

ABANDONMENT

By

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1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING 1
An abandoned country road. Almost.
A sedan rolls to a stop near a grove of trees. A door opens.
A small pair of feet emerge from the passenger side. Nice shoes, sneakers, a little on the muddy side.
A door closes. The sedan drives away.
A YOUNG BOY of no more than eight stands by the side of the road. Scared. Alone.
The boy starts walking, following the sedan.

2 EXT. FOREST - DAY 2
The boy scrambles through the underbrush, with purpose, but not hurried.
Branches scratch at his tender skin, but he doesn't pay them any mind.
He presses on.

3 EXT. STREAM - DAY 3
Wading through a small stream, the boy SLIPS on the mossy rocks.
It hurts.
He doesn't cry, though. He wants to, but he refuses to cry.

4 EXT. FIELD - DAY 4
The boy traipses across a wide field.
Houses dot the horizon.
He ignores them, following a path that only he can see.

5 EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY 5
The boy staggers along the side of the road, facing oncoming traffic. He's hungry, tired.
Cars and trucks SPEED by the boy. Not one stops.

Up ahead, the boy sees the entrance to a subdivision.

6 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

6

The sun hangs low in the sky.

The boy stands at the foot of a suburban driveway. The driveway's small, barely wide enough for two cars.

A cookie cutter house in a cookie cutter neighborhood.

7 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

7

A HUSBAND and WIFE sit across from each other at the kitchen table, silently sharing a dinner for two.

The woman stops chewing mid-bite, staring over her husband's shoulder.

It takes a moment, but the man notices her reaction. He calmly sets his fork down, dabs at his mouth with a napkin, then turns in his seat to look in the same direction.

The boy stands on the other side of the kitchen, silent, staring.

The man turns back to his wife. Neither speaks.

8 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

8

An abandoned country road. Almost.

This road is different from the last one. More isolated, but somehow the same.

A sedan rolls to a stop near an open field. A door opens.

A small pair of feet emerge from the passenger side. Nice shoes, sneakers, a little on the muddy side.

A door closes. The driver of the sedan, the man from the dinner table, stares straight ahead.

The sedan drives away.

The boy stands by the side of the road. Scared. Alone.

He starts walking, following the sedan.

