

OVERSTEER

by

CJ Walley

cj@cjwalley.com
www.cjwalley.com

*"It is only good when the old and
the young respect each other."*

- Chinese proverb

INT./EXT. CAR WRECK, DESERT ROAD - DAY

VONNIE, a young woman in business attire, slowly comes to and realizes she's slumped up against BOBBY, a young man also in a suit who appears to be knocked out.

Pushed right up against each other on one side of the leather rear seat, he gradually regains consciousness, the window by him smashed and dust blowing in.

She shakes him a little, his eyes connect with hers. They stare for a moment in silence.

The rear door behind Vonnie swings open. WOODY, an older heavy set guy also in a business suit, reaches in and grabs a suitcase from the footwell.

WOODY

You still alive? Move!

Woody pretty much drags Vonnie out of the wrecked steaming car that's spun out into the dirt, one side of which has taken a huge impact, the dead DRIVER hanging out his window.

Still confused, Vonnie scans the area, nothing but desert, a woman's screaming eventually drawing her to another wrecked car in the dirt upside down.

Bobby struggles out the wreck clutching his arm.

BOBBY

I can't move my arm. I can't move it.

Woody's hands shake as he lights up a cigarette.

WOODY

I shouldn't have let the kid drive.
What the fuck was I thinking?

Suitcase in hand, Woody marches Vonnie and Bobby to the road as he takes out his cell phone.

VONNIE

You'll give away our location.

WOODY

We got a hell of a head start.

VONNIE

Which we're losing second by second. You wipe down the car?

Woody pauses and stares at Vonnie pissed off.

VONNIE (CONT'D)

This whole situation is dirty as fuck right now. Is Marty even dead? He can identify us all.

WOODY

I'll clean it up.

Woody puts down the suitcase and wanders back, leaving them in the road. BANG! The trapped Woman's screaming turns to pleading. BANG!

Vonnie jolts to her senses and stares into the middle distance shocked. Just the wind whistling now. Woody strolls back re-holstering a pistol and picking up the suitcase.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Well... you said, kiddo.

He leads them down the highway. They walk alongside him.

VONNIE

Where we going?

WOODY

I saw houses, about a mile back.

VONNIE

About a mile or a mile?

WOODY

We're making the rendezvous.

VONNIE

You kill that woman?

WOODY

Walk!

Vonnie stews concerned as they hike along the hot asphalt. Bobby lightly touches her hand and shoots her a sympathetic smile before wincing in pain and cradling his arm.

With dust gathering on their shoes and suits, they trudge through the heat, the horizon ahead seemingly endless.

EXT. TINY NEIGHBORHOOD, DESERT - DAY

Vonnie, Woody, and Bobby peer ahead at a lonely street dotted with a few small houses.

WOODY

I sure hope this is the kinda place stupid enough to trust strangers.

VONNIE
Someone calls and everything's
fucked up.

WOODY
No shit.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A single story stucco finish home sits proudly beside its cacti garden and one-car garage. Vonnie, Woody, and Bobby make their way up the path to the door.

Before they can knock, the door opens to reveal WALT and CANDY, an old couple, looking out concerned.

CANDY
Can we help you?

WOODY
We're sorry to impose. We got into
a little car accident and-

CANDY
-Oh my! Come inside!-

WALT
-Yes! Come in! You guys okay? You
need anything?

They're ushered into the hallway of the quaint home.

WOODY
Would it be okay if we used your
telephone? We were hoping to catch
a flight and need to make a call.

WALT
Of course! Of course! Right in
here.

CANDY
I'll make some tea!

INT. OFFICE DEN - DAY

Walt leads Woody into his den and points at an old telephone by a chair. Walt takes a seat and picks up the receiver. He looks back to see Walt stood waiting politely. Woody shoots him a smile and rolls his eyes to himself as he dials.

WOODY
(into phone)
It's erm, Woody, we're going to be
late for our flight.
(beat)
(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

Car trouble.

