

THE RIDE

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FINAL DRAFT
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1. INT. CAR - DAWN

1.

BEN, 25 a handsome young man with a scruffy, grungy appearance sits in his dusty old Datsun. Ben is listening to a punk rock song on the radio, he subtly bops his head along.

Through boredom Ben reaches out for a nearby balaclava and pulls it on. Ben looks at himself in the rear-view-mirror. He pulls the balaclava off, tosses it to the side and then proceeds to readjust his hair.

Ben looks at his watch. He then pulls out a packet of cigarettes and lights one using the cars built-in lighter.

Ben exits the car.

2. EXT. CAR - DAWN

2.

It is early morning and the dusty white Datsun is sitting lonely in front of a small set of local shops. BEN shuffles around anxiously and eventually settles, leaning on the hood of the car. Ben rotates and stretches his neck out before placing his head in his hands.

A voice comes from above

MEL

I see you're still smoking.

A smile crosses Bens face. He looks up to see a young woman MEL, 25 attractive, she is edgy in a conservative way. Mel smiles at Ben, almost cautiously.

MEL (CONT'D)

Hi.

Ben composes himself.

BEN

(matter of fact)

Last time I checked, you can't tell me what to do anymore.

Mel looks concerned. Ben holds his cool before breaking into a smile.

BEN

I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

Mel gives Ben a disapproving glare. Ben flicks his cigarette away, stands up and hugs Mel.

BEN (CONT'D)
(hugging Mel)
You still can't take a joke.

BEN
(hugging Ben)
And you're still a jerk.

The couple separate and go back to standing opposite each other.

Ben and Mel both go to talk at the same time. Ben gestures Mel to talk.

MEL
I was just going to say, its not even 6.30 and you're up. Very unlike you.

BEN
I know. I'm actually going on a little road trip with the boys. Danny and Steve. They're off grabbing supplies now.

MEL
(disapprovingly)
You still hang out with those guys?

BEN
Yeah. A little. Not too often.

Mel notices a muffled clicking sound has been coming from Bens direction. The clicking continues. Ben looks oblivious.

MEL
Is that..

Mel points to Bens jacket pocket.

MEL (CONT'D)
Is that the pen? Don't tell me you still have the pen.

Ben looks quizzical. The clicking continues to increase in speed.

BEN
(nonchalant)
Sorry what?

MEL
Don't give me that shit. You're still clicking that fucking pen. I thought we sorted this out.

Mel reaches for Bens pocket. The clicking continues to quicken in pace.

MEL (CONT'D)
Give me the pen.

Ben and Mel get tangled up in each other.

BEN
(strained)
I don't know what you're talking about.

The couple stop wrestling, they end up in each others faces, huffing and puffing. The clicking stops. Mel pulls herself off Ben and composes herself, straightening her clothes.

BEN
(casual)
So where are you heading.

Mel is still catching her breath.

MEL
(annoyed)
I'm heading home.

Ben raises an eyebrow. Ben looks around, as if to question where she has just been.

BEN
Where have you been? Are you seeing someone?

Mel doesn't reply. Bens mood flattens.

BEN (CONT'D)

Well do you need a lift?

MEL

No I'm fine catching the train.

BEN

Its no trouble. We're gonna to be heading past your place anyway.

MEL

You're not going to give up are you?

Ben gives Mel a knowing stare.

MEL (CONT'D)

Fine.

Mel throws her head back in an exaggerated style and marches towards the passenger side door, escorted by Ben. As Mel open the door, a look of concern spreads across Bens face. He mutters half a word.

BEN

Aww...

Just as Mel is ducking her head down she questions.

MEL

Yes?

Bens face is strained, as if he is processing a thousand different thoughts at once. He signs.

BEN

Nothing.

Mel shrugs and gets in the car. Ben has a slight look of distress on his face as he closes the car door.

3. INT. CAR - DAWN

3.

MEL sits anxiously in the car, waiting for Ben to get in. She mumbles to herself, almost to a tune.

MEL

What am I doing? What am I doing?

BEN enters the car. Ben and Mel sit in awkward silence. Like familiar strangers. Ben smiles politely at Mel.

BEN

Shouldn't be too much longer.

Mel politely smiles back. Once again silence fills the air. Ben begins to click his pen from inside his pocket. Mel gives Ben a quick sharp look and he stops immediately.

BEN (CONT'D)

How about some tunes?

Ben turns on the radio. An upbeat indie-rock song is playing. Under his breath Ben lets out a pleasant groan and leans back in his seat.

MEL

What?

BEN

No its nothing.

MEL

Out with it.

Ben smiles embarrassed.

BEN

This song was playing the first time I told you I loved you.

MEL

(blunt)

Bullshit.

BEN

Its true. We were at Ding Dong. I think it might have only been our second date. We were both at the bar and this song came on and you said (strained and slightly feminine) I love this song.

Mel looks skeptical.

BEN (CONT'D)

To which I replied... I love you.

MEL

Why don't I remember this?

BEN

You didn't hear me.

MEL

I'm guessing you were drunk.

BEN

Of course I was drunk.

MEL

(stunned)

Whats that suppose to mean?

Mel playfully whacks Ben with the back of her hand.

BEN

Nothing. I was nervous. And you were way out of my league.

Mel raises an eyebrow in suspicion. Ben drops his head and then turns his gaze to look straight ahead. Mel leans in to Ben.

MEL

(soft)

You know.. I still love this song. I've always loved this song.

Ben continues to look straight ahead, he lets out a sarcastic snort. Mel looks into Bens eyes, leaning around to see more of his face. Mel leans in and kisses Ben on the side of the mouth.

A small smiles crosses Bens face. Ben intentionally begins to click the pen from inside his pocket, breaking the tension. Mel drops her head and starts to laugh. Both Ben and Mel laugh and enjoy the moment.

Unbeknownst to Ben and Mel, two figures can be seen approaching the car through the front windscreen.

BANG! The rear car doors open. Mel's laughter turns to screams as two men wearing black balaclavas and holding duffle bags enter the car. A security alarm can be heard in the background.

...3. cont'd

3.

MAN #1
(yelling)

Drive! Drive!

BEN

Shit!

Ben fumbles for his balaclava and pulls it on. Ben starts the car and wildly reverses out of the parking spot.

BEN (CONT'D)

Guys we've got to drop Mel off first.

Mel continues to scream.

4. EXT. CAR - DAWN

4.

The white Datsun tears off down the street, leaving behind a trail of smoke.

THE END