

PULL OVER

Written by

Shane T. Tisdale

Lansing, Michigan  
(517) 282-0651

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A middle aged, African-American male, police officer, sits steadfast, unmoving, in the driver's seat of his parked, black and white, Chevy Impala, police car. The engine is kept running, as the officer waits patiently, name tag reading SGT Thompson.

Sitting next to Thompson is an apparent partner, in the front, driver's seat, name tag reading Officer Devries, also an African-American male, but young, early twenties. Devries appears nervous though, impatient, murmuring and figiting.

Dark, raining, fog starts to encompass the stretch of road where the police car sits, limitting even more visability, as the two officers continue to await, for what no one knows yet. The time on the Chevy's dash reads 7:49pm, Wednesday.

OFFICER DEVRIES

Come on, come on already, this is the best speed trap I know. Are we going to have to wait all night to prove it. Someone's going to speed!

Devries starts to pound on the dash as he quickly turns left to right and around to hope to catch glimpse of any passer by vehicles appearing to be breaking the speed limit. The sign closest to them reads 50mph. SGT Thompson remains unmoving.

SGT THOMPSON

(Whispering)

Just a matter of time rookie; keep quiet. No one can see us with our lights off, nestled back in this spot at night.

OFFICER DEVRIES

(Bouncing)

Where is this vehicle at! Did we miss it or what?!

SGT THOMPSON

Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h, think I hear something...

Nothing is heard; both officers sit and wait; but, nothing moves, just a slow, dense, incoming fog - that appears from no where, moving in left to right across the small portion of expressway that now lies in front of the officers' police car.

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 (Whispering, slowly)  
 SGT, ..., something don't feel  
 right here.

Devries stops fighting in his seat, looking up to see dark clouds starting to move in, a full moon appearing behind such as a pleathura of frogs croaking in a distance can be now heard at a distance.

SGT THOMPSON  
 Dispatch said the vehicle might be  
 coming this way. So, we're here.  
 We're not leaving till we hear  
 something back to the contrary, or  
 we catch that car.

A sudden crack of lighting explodes overhead

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 SHIT! What the FUCK?!

Devries jumps in his seat, suprised by the sudden crack of thunder and lighting in the sky overhead. Thompson is equally surprised, but just blinks and continues to try and peer through the fog around the bend of the expressway for anything

SGT THOMPSON  
 (Whispering, to self)  
 Come on. Come on, I know you came  
 this way. Where are you?

VOOM! A dark truck screeches by!

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 (Eyes bulging)  
 SHIT! THAT HIM?!

Everything starts to slow, as Devries starts to scream, amongst a dark blue, Ford Ranger truck speeding by, fishtailing from left to right around the bend and past the unexpectant police car. SGT Thompson sits idle, like in shock

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SGT! SGT! SERGEANTTTTTT! That's  
 HIM! That's the truck we're looking  
 for! Let's GO! Come ON!

Jumping in his seat, reaching over to almost wake up Thompson now, Devries is in a panic, bouncing in his seat and trying to get Thompson to awaken from the sudden shock of the Ford truck.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SGT! WAKE UP! Let's GOOOOO! He's  
 getting away! WAKE UP!

Thompson appears to be entranced, head cocked to the side, still watching the Ford truck as it quickly starts to speed out of site down the expressway, tires screeching in the distance, as all moves in still slow motion till Devries takes action.

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 (Clapping hands)  
 WAKE UP SGT!

Suddenly awakened, Thompson blinks, shakes his head and slams the Impala in drive. Tires screech, as the smell of burnt rubber and smoke fill the air. The police Impala fishtails almost out of control as Thompson sinks his eyes and gives chase

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SHITTTTTTTTTTTT! Slow DOWN SGT! We  
 can't catch him if we're in a  
 ditch!

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 (Defiantly slow)  
 He's not getting away...

Devries snaps his head to see the look upon Thompson's face. The SGT appears entranced once more. Panting quickly, Devries is out of breath, appears scared and shocked at the same time as he slows his breathing, starts to sit back and strap in.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 (Slow swallow)  
 Don't lose him

SGT THOMPSON  
 No chance

Both vehicles burn down the winding stretch of expressway as a sudden trickle of rain starts to pour. Tires are seen from below as the highway becomes slick and the cars start to even more shift from left to right. Devries activates the overhead flashers

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 SGT, SGT, give me the Mic, quick!

Police sirens sound, as the police car starts to catch up to the Ford truck. Rain starts to pour, as both vehicles windshield wipers are engaged. Dark clouds overhead now start to crackle and roar, as both vehicles speed up even further

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SGT! SLOW DOWN and hand me that  
 MIC! QUICK!

Thompson swings the steering wheel suddenly as the Impala almost misses the corner and a low biding ditch.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SHIT!

