

MAM TWO HEARTS / Jona Headon © 2022

M I N U T E S   A F T E R   M I D N I G H T

' T W O   H E A R T S '

12:01 AM

"Pilot"

written by

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Based on the short story 'Two Hearts' by Jona Headon

**EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT**

A brand new BEIGE RV sits on the edge of a wide forest clearing. The lights are off inside.

A full moon shines brightly behind the RV.

Crickets CHIRRUP in the dark, besieging bushes.

**INT. RV - NIGHT**

It's too dark to see. Closed blinds block the moonlight.

The SOUND of WET, BUBBLING WHEEZING reverberates from something huge...

The SOUND of a heavy steel chain DRAGS across the floor...

The SOUND of a computer BOOTING UP...

The cold blue light of a computer screen. 12:01 AM reads in the corner.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

WEBSITE: *"meetlovemakelove.com"*

*"Welcome back SWEETBLOND2015"*

A chat box pops up in the corner.

One profile picture is a cactus, the other is a fish.

Keyboard keys CLATTER...

SWEETBLOND2015 (TEXT)

*Whatever you can fit in your trunk, we'll take it and put it in my RV.  
There's plenty room x  
:)*

KAVIN90210 (TEXT)

*Okay, great!*

SWEETBLOND2015 (TEXT)

*You got the money, my love?*

KAVIN90210 (TEXT)

*'Course I got the money!  
Baby, I'm made of money!*

SWEETBLOND2015 (TEXT)

*\*You won't need anything else once you're here.  
:)\**

A LINK to a MAP is attached. The pin is in the centre of a large patch of green... A forest.

KAVIN90210 (TEXT)

*On my way.*

SWEETBLOND2015 (TEXT)

*Don't be late. 1 AM. I mean it. x*

KAVIN90210 (TEXT)

*I'm leaving now. x*

SWEETBLOND2015 (TEXT)

*Love you xxx*

KAVIN90210 (TEXT)

*Love you!*

A split second later:

KAVIN90210 (TEXT) (CONT'D)

*Wait! How will I know it's you?*

The chat box closes.

The computer screen shuts down to black--

#### **EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

A bright moon hangs in the black sky. Coyotes HOWL in the distant mountains.

This is RURAL COLORADO. A *ghost town*.

The gas station sparkles with fluorescent lights – the only lit establishment for miles.

One pick up truck sits in the lot, windows wide open. The radio PLAYS a 1950s COUNTRY LOVE SONG.

A beat '96 FORD ASPIRE carefully rolls in and pulls up at a pump.

The DRIVER steps out. This is **KAVIN** (30). He possesses a severe BLACK, HAIRY BIRTHMARK on the side of his face, down his neck, down to his left hand. Thick-rimmed glasses and a shearling jacket.

Kavin reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a handful of scrunched bills. One \$10, one \$5, and five singles.

Kavin inserts the pump and keeps a keen eye on the reader. The numbers climb...

Kavin checks his watch: 12:26 AM.

A THUNDEROUS motorcycle suddenly charges into the lot. TWO PASSENGERS on one bike.

Its headlight beams on Kavin. Kavin turns away in an attempt to hide his cheek with his woolen collar.

The motorcycle pulls up just outside the convenience store.

The **GUY** (20s) hops off and dashes into the store.

The **GIRL** (20s) hangs back and watches Kavin.

Kavin can feel her eyes on him. He avoids her stare.

Soon, the Guy bursts out with hotdogs and soda.

The Guy feeds his Girl a hotdog in an overtly-sexual manner while he chugs his soda. Tattoos and piercings. Classic.

Kavin watches the numbers climb... \$18... \$19... \$19.50...

**WHACK!**

An empty soda can hits Kavin, knocking his collar aside revealing his birthmark.

GIRL (O.S.)

(laughing)

Holy shit! D'ya see that!?

Kavin looks over to see them both gawking with disgust. He scrambles to pop up his collar again and adjust his glasses.

Looks back at the reader: \$22.80.

KAVIN

(to self)

Shit!

Kavin yanks out the pump and quickly holsters it.

He checks his other pocket. A fleeting moment of relief, until he pulls out a handful of receipts and candy wrappers.

He sneakily looks over to the couple. They no longer seem interested in him.

So he slyly reaches into his jacket pocket and slips out a THICK ENVELOPE.

He splits it open revealing a rugged row of bills — *There's easily \$500 packed in there.*

He regretfully slips out a smaller bill and returns the envelope to his pocket.

Kavin twists the fuel cap tight and looks up to see only the Girl straddling the bike. She's looking directly at him.

Kavin holds for a second too lo--

**THUMP!**

Kavin's knocked to the ground.

The Guy hunches over Kavin, WRENCH in hand, and rips the envelope out of Kavin's pocket – cell phone skitters away.

The Guy STOMPS on the phone as he dashes back over to his bike.

The bike's engine RUMBLES to a start.

Kavin struggles to his feet, stumbling in an attempt to give chase.

The Girl LAUGHS and squeezes her helmet back on. The Guy hops on the back.

The engine ROARS as they peel out of the gas station.

The couple shrink in the blackened horizon.

Kavin stumbles across the lot towards the store.

The door CHIMES as a CUSTOMER steps out. Kavin enters.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT**

A small, tightly-packed, poorly-lit store.

An acne-blasted **CLERK** (19) shuts the cash register. He wears a Nirvana tee under a company vest. He looks up to see Kavin enter. He recognizes Kavin.

CLERK

Ay! Wolf Man! Godsend!

The Clerk rushes out from behind the counter to a back door.

KAVIN

I gotta use your phone--

CLERK

Bro, can you do me a solid? I've been dyin'a take a piss for an hour! I'm out of empty bottles!

KAVIN

But--

The Clerk pushes open the back door.

CLERK

Just ring it up yourself. I trust you, Wolf Man!

The Clerk is gone.

KAVIN  
 (muttering)  
 ... That's not my name.

Kavin stumbles around to the back of the counter. Three piss-filled bottles hidden underneath.

He spots the phone, unhooks it and dials... 9-1-1.

He hears PISS GUSHING in the bowl in the bathroom.

He takes out his cash.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
 9-1-1, what's your emergency?

The register PINGS open. Kavin freezes.

DISPATCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 This is 9-1-1, are you there?

The register's crammed full of green bills of all sizes.

DISPATCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hello? Is there anyone there?

Kavin looks out the window to the lot: *The pick up truck leaves...*

He checks the rest of the store: *It's empty.*

The CCTV camera up in the corner: *It dangles by a wire.*

DISPATCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hello, this is 9-1-1, what's your emergency?

Kavin hears the toilet FLUSH. *A decision must be made!*

Kavin bolts into action, stuffing his pockets with the bills. His eyes dart back and forth between the bathroom door and the register. His heart vibrates in his chest.

DISPATCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I can hear you breathing. Are you hurt?

Just a couple of bills left...

The bathroom door whips open--

Kavin SLAMS the register shut!

KAVIN  
 (on phone, improvised)  
 ... Alright, I'm on my way.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
 Sir--

Kavin hangs up. He looks over at the Clerk.

CLERK  
... You good?

Kavin catches his breath. *Be cool, man!*

KAVIN  
Yeah... You?

Suddenly, the door CHIMES open.

Kavin and the Clerk's heads whip around to see TWO POLICE OFFICERS strut in.

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