

MIDNIGHT STORM

by
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Main doors open, out steps, JONATHAN, 50, wrinkled Oxford, worn Levi's accompanied by, PAUL, CHARLES, LINDA, in their late-20s, in sharp, hip, business attire.

PAUL

Drinks at, Joe Joe's?

CHARLES

Jonathan finally got an assignment.

JONATHAN

Yeah, sorry guys can't make it.

LINDA

Don't bite off more than you can chew,
Jon, Jon.

CHARLES

You lucky bastard.

They stop walking except for Jonathan.

PAUL

Knock'em dead, Jonathan.

LINDA

Yeah, whatever... You know he's an ex-
con.

His fellow workers all make loser signs on their
foreheads.

PAUL, CHARLES, LINDA

Loser...

They laugh, then walk away.

PAUL

How do you know that?

LINDA

That he's a loser.

PAUL

That he's an ex-con?

LINDA

I hear things.

2 CLOUDS 2

Block the moonlight, it rains.

3 EXT. CITY INDUSTRIAL - NIGHT 3

Glare from the headlights reflects off the torrential rains as cars splash down the street.

Lightning and THUNDER.

A black sedan slows to a stop. The rear door opens, out steps, SHARON, molded hard body in white-hot pants, high white boots with a skimpy white bra-like top.

Rain rolls off her white umbrella.

Two guys in the front seat, dressed as the Blues Brothers. She bends down to the passenger, MODINE; he touches her hand.

MODINE

See you at the next party Shar.

SHARON

You're on speed dial Hon...

The car speeds off, HORNS BLAST as DANIEL, the driver cuts into traffic.

Sharon walks the sidewalk as a second car pulls up.

She looks at the car as the side window rolls down.

JONATHAN

Hi there.

SHARON

Hi, yourself good lookin'.

JONATHAN

This weather really sucks, doesn't it?

SHARON

Honey, I can make your rain shine.

JONATHAN

Do you want to get in, maybe go for a drive?

SHARON

Darl'in do you think I dress like this to go for a drive?

Sky lights up with a blast of lightning and THUNDER as the wind rips Sharon's umbrella inside out, yanks it from her hands.

Her umbrella flies into the street, run over by a passing car.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch, did you see that?

Sharon's hair starts to fall from rainwater. Lightning and THUNDER become more violent. Sharon looks around she gets

IN JONATHAN'S CAR

Jonathan's smiles as he drives off.

JONATHAN

Okay, wow, this is great.

SHARON

What the hell are you doing? You pull this car over right now! Did I say I wanted to go for a Goddamn drive? Did I say that goddamn it?

JONATHAN

I thought that was why you got in the car, go for a drive; I'm sorry.

SHARON

Pull over now... Hon.

Jonathan turns the

4

CORNER

4

Stops by a building. Lightning and THUNDER heighten.

JONATHAN

I apologize lady. I'm sorry, please. I'm a writer.

SHARON

A writer! Honey... Do you want to party or tell stories?

JONATHAN

An interview, I'm a journalist, for San Jose Reader, an interview half-hour hundred dollars. What do you say?

Sharon looks.

SHARON

You're sweet honey, but I think we're
both after the wrong thing.

Driver-side window EXPLODES spraying them with glass.

A Hand grabs Jonathan around his face almost pulls him
out through the window. A Gun shoved over Jonathan's
right shoulder aimed at Sharon.

BLAM!

Passenger-side window explodes.

SPLAT.

Blood, brain matter slide down the outside building wall.

Jonathan screams.

Gunman forces the gun into Jonathan's right hand.

The dark figure runs off.

Lightning and THUNDER ease off, no more rain.

Sharon's head falls between Jonathan's legs. Jonathan
screams grabs his ear in pain as he looks around.

Jonathan looks down at her. Gun in hand resting on the
back of her head, blood pulsates through his fingers.

He throws the gun to the floor.

Jonathan pushes Sharon upright against passenger door
holds his ear in pain.

MODINE (V.O.)

Three king one, what's your twenty? I
lost a visual on three king one. Three
king one over...

Jonathan grabs her purse, out falls a walkie-talkie, a
9mm handgun. Lightning bounces off her shiny police
badge.

He throws her purse down, frantically opens his door he

5 FALLS OUT

5

to the street, a gust of wind slams his door shut on his leg.

He screams grabbing his leg.

MODINE (V.O.)
 Three king one, what's your twenty?
 Sharon where are you? What's your twenty
 over?

