

EXT. JEFFERSON PARISH - RIVER ROAD - DUSK APPROACHING

Zoey's sedan rumbles to a stop on the pothole-ridden road.

Zoey exits, binoculars in hand, and marches towards the --

EXT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - DUSK

An old, authentic, dive bar with a historic feel - faded green exterior walls peppered with hand-painted advertising.

Zoey pushes through the old wooden door into --

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - DUSK

Old, rustic filled with mismatched barstools and ashtrays of every sort - this is a - *fuck your no smoking rule* - joint.

Zoey approaches the bar manned by PETE (50). A lit cigarette hangs from his lips - shaves once a week, bathes even less.

ZOEY

Hey, Pete - two Abita's please.

Pete pivots, grabs two chilled Abita Beer Bottles, sets them on the counter.

PETE

You expecting someone? Ain't like you to share company.

Zoey grabs the bottles.

ZOEY

No.

(walking away)

I'm going to be out back for awhile.

INT. THE RIVERSHACK TAVERN - BACK LOT - DUSK

More of an unkempt lawn - dried grass and tree stumps.

Zoey's perched on one of those stumps. One empty Abita beer bottle's on the ground next to her. The other nestled between her legs as she focuses a pair of binoculars on --

THE HUEY LONG BRIDGE - miles off in the distance, hundreds of feet above the Mississippi River.

ZOEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

A matrix of STEEL TRUSSETS hover above the bridge platform carrying an unending stream of cars - the evening rush.

Headlights start to come on as the sun starts its journey beneath the horizon. Zoey lowers the binoculars.

ZOEY ON THE STUMP

She takes a long sip of her Abita beer before checking the ALARM SCREEN on her phone, set for: 07:30.

Zoey sets the phone next to her, brings the binoculars back to her eyes. There's a tremble in her arms...

Zoey's chest rises and falls with deep breaths as we watch the clock on the phone. A few quiet moments pass and then --

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP = 07:30

ZOEY'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

View - back up close on the bridge. Cars clearly visible.

ZOEY

Please, be a dream...

A LARGE WHITE TOW TRUCK stops suddenly in the right lane. The smoke from hard breaking tires behind him wafts in the air.

ZOEY

It can't be...

THE TRUCK DRIVER, clad in a yellow vest and screaming at no one in particular exits the truck.

He darts to the side of the bridge, slowly starts to scale the trusses.

Zoey moves the binoculars to the jammed cars. Spots a YOUNG MAN, phone to his ear talking to someone. She can almost make out the words he yells.

YOUNG MAN

(mouthed - without sound)

Dude, get down...

The binoculars shift back to the TRUCK DRIVER, now standing upright on a truss, wobbling in the night breeze.

ZOEY (O.S.)

(sobbing)

God, please don't.... Don't...
Don't.

The TRUCK DRIVER finds his bearings, stands with perfect posture before he --

Spreads his arms, leans forward...

Plummets towards his death.

ZOEY

No...

ZOEY ON THE STUMP

Zoey tosses the binoculars to the ground.

Her hand trembles as she gulps back the rest of her beer.

She stares off into the distance... Petrified, dreadful eyes.

The look one gets when they realize reality is worse than insanity.