

UNTITLED

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EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Flat. Void of Mountains or anything resembling it.

Frank Sinatra's *Something Stupid*, the sound of FINGERS TAPPING and a voice HUMMING along, accompanies the sight of a small green car. Driving. Aimless. Down the narrow strip of road.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

The TAPPING FINGERS belong to JAYDEN, 19, swaying with a carefree smile and affectionate eyes. His smile grows when he glances to his right, revealing...

CHARLOTTE (although she prefers CHARLIE), 20, humming along and trying not to laugh as she copies JAYDEN's movements. Amplified.

Heads bouncing, hair flying, grooving.

CHARLIE's fingers glide against the wind's current. Dancing. Free.

The two lean towards each other. Instruments swell, returning to the chorus...

CHARLIE
(singing)
The time is right, your
perfume fills my head, the
stars get red and oh the
night's so blue. And then I
go and spoil it all by
saying something stupid like
"I love you".

JAYDEN
(singing)
The time is right, your
perfume fills my head, the
stars get red and oh the
night's so blue. And then I
go and spoil it all by
saying something stupid like
"I love you".

CHARLIE giggles through the words. JAYDEN takes her hand, eyes on the road, and gives it a small squeeze as he sings the final...

JAYDEN (cont'd)
I love you.

CHARLIE's head is leaned back, relaxed, admiring JAYDEN. She giggles, giddy, when she notices JAYDEN's eyes turn glossy. Twinkling in the sun shining through the driver-side window.

JAYDEN
(whispers)
Oh man...

CHARLIE gives JAYDEN's hand a squeeze.

CHARLIE
(teasing)
Whaaaaat? What is it?

She can't hold back a smile as she waits for his answer.

JAYDEN
I could just run away with you. Right
now. We could go anywhere...

The happiness slowly drains from CHARLIE's face.

JAYDEN's words slur together, incomprehensible, muffled as he continues. A faint high pitched drone joins this cacophony.

CHARLIE removes her gaze from JAYDEN, now looking dazed out the window, through the scene rushing by. Every noise merges with the warping sound of the wind beating against the car. Her head slides along the seat until it's against the door.

The white painted stripes rumble by.

MONTAGE

Laying on top of a mountain, CHARLIE and the figure of AN UNKNOWN BOY next to her, his FACE UNCLEAR. CHARLIE smiles, looking at THE BOY.

Driving, wind in CHARLIE's hair. Dust from the dirt road clouding the windshield. THE BOY's hand grips the steering wheel. Sun glares through the window pane. CHARLIE holds onto the handle above her, the truck jostling over bumps. She laughs. We can't hear it.

Fireworks launch from the pavement. CHARLIE backs away, quick, clumsy, stumbling into the arms of THE BOY. They smile up at the night sky in awe. Red and white explodes. CHARLIE's arm linked with THE BOY's.

In the woods. Somewhere. In the same truck we saw before. Not moving. CHARLIE looks at THE BOY, sullen, confused and betrayed. She's shouting. Inaudible. Trying to keep the tears from spilling over onto her cheeks.

Trees rush by through a car window.

CHARLIE stands across from THE BOY in a room. Pictures of CHARLIE, HER PARENTS, and HER FRIENDS frame her as she backs up against a door. Hands clenched, flailing as she cries. Face flushed. Hair pulled tight in a messy bun. Her neck is strained. She shouts into the literal void in front of her. THE BOY is revealed, stepping closer. Closer.

CONTINUED...

She protests, slapping and pushing his chest. He forces her into a hug. CHARLIE stands there, hysterical, arms limp by her side.

Laying in the bed of a truck. Trees outside the windows. CHARLIE on her side, naked. The truck shifts. A glimpse of THE BOY behind her. A tear falls from her eye.

INT. JAYDEN'S CAR - DAY

JAYDEN squeezes CHARLIE'S leg, his eyes focused on the road. CHARLIE's gaze drops to his hand. She places hers on top of his.

The happiness from before has vanished from her face, contorted into a desperation. She looks down at their hands, longing for peace of mind.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - NIGHT

JAYDEN's CAR sits in front. The THUD of A CAR DOOR CLOSING.

CHARLIE leans through JAYDEN's open window, gives him a quick peck on the lips and steps away with a weak smile.

GEAR SHIFTING.

CHARLIE's smile slips as the vehicle pulls away from the curb.

CHARLIE, alone, stands in the road. Her face is flush, eyes red, glistening in the light of the street lamp.

She watches the outline of the headlights as they leave her behind.

Watches until they're gone.