Jonathan hobbles to the passenger side opens the door;
 Sharon falls out, knocks them to the ground.

An approaching car's headlights bounce off the building
 wall.

MODINE (V.O.)
 Three king one, three king one. Damn it.
 Three king one where in the hell are you?

Jonathan sees his dome light on; he starts to close the
 door but quickly grabs the radio, slams the door shut as
 the car rounds the corner.

Dome light turns off.

Jonathan desperately looks for the radio off switch.

MODINE (V.O.)
 Three king one, three king one. Damn it.
 Three king one. Shar, please come in,
 come in Sharon.

The same tinted windowed sedan starts to pull alongside,
 with its passenger window rolled halfway down.

MODINE
 Sharon were in the hell are you? Come on
 back to me. Goddamn it.

Jonathan looks under his car, wheels stop.

MODINE (V.O.)
 Three king one, what the hell's your
 goddamn twenty?

Modine pulls walkie from his ear, looks at it.

MODINE
 I thought I heard myself.

DANIEL

Glad someone's listening.

Modine looks at Jonathan's car, slowly rolls the window all the way down.

He notices the busted out window on Jonathan's car.

Puts the walkie to his ear.

Modine shines his flashlight into the car.

Jonathan's hands quickly move over walkie hysterically looking, finds the off switch.

Turns it off.

With walkie to his ear. Modine Opens his door, slowly steps out onto broken glass.

MODINE

Sharon, three king one come in, Sharon,
what's your twenty? Three king one; three
king one come in.

Modine slowly walks to the rear of Jonathan's car while sliding his walkie over tail light to the trunk, which creates a scratching sound and crunches glass under his feet, he stops.

Jonathan holds tight onto Sharon as he cowers to the car like paint.

Modine slams his fist onto the trunk.

Jonathan almost jumps out of his skin.

Modine quickly gets back in the car.

MODINE (CONT'D)

Damn it! Dispatch we need back up! We
lost Three king one, over... Let's go,
move, move...

Car speeds off.

6

JONATHAN

6

Puts Sharon back into his car.

They race off.

7 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 7

Jonathan pulls over, stops.

Gets out, runs to the passenger side, drags Sharon from the car, throws her body into the bushes.

It starts to rain.

JONATHAN

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry...

Dark then THUNDER and lightning.

8 JONATHAN 8

Runs back to his car, starts it, becomes fixated with the windshield wipers going back and forth, back and forth.

9 FLASHBACK - OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 9

Jonathan sees a reflection from a window, behind him his so-called friends as they make the loser sign on their foreheads.

PAUL, CHARLES, LINDA

Loser, loser, loser, loser, loser.

11 FLASHBACK - JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT 11

BLAM, the gunfire's next to his ear; he SCREAMS, looks at the gun.

12 PRESENT TIME - JONATHAN'S CAR - NIGHT 12

Jonathan's stares at the wipers.

JONATHAN

Oh God...

He quickly picks up the gun, cocks it, hands shake, puts it to his temple then into his mouth.

A large tree branch breaks off...

CRASHES

Onto the car.

BLAM!

- 13 EXT. PARK - NIGHT 13
- A flash of light inside the car, the door flies open.
- Jonathan's body falls hard to the ground; he doesn't move.
- Jonathan jumps up, tosses the gun into bushes, runs to where he had thrown Sharon.
- He madly searches, stumbles, falls hard to his back, sits upright, searches again, no Sharon.
- He quickly runs to his car.
- He burns rubber.
- 14 INT. JONATHAN'S CAR 14
- Jonathan CHOKES, when he sees Sharon in the rearview mirror, centered in the back seat.
- SCREAMS, the car swerves almost runs off the road, comes to a stop.
- Jonathan spins around, gets on his knees, leans over to the back seat.
- JONATHAN
- Nice trick.
- Sharon slides across the seat,
- THUD,
- her head slams into the door jam.
- JONATHAN (CONT'D)
- Jokes over, come on!
- He shakes her; blood runs from her ear to the back of his hand.
- Jonathan WHINES, SCREAMS, jumps behind the wheel, races off.
- 15 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 15
- Jonathan stops, drags Sharon to the bus stop bench, props her up.

JONATHAN

A better person will come by and know
what to do.

Jonathan races off in his car around a corner, stops.

NEXT TO A BUILDING

Watches Sharon on the bench.

A BLARING SIREN

As a lone police car races down the street.

Several vehicles pass in both directions. A large truck
and trailer pass... no Sharon, gone, vanished.

The sound of SIREN fades off.

