

The Busway

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I wrote this. I admit it. It was a while ago... and I felt like writing a script. A very strange, cryptic, random script. Such is life at 3:29 in the morning.



Published on
Booksie

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-Black and white-

(Fade in on two characters in suits or tuxes. One young man, Jonas, and one old man((old man mask?)) Standing apart from each other facing odd angles waiting at some sort of bus stop.)

The over head lights flickered; their harsh white light ((Maybe main light suspended over characters)) blanketing the solid concrete platform that Jonas stood on.

((Internal dialogue Italicized))*The Busway isn't here yet. Maybe I've missed it. Maybe, maybe it matters. Maybe it came early, I was early. So why couldn't it?* (Jonas looks up and down busway, camera decent length away for opening shot and opening dialogue.)

An old man standing next to him. (Profile, full body camera shot) Filthy white hair matted on one side, wearing a tux and a bow tie ((or long)) but no belt, and one of his belt loops had snapped. (Short close up shot of snapped belt loop) He had a pinched, old, wrinkled face. (Very quick, about 1 second long profile shot of old mans face)

He's waiting for the busway too. The same one? Maybe. Maybe it matters. Jonas looks straight up at harsh light above him, accusingly.

Jonas frowned and looked at his watch, it didn't have a band, it was held to his wrist floppily by a rubber band. (close up of watch) It had stopped at 3:29AM. (Close up of Jonas face looking off) *I thought it would be 4:00AM by now. Maybe my watch hasn't stopped. Maybe the seconds hand just broke.* He looked to the old man,

(Profile shot of Jonas, odd angle so old man is also in shot) *Does the busway twenty four stop here again?*

The old man acted like he didn't hear but looked away a little, shifting his stance as if annoyed. Jonas's scowl deepened. He doesn't ask again though. Old man makes a tall, hard stomp with one foot (Audio gunshot) but says nothing. After a moment's pause the old man barks, *Bus twenty four is dirty!* he looked up when he said it, as if to a bird on a tree branch or the harsh light.

That's not what I asked, old man.
(Accusingly)

Jonas pulled at his own tie, loosening it. *I don't work for another four hours. Or, rather, four hours and thirty one minutes, if my watch is right. I don't know.*
The old man never looked at him. Not once.

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Jonas looks to the clock on the wall. It was black and white. (Zoom in on wall clock) It also read 3:29. *Still?* Jonas thought. (Close on Jonas face) He looked from the wall back into the nothing down the busway, then up the other way then back to his watch (Another close up of his watch still at 3:29).

(Same picture as the opening scene((same footage as before maybe))) (Change scene to close frontal of Jonas, pan camera left to see a woman standing a little ways behind Jonas, hands folded in front of her. Her face is heavily powdered with dark red lipstick, almost sloppily put on, more hurriedly done, and she is baring her teeth, she is looking at him but camera arrives on her already baring her teeth, face strained.

(Cam full body frontal close up of woman baring teeth, static audio)

(Cam full body of Jonas looking over his shoulder at her, cut static at scene change)

(Cam facial close up of woman baring teeth, static noise again)

(Cam facial close up of Jonas, cut static at scene change)
Jonas says nothing but looks forward again.

(Cam front upper body of Jonas about to look over his shoulder again at the woman but instead snaps head to old man as another audio gunshot goes off.)

(Camera cut to profile of old man)

(Camera cut to odd frontal angle of Jonas with woman standing behind him. She turns around unprompted, teeth ever bared.)

(Cam cut to profile of just old man, Jonas in shot behind him)

â Dirty?â Jonas asks the old man. Old man does not reply so instead Jonas asks the time.

(Cam same) Old man deliberately looks away but says deliberately, as if obvious, â Three Thirty perfectly in the AMâ .

(Frontal shot of Jonas) Jonas looks at his watch

(Close up of watch) Watch reads 3:29.

Liar Jonas thinks.

â Liarâ Jonas says. Old man doesnâ t reply.

I donâ t think that my watch and the clock on the wall stopped working at the exact same time. Maybe itâ s supposed to be four

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in the AM. But time probably stopped. That makes more sense. Maybe.

â I said be quiet!â (Camera swivel and change to another young man, maybe teenage, obviously distressed from look on face and the way heâ s standing. Was not present in previous shots. Dressed in a business suit.)

Jonas frowns at new young man, (Odd angle profile shot of both, old man now gone). Young man still in distressed pose and facial. Jonas gives quizzical look and then slowly looks away. The young man then moves quickly passed woman

(Close up profile shot of young man walking by woman who is still turned around)

(Close up passing by Jonas, same style)

(Close up passing the old man same cam style).

(Original opening cam shot, all characters present and standing (woman backwards) as distressed young man walks down the busway off camera at hurried brisk pace)

(Bus arrives at the busway, original cam shot, bus obscures view of all characters. ((Canâ t help if people actually get off the bus or not)) bus leaves, all three characters present in their same positions)

Clock on the wall ticks, â 3:30â

The End

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