

**THE DRIFT**

By

Patrick G. Donahue

Patrick G. Donahue  
17597 Vineland Ave.  
Monte Sereno, CA 95030  
Cell: 408-806-2129  
bottlne@comcast.net

ProtectRite #R692-6264

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT 1

SNAKE, a white dude with a tattoo of a snake on the side of his neck. The other scum bag, Mexican, called, CHILI; both around 20.

They punch JULIE; a thirty-year-old woman unconscious, she could be your sister, wife, girlfriend. They rip her clothes as they violently rape her.

They laugh, run off as they zip their pants, leave her shredded clothes that exposes her bloodied breasts.

2 EXT. STREET - DAY 2

Fabulous Golden Gate Bridge in a distance.

ALBERT, white, 70's, he wanders around aimlessly, wears an assortment of unmatched clothes.

MR. HAMILTON, African-American, 60, white shirt, tie, sports jacket. He has a laborious cough, pulls his shopping cart loaded with aluminum cans.

JOEY, white, 55ish, prison tats on his neck, hands, wears a black trench coat.

All need haircuts; a shave, clean clothes.

They share a brown paper bagged bottle of wine.

Albert wanders away.

Mr. Hamilton digs in side walk garbage bins, pulls out cans.

MR. HAMILTON

You know what's wrong with the world today?

JOEY

People, yes sir, too goddamn many fuckin' people... like him.

Joey points to the street.

MR. HAMILTON

No, no. We's needs' people, no people, no cans...

Mr. Hamilton sees Albert stand in the

3 STREET

3

Cars swerve. Mr. Hamilton hobbles toward Albert.

JOEY

I hope Al Baby's insured.

Mr. Hamilton gently pulls Albert to safety.

MR. HAMILTON

This is a fool thing to be doing  
Albert?

ALBERT

Have you seen my car?

JOEY

You see; that's my point. Do we  
really need people like him?

MR. HAMILTON

We'll soon find your car, Albert.

ALBERT

I believe I may have parked it over  
there... Maybe; I just don't know  
anymore.

JOEY

You're wasting your time looking  
for that stupid red car?

ALBERT

It is a beautiful red, isn't it?

4 ON THE SIDEWALK

4

Snake with Chili grab Mr. Hamilton's shopping cart, race off.

Mr. Hamilton runs after them, his cough intensifies. He drops  
to his knees that causes him to spit-up blood.

Joey tackles Snake.

A car hits the shopping cart, the cans explode in all  
directions.

Joey wrestles Snake to the ground, Chili kicks Joey in the  
face, cuts his lip.

Snake kicks Joey.

Chili kicks Joey in the ribs.

Joey blocks the next kick, springs up with his Martial Arts.

Chili in pain on the ground; Snake pinned to a tree.

Joey pulls his hand back to chop Snake across the throat.

5 EXT. FLASHBACK - FENCED-IN AREA - NIGHT 5

Rain and THUNDER light up the sky.

A younger, clean-shaven JOEY fights BOBBY; a biker dude.

Bobby knocked down into a puddle of muddy water.

DEBRA, slaps Joey.

JOEY

What the hell you doing with this  
guy? You're my wife!

Debra looks past Joey to Bobby.

Joey turns side ways just as Bobby throws a spear-like pipe,  
it hits Debra in the chest.

Debra jerks backwards; Joey grabs her.

JOEY

Noooooo...

Joey lunges at Bobby.

Joey hits Bobby a few times then delivers a final chop across  
his throat...

6 CRACK! 6

Bobby falls limp.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Joseph Patrick Shannon, the court  
finds you guilty of second-degree  
murder...

7 CLUNK! 7

The judge's wooden mallet strikes the anvil.

A bolt of LIGHTNING shoots across the sky followed by heavy  
rain crashing THUNDER.

Bobby falls.

Mud, water explodes.

Joey stands with his hand frozen in the chop position.