(beat)

Three of us. Well actually, we were hoping you could send someone to-

(long beat)

I see.

Woody glowers as he listens.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Candy carefully places a tray of tea in front of Bobby and fills a cup from a teapot. He struggles to hide his pain, sat perched on the sofa while Vonnie studies the old couple's ornate collection of family photos.

CANDY

You want me to call someone to come over and take a look at your arm?

BOBBY

No, it's just sprained. You got painkillers?

CANDY

Sure!

Candy makes her way back to the kitchen, pausing by Vonnie to find her looking at a picture of a cherry red 64' Malibu.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Our first new car, our pride and joy. Nineteen-sixty-four Malibu. They sure don't make 'em like that anymore, I can tell you.

Vonnie shoots her a polite smile. Candy proudly grins back.

Walt leads Woody into the room. He darts his eyes back and forth with Vonnie and Bobby.

WOODY

Looks like we've missed our flight.

A glum mood takes over for a few uncomfortable moments.

CANDY

(to Walt)

I was just telling them about our old Malibu.

WOODY

Malibu? As in Chevrolet Chevelle Malibu?

WALT

Sixty-four. You a car guy?

Woody draws a devious grin. Vonnie can tell just what he's thinking and locks eyes with him.

WOODY

Oh yeah, I'm a car guy alright.

CANDY

Well, I better fix y'all some sandwiches. He'll talk ya to death about that car.

(to Bobby)

Painkillers. Don't worry, I ain't forgotten about you, sweetheart.

Candy trots out to the kitchen while humming to herself.

WOODY

Sixty-four, say, that's the first year they made the Malibu, that right?

WALT

Sure is. You know your Chevys.

WOODY

Convertible?

WALT

The only one to have, and she's as shiny as the day I picked her up from the dealer.

WOODY

You're a clean freak, right?

WALT

Guilty as charged!

WOODY

You see, I'm a clean freak myself. You clay bar? I clay bar....

Walt nods keenly.

WOODY (CONT'D)

...I can't bear the slightest spec of dirt messing things up. I gotta get it all that mess scrubbed out.

Vonnie grows concerned.

WALT

Well, see, you keep a car garaged and you don't gotta concern yourself so much with that kinda thing, you see?

WOODY
 (nodding to garage)
 You got her tucked away in there?

WALT
 Under lock and key.

WOODY
 Gee, I'd sure love to take a look.

VONNIE
 Woody?...

Woody snaps round to Vonnie and glares.

VONNIE (CONT'D)
 ...Can I bum a smoke?

She shoots him a look that screams "we gotta talk".

WOODY
 (to Walt)
 You mind if we?-

WALT
 -Go right ahead. Backdoor's right there. Say, you reach for a Lucky, I'll go dig out the old girl's keys, and I'll show you round.

WOODY
 You sir, are a gent.

EXT. REAR GARDEN - DAY

Woody and Vonnie exit the house via a screen door and shut it behind them. Vonnie lights up a smoke.

WOODY
 You're on some thin fucking ice right now, you know? This aint your situation to try and un-fuck.

She passes him her smoke and lights up her own.

VONNIE
 We take that Malibu and we're going to stick out like a sore thumb.

WOODY
 In Bum Fuck, Arizona?

VONNIE

A fifty year old car? Seriously?
We're going to stake everything on
something older than the fucking
Addams Family? We'll be lucky if we
make it past where we crashed.

WOODY

Hey, if it's lasted fifty years so
far it'll last another fifty
minutes more, believe me.

VONNIE

We don't even know if it's got gas.
You realize how much stopping at
one gas station potentially fucks
up our program?

Woody shakes his head unconvinced.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bobby knocks back some painkillers as Walt eases down onto
the sofa beside him.

WALT

She seems a real nice gal that one.
You like her?

Bobby draws a wry smile and nods.