Jonathan runs to the street, looks in all directions.
Runs back to his car stops ten feet away.

Slowly sneaks up to his car, looks in the back seat,
nothing.

Jonathan quickly jumps in, starts it, puts it in gear.

SMASH, CRASH

The windshield and roof cave in. Sharon's face stuck on
the windshield, eyes wide open stares back at Jonathan.

Jonathan SCREAMS uncontrollable.

16

MR. BADGER

16

A black man, in dark clothing, walks to Jonathan's car.

MR. BADGER

Yeah mon, you do not mess with a man's
territory. No sir, it's not right, you
know what I'm saying their slick...

A black stretch limo stops, a gorgeous, sexy Asian girl,
TINA opens the rear door, gets out, Badger enters, she
gets in, they drive off as

17

JONATHAN

17

Watches, SCREAMING.

18 INT. BLACK STRETCH LIMO - NIGHT

18

Badger sits next to Tina; Paul wipes the blood from Sharon's hair, with Charles, Linda, Modine and Daniel.

TINA

I feel a lot of love here.

MR. BADGER

Yeah mon... lots of love mon.

PAUL

Don't worry; the con does have a sense of humor.

CHARLES

Do you know for sure?

PAUL

I've seen him laugh.

CHARLES

No, the con thing.

PAUL

It's a fact, right Linda?

LINDA

The one thing I do know, he's a...

They all make the loser sign.

PAUL, CHARLES, LINDA

Loser, loser, loser...

19 EXT. NEXT TO A BUILDING - NIGHT

19

Jonathan hysteric as Sharon's head rolls from the smashed windshield, bounces off the hood to the ground.

Jonathan looks down at the severed head... it's clearly from a mannequin.

Hysteric SCREAMS from Jonathan... as the

20 SUN RISES

20

Behind the mountains.

21 EXT. CITY SIDE STREET - DAY 21

Jonathan hunched over, looks like shit... staggers across the street, cars come in all directions, they swerve, miss him by inches. He doesn't flinch.

DRIVER

Get the hell out of the street you stupid bastard!

Jonathan walks past a flower stand; he stares at some beautiful flowers.

22 INT. OFFICE - DAY 22

Paul, Charles and Linda, hard at work at their desks.

Jonathan enters, clean shaven, clean clothes carries two paper bags full of beautiful flowers.

CHARLES

Jonathan...

LINDA

How'd it go last night?

Linda winks at Paul.

JONATHAN

I learned something.

PAUL

What are the flowers for?

The bag slides off; Jonathan has an Uzi in each hand.

JONATHAN

Funerals.

Fear covers their faces; they SCREAM as the

23 UZI'S 23

Spit bullets, BLAM, BLAM... hundreds of empty shells bounce off the furniture, the floor.

The smoke clears, the bodies of Paul, Charles and Linda lay motionless.

24

JONATHAN LAUGHS

24

Charles slowly looks up as Linda and Paul WHIMPER as they check for bullet holes.

Blanks.

They jump up and rush Jonathan.

LINDA

You're a bastard.

PAUL

You son of a bitch.

25

JONATHAN

25

Drops one Uzi, pulls out a 9mm handgun from his belt,

BLAM,

Splinters the corner of a wooden desk.

They freeze.

JONATHAN

Blanks... Real. None of you asked what I learned? I learned to share, spread the good times around, sharing; that's what it's all about. They shoot at you; you get a bigger gun. Don't be selfish, give back more than what you received.

LINDA

I have children, and you know them... They know you...

JONATHAN

Shut-up. You, you're the one that's been passing those ugly rumors around.

PAUL

I never believed her Jonathan.

CHARLES

We didn't mean any...

JONATHAN

Shut-up, I kill one person, one person twenty-five years ago, now I'm an ex-con, the guy raped and murdered my wife. Well, I'm tired, tired of it all.

PAUL
That's all behind you.

Jonathan puts the gun in his mouth.

PAUL, CHARLES, LINDA
No... No... No...

Jonathan pulls the gun from his mouth, points it at them.

LINDA
Little Bobby and Susie call you uncle,
they love you...

Jonathan puts the gun back in his mouth.

BLAM.

Blood peppers the wall.

PAUL
No, Oh my god...

LINDA
What have we done?

CHARLES
Oh God please no.

Linda falls to the floor SCREAMS. They all SCREAM.

JONATHAN
Do they honestly call me uncle?

The SCREAMS stop, they look...

Jonathan sits up, smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

LINDA
No... No, hell no you stupid fuck'en ass
hole.