8

EXT. PRESENT DAY - SIDEWALK

8

Joey readies to chop Snake across the throat.

Mr. Hamilton grabs Joey's hand.

MR. HAMILTON

They's only cans, Joey.

JOEY

They're your cans, Mr. Hamilton.

Snake breaks away, walks backwards pointing his finger at Joey like it's a gun.

SNAKE

Bang, bang.

CHILI

Yeah, bang, bang asshole!

Snake and Chili laugh as they run off.

Albert saunters off in the opposite direction.

Joey bleeds from a cut over his eye and lip, staggers over, YANKS Albert by his arm, PUSHES him to Mr. Hamilton.

JOEY

If you want to baby-sit, then  
baby-sit goddamn it!

9

STREET CURB

9

The cans in the street are smashed flat by passing cars.

The three sit on the curb.

ALBERT

Let's go to the dealership and look  
at some beautiful red Ferrari's?

JOEY

Yes sir, maybe they will let us  
take one for a test drive... you  
idiot.

MR. HAMILTON

Joey, Don't be so down on the man.

JOEY

If I could get rid of some of the people in this world, I'd start with this moron.

ALBERT

Ferrari's are a skillfully manufactured automobile.

MR. HAMILTON

Yes sir, damn fine car, Albert.

Joey and Mr. Hamilton put the flatted cans into the DAMAGED shopping cart while Albert stuffs them into his pockets.

10

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

10

A dirty, unkempt, makeshift cardboard camp.

Small fire burns; they pass a wine bottle, eat beans from a can.

Mr. Hamilton has a paper plate, his shopping cart is empty.

Joey works on a small home-made trap.

A train ROARS nearby.

ALBERT

This is especially good this evening, Mr., ah, Mr. ...

MR. HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton, Albert.

ALBERT

Mr. Hamilton, Albert.

JOEY

Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton, just plain old Mr. Hamilton, goddamn it.

ALBERT

What happen to Albert?

JOEY

Your Albert and you're a stupid moron. Why in the hell do you put up with this guys crap?

Albert lovingly hugs Joey.

Joey pushes Albert, knocks him to the ground. He sets up to punch Albert but hears a dog GROWLING in the bushes.

Joey releases Albert.

They listen, walk slowly towards the sound.

Joey looks around some

11

BUSHES

11

sees a large DOG dragging Julie covered in blood.

The dog growls slowly moves toward Joey.

Joey breaks a small branch, shakes it while he quickly walks to the dog.

JOEY

Get the hell out of here, get, get.

The dog runs off.

Joey quickly walks to Julie, puts his ear to her mouth.

JOEY

Nothing, dead, she's goddamn dead.

Joey quickly stands.

JOEY

This isn't good, not at all, not good for me.

MR. HAMILTON

Joey, we got to get the police.

JOEY

We're moving camp; that's what we're doing. No police...

Albert makes a sound like an SIREN.

ALBERT

Arrrrrrrrrrr, rrrrrrrr...

JOEY

Shut up, shut him up before I do, now shut-up.

ALBERT

Arrrrrrrrrrr, rrrrrrrr, rrrrrr...

MR. HAMILTON

Albert ma man, Albert. Shuuuuu, Shuuuuu, Albert.

Albert calms down.

MR. HAMILTON  
 Joey, the police will understand;  
 we got to help, Joey.

JOEY  
 No way, I ain't going back, man.

MR. HAMILTON  
 We got to do something.

JOEY  
 She's probably a burned-out hooker.  
 She's none of our goddamn business.

ALBERT  
 I'll drive in my red car to the  
 hospital. Arrrrrrrrrr, Areeeeeeeee...

Mr. Hamilton puts his hand over Albert's mouth.

MR. HAMILTON  
 Albert, Shuuuuuuu, Albert. We can't  
 just do nothing, Joey, come on.

JOEY  
 Look at me man, I just had 20 years  
 in lock up; they'll throw me back  
 faster than this moron can walk  
 off.

