

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

CAMERA fades into blue sky as it breezes softly through the clouds on a beautiful spring day. It slowly descends on green grass, trees, and other pretty scenery. It gently makes it's way down a long quiet street (adjacent to a small three foot high brick wall, enclosing a small hill, on the left and to the right lays an open field) where it comes upon two young adults making out.

The male is XAVIER, a tall twenty-two year old college senior with reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. He is wearing blue jeans, a casual shirt, and black sneakers. The girl is CASEY, a medium height eighteen-year-old high school senior with long waist-length dark dirty blonde hair and green eyes. She is wearing a more stylish shirt and blouse.

Further up the road, about another thirty feet, a new block begins and houses in an upper middle class residential area are visible. On the corner on the left side of the street a huge tree with massive leaves obstructs the view.

After about twenty seconds of passionate kissing, the girl begins to push away. During the opening sequence, a ROMANTIC MODERN SONG relevant to the activity taking place plays and comes to a SCREECHING HALT, like a record being scratched off, when the girl pushes away.

CASEY
(matter of factly)
I don't think we should see each other anymore.

There is a short pause.

CASEY (CONT'D)
(snobbishly adds)
And it's not because of what my friends said.

She begins to walk down the street away from the residential area. Xavier grabs her arm.

XAVIER
(irritated)
What the hell is that supposed to mean? Who said what?

Casey wiggles out of his grip.

CASEY
(snotty)
Nothing, never mind. Forget it.
It's just over. Now leave me alone.

She continues walking while Xavier just stands there, speechless. Her back is to him as she walks, and she makes some good distance before he can manage to utter a word.

XAVIER
WELL FINE! YOU'RE NOT WORTH IT ANYWAY!!!

Xavier turns slightly to the right facing the nearby wall and begins walking towards it. He kicks a stone to the curb as he continues walking.

XAVIER
(aloud, to himself,
hurt)
Been with that bitch for three
months!...Graduation in a few weeks...
Now who'll be my date to the big party?

As he has this conversation with himself, Xavier continues to cross the street and sidewalk, hops over the wall, and begins to mount the hill. He then disappears behind it.

Casey is now considerably further down the road, becoming smaller and smaller as she continues walking. Behind her in the background, an old station wagon turns the corner obstructed by the tree.

CASEY
I don't know why my friends didn't
like him...I suppose they're right...
I'm out of his league. He'd lower
my social standing...I need a rich
man.

Casey makes a weak, halfhearted smile at the thought. She pulls out a walkman, puts it on, and begins to HUM along with the MUSIC.

The station wagon comes barreling down the street at about fifty-five miles per hour. The sun glares in the windshield (as not to reveal the identity of the driver).

Casey makes a strange, confused face as she first becomes aware of the SOUND behind her. She stops and turns around just as the station wagon is five feet away, not giving her time to scream. She is shown getting hit, her legs by the bumper which propels her on to the hood...

CUT TO:

DRIVER'S POV - WINDSHEILD - CONTINUOUS

Casey's face hits the windshield violently, and blood splatters across it. The windshield wipers are turned on. They smear the blood worse than it was already. The body is still visible on the hood of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon continues driving forward. Then it suddenly jams on the breaks and Casey's body flies a few feet forward landing in front of the station wagon.

Casey's body is sprawled out on the pavement. Her lifeless face lies on its side with its eyes still wide open. Her body is mangled.

The driver's side door of the station wagon opens. A foot, followed by the bottom of a leg, emerges, wearing a black sneaker and blue jeans. The DRIVER'S legs approach the body. A pair of brown-gloved hands reach down and each grab one of Casey's feet.

Casey's body is dragged to the rear of the vehicle. Casey's legs are dropped by the Driver's hands, which now open the trunk. Casey's body is then lifted and thrown inside the station wagon. The trunk is then LOUDLY SLAMMED shut.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN TITLE

Deadly Relations

FADE OUT TITLE

FADE IN TITLE

Two weeks later

FADE OUT TITLE