

Breakdown

written by

Jacqueline Cyr

Address
Phone
E-mail

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH ROAD - AFTERNOON

ROBERT HUMFORD, an unmistakable Southern Baptist minister, sits in his rusty old pickup truck stuck in the sand. The CAR RATTLES and the tires kick up dirt.

Robert mumbles frustrations under his breath. He hits the pedal harder. The TIRES GRIND in the sand for what seems is almost a minute.

The truck digs deeper and deeper into the sand until the tires sink and the PICKUP drops to the ground with a THUD.

INT. JEEP - AFTERNOON

A TEENAGE GERMAN BOY, about sixteen, drives down a quiet beachside neighborhood. His vintage polaroid camera hangs from his visor. The boy's pale face is white-washed with sunblock, the epitome of a tourist.

He spots the minister standing outside his truck, trying to push it out of the sand. The boy pulls over behind him and gets out.

Humford stops when he hears the JEEP DOOR SHUT. He looks behind to see the boy and greets him with a broad smile, waving arms, and a bellowing charisma.

HUMFORD

Well, praise the Lord God Almighty!
He sent you here to me! I was here
praying and hoping someone would
come.

The boy doesn't appear to understand.

GERMAN BOY

Wissen Sie, wo die Badezimmer sind?

HUMFORD

Sorry, son, could you repeat what
you said there. Don't think I heard
you properly.

The boy squints in confusion before he remembers he's not in Berlin anymore.

GERMAN BOY

Ahhh, Es tut mir leid. I mean...I
am sorry, Herr. I am Berlin. Do
know where da restroom ist?

HUMFORD

You lookin' for a restroom round here?

GERMAN BOY

Ja! Yes! Where ist?

Humford looks down the miles of empty beach, scanning the horizon. He looks back at the boy but he's not there. He hears him call from behind the wheel.

GERMAN BOY (CONT'D)

Herr, I vill try and get out.

The boy turns the keys and the ENGINE SPUTTERS.

HUMFORD

Wait a minute there, son! Hold on!
Don't hit the pedal 'til I'm-

The German boy hits the pedal. The ENGINE GROWLS and the tires assault the Baptist Minister in a rain of sand. Humford is splattered with dirt and spits out the grainy dirt.

He furrows his brow and gives the boy a stern look in the rear view mirror. The boy looks away quickly and sinks behind the seat.

Humford sighs and looks up at the cloudless sky.

HUMFORD (CONT'D)

Lord, give me the patience of Job.

The boy gets out of the truck and SLAMS the DOOR.

HUMFORD (CONT'D)

Please be careful! She ain't a youngin'.

GERMAN BOY

She?

HUMFORD

The vehicle.

GERMAN BOY

Oh, ja. My apology. Maybe we ride in jeep?

HUMFORD

Thank ya, I would appreciate that.
Got a weddin' to officiate.

GERMAN BOY
You get married?

HUMFORD
No, I'm presidin' over a marriage
up down the beach. My daughter's.

The boy nods in understanding.

GERMAN BOY
Ve go den?

HUMFORD
Give me a minute. Gotta get the
Lord's handbook.

GERMAN BOY
Handbook?

HUMFORD
Bible.

GERMAN BOY
I vill help.

HUMFORD
That's not necessary, son-

Humford's words are cut off by the SCREECHING HINGES of the trunk. It pops open. The boy finds a ball of sheets.

HUMFORD (CONT'D)
Son-Son! You don't need to-

The boy tries to pick up the sheets, but they're tangled. Something is weighing them down. He shifts it on its side and finds a spot of blood.

The left hand of a woman hangs out, a ring shimmers on her dead fingers.

He drops the sheets and hears the collected voice of the preacher. The preacher's shadow looms over his left shoulder.

HUMFORD (CONT'D)
She was gonna marry a heathen, son.
A Catholic. Had to save my
daughter's soul.

The German boy is frozen, stunned. He backs away and runs behind the car. We hear HIM trip and THUD in the sand.

We see the preacher with an ax hanging limp at his right side. He lumbers heavy-footed toward the boy. We hear his FEET SHUFFLE and SCRAPE over the sand and concrete.

He disappears behind the car.

FADE TO BLACK.