ALBERT  
 I can help. Areeeeee, Areeeeee...

Albert Runs around and pretends he drives a car; he races  
 around some trees. His siren starts to fade.

MR. HAMILTON  
 Please Joey. You got to think this  
 out.

Mr. Hamilton rushes after Albert.

Joey bends down to feel her pulse.

She pops up, grabs him.

They roll on the ground.

Joey breaks from her, quickly stands.

JULIE  
 Help me.



She goes unconscious.

JOEY

Mr. Hamilton, Albert, she's alive!  
Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton!

Joey looks around, no one, total silence.

JOEY

Oh man! Mr. Hamilton where in the  
hell are you? When I need you.

She coughs, moans.

JULIE

Please help.

She passes out.

JOEY

Oh man.

Joey picks her up, carries her off out into

12 EXT. TRAFFIC - NIGHT 12

Down the

13 CENTER OF THE STREET 13

Cars beep their horns, swerve around them.

On the sidewalk to the rear door of a

14 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 14

He gently sets her down. He tries the door, locked.

Joey breaks the glass, the alarm RINGS, Security Guards, a  
Doctor-looking person run down the hallway to the door.

Julie opens her eyes, looks at Joey.

Joey runs off, hides, watches them bring her inside.

15 EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY 15

Rats on a stick cook over a small fire. Mr. Hamilton eats.

MR. HAMILTON

I demand's to know what you did  
with the body last night.

JOEY  
This is her, yes sir.

Joey bursts out with laughter.

Albert laughs.

Mr. Hamilton throws his rat at Joey, attacks him. Mr. Hamilton spits blood. Joey helps to settle him down.

JOEY  
I'm just kidding. I told you what I did, end of story.

Joey gives his rat to Mr. Hamilton.

JOEY  
It's the truth Mr. Hamilton, let's eat, protein; it's good for you.

Joey hands Albert a fresh rat off the fire then picks up Mr. Hamilton's rat, brushes it off, eats it.

ALBERT  
Nobody cooks these as good as he does, Mr... Mr...

JOEY  
Yes sir, you tell'em, Einstein.

ALBERT  
Yes, you tell'em, Einstein.

16 EXT. STREET - DAY 16

Mr. Hamilton pulls his damaged shopping cart.

Albert walks off in a different direction.

Joey gently takes Albert's arm as they pass a newspaper stand.

Mr. Hamilton notices the

17 NEWS PAPER HEADLINES 17

"MISSING WOMAN SAVED"

A woman left at the back door..."

Mr. Hamilton and Joey look at each other, smile...

18 THE HOTTEST

18

Goddamn red Ferrari RIPS by as Albert jumps up and down. He laughs, imitates the sound of the Ferrari.

Albert runs off after the Ferrari.

Joey catches him, with the help of a bus stop bench, puts Albert into the shopping cart.

JOEY

Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines.

Albert pretends he's steering, makes the sounds of a race car, shifts gears and peels out.

Joey pushes the shopping cart in circles around the bus stop bench.

Mr. Hamilton laughs between coughs.

Joey laughs with Albert.

19 BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINE

19

Drives by, the rear window rolls down, ROBERT, in a sharp three-piece suit looks hard at them. The limousine flips a U-turn pulls up to them, stops.

Joey pushes faster and faster; Albert laughs, still making race car sounds.

The front tires on the shopping cart hit the grass; the shopping cart flips over crashes Albert and Joey to the ground, they are showered with aluminum cans.

They all laugh as Mr. Hamilton staggers over to them.

The limousine's rear door opens.

Robert runs to Albert, helps him up.

ROBERT

What the heck is this? Mr. Trussdale? Everyone's been looking for you sir; families worried sick. Come now, it's time to go home.

Robert takes out his wallet, pulls out a twenty.

MR. HAMILTON

Sir, we do not take handouts; we's not beggars.

Joey snatches the money.

