

RHUBARB PIE

by

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EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Robust, leafy tomato plants fill our view - an orchestra of brilliant greens and deep reds. Lower to the ground, carrots, beets, onions, snaking squash and watermelon vines.

A garden hose sweeps across the plants. Water envelopes them. It glistens. It beads.

SLENDER FINGERS

on plants, inspecting leaves. They stop at a crop of rhubarb, lovingly inspecting the stalks, separating them, moving from the base to the tip and back.

Her hand carefully grips several stalks, pulling them back, away from the rest. A razor-sharp knife replaces it.

The hand lifts it high in the air.

WHOOSH! WHACK!

The blade strikes, slicing the stalks cleanly. The other hand lifts them up against the deep azure sky.

2

EXT. THICK WOODS - DAY

2

Silent landscapes. Trees reflected in a lake. All indifferent and still.

Sunlight pierces a canopy of branches and leaves. The sound of **HARD BREATHING. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.**

A flash of orange clothes speeding through the trees.

SILVER HANDCUFFS

dangle from a wrist as he runs full speed.

RAY

breaks through the underbrush, losing his balance, falling to all fours. Gasps for breath. He's young, brutish, and handsome - even in his soiled, orange prison garb.

THE SOUND OF DOGS echo. Following. Getting close.

Ray struggles to his feet and tears away.

3 EXT. FIELD - DAY 3

Ray emerges from the treeline. Scans the open field from the wood's edge.

A RED BARN

glows in the setting sun's magic light. No one in sight.

He scurries across the field.

4 EXT. BARN - DAY 4

Ray passes a metal outbuilding beside the barn, slowing at the barn door. He peers inside, then hurries in.

5 INT. BARN - DAY 5

Ray searches desperately for a place to hide. Crap everywhere, no haven. In the middle stall, a mountain of HAY BALES.

He pulls off his prison jersey and STRIPS NAKED. Hard muscles ripple as he grabs a brick and wraps his sweat-soaked clothes around it.

6 EXT. BARN - DAY 6

Ray scurries out the barn door and flings the jersey into the distance.

7 INT. BARN - DAY 7

Ray's lip curls in disgust as he scoops up a handful of HORSE MANURE

and slathers it across his chest, arms and legs. HE CHOKES, nearly pukes, but steels himself to finish.

BARKING! MEN SHOUTING! SECONDS AWAY...

Ray dives into a hole in the hay bales, pulling them in behind him, covering the entrance. He takes a long, deep breath.

THE MEN AND HOUNDS

are in the barn, SEARCHING. Sinister silhouettes. Heavy boots on the ground. The dog's nose at the hay, SNIFFING, SNORTING.

RAY'S FACE

in the hay hideaway. Scared. A far-away voice yells.

GUARD

Over here!

A final SNORT and the hounds are gone. The search diverted. He lets out a DEEP SIGH.

OUTSIDE THE BARN

the searchers depart.

In the distance... A SILVER TRAILER.

TV NEWS fills the soundtrack.

NEWSCASTER

A convicted serial rapist has escaped from police custody while being transported to the state penitentiary.

8

INT. OLD TRAILER - DAY

8

A tiny brush paints orange toenails. On the TV, out of focus beyond, Ray's fuzzy mugshot is on the screen.

NEWSCASTER

Raymond Lamar Jenkins is considered dangerous and not to be approached.

HARLAN

Big and hairy, peers out a tiny kitchen window over the sink.

HARLAN

Something goin' on at Ferkin's
barn...

He leaves the window, moving up the length of the trailer,
reaveiling the TV... and toes being painted by

TINA

blonde, blue-eyed, her foot propped up on a stool, summer
dress drawn back to reveal tanned legs.

She looks to Harlan as he pulls on his biker vest and gathers
up his wallet and keys.

TINA

You going over there?

Harlan heads for the door, his weight rocking the trailer.

HARLAN

Nope. Harlan's going to meet the
boys for a few hours.

Her face falls, disappointed. She jumps up from the couch and
grabs his arm.

TINA

Oh, Harlan, not tonight.

HARLAN

Just for a while, baby doll.

TINA

But tonight was supposed to be
special. I've got a rhubarb pie in
the oven and everything.

She's close - seductive. He stays close, but unmoved.

HARLAN

You just save me a piece of that
pie, darlin'. I'll be back before
you know it.

TINA

Aw, what am I supposed to do here
all by myself?

He looks her over, dirt from the garden covers her arms, knees, and dress.

HARLAN

You might start by washing that filth off your body. It looks like shit.

TINA

Maybe you could wash it off for me. I wanted to have some fun tonight.

HARLAN

You wanna have some fun? Why not go out in that garden of yours and find a nice big green cucumber?

TINA

You're an asshole!

He suddenly turns on her. He grabs her arm and twists it.

HARLAN

Who are you calling asshole?

