBACK

EXT. – NIGHT – MOBILE HOME

A beat up truck in yard, another vehicle up on blocks hood up, grass really tall and unkempt, black cur dog chained to front porch, lights on inside, we hear the voices of Charlie and his wife.

WOMANS VOICE

You know they have some openings at the plant. I bet…

INT. – MOBILE HOME

Dishes stacked up, and clothes thrown about, only clean area is a lay-z-boy recliner where Charlie is sitting directly across room from small flat screen TV on top of several cinder blocks. Three little girls ranging from seven to thirteen are sitting on the floor doing homework.

CHARLIE

Yeah if I ask your perfect brother-in-law he could get me on. I’m a truck driver and dues paying member of the Teamsters. And I got no desire to go to work behind some fence inhaling god knows what so I can die coughing up blood ten years from now.

WOMANS VOICE

Well goddamnit Charlie, he’s your brother-in-law too!

CHARLIE

Don’t fucking remind me.

WOMANS VOICE

I know that you used to drive for Hoggly-Woggly and…

CHARLIE

…Got employee of the year for no incidents…

WOMANS VOICE

Yes and you won that little TV but it’s been months since you’ve worked…

CHARLIE

The warehouse got moved woman! Don’t you think I’ve been looking? Don’t you think I go out asking around, talking to people trying to…never mind. Now shut your mouth, Gun Smoke is starting.

A small woman with black eye moves to stand between Charlie and the television.

WOMAN

You listen to me. There are jobs out there! I read this book about adapting to change and…

CHARLIE

If you don’t move you’re going to adapt to my foot in your ass.

WOMAN

We can’t do this. Me and the girls we can’t…

CHARLIE

You can’t what?

WOMAN

Nothing Charlie it’s just that the other men who worked there either moved with the job or got new ones if you were…

CHARLIE

Shut your mouth and move!

Charlie throws a boot at her. She ducks and it hits the TV. The TV rocks for a moment then falls forward onto the floor. A brief spark then smoke appears from the back panel. The woman and Charlie look at TV, then at each other. Charlie leaps out of chair taking off his belt in one fluid motion as the woman runs for the bedroom she slams the door shut behind her. Charlie kicks door open.

We hear the sound of him beating her and her screaming ‘no’ repeatedly.

CHARLIE

I am about tired of your nagging and you’re going to find a way to replace that TV I don’t care if you have to sell your goods on the street!

We can hear the woman still screaming as he beats her. We hear the sound of the front door opening followed by a gunshot and a dog yelping. Charlie runs out of bedroom belt still in hand looking perplexed. He sees his oldest daughter replacing a small rifle in the pantry. Charlie goes outside to see his dog dead and bleeding.

INT. – DAY – COURTROOM

Charlie sits at one table with no counsel. His wife sits at the other table with a slick, good looking attorney. The three daughters are sitting behind her. The BALIFF stands at attention next to the bench. MARY-ALICE the stenographer looks poised to pounce.

BALIFF

All rise for the Honorable Judge Peach.

JUDGE PEACH, an older female judge enters courtroom and takes her seat.

JUDGE PEACH

Please be seated. Have the parties been able to reach an agreement as to alimony, child support and the disposition of assets?

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Anthony Prejean for…

JUDGE PEACH

I can see what side of the aisle you’re on counselor. (TURNS TO COURT REPORTER) Mary-Alice please note that Anthony Prejean is representing the wife in these proceedings.

Mary-Alice

Yes ma’am.

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Thank you your honor to be recognized by an adjudicator of your inestimable reputation is quite a privel…

JUDGE PEACH

Stop.

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Yes ma’am.

JUDGE PEACH

Counselor may I ask how you came to be retained?

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Pro bono you’re Honor.

JUDGE PEACH

I see. Well the disposition of assets seems to be in order and straightforward. As to alimony and child support…

CHARLIE

Your honor…

JUDGE PEACH

Nope.

JUDGE PEACH

So your wife wants three-hundred per month and you don’t want to pay it. Does that save time?

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Yes, your Honor.

CHARLIE

Don’t I get a say?

JUDGE PEACH

Do you have something different to say about the alimony and/or child support?

CHARLIE

She broke my TV that’s got to count for something.

JUDGE PEACH

How did she do that?

CHARLIE

Say again?

JUDGE PEACH

Was this an act of vandalism or done out of spite or in an attempt to steal said television?

CHARLIE

Uh…

ANTHONY PREJEAN

If I may your Honor?

JUDGE PEACH

Do you have knowledge of this counselor?

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Yes your honor. The television was broken when my client attempted to evade a missile thrown by her husband.

CHARLIE

It wasn’t a missile, you lying shyster it was a boot!

JUDGE PEACH

Sir, you are not a smart man and that anecdote reeks of domestic abuse. So what I’m going to do is offer you the choice; I can have the local PD and Family Services look into that or you can agree to pay what your wife is asking for. Your choice.

CHARLIE

I haven’t worked in months your Honor and three-hundred per month is almost half of my unemployment.

JUDGE PEACH

If she had asked for more I would have been tempted to grant it.

ANTHONY PREJEAN

Your Honor, my client would like to revise her request to six hundred per month.

JUDGE PEACH

You’ve already placed your bet counselor.

CHARLIE

You can revise all you want counselor! You can’t get blood out of a turnip.

JUDGE PEACH

Sir, the great State of Texas specializes in incarcerating turnips, right alongside rapists, murderers, drug dealers, and various ethnic gang members. I rule in favor of your client counselor, and sir if you fail to meet those obligations the Attorney General will see to it you are remanded to the Stiles Correctional Facility most expeditiously.

PRESENT

EXT.- DAY- MEXICAN HIGHWAY NEAR THE BORDER

CHARLIE

I would like to turn myself in for back child support owed in Texas.

ARAPOSTA

Senor, you seem to be – as the Americans say – an interesting person – no?

CHARLIE

Yes, I’m a person of interest in Texas.

OFF CAMERA

We hear the voice of a woman, MACHETE MAMMA screaming and cursing in Spanish while getting closer. Araposta looks in the direction then abruptly stands. We see Araposta’s boots then more BPA boots form up on either side of his

ARAPOSTA

Alto!

Sound of bolts being thrown on machine guns, Charlie covers his ears.

ARAPOSTA

Alto!

Sound of machines guns firing and Charlie eyes are squeezed shut. Once the machine gun fire stops Charlie opens his eyes, BP agent’s boots parting. Machete sliding noisily toward Charlie. Araposta returns to his position squatting in front of Charlie. Araposta picks up machete, admires blade, then puts it tip down on asphalt, wipes brow and neck with bandana. Squints and looks up toward the sun, then back at Charlie.

Charlie is still on the ground when Araposta returns to his squatting position.

ARAPOSTA

Maybe Mexico is interested as well.