

ROAD RAGE HORN

Written by

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SHORT Drama/Thriller

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SUPERIMPOSE: ROAD RAGE HORN

FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

RYAN, a messy irresponsible druggie, is currently smoking a CIGAR. He glances at his AC unit display screen.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE:

AMONG AMERICANS AGED 12 YEARS AND OLDER, OVER 48 MILLION ARE REPORTEDLY CURRENT ILLEGAL DRUG USERS.

NEARLY ONE-THIRD OF AMERICANS' ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION PUTS THEM AT RISK FOR ALCOHOL DEPENDENCE.

THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC, WHICH FUELED A SPIKE IN HEAVY DRINKING, DRASTICALLY WIDENED THE SCOPE OF ALCOHOL MISUSE, ALONG WITH RELATED HEALTH CONSEQUENCES.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

There is red solo cups, cigar wraps, and empty liquor bottles all over the ground. The space appears to have been hit by a DIY party.

Ryan is frustrated messing with his AC unit by pressing buttons on the AC display like they're apps piled up on his phone.

RYAN

Damn.

Ryan appears to channel his emotions with optimism as he backs off the AC display. He smokes as bullets of SWEAT DRIP off his face onto the floor.

RYAN (cont'd)

I swear I hate Summer!

Ryan is raging as he turns away from the AC display and grabs his iPhone on the kitchen counter before he slides the cigar in his jeans pocket. He slings his shirt off onto the counter and starts a connecting call with his iPhone.

MAINTENANCE (V.O.)
 (Voice-mail)
 Sorry! All of our representatives are
 currently unavailable. Please leave
 your name, the reason you called...

KNOCK KNOCK... KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK... from the front door.

RYAN
 Fucking dammit!

Ryan hangs up and puts the iPhone in his pocket.

RYAN (cont'd)
 (obnoxious)
 Finally!

Ryan opens the door of his trailer.

CLOSE UP of Ryan, who appears unimpressed. SWEAT condensates on Ryan's forehead and body. CJ (Male, 20s, broke rock star) cracks up of laughter in-front of Ryan.

CJ
 Holy shit! Have you been raw doggin?

CJ deliberately steps past Ryan.

MOMENTS LATER

CJ turns around with his hand on his forehead.

CJ (cont'd)
 Why is it so damn hot? Ryan damn!

Ryan opens his FRIDGE and grabs the last water bottle.

RYAN
 Bruh my bad. I don't feel too good.

Ryan opens the water bottle and takes a sip.

CJ
 That was your last one!

RYAN
 I know bruh. I'm sorry. My bad.

Ryan puts the water bottle back into the fridge and closes it.

CJ
 What the fuck! Are you sick right now?

RYAN

Yeah. My girl about to be here! She's taking me to get some medicine and water.

(awkward)

I wouldn't have came if I were you.

CJ

Why?

RYAN

(stuttering;sarcasm)

Arri... Is... - bout tuh - take me - to - tha - farmers market.

CJ

Yo! I need to get some stuff too!

RYAN

Ight! Come through!

Ryan raises his arms and shrugs his shoulders in optimism. SWEAT builds on CJ's forehead before he wipes it off with his forearm.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. PARKING LOT - CAR - NIGHT

Ryan opens the front passenger door and ARRI (Female, 20s) sits behind the wheel of the sedan car smiling awkwardly.

RYAN

Hey babe!

(beat)

CJ said he wanted to come too.

CAMERA PANS onto CJ, who opens the driver side passenger door.

CJ

Yo! Wassup Arri!

CJ slides into the driver side passenger seat. Arri appears frustrated and confused. Ryan gazes at her strangely.

RYAN

Babe! Please let me drive right now.

ARRI

What! It's right there!

RYAN
 (annoyed)
 Bruh... Just let me drive! Please
 babe.

The car is stopped in the middle of the parking lot. Arri awkwardly shakes her head in annoyance and smiles at Ryan as they pass each other out of the car. Ryan laughs awkwardly.

INT./EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan appears lively; he quietly sings and bops to the low volume radio music.

CJ
 I was here yesterday and these
 assholes got in uh wreck coming into
 the parking lot. And I was right
 behind them bruh.

Arri looks at Ryan as if he has an issue.

CJ (O.S.)
 Insane!

ARRI	RYAN
Because they don't know how to drive!	I know bruh! I heard you! Was it bitches in the car?

ARRI
 It was not your fault, first of all.

CJ
 True! I had to go around them.

Ryan turns up to the music playing in low volume.

RYAN
 Was it really girls? Did they notice
 you?

CJ is laughing.

RYAN (cont'd)
 Probably not. We not shit.

CJ
 We just moved Ryan! Why do you act
 like you fell off?

RYAN
 I'm moving by the end of Summer.
 Going to the city sucks CJ!

Arri appears appalled by this information.

Ryan turns his right-hand blinker on. He merges into the right turn lane for pulling into the farmers market.

MOMENTS LATER

A pick up truck speeds across from the left hand turn lane before on-coming traffic and cuts Ryan off as Ryan is pulling in right into the parking lot.

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Ryan is ecstatically HONKING from the the sight of the pick-up truck cutting him off.

RYAN
What the fuck!

ARRI
Ryan! Stop!

Ryan follows the pick-up truck. He holds down the HORN.

CJ
Chill!

ARRI
Chill Ryan!

RYAN
What the actual fuck!

Ryan lets go of the horn and then re-punches the HORN.

The pick-up truck slows as it finds a parking spot and then pulls into one. Ryan pulls into the parking spot right beside the pick-up truck and holds down the HORN.

ARRI
Oh my goodness! Stop Rhino!
Stop!