WALT (CONT'D)

Well I tell ya, don't hold back on
making your move. You'll never
regret it.

Walt beams a huge grin and looks back adoringly to his wife
making sandwiches in the kitchen.

EXT. REAR GARDEN - DAY

Woody jabs his cigarette at Vonnie accusingly.

WOODY

You know what your problem is?

VONNIE

By all means, enlighten me.

WOODY

Okay, kiddo, listen up. You're a
finicky little motherfucker and
that means you bring problems not
solutions. You need to pipe down
and respect your elders.

(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

Bobby gets it, he keeps his mouth shut and his eyes in the prize. But you, you're fucking insolent and one day you're gonna grow up and realize that.

Vonnie thinks long and hard.

WOODY (CONT'D)

You're gonna say something. You can't just shut the fuck up and take orders, can you?

VONNIE

Thanks for the life advice, but here's the thing, you want my respect, you fucking earn it. You think you get my respect just because you're older than me? Fuck you! You think you get to disrespect me just because I'm younger than you? Fuck you!

Woody chuckles to himself in disbelief and tosses his smoke.

WOODY

Spoken like the proverbial spoiled little brat.

They share scowls as he slides open the screen door and invites her back inside. She tosses her cigarette and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vonnie and Bobby force big smiles as they re-enter. Walt hops up and shakes the keys to his Malibu.

WALT

No time like the present.

CANDY

(from kitchen)

Wait! Wait!

Candy hurries in with a platter of sandwiches, and catches her breath, offering them up to Woody.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Can't have you starving in there!

Woody politely helps himself to a sandwich, takes a bite, and nods impressed at Candy.

WOODY

Well, that's just dandy, ma'am.

He whips out his gun and aims for Walt. BANG! Walt hits the floor clutching his gut. Candy screams. The platter hits the floor. She pours over Walt in anguish. Woody aims for her.

Vonnie grabs Woody's arm. BANG! He misses and tries to throw Vonnie off him. Bobby leaps up and tries to help Vonnie but gets pistol whipped by Woody.

Vonnie holds Woody's pistol away with both hands as he yanks her back by her hair.

CLICK! Woody freezes and looks round to find Bobby fighting through his pain to keep his gun aimed directly back at him.

BOBBY

You take your god damn hands off
her or this crime scene gets a
whole lot dirtier. You hear?

Woody lets go of Vonnie. She ducks free. Candy sobs as Walt wheezes in pain.

WOODY

You know, I thought a lot more of
you, Bobby. When a real man stabs
someone in the back he has the
decency to use a knife to do it.

BOBBY

That's funny, until just now, I
thought a lot more of you too.

CANDY

WHY!?! WHY!?!

VONNIE

SHUT UP! LISTEN! EVERYBODY!

Vonnie takes centre stage and sternly looks around at them.

VONNIE (CONT'D)

Now, this is how we're gonna do
this. Candy, I'm sorry but we're
taking the Malibu. But here's the
thing, you get to call an ambulance
provided you don't report any
details, okay? You don't remember
who walked in here today.

Candy stares back shocked.

VONNIE (CONT'D)

That's the deal, you live, you can
save your husband. Got that?

WOODY

We're just going to rely on trust?

VONNIE

I think you can keep your word,
don't you, Candy?

With Walt groaning beneath her, Candy takes the keys, respectfully hands them over to Vonnie and glowers at Woody who stares back spaced out.

VONNIE (CONT'D)

(to Woody)

You still with us? Move!

Vonnie leads Woody out. Bobby follows, pausing a moment to look down at Walt. Walt gives him a nod. Bobby nods back.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The electric garage door glides up to reveal the shiny chrome grill of the Malibu, the engine purring, its deep cherry red paintwork gleaming.

It pulls out onto the driveway, Woody behind the wheel, Vonnie and Bobby sat in the back, turns into the street, and cruises away toward the highway.

THE END