

I AM A MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

Draft 3

Written by

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Segment in "The Impact"

INT. PARKING GARAGE

A pricey BMW, leather interior. ANDY (30's) piles into the driver's seat. Sleek suit, good hair. A second corporate type, BRADLEY, takes the passenger side. Also well-attired, but with a single strand of hair out of place.

Andy puts his hands on the steering wheel, but doesn't start the car. Doesn't look at Bradley.

ANDY
I'm taking exit nine.

Bradley blinks. Sweat on his brow.

BRADLEY
I have to pick up Cassidy.

ANDY
That's a half-hour detour, dude.

BRADLEY
Andy, you're my ride.

Andy keeps his eyes forward, wheel clenched tight in his grip.

ANDY
Yeah, well, better luck tomorrow.
Don't make this difficult, alright?

Bradley stares at his friend. Andy won't even look at him. With no idea of what else to do, Bradley gets out of the car.

Andy starts the BMW and speeds off. Bradley stands for a moment in the empty parking garage. Alone.

Then: approaching engine noise. Headlights. A car coming around the corner. An old beat-up sedan.

Bradley waves his hands, puts himself in the car's path. It screeches to a stop in front of him.

Bradley hurries to the open passenger window. The driver is PEDRO, tan skin, working man's clothes.

BRADLEY
I need to get to Hanover.

PEDRO
I'm not going that way.

Bradley fumbles out his wallet. Finds a few large bills. Peels off his watch.

BRADLEY

Here. You can have it all.

PEDRO

What am I supposed to do with that?

Bradley looks desperate.

BRADLEY

Please. I have to pick up my daughter. She's all alone.

BEAT. Pedro swears to himself. Unlocks the door.

PEDRO

Get in.

Bradley climbs in gratefully and Pedro puts the car in drive.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

I can take you far as Cosgrove, then you're on your own. I got family to get back to too.

Bradley nods in grateful acknowledgment.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

I'm Pedro, by the way.

Bradley doesn't respond. He's saying something to himself. An incantation. Trying to psyche himself up. Then:

He reaches across and opens Pedro's door, trying to push him out. A startled Pedro fights back, but one hard shove and Pedro goes tumbling out the door and onto the pavement.

Bradley slams the door behind him and triumphantly takes his seat at the wheel. The garage exit is straight ahead.

On the ground, Pedro writhes, holding a busted knee as Bradley careers up the ramp and into the street--

And stalls. Middle of the street. Bradley stares at the dashboard. He fiddles with the ignition. Nothing.

He slams his fists on the steering wheel.

BRADLEY

FUCK! Fuck fuck FUCK!!

He pounds at the wheel with increasing frustration, not seeing the massive truck barreling toward his window...

CUT TO BLACK