CJ
Yo chill out bro!

Ryan appears very frustrated as he glances out of the driver side window. Ryan and the guy in the pick-up truck lock glances. Ryan is grinning.

ARRI (O.S.)
Rhino please!

RYAN
No babe! This bitch cut me off! What the fuck!

Ryan HONKS at D-BAG, (Male 30s) who is a very angry, white/redneck that comes around the front of his pick-up truck with a beer bottle. He's screaming and points at Ryan.

RYAN (cont'd)
This fucking muthafucka! Look! He
look mad as fuck!

Ryan laughs as they all watch D-Bag throw his beer bottle intensely. D-Bag approaches Arri's car and taunts Ryan to step out as Ryan taunts him from inside the car.

CJ
Bro! Look at this bitch! Like, the
fuck is he going to do?

RYAN
What the fuck! Is this dude serious?

Ryan opens the door.

ARRI
Ryan! No!

Ryan gets out of the car.

RYAN (O.S.)
Hell no!

CJ steps out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

D-Bag approaches Ryan and CJ, who are stepping out.

D-BAG	RYAN
You fucking idiot!	Fuck you bruh! Back the fuck
(more)	up!
Ahhh! Fucking idiot!	
(more)	
Piece of shit!	

D-Bag is awkwardly raging. He is throwing down a tantrum; he is turning red and throwing his fists everywhere. He is obviously drunk.

D-BAG	RYAN
Dammit! Ahhh!	Are you fucking good?

CJ	RYAN
Back up!	You fucking D-Bag! You better back the fuck up!

RYAN (cont'd)
 You not puttin your hands on me or my
 friend! That's on God.

D-Bag steps closer to Ryan.

D-BAG
 Ahhh! Fuck you! Look what you did!

RYAN
 No! Look what you did!

D-BAG
 Fuck you! Better shut the fuck up!
 Shut the fuck up!
 (melting)
 Shut the fuck up!

CJ steps in-front of Ryan.

CJ
 You better back the fuck up.

D-Bag PUSHES CJ with two hands. Ryan holds CJ up and then
 steps towards D-Bag. Ryan is sinister.

RYAN
 I told you not to put hands on us!

D-Bag is defenseless in a drunk state. Ryan grabs D-Bag by
 the shirt and whales a PUNCH to D-Bag's face.

Ryan ankle wraps D-Bag, drags D-Bag, and SLAMS D-Bag against
 the side of D-Bag's pick-up truck.

ARRI (O.S.)
 (yelling; absorbed)
 Ryan!

Ryan manhandles D-Bag like a toddler and is mercilessly
 PUNCHING D-Bag in the face and the side of the head.

CJ joins; he punches D-Bag with fury to the side of D-Bag's
 face and head. D-Bag's face GUSHES BLOOD before OFFICER
 JOHNSON (Male, 30s, cop) jogs towards them.

OFFICER JOHNSON
 (authority)
 Hey!

Ryan and CJ glance. Ryan PUSHES D-Bag off the pick-up truck
 and D-Bag stumbles. D-Bag appears concussed beyond repair as
 he puts his hand onto the ground to re-gain balance.

OFFICER JOHNSON (cont'd)
Where are you going?

D-BAG
These two idiots did dis!

Officer Johnson puts his hands on D-Bag to stop him from hobbling.

D-BAG (cont'd)
(saddened)
Look man! I'm bleedin!

D-Bag cries and officer Johnson appears horrified; however, he is unimpressed as he lifts D-Bag up gently.

OFFICER JOHNSON
The second officer will lead you to take care of yourself; he's at the front entrance.

Officer Johnson points to the front entrance of the farmers market. D-Bag hobbles past officer Johnson and past TRAFFIC in the parking lot.

Officer Johnson approaches Ryan and CJ intently.

CJ
He cut us off sir.

OFFICER JOHNSON
Uhh huh.

RYAN
I pull in next to him to make sure he was good because I knew he was drunk. You know what I mean?

OFFICER JOHNSON
You don't look too sober yourself! Do you know what I mean?

Officer Johnson looks to the ground to see the busted beer bottle.

RYAN
We were only defending ourselves and her car!

Officer Johnson looks towards Arri, who's still in the front passenger seat.

OFFICER JOHNSON
(sigh; beat)
I could smell the alcohol on him and he will be lucky to leave...

OFFICER JOHNSON (cont'd)
I am going to let you two go, but I
need you to go - now. Almost
immediately. We do not want any more
issues now.

(stern)
Is that understood?

RYAN
I just need AC.

CJ
Yes sir.

OFFICER JOHNSON
So, I suggest you go back and get
back in your car before I drug test
all of you.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE:

WE ARE LEARNING THAT DRUNK DRIVING IS ESTIMATED TO END THE
LIVES OF MORE THAN 13,000 PEOPLE WORLDWIDE.

APPROXIMATELY 30 PEOPLE ARE MURDERED BY ROAD RAGE EVERY YEAR
IN THE UNITED STATES.

80% OF AMERICANS ARE INVOLVED IN ROAD RAGE BEHAVIOR AT LEAST
ONCE A YEAR.

APPROXIMATELY 47% OF ALL DRIVERS IN THE U.S. (95 MILLION
INDIVIDUALS) HAVE SCREAMED AT A TRAFFIC PARTICIPANT. TO VENT
THEIR AGGRAVATION, 31 PERCENT OF DRIVERS, OR 91 MILLION
PEOPLE, HAVE HONKED EXCESSIVELY.

END SUPERIMPOSITION.

SUPERIMPOSE: ROAD RAGE HORN

FADE TO BLACK.