9 INT. BARN - DAY

9

Ray splashes in a horse trough, wiping the horse shit from his skin.

He steps out of the trough, still naked, and moves to a window. Seeing...

THE SILVER TRAILER (RAY'S POV)

and next to it, a clothes line hung with sheets...

...AND CLOTHES.

RAY'S FACE IN THE WINDOW

Makes up his mind. Slips from view.

10 EXT. CLOTHESLINE - DAY

10

Ray heads for the billowing sheets on the clothes line, taking cover behind an old tractor, peeking out to see

THE TRAILER (RAY'S POV)

Harlan leaving, headed for his Harley. Followed by Tina, riled up, hands on her hips, giving him hell - damn pretty when she's mad.

RAY

watches it go down, eyes fixed on

TINA

as she argues with Harlan all the way to his bike parked in front of a beach scene mural painted on the garage wall.

Their voices are muffled by the flapping sheets on the line, barely audible. Snippets of dialog...

TINA

...the hell's wrong with staying around here for once?

HARLAN

And listen to you bitch at Harlan?

TINA

Maybe I won't be here when Harlan gets back.

HARLAN

Yeah, right. You've got nowhere else to go.

TINA

You better watch yourself.

HARLAN

You better clean yourself up!

HE SHOVES HER - into a kiddie pool full of dank water.

RAY

reacts to the shove, seeing Tina in the filthy pool, squirming to get out.

HARLAN

Don't forget behind the ears...

HARLAN REVS THE ENGINE and rides away.

Tina splashes water after him, flipping him off. She stands and looks down at her filthy dress.

She heads back to the trailer and in one graceful motion

PEELS OFF THE DRESS.

Ray watches it all as

TINA'S NAKED FEET

climb back into the trailer.

12 EXT. CLOTHESLINE - DAY

12

Ray heads back toward Harlan's clothes hanging on the line.

INT. TRAILER KITCHEN - DAY

Tina's bare back still glistens from the soaking as she takes a pie from the oven and sets it on the sink.

Something catches her attention out the window.

RAY (TINA'S POV)

Backlit behind the sheets, sneaking through the clothes, visible from the waist down...

...stark naked.

A curious smile crosses Tina's face.

EXT. CLOTHESLINE - DAY

Ray pulls on a shirt and shoves his legs into a pair of oversized pants. Lashes them tight with a length of discarded clothesline.

He tucks the handcuffs under his sleeve as

THE TRAILER DOOR OPENS.

Ray ducks out of sight behind the sheets as

TINA (RAY'S POV)

wearing a flimsy tank top and short cut-offs, crosses to the garden carrying a straw basket loaded with gardening tools

She sets the basket down and bends over the garden, digging out radishes with the razor edge trowel. She sinks to her hands and knees, moving through rows of ripe vegetables.

Ray watches her from the corner of a hanging sheet, suppressing his own quickening breath.

TINA'S FINGERS

pull weeds, digging through the moist earth.

TINA'S FACE

stares down intently, oblivious to Ray, using a finger-like tine to claw at choking weeds.

Ray stays frozen, staring at her as

Tina goes back in the trailer with a handful of vegetables and disappears inside, hips swaying seductively through the door.

Ray considers her. Thinks better of it. Turns to go. Stops. His nostrils flare.

SNIFF.

Turns to the smell and sees

A BEAUTIFUL RHUBARB PIE (RAY'S POV)

placed on the ledge to cool by Tina's delicate fingers, her orange nails clashing with the deep red of the pie.

Ray closes his eyes and breathes in. Then consideres

THE RHUBARB PIE (RAY'S POV)

heat rising from it, succulent and wet.

Ray licks his lips and crouches, makes a decision. Snakes his way along the trailer wall....

....moving towards the pie...

....about to grab it just as...

TINA'S HANDS

draw it from the ledge, pulling it back inside.

Ray stifles a curse.

He looks up as a

SMALL WINDOW VENT

opens on the trailer. He crouches down and hears the sound of
RUNNING WATER.

She's taking a shower.

Now's his chance. He makes his way around the end of the
trailer, past the bedroom door, slowing to eye

THE MAIN DOOR

waiting for him, almost beckoning.

Ray carefully - silently - opens the door and slips inside.

15 INT. TRAILER - LIVING AREA - DAY

15

Ray looks around. No Tina. Hallway empty. The bathroom door
closed - water still running. His eyes fall on

THE PIE

waiting for him on the counter.

He goes for it - closing in on the pie just as

THE WATER SHUTS OFF.

Ray grabs the pie and heads for the door

TINA

Are you stealing my pie?

Ray whips around to find

TINA

silhouetted in the doorway wrapped in a clingy silk robe.

Ray stands there, frozen. He turns on the charm. Smiles.

RAY
It just smelled so good.

Tina smiles back, a devilish twinkle in her eyes.

