

MUSTANG

BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUMMERSIDE - MAIN STREET - DAY

DUST WHIRLS and dances down the empty street of this dying rural town in the middle of nowhere.

Nothing else moves in the oppressive summer heat except for a SCRAWNY DOG in search of shade or water. It lopes across the road toward...

EXT. SUMMERSIDE GENERAL STORE - DAY

JENNA, 25, a break-your-heart beauty, leans against the partially opened front SCREEN DOOR as she SUCKS on a Popsicle.

Sweat rolls down her neck and settles on her body like mist on a peach. She has the impatient eyes of someone stuck in place that dries up life and blows it away.

She watches the dog amble toward her as the SOUND OF A TV EVANGELIST drifts out from the interior of the store.

She shouts over her shoulder.

JENNA
Turn the damn thing down!

The SOUND DROPS for a second then cranks LOUDER.

Jenna slaps the screen door with the palm of her hand. She throws her Popsicle on the ground and heads down the sidewalk in her BARE FEET.

The thirsty dog eagerly LAPS up the cold treat.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A BLACK RUSTY CAMARO kicks up a brown cloud of dust as it SWERVES off the interstate and takes a bite out of the shoulder before it straightens onto the side road.

INT. CAMARO - MOVING

NICK, 28, tips back a COORS as he steers with one finger. His demeanor is as weathered and sure as his faded tight jeans.

The RADIO BLARES country punk as he RUMMAGES through a pile of tapes and fast food wrappers.

He grabs a NEWSPAPER from under the mess and PROPS it on the steering wheel.

CLOSE ON a circled ad: '67 MUSTANG - BEST OFFER.

EXT. CAMARO - MOVING

The car SWIPES by a road sign: "SUMMERSIDE - POP. 679 - WE LOVE THE LORD AND OUR CHILDREN"

EXT. SAM'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jenna paces in front of the window of the shop. She looks back down the sidewalk toward the grocery store a few doors down.

INT. SAM'S BARBER SHOP

The shop is empty except for SAM, balding, 40's, asleep in one of the chairs.

A FLY buzzes around the EMPTY COFFEE CUP that dangles from his finger.

The BELL over the shop door RINGS. Sam doesn't move.

Jenna's BARE LEG COMES INTO FRAME.

The hem of her thin SHORT COTTON DRESS brushes against Sam's fingertips.

She takes his hand and slides it up her thigh, then over the curve of her hip to her waist.

Sam mutters in his sleep, then JOLTS AWAKE. He pulls his hand back like he's touched a hot stove.

SAM

Jesus! Jenna -

She slowly claws her fingernails down her neck and raises angry RED WELTS.

JENNA

How can you sleep? I feel like my skin is going to peel away.

She fiddles with a button on his shirt.

He grabs her hand.

JENNA

I'm tired of waiting for the weather to change.

SAM

You can't come over here every time you're bored. He's gonna catch on -

JENNA

That's what gives you a buzz...the danger.

She straddles him across his lap and reaches behind the chair for a PAIR OF SCISSORS on the counter.

She holds the tip of the scissors against his ear.

JENNA

You said you'd help me leave him.

Sam eyes the door, nervous, like he has dynamite on his lap.

SAM

Jenna. What a guy says when he's -

JENNA

What a guy says...

She gets off him and throws the scissors back on the counter.

JENNA

Means shit.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Camaro is parked on the side of the road, with the HOOD UP. STEAM hisses from the radiator.

Nick shields his eyes from the sun and looks down the road. Summerside's main street SHIMMERS in the distance like an oasis.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Jenna enters the store and grabs a duster off a hook beside the cash register counter.

She WHACKS the tops of a row of can goods with a mechanical motion as she sighs and stares out the front window like she's waiting for a parade to start.

A MALE VOICE hollers out from a back room.

CAL

Damn it!

CAL, 38, stocky and tightly wound, enters the front of the store from the back.

CAL

That store room is still a mess.
When you getting to it?

Jenna slides her eyes over to her husband.

JENNA

You marry me for cheap labour? At least I used to get minimum wage...and a little more if I was nice to you.

Cal grabs her wrist and snatches the duster out of her hand.

She looks into his eyes, defiant.

JENNA

Too bad I don't want to be nice anymore.

CAL

If you read your scriptures on Sunday instead of eyeing every pair of male pants that walked in the church, it might have registered in that pretty head of yours that a good woman obeys her husband.

She yanks her wrist out of his grip.

An ELDERLY WOMAN enters the store with a net grocery bag over her arm.

Jenna turns her back to Cal and smiles.

JENNA
Hi Mrs. Crawford. Sweet potatoes on
sale today.

Jenna raises her eyebrow at Cal and whispers.

JENNA
(to Cal)
Guess I'm not a good woman.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Nick stands across the street from the store. He pushes the folded newspaper page in his back pocket and ambles across the road.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Jenna is behind the cash register.

Cal sees Nick cross the street. He looks at Jenna.

CAL
Who's that guy?

Jenna barely glances up.

JENNA
How the hell should I know?

As Mrs. Crawford exits the store, Nick holds the door open for her, then enters.

Cal leans against the front counter, not giving off welcome vibes.

NICK
Hey.

He pulls the ad from his pocket.

NICK
This the place with the Mustang?

CAL
Sure is.

JENNA
It's not for sale.

Cal squints a warning to Jenna.

CAL
My wife is mistaken.

Nick clears his throat.

NICK
I've been eating dust. Do you have
any cold soda?

Jenna moves out from behind the counter.

JENNA
I'll get you one.

Cal blocks her and motions towards the back.

CAL
Cooler's over there.

Nick nods at Jenna before he walks to the cooler.

Cal turns to Jenna when Nick out of earshot.

CAL
That car is gone.

JENNA
You gave it to me as a wedding
present. The law says it's mine.

Cal sneers.

CAL
The Lord giveth..and the Lord
taketh away.

Nick retrieves a can of cola from the cooler and watches Jenna and Cal as he pops the lid and gulps deeply.

Jenna wipes perspiration from her face and looks back at Nick. A smile plays around the edges of her mouth.

She removes keys from the cash register drawer, dangles them from her pinkie, then THROWS them at Cal.

Cal shakes his head and laughs.

CAL
(to Nick)
C'mon. It's out back.

As soon as the men exit, Jenna is out the front door.

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