

The Drive In
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1

EXT. ABANDONED DRIVE IN. NIGHT.

1

*

In a dark and run down DRIVE IN, a 1948 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL slowly pulls in. It's headlights FLASH across a sea of rusty and broken down SPEAKER POLES. In the far corner, a FIGURE drifts back into the shadows.

*

MARY COLLINS, 60s, a former beauty queen who has yet to lose her looks or her charm, pulls alongside the strange figure, rolling the window down.

MARY

Roger, is that you?

ROGER, barely visible in the narrow light, crouches back towards the darkness behind him.

ROGER

Turn the lights down.

Mary is obviously taken aback but complies.

Roger creeps towards the rear of the car. Mary unlocks the doors.

2

INT. MARY'S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

2

He slides down into the seat behind Mary. Their eyes meet in the rearview mirror -- a look of horror flashes across Mary's face.

MARY

What's ha --ppened to you?

Mary turns, craning her neck.

ROGER

Don't look at me.

MARY

I'm sorry. It's just been...

Mary returns facing forward. Roger's posture softens.

ROGER

A long time, I know. The mirror.

Mary moves the mirror away as Roger leans in closer.

ROGER (CONT'D)

From the moment you turned the corner...

He takes a long deep inhale up the back of Mary's neck.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Lilacs.

She tilts back slightly in response.

MARY

I've missed you.

Mary drops her head to the side, exposing her neck. She rubs *
her fingers up into her hairline. Roger doesn't miss a *
moment of this act.

ROGER

I shouldn't have come here.

MARY

You know I never believed them.

ROGER

I should have let you believe I was
gone.

He leans closer, brushing his lips against her fingers.
Instinctively they stretch, searching for him.

Slowly, they quiver upon Roger's lips. *

Pressing his face against her hand, he leans in closer. The
dim light from the street lamp seemingly disappears within
the hollow pockets of sunken flesh on his withered face. *

The touch of Mary's hand releases a stringy piece of *
translucent skin and she instinctively recoils. She turns *
towards him. What little is left of his skeletal face causes *
her to scream.

ROGER (CONT'D)

What did I tell you?

Their eyes meet.

He bolts from the car and back to the shadows. *

Mary follows.

3 EXT. ABANDONED DRIVE IN. CONTINUOUS. 3 *

Roger slinks behind a pole. Mary comes towards him, blinded *
by the light of the street lamp above. She turns her face *
slightly away from his.

MARY
Roger, wait.

ROGER
Leave me be.

MARY
Let me see you.

ROGER
No.

MARY
Then let me feel you. *

ROGER
No.

Mary leans back against the pole between them. Roger moves closer, his hauntingly yellow-green eyes lack the sparkle of Mary's ocean blue ones.

MARY
Touch me. *

Mary removes the bun from her silver hair. It cascades down her shoulders, blocking the light from Roger's eyes. He reaches up, stroking her hair ever-so-gently.

MARY (CONT'D)
For all these years they've claimed
you were dead... *

Roger's fingers grip the back of her neck. She sighs, as one often does in an intimate moment with their lover.

MARY (CONT'D)
... not once have I stopped loving
you. *

Roger kisses her neck and wraps his arms around her waist.

ROGER
Nor have I.

A strong wind picks up the nearby dirt and dead grass. Mary closes her eyes to protect them from the debris. *

In an instant the wind is gone and so is whatever remained of the human known as Roger.

The End.