TINA
Might be polite of you to ask
first. Not that I mind giving it to
you... but you could ask.

Ray considers her, suspicious.

RAY
You're awful kind to strangers.

TINA
Awful kind to you.
(slowly coming closer)
This pie is special. Grew the
rhubarb myself. You do any
gardening?

RAY
Never seemed to find the time.

TINA
I love to garden. Everything tastes
better when it's fresh grown and
hand-picked.

Ray takes in the moment - accepts the offer. His lucky day.

RAY
I'll just have me a taste then.

He sets the pie on a table in front of him and grabs a fork
as he sits, pausing in mid-air as...

...she inches closer. So close he can almost smell the soap
on her skin...

He lowers the fork to dig into the pie just as...

...Tina grabs the pie plate, pulling it away from him,
backing into the kitchen.

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey!

TINA
I said you had to ask.

She sets the pie on the counter behind her.

RAY
Please?

TINA
Now you gotta earn it.

He stands, starting to burn.

THE HANDCUFFS

drop from his sleeve and hit the table top. CLUNK!

Ray looks at them like he forgot they were there, then up at Tina - his anger growing.

TINA (CONT'D)
You're that escaped convict.

Ray smells fear in her - and likes it.

RAY
Well, aren't you smart.

He steps closer to her - menacing.

TINA
You really rape all them women?

He savors the fear - better than the pie - coming closer.

TINA (CONT'D)
How come?

RAY
They wouldn't give me what I
wanted?

Behind her light flickers through the opaque circle of the bedroom door - the rear exit. She swallows hard, knowing it's right there.

He looms over her.

RAY (CONT'D)
I don't have to worry about that
with you.

She runs, trying to make for the door. He grabs her - pushes her back into the bedroom.

16 INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM - DAY

16

Ray throws her onto the bed. She lets out a squeal.

Ray presses himself down on top of her. Sees anticipation fills her eyes. Hears excitement in her voice.

TINA

Show me what to did to them. Show me what you did!

Confusion crosses Ray's face. She grabs him and plants a hard kiss on his lips. He pushes her away.

TINA (CONT'D)

Show me!

RAY

Shut up.

TINA

Do it! Come on! Do it!

She squirms back toward the headboard. He grabs her. The handcuffs CLANK against the brass headboard. Her hand seizes the free cuff.

SHE LATCHES IT ONTO THE FRAME.

CLICK!

Ray pulls his arm back - locked in. Caught!

RAY

Hey!

She slips out from under him and climbs on top, sitting on his free arm. Slats of sunlight cross her beautiful body like bars. Her white teeth gleam.

TINA

Let's have some real fun.

Ray yanks his arm from beneath her. Swings awkwardly. She ducks.

A SOUND OUTSIDE - HARLAN'S MOTORCYCLE.

TINA (CONT'D)

Uh oh....

She slithers back, leaving Ray sprawled across the bed. She puts a finger to her lips.

TINA (CONT'D)

Shhhh. Don't go away now.

She grabs her pink cell phone from beside a smiling picture of her and Harlan. She slips out through the privacy curtain, closing it behind her.

Ray swallows hard, yanking at the bed frame.

His foot hits the cabinet beside the bed.

The cabinet door swings up.

Ray stops dead - stares at the contents in shock.

THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING.

Ray looks to the curtain...

...hears the door SLAM SHUT as the trailer tilts under Harlan' weight.

Ray holds his breath, staring at

THE CURTAIN PARTITION (RAY'S POV)

MUFFLED VOICES BEYOND.

TINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You got my message.

HARLAN (O.S.)

Okay, baby doll, what's the big surprise?

Then Tina's fingers appear at the edge of the curtain, drawing it back.

TINA

I got something special for Harlan, even better than that ol' rhubarb pie.

HARLAN (RAY'S POV)

stands there, sweaty from the road and heat. A grin spreads across his face as he raises his arms to clutch the top of the door frame, taking in every bit of

RAY, cuffed and captive, hard muscles, flesh and sweat.

HARLAN

Baby doll, you treat your man good.

She gives him a peck on the cheek and slips under his arm.

TINA

I'll save you some pie.

She disappears up the hall.

Harlan moves closer, seeing the half-open cabinet door, swinging it wider to reveal.

GARDENING TOOLS

Mounted on black velvet. Rows of sharp metal.

HARLAN

Hey buddy, she tell you how much she likes to garden?

Harlan chooses an implement.

HARLAN (CONT'D)

Harlan does too.

Ray's eyes are wide with terror.

18

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

18

Tina steps out into the later afternoon sun, a slice of pie in her hand.

She sinks into a patio chair in front of the painted mural of sun and sand paradise.

She scoops up a fork full of red rhubarb pie and wraps her lips around it - *savoring every bite*.

Behind her, the trailer rocks to RAY'S MUFFLED SCREAMS.

CUT TO BLACK.