JOEY  
Speak for yourself.

Robert walks Albert to the limousine.

ALBERT  
We were looking for my car.

ROBERT  
Where did you get those dreadful  
looking clothes, sir?

Robert and Albert get into the limousine.

JOEY  
Excuse me, sir. Does he own a car?

ROBERT  
He owns this limousine and twenty-  
eight Ferrari's.

MR. HAMILTON  
Twenty-eight you say...

JOEY  
What color sir?

ROBERT  
Red...

ALBERT  
I like red.

The limousine drives off.

Albert looks out the back window, pretends he drives the car,  
and laughs.

JOEY  
Damn.

MR. HAMILTON  
Yeah... damn.

Joey walks with Mr. Hamilton as they share a bottle of wine.

Mr. Hamilton's cough worsens.

Joey takes the shopping cart.

JOEY

Now you don't be coughing all over that their bottle, Mr. Hamilton.

MR. HAMILTON

This is fine wine for the price. As you know, when I was the janitor at Enron... not only was I the best dresser, I drank the finest Pinot Noir.

Mr. Hamilton hands the bottle to Joey.

Mr. Hamilton coughs, drops back unnoticed.

JOEY

Yes sir, you still the best dresser Mr. Hamilton; I know that for sure.

From behind A hand covers Mr. Hamilton's mouth.

It's Chili.

They pull him into the thick bushes.

Mr. Hamilton fights for every breath as blood spurts through Chilies fingers.

Snake and Chili look at the blood on Chilies hand; they see Joey as he walks towards them.

They throw Mr. Hamilton to the ground, kick him, and run.

Mr. Hamilton coughs up chunks of blood clots.

Joey hears Mr. Hamilton in the bushes, charges through.

JOEY

Oh man, Mr. Hamilton, what the hell are you doing in here?

Mr. Hamilton coughs so bad he can't hardly catch his breath.

MR. HAMILTON

You're absolutely right, there are some people we don't need in this world.

JOEY

Yes sir... That's what a judge said about me.

They laugh.

MR. HAMILTON  
Twenty-eight Ferrari's.

More laughter.

Mr. Hamilton CHOKES for the last time, and dies.

JOEY  
Yes sir Mr. Hamilton... all red.

Joey lays Mr. Hamilton out on the grass by the street, cleans him up the best he can.

JOEY  
You're a good man Mr. Hamilton; I'm proud to call you my friend.

Joey stands, bows to Mr. Hamilton, takes the shopping cart, pounds for a second, then walks off, abruptly stops, turns.

JOEY  
I'll take very good care of this,  
yes sir, you can count on that.

Joey taps on the shopping cart, slowly walks off.

20

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

20

The doors open as a nurse pushes Julie in a wheelchair.

Her two small children run to her, smother her with hugs and kisses.

Joey recognizes her.

Julie gives Joey a passing look.

Joey watches her as the kids laugh, jump for joy.

The nurse pushes her to the car.

Her husband opens the door.

Joey turns, walks off.

Julie turns, stares at Joey, smiles.

Joey turns as he walks, locks eyes with Julie, smiles.

Julie and her family drive off.

21

EXT. STREET - LATER

21

22 AN AMBULANCE 22

Picks up Mr. Hamilton.

23 JOEY 23

walks to a garbage bin, smile from ear to ear, as a

24 POLICE CAR 24

stops for the light.

Joey sees Snake and Chili that appear to be handcuffed in the back seat.

Joey pulls out aluminum cans.

BRAD

Nice shopping cart. What model is it?

JOEY

It's a R-dash-twenty with hydraulic lift. It belonged to a friend.

BRAD, 75's, if he smells as bad as he looks this could be a friendship in the making. He picks up empty cans from the gutter tosses them into the shopping cart.

Joey pushes the shopping cart; they walk down the street.

BRAD

Shopping carts really have model numbers?

JOEY

Fuck if I know...

FADE OUT.