

CRASH by Kate AKS (Aksonova)



Sunny morning in quiet town with cozy houses.

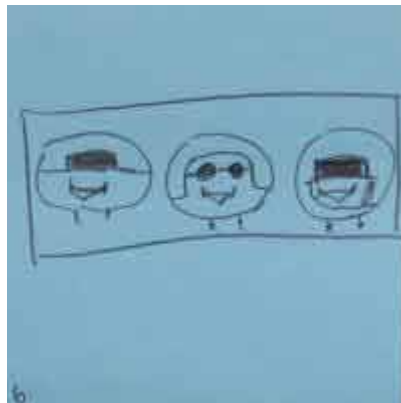


Three young man drive bikes. They smile, winks.





In front of the red light they stop behind truck.



They try to stop all three bikes in one line. They managed it and this makes them laugh.



Red light of crossroads.

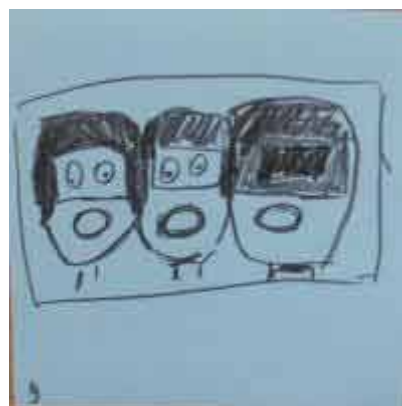


On the other side of crossroad is biker on the big shiny loud bike.

Green light for the single Biker.



Biker drives on the left side past young bikers.



Three bikers with astonishment look at that “cool” bike.



Biker turns to the other street out of view.

*

Street with similar new houses.

New house with open doors and windows.



Workers unload furniture from the truck in front of the house.



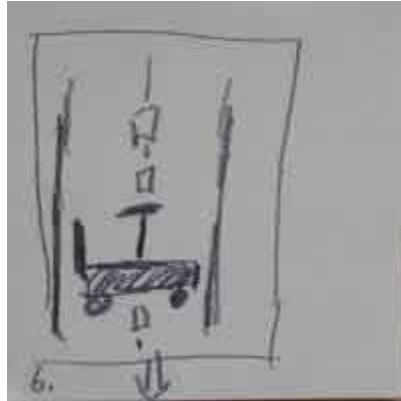


Worker puts big, with huge mattress on it, bed on the loader with wheels.

Loud sound of shattered glass inside house, woman's scream.



Worker walks into the house.



Bed on the wheels at first slowly and then quickly drives on the inclined down road.

*



Biker turns head when turned to other street.



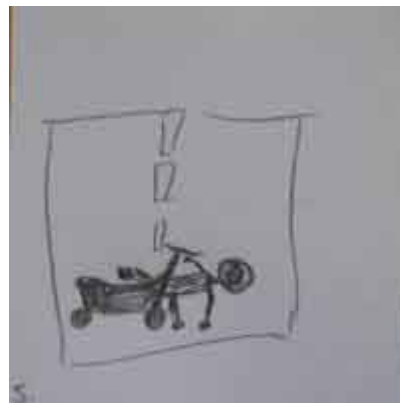
Bed in front of him quickly approaches.



Biker tries to turn away from crash.



Bed just a little touches bike and changes moving trajectory.



Biker falls from bike on the road.



Bed disappears in the garden of nearest house.

*

On the road sits biker, without helmet, he has shaved face.



Police officer stands near him, takes notes and smiles supportively.

POLICE OFFICER:

And that's all you could remember?

BIKER:

That's how it was. I remember clearly. It was bed on the road, which initiated crash.

POLICE OFFICER:

Where is other vehicle, I wanted to tell – where is bed now?

BIKER:

I haven't tiniest idea. It's your job, as police, to search...

POLICE OFFICER:

All our best forces will search possible braking distance of bed, sure.

BIKER:

Officer, you don't believe me.

POLICE OFFICER:

In police we don't believe, we investigate.



Police officer goes to the car and smiles to other police officer,

Sound of ambulance car.





Ambulance car stops near police car.

POLICE OFFICER:

Doctor, we have here accident with the bed.

DOCTOR:

Bed? We will check everything.



Doctor nods understandably to police officer and checks reflexes of biker.

*



Luxury resting house, visiting hours.



Biker sits in the chair in the garden, he is reading paper newspaper. On his forehead, noticed under cap, are thin scars, now he has beard.



On the bench at front of him sits young woman near old woman.

YOUNG WOMAN:

Don't worry, I daily check your garden.

OLD WOMAN:

I don't think that I need to be there. I feel better now, in my house everything is labelled and pills works. My memory also works better, I remember names of every doll which I have when was kid. I told about that to doctor, remind him about that.

YOUNG WOMAN:

Yes, I will talk to him.



Young woman looks at the biker.





Biker notices young woman's glance, folds newspaper and limping walks to the main building.

YOUNG WOMAN:

I think I see doctor, I will talk with him now.

OLD WOMAN:

Thank you, dear.

Young woman quickly goes to the main building, there is no sight of biker.

*

Inside luxury rest house.



Young woman stands near Doctor, she is shocked.

YOUNG WOMAN:

And no one checked his story?

DOCTOR:

Was police investigation.

YOUNG WOMAN:

They didn't ask neighbours, they didn't talk to me...

DOCTOR:

Did you know...

Young woman quickly goes to the door and walks away.

Doctor shrugs shoulders.

*

Flashback.

Street where was bike's accident.



Open gates of the house with overgrown garden.



Young woman drinks tea with old woman.

OLD WOMAN:

Such a crash. I was such shocked, today was sunny weather and this thunderstorm.

YOUNG WOMAN:

I am so sorry, that you were disturbed.

OLD WOMAN:

At least I could tell some story at Sunday after church. In my life nothing happens. Except new pills for memory. My children are far away, but they all the time pay for my health. Special rest house with memory exercises, two times a week. I mean, two times during year.

YOUNG WOMAN:

I will check if they finished already.

OLD WOMAN:

Yes, if you want to make it proper make yourself.



Young woman goes to the bushes, from where two workers try to remove bed.

*

Police office.

Young woman sits near table.

Police officer looks at the screen.

POLICE OFFICER:

Why you hidden such important evidence till now?

YOUNG WOMAN:

I? I used it to show insurance company. I made a copy from security cameras. This work didn't make police.

POLICE OFFICE:

Thank you for cooperation, we will call you later.

*

Police office.



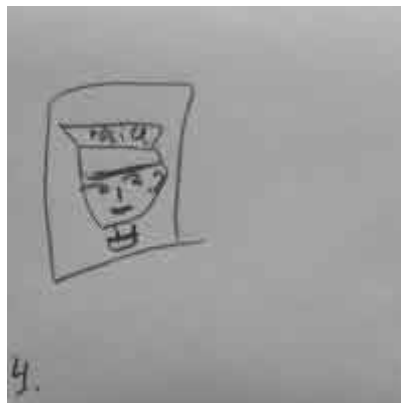
Biker looks at the computer monitor.



On the monitor is whole accident with crash on the bed.



Biker closes his eyes with hands, laughs.



Police officers shakes hands behind his back.

*

In the police corridor.

Biker exits from office.



In the corridor Young woman, smiles stupidly.

YOUNG WOMAN:

I am sorry, it was my bed.

BIKER:

Soft mattress, thank you.

Biker laughs, young woman laughs with him.

THE END.

idea April 2018

revision September 2018