

End Scene

by Rene Foran

There is a stretch of Route 3, right before her exit, that curves off to the left for a bit to reveal the most perfect New England postcard. A lone white steeple pokes, needle like, through a haystack of oaks and pines. In the fall it is especially beautiful with the blazing orange oaks set on fire against a crystal blue sky.

It is here that she frequently daydreams of her demise in the movie of her life.

Her end scene.

She'd picked the location, set the mood, casted it and even scored the soundtrack but the perfect exit, thus far, had eluded her.

She thought of jerking the wheel very hard to the right, crashing through the guard rail and letting the car fly off into the crystal blue horizon with a nice shot of the undercarriage. The car would hang in the air for centuries, spinning it's wheels.

All would be calm, with just the sound of the wind and her heart beat filling her ears. Her rosary would slowly swing, twinkling from the rear view as it caught the afternoon light. She would close her eyes, drifting away in heavenly peace, letting gravity do it's job. She would not take off her sunglasses.

Ahhhh but.....Wait a minute!

CUT!

Hasn't that been done to death?

The last thing she wanted to go out as was a cliché.

My God, she feared that more than death itself.

And so once again, she watched her moment pass by her windshield. Thudding back to reality, she rounded the bend and signaled for her exit.

