



JUMPED

WRITTEN BY
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Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Shoppers file in and out of the grocery store. A full lot, bustling with shopping carts and families.

JONATHAN (36) shuts the hatch of his SUV. He pulls the keys from his khaki shorts. He sandals flop with every lazy step. This is probably the weekend.

He opens the car door when a thud emanates from the front of his car. His car shakes a bit.

POV through the windshield over the hood. Nothing.

He shrugs. Flips through his crowded keychain when--

A slap and bang on his door window startle him. He whips his head around see JENNA (38). Her clothes stained and tattered like a mechanic's. Her face tan. She forces a friendly smile. Speaks with urgency.

JENNA

Excuse me, I uh, I need a jump. Can you give me a jump? You have cables, right?

Jonathan stutters a bit, then shakes off his confusion. He walks toward his back of the SUV.

JONATHAN

Yeah, sure, just. One second.

He shakes his head, opens the hatch.

The car shakes a bit. A banging from the front. Jonathan looks up through the car to the front.

POV Jenna lifts the hood up.

Jonathan leans over the side of the car. Jenna fidgets, waits impatiently.

JONATHAN

I coulda got that.

JENNA

I got it.

Jonathan rolls his eyes. He grabs the cables from the back, walks them toward the front. Jenna blocks his way.

JENNA

(rushed)

Here, I'll do it. You just wait in the car and I'll tell you when to start it.

JONATHAN

Okay, is that your car right in front of--

JENNA

Uh, yeah. Yeah, thanks.

Jenna grabs the cables, then rushes to the front.

Jonathan takes a seat in the car, shakes his head in utter disbelief.

JENNA (O.S.)

Okay!

Jonathan pushes the key into the ignition. Twists. The car revs up.

JENNA (O.S.)

Give it some gas. Please.

Jonathan pushes on the gas. The engine revs.

Something bangs on the front of the car.

Jonathan leans out of his car to look in front of the hood.

JONATHAN

You really shouldn't touch it while...

POV a man's feet stick out from in front of the SUV. They shake and shudder steadily.

Jonathan winces.

CLOSE ON Jonathan's foot. It pushes on the gas.

ANGLE ON the feet in front of the car. The engine revs, the feet tremble more violent.

It revs again, the move.

Jonathan's eyes go wide. He pulls the keys out, rushes to the front.

JONATHAN

Hey, what the hell are you--

The man, or rather, the BEAST on the ground rises. He wears a mechanic's coverall's, seven feet tall, skin the texture of leather, face square and strong, eyes pure white.

The jumper cables hang from metal rods the stick out of the Beast's chest. The Beast pulls them out. Stares down Jonathan.

Jenna squeezes around the Beast, hands him the cables, pats him on the back.

JENNA

Thanks.

Jenna and the Beast push past Jonathan.

JONATHAN'S POV as they run to a Harley motorcycle leaned up against a Mercedes. They hop on, the Beast in front. She throws her arms around him, pats his chest.

A blacked out car speeds toward them, stops as the back up into the parking lot aisle. Two men in suits hop out. The beast kicks the car. It scoots back a few feet.

The beast revs up the bike, then takes off the opposite direction.

The suited men hop back into the car, speed off toward them.

Jonathan stands in disbelief.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Jonathan turns around. A small older WOMAN (71) with a bright pink blouse waves with keys in her hand.

WOMAN

Do you think you could give me a jump.

Jonathan cocks his head.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END