

Finnigan Farm

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Running through the woods. A full moon beams off of metal rails.

LAUGHING comes near. A group of teens walks the inside of the tracks, drinking beer and laughing. Four girls and four boys. They have been drinking for a while. Staggering as they walk and laughing over every little thing.

LANCE GERSHING (18), athletic, six-pack, leads the way. Hanging all over him is KIM DENTON (17), pretty and she knows it.

Lance finishes his beer and studies the empty bottle.

LANCE  
Shit. I'm out.

He tosses aside the bottle. Looks at the one in Kim's hands.

LANCE  
Hey, Babe. How about sharing?

Kim protectively pulls the bottle to her.

KIM  
(laughing)  
Not on your life.

She starts to drink what's left in the bottle. Lance snatches it from her hands, causing some to spill down Kim's shirt.

KIM  
Hey!

Lance drinks what little is left.

KIM  
Asshole.

Behind them, RACHAEL THOMAS (18), beautiful smile, dressed on the conservative side with her jeans and t-shirt, holds hands with PAUL CUMMINGS (18), geekish look with glasses, but a great body. He wears a black hoodie with the logo "The Singles" on the front, even though the others are dressed for summer.

RACHAEL

(to Kim)

That's what you get for dating a jock.

LANCE

What would you know about dating jocks? Your boyfriend's the president of the chess club.

PAUL

That was last year.

Everyone except for Paul and Rachael snicker or laugh.

RACHAEL

(to Paul)

Aren't you burning up in that stupid hoodie?

Paul loosens the hoodie's collar. He sweats, but will be damned if he lets Rachael know it.

PAUL

Not at all.

RACHAEL

Liar.

KIM

Who even listens to "The Singles" anymore? They are so last year.

PAUL

They just put out a new album.

KIM

Oh, well excuse me then.

She rolls her eyes at Lance.

LANCE

Paul, do you shower in the hoodie, too?

Kim and Lance laugh.

PAUL

Yeah, then I hop into the dryer until I puke. You should try it sometime.

Amused, Lance punches Paul's arm.

LANCE  
Touche`, Paul. Touche`.

JAKE BROWN (18), the kind of guy who thinks he looks cool with eyebrow and ear piercings, pulls a joint and lighter from his pocket. He lights the joint and takes a big puff.

MISSY REYNOLDS (17), goth look, pink streaks in her black hair, nose piercing, takes the joint from Jake and hits it.

MISSY  
This is some good shit.

JAKE  
Nothing but the best.

Lagging behind the others, BRENT PETERS (18), the type who goes unnoticed in a crowd, walks with an arm around AMBER ROGERS (17), average looks, 40 pounds overweight and shy.

BRENT  
Should we really be walking on the tracks? That's illegal.

Jake slows so the trailing couple catches up. He puts a friendly arm around Brent's shoulders.

JAKE  
That's why we're doing it, Brent.  
Doesn't it feel good to be bad?

BRENT  
No, not really.

Lance walks backwards so he can see Jake as he speaks.

LANCE  
You're wasting your time, Jake.  
The goody-goody patrol is on duty tonight.

Snickers come from Kim, Jake and Missy.

Not looking where he is going, Lance trips over his own feet and falls back - his head hanging over the rail where a ravine more than a hundred feet down is barely visible within the darkness. The trestle crosses a span of a hundred yards. A RUSHING river can faintly be heard at the bottom.

Startled by the scare, Lance breathes hard. Kim pulls him up by the hand.

KIM  
Are you okay, Lance?

BRENT

The scare will build character,  
right, Lance? Courtesy of your  
local goody-goody patrol.

Lance picks up a rock and flings it at Brent. Brent barely ducks it.

BRENT

Jesus.

AMBER

You could've hurt him.

Lance picks up another rock.

LANCE

Maybe I should try again.

He rears back his arm to throw it.

AMBER

(panicked)

Lance!

Jake jumps forward and catches Lance's arm just in time.

JAKE

You're fucked up, Man. Chill out.

LANCE

YOU chill out.

Jake pries the rock from Lance's hand and tosses it aside.

RACHAEL

Can we just calm down here?

All eight turn to the trestle. Small gaps are in-between the ties, big enough to get a foot caught in, but not big enough to fall through.

RACHAEL

We're not going to cross that, are we?

LANCE

Of course we are. Don't be a pussy.

RACHAEL

I wasn't the pussy a minute ago.

Lance smirks at her.

Jake steps out onto the trestle, not worried in the least.

JAKE  
Nothing to it. Come on, you  
chicken shits.

He starts across. Missy follows next. She catches up to Jake.

Lance takes Kim by the hand. They start their trek.

Brent and Amber go next. Both look a little frightened, but fail to show it in their actions.

Rachael and Paul remain behind. While Rachael appears somewhat concerned with the task, the reluctance is more for Paul. He stares at the trestle in shock.

PAUL  
I don't think I can do this,  
Rachael.

ON THE TRESTLE

The group stops close to the middle to look back.

LANCE  
What are you two waiting for? A  
train?

The group laughs.

LANCE  
Move it or lose it.

KIM  
Yeah, you cowards.

JAKE  
Come on or we're not sharing any  
more of our goodies.

AT THE EDGE

Rachael grips Paul's hand.

RACHAEL  
You can do this, Paul.

PAUL  
I don't know, Rachael.