

DRIVING

by

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

The car doors slam. RENE (20s), the leader and level headed, jumps into the passenger seat, landing smoothly and already looking around. CHARLIE (20s), the driver and a hard-ass, throws himself into the driver's seat, aggressively stabbing the key into the ignition. Finally, ERIC (20s), an anxious addict, practically falls into the car.

Charlie immediately throws the car into drive and they peel out of the parking lot.

For a few seconds they all sit there in silence, just breathing.

There are blood stains on all of them, but it's clear it's not their blood.

CHARLIE

Now what?

RENE

Just drive.

CHARLIE

What do you mean just drive?

ERIC

Ya, where are we going?

RENE

I said shut up and drive.

More silence, but this time, their actions are starting to settle in on them. Charlie is tightening his hands around the steering wheel, looking more and more pissed the longer the silence stretches on. Eric is sinking low in the backseat, he's on his back, hands over his face and mumbling to himself.

But Rene is working. He's got a bloody flip knife out from his pocket, a bottle of water, and napkin. He's methodically washing down the knife, studiously ignoring the other two as they work themselves up.

Finally, Eric pops up from the back, leaning forward between the seats.

ERIC

People are going to be looking for him.

Charlie slams his hand against the steering wheel, startling Eric into leaning back into his seat.

CHARLIE

He's right.

Eric takes a moment to register that Charlie's agreed with him, and then he leans forward, this time with more confidence.

ERIC
Someone's gonna find him.

RENE
Relax, no one is gonna find him.

Rene inspects his handy work, the knife now clean. He tucks it away in the glove compartment, turning to stare out the window.

ERIC
Eventually