

HOWL ' S E N D

written by

Jona Headon

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

A cold, blue morning. The birds are just waking.

A **WOMAN** (30s) shivers asleep in the fully-reclined passenger seat. Mittens, beanie hat pulled over her eyes, blanket up to her chin.

Windows drip with condensation. A NEAR-EMPTY WATER BOTTLE in the driver's seat, TRAINERS in the footwell. Opened WET WIPES and Franz Kafka's *METAMORPHOSIS* on the dashboard. *Does she live here?*

We HEAR the driver's door handle being tugged.

Then silence again...

The rear door handle is tried - *gently* this time, almost suspiciously... *No luck.*

Silence as the visitor shuffles around the rear.

The penultimate handle tried... *No dice.*

A blurry silhouette emerges at the passenger window. Tries her door handle... *Locked.*

The figure lowers to the window, his face pulls closer. A *perpetual blur.*

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

She *jumps* in her seat! Confused for a second. *Where am I?*

She wipes the condensation revealing a **MAN** (30s):
DISHEVELLED, MUD AND BLOOD-STAINED FACE and HANDS, TWIGS IN HAIR, CLOTHES SHREDDED TO RAGS.

She SCREAMS - Then catches herself, holding her chest.

MAN

Really?

The Man rolls his eyes. He trudges back to the driver's side.

WOMAN

Sorry! Sorry!

She frantically gathers herself, unlocking the doors, clearing his seat.

The Man gets in and shuts the door, quickly warming hands together. Puts the TRAINERS on filthy feet.

He snatches several wet wipes, cleans himself up.

WOMAN

...Did it go alright?

MAN

You know I don't... I'd rather...
I don't like talking about it.

She fails at hiding her frustration.

WOMAN

Yeah, okay.
(to self)
We'll add it to the list.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

Nothing. I didn't mean anything
by it.

She gets out and stretches. A few deep breaths of fresh air.

Meanwhile, he searches for something to snack on. Nothing but
empty wrappers.

He grabs the BOTTLE. *It's lighter than expected.* 10% remains.
He drinks it out of spite.

He checks the back seat. Thoroughly. *Can't believe his eyes.*

MAN

You didn't bring me clean
clothes?

WOMAN

Yeah, I didn't get [a
chance...]--

MAN

(gesturing to himself)
How the fuck am I meant to--

WOMAN

It's not my fault--

MAN

(muttering)
Fuck's sake!

He storms out the car and trudges to the boot.

WOMAN

I need you to calm down.

In the boot there's a WIND BREAKER, paint-covered JOGGERS. He
keeps digging...

MAN

(to self)
I swear I had a shirt in here...

She rolls her seat upright, gets back in, shuts the door.

She checks her PHONE: DEAD.

The Man gets changed, MUTTERING to himself.

She watches him in the rearview. He tosses the soiled clothes in a plastic bag, in the boot. SLAMS the door shut. *It rattles her skull.*

He gets in. A big SIGH... Seatbelt on.

MAN

Let's just go. Gimme the keys.

WOMAN

...Are you serious?

MAN

Yeah, I need a proper hot shower.

The Man fidgets, one hand wiping the condensation, the other still expecting the keys...

WOMAN

...I don't have them.

MAN

(irritated)

It's too early for banter. Come on. Just give 'em.

WOMAN

I don't have them. You didn't give them to me.

MAN

What are you talking about--

He remembers something, but refuses to concede just yet.

He bolts out the boot. She watches him in the rearview again.

He rips out the shredded trousers to find: A SPLIT IN THE POCKET...

He desperately checks the rest of the bag, the WHOLE boot, around the car!

Nothing.

MAN

Fuck! ...FUCK!

He crashes back into his seat. A dreadful silence lingers.

MAN

How could you let me go with them?

WOMAN

Why didn't you let me drive last night?

He doesn't know how to answer the question.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Because this wouldn't have happened otherwise--

MAN

The way you drive, we would never have made it in time. I did it for your own good.

WOMAN

My... My own good? Oh, come off it, you're not thinking about me at these times at all.

MAN

Not true - It was for your safety.

WOMAN

Stop putting it on me, as if I should be thanking you for something.

MAN

You're here now, aren't you? Alive and well. Safe and sound.

WOMAN

Because of this superiority complex you're afflicted by, I've been here all fucking night. Have you not figured that out yet?

MAN

Yes, I'm not an idiot--

WOMAN

THAT'S why you don't have clean clothes.

His eyes are locked on the forest ahead.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

So you have nothing to say about that? It's 2 degrees in here! I was alone, in pitch black, in the middle of fucking nowhere. Terrified that some version of you might come back before dawn... How many more things do I need to list before you say something...?

MAN

(snarky)

...I thought you liked making lists...

The detonator's been pressed... Now waiting for the explosion.

The full screenplay is available upon request © 2024

HOWL'S END | Jona Headon © 2024