

TILLIPIN TRAIN STOP

Written by

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EXT. TRAIN CROSSING - DAY

A whistle blares as two overhead gates suddenly drop. Oncoming traffic stops, red lights suddenly blink and ding. A train is close and set to cross. The time is 5:01pm, Friday. A sunny day, breeze blowing, almost tranquil moment about to change.

Sitting in the front of the far right lane sits a light blue, 2013, Toyota Prius, a young, teenage girl, about 19 - Mary, sits behind the wheel, seeming anxious as she grinds her teeth waiting, pivoting nervously within her seat, looking only forward.

MARY

Shute, shute, shute, I knew I  
shouldn't have come this way, darn  
it!

(Screeching tires to left)

Mary's attention quickly shifts left, as out of the corner of her eye she can see an old, red, Dodge, truck, suddenly pulling up in the next lane. Unknown to Mary, the DRIVER and PASSENGER, appear in their mid 20's, excitedly bouncing in their seats, beer cans still in hand.

(Laughter and screams)

DRIVER

HOORAH! I told you that those there  
disc breaks let you stop on a dime  
son! Even with a six pack down,  
this here truck will never let us  
down!

PASSENGER

You bet! Go Dodge or go home! We  
might as well finish off the rest  
of the case now, depending on how  
long we have to wait for this here  
train!

DRIVER

Good idea, let's start off the  
weekend the right way indeed.

(Glasses raised to toast)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Here's to all that sweet tale out  
there in need of some real men like  
us!

PASSENGER  
AAAAAAMEN!

DRIVER  
Speaking of which, what about that  
there filly right there?  
(Looking right)

PASSENGER  
Where? Who? What filly?  
(Looking forward and then  
left and back again)

DRIVER  
Right there, stupid!  
(Pointing across the  
vehicle to the right)  
In that little blue thing there!

Glossy eyed, the PASSENGER slowly turns to his right as he takes another long swig of beer, peering to his right to finally see the woman sitting in the adjoining car next to them; his eyes suddenly sink, a devilish grin appears upon his face.

PASSENGER  
(nodding in agreeance)  
Yeaaaaaaa, exactly

DRIVER takes a swig of beer and lets out a large burp, as he continues staring at MARY from the distant. The train barrels by quickly, appearing to pick up steam as it barrels down the tracks, from right to left.

PASSENGER's grin suddenly dissipates. His eyes squint as he tries to look closer towards Mary, his head suddenly cocks to the side, looking confused, like he recognizes or remembers something. Mary continues to shift but doesn't look over

MARY  
Come on, come on, come on, I am so  
ready for the weekend and to just  
get home and relax for once, no  
more work, just relax all weekend,  
thank the Lord

PASSENGER and DRIVER continue to gaze solely at Mary, as the DRIVER flips the nob all the way up on the in-dash radio. Country music starts to blare loudly, as both men start to bob their heads up and down as they take more gulps of beer.

DRIVER

I love this song!  
 (starting to sing)  
 "Sweet Home Alabama"

Both men start to sing along together as they continue drinking, burping and gazing at Mary. Mary still appears transfixed on looking forward, impatiently, at the train only, but starts to mumble to herself now also as she finally takes a minor glance left to see what is making all the noise

MARY

Oh no, what do these two want?  
 Don't look! Just pretend you can't see or hear them and that country music. The train will surely be done quick and I'll be ready to go.

DRIVER

Well, gosh damn! Does this heifer not like country music or what?

PASSENGER

She probably can't hear you with her window still up man. She probably has her own music blaring in that little pregnant roller skate of hers!

(Both men laughing)

DRIVER

Maybe, but I think she is sweet on me son

PASSENGER

Is that right?

DRIVER

You betcha! She just don't know yet what's she's missing!  
 (loud burp)

Both men start to laugh even louder now, as the DRIVER appears to become suddenly unamused, throwing his beer can out the window, as he suddenly lays down on his steering wheel while, still looking over at Mary  
 (Long, loud horn blares)

MARY

What the...?  
 (head snaps left)

Mary finally looks at both men to her right, for just as second, as the DRIVER raises another beer can as if a toast Mary or say hello, as the PASSENGER puts his tongue out, as to imply some kind of sexual gesture.

(Mary shaking her head in disgust)

MARY (CONT'D)

Gross, please Lord just get me out of here. I don't know what these guys have planned

Mary quickly averts her attention back feverishly in front of her to the train. Her right leg start to twitch nervously. She starts to mumble once more to herself, as the men in the adjoining car next her seem to be in sudden shock and disbelief

DRIVER

(Confused)  
What was that?

PASSENGER

I think she just blew us off, actually did hear us after all. She must have seen what you looked like and got scarred or something.  
(laughing)

DRIVER

Yea right, whatever! Maybe she ain't sweet on you at all!

PASSENGER

Oh, I bet she is, she just need to see a little more of the product, up front, if you know what I mean

PASSENGER leans over to open up his window, leaning his head out as he takes off his baseball hat, running his fingers through his hair, as he tries to make contact with Mary once more

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Hey baby, baby girl?  
(Yelling across)

PASSENGER starts to hit side of car as he yells across towards Mary; she ignores him.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Baby! Come on honey, I know you hear me. You want some of this?

Passenger starts to flex his muscles, smiling as his body jirates to the country music. Mary suddenly turns. As the PASSENGER CONTINUES, his right sleeve wisks up with the wind, unveiling a large, red scorpion tatoo; Mary becomes entranced.

DRIVER

Oh, she see you now son, look!

Passenger stops his tirade to see Mary looking directly at him finally. The PASSENGER becomes chagrin, nodding his head and starting to rub his chest, as he slowly starts to unbutton his shirt to reveal two more tattoos and one more surprise

MARY

(gasp)

...dog tags, ...scorpion tattoo,  
right shoulder...

Mary freezes in her seat, she starts to sweat, looks down to her ignition to see her keys, that seem to be swinging, left to right, on beat with the noise of the train rolling down the tracks and beat of the red flasher going "ding, dong, ding dong".

DRIVER

She can't contain herself! You  
better make your move man and see  
if you can get a kiss!

PASSENGER

Absolutely! She's ready for that  
and more man!

Passenger starts to lean out his car and towards Mary, blowing kisses and starting to gesture to Mary to lean over. As he does this, Mary, still frozen, looking over directly at the PASSENGER, looks back down at the man's chest to see his military dog tags' necklace hanging, with one tag missing.

MARY

(Head cocking, sudden  
grin)

Mary opens her window, leans out subtly and sexy towards the PASSENGER, reaches out with both hands to stroke her hands through his hair, appearing to be lost in a moment, then looking down to the right arm's tattoo, to finally the dog tag necklace, which she grabs and holds up, one tag missing.

As Mary holds the Passenger's dog tags, she appears to have a moment of clarity or flashback, quickly leans back to her car to see her key ring that hangs from still her ignition, to piece through such to find also a similar dog tag. The name upon both tags are seen, reading the same: OREN ASTERIN, PVT.

The PASSENGER leans in, smiling, at peace, believing that he is ready for his final kiss, as he puckers up his lips only to have them suddenly pierced with Mary's concealed Colt 45 pistol. A hammer cocks - shot fired.

**END**