

O.T TRIBUTE

Beau Lamond

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

An attractive WOMAN disguised in a blonde wig and sunglasses patiently stands on the sidewalk. She hails a taxi.

WOMAN

TAXI!

Taxi pulls up, she enters.

INT. TAXI IN MOTION

The taxi's communications radio is heard. A male DRIVER observes the WOMAN through his rearview mirror.

DRIVER

Going to a party?

WOMAN

Uh-huh, this will be my third one tonight. I'm hoping it won't be as disappointing as the last two.

The DRIVER does not notice her pull a gun from her bag. In CLOSE VIEW we see two bullets missing from its chamber.

DRIVER

THIRD party! TONIGHT? That's...

The DRIVER shuts up at the sound of the gun's hammer clicking into place. The WOMAN leans in close from behind his seat.

WOMAN

I have a gun pointed at the back of your head.

The DRIVER panics somewhat.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(Firmly)

EYE'S ON THE ROAD!

(Calmly)

If you promise to get me to my destination WITHOUT touching the brakes... then I promise not to spray your... who is that? Is that your wife?

On the dash we see a picture of what appears to be a middle aged woman.

DRIVER

... My daughter.

WOMAN

(Spoken to self)

Jesus!

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(To DRIVER)

Then I promise not to spray your frontal lobe all over your lovely daughter there. Sound fun? Does to me!

The DRIVER whimpers.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and be careful not to hit any curbs, my finger tends to get awfully nervous... where as I however... get rather... excited.

With the gun pressed firmly against the DRIVER'S headrest, the WOMAN leans back into her seat and gasps orgasmically. DRIVER breathes heavily whilst nervously keeping his eyes on the road.

INSERT: EXT. TAXI'S POV; close to the ground the road rushes towards us. A tyre scratches the curb. INT. The VIEW is extremely close on the DRIVER'S eyes; a bead of sweat rolls down the side of his panicked face as the WOMAN is partially seen screaming pleasurably behind.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

DRIVER (O.S.)

WE'RE HERE! THIS IS IT! THIS IS IT!

WOMAN (O.S.)

Wha..? THEN BRAKE!

With speed the taxi screeches INTO VIEW and comes to a halt.

DRIVER

DON'T SHOOT ME! DON'T...

WOMAN

No, no shooting. You're allowed to END with a brake you silly boy.

(Spoken to self as she
exits the taxi)

I guess I should make that more clear in future.

(To DRIVER)

No you did beautifully, you did not disappoint, so well...

The taxi instantly speeds away once she is out.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

... done.

The WOMAN places the gun back in her bag then corrects her appearance. She then raises her hand as she crosses the street to hail another taxi (OUT OF VIEW).

WOMAN (CONT'D)
TAXI!

FADE OUT.