The vehicle is straightending back out and ever so closer now to the once far stretching Ford. Within mere feet finally, Thompson starts to methodically grin

SGT THOMPSON  
 Have you nowwwwwww

Devries eyes start to bug out of his head; listening and seeing the look upon Thompson's face appears to be more frightening suddenly to Devries then the actual car chase at hand. Devries reaches out to finally grab for the MIC himself

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 (On MIC)  
 Driver! Driver! Pull OVER, pull over now! This is Officer Devries from the Baton County Police Department, pull your vehicle over!

Lightning strikes once more, near by, as both cars hence, shift as the Impala is finally right up behind the Ford truck.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SGT, either bump him off the road or I'm going to draw fire to take out the tires! I'm not waiting anymore; either take him out now or I WILL!

SGT THOMPSON  
 Just one more minute, I have you sucker...

Pushing the pedal down again to the floor, the Impala moves up almost on the bumper of the Ford, both cars still fishtailing from left to right almost out of control, as visability worsens with the rain starting to downpour

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 (On MIC)  
 DRIVER! PULL OVER! This is your LAST WARNING BEFORE WE ENGAGE YOU! Pull OVER!

Just as the last MIC announcement is heard, the Ford trucks swings right and pulls over to stop. As it does, the police Impala slams on the breaks behind it.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
(Screaming)  
SHIT! WHAT THE FUCK!

Rain pours down. Windshield wipers quickly swing as time stands still. Overhead, both vehicles can be seen sitting in place finally, staganant, for the first time in minutes. Engines idle, but nothing moves.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
What the hell just happened?

Thompson shakes his head in disbelief

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
What is this guy doing?

Thompson retains his gaze ahead. The Ford has stopped ahead, about 15 feet in front of the police Impala and just activate its own hazard flashers that blink red from the back tail lights.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
Is this guy fucking with us?

Thompson starts to whisper something to himself, outloud

SGT THOMPSON  
WHAT are you ...up to stranger?

With MIC still in hand, Devries calls out once more overhead

OFFICER DEVRIES  
DRIVER! Kills the engine. Turn your vehicle off and throw the keys out the driver'side window

The Ford sits idling, no movement in the cab can be seen by the driver. Time slows down as Thompson and Devries wait impatiently to see what will happen next. Devries reaches down to unlatch his gun case slowly.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
DRIVER! AGAIN, second warning, turn off your engine and throw your car keys out the window, driver's side, NOW!

Again, nothing, the Ford remains idle, no movement, no response

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SGT, what are we doing? This guy is  
 not cooperating.

Lightning strikes at this moment, as both officers appear  
 startled and in despair, uneasy with what has to happen next

SGT THOMPSON  
 Give him the final warning

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 DRIVER, finally WARNING, turn off  
 your vehicle please and throw the  
 keys OUTSIDE your truck!

As the final warning is issued, the Ford suddenly is shut  
 down, keys thrown out into the road. Both officers just watch  
 in shock. Raining continues as the street fills with puddles  
 as the Ford's car keys just sit there, awaiting a return  
 response

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 Thank the lord

SGT Thompson starts to reach down for his own revolver now,  
 strapped tightly to his right hip, unbuckles the overhanging  
 strap and waits as Devries delivers another overhead  
 announcement

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 (On MIC)  
 GOOD, now just step out, slowly,  
 with your hands up

No movement from the Ford, Devries and Thompson just wait.  
 Oncoming traffic starts to finally appear upon the road,  
 upcoming, which seems to make Devries nervous.

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
 SHIT, pedestrians

SGT THOMPSON  
 Better hurry rookie, if we don't  
 act quick and we get some civilians  
 caught in the middle of something,  
 this could go from bad to WORSE.

Devries quickly grabs the MIC once more

OFFICER DEVRIES  
 DRIVER NOW! Evacuate your vehicle  
 with your hands up, back towards us

Oncoming traffic veers closer and closer

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
DRIVER! Did you hear me? I said  
NOW, get out of your VEHICLE with  
your hands up and facing backwards  
towards us or ELSE!

Oncoming traffic from the front speeds ever so closer, almost  
within 100 feet ahead

OFFICER DEVRIES (CONT'D)  
(Screaming frantically)  
DRIVER! GET OUT NOW OR WE WILL HAVE  
TO TAKE YOU BY FORCE!

As the oncoming traffic races up upon both vehicles, the only  
thing that can be seen in the window finally of the Ford in  
front is one thing: a nod, a slow, deliberate nod by the  
stranger/driver, from left to right

SGT THOMPSON  
(Head cocking)  
He says no...

Oncoming traffic quickly speed by. Both officers just watch  
and hope as it happens. No movement still by the Ford nor  
driver. Deadlocked of sorts, the officers sit back, still  
seatbelted in, breathing and sweating erratically.

OFFICER DEVRIES  
What does this guy want? Let's end  
this, now.

SGT THOMPSON  
Time to approach the vehicle; let  
him know...

with instead Mary's concealed Colt 45 pistol, a hammer cock,  
and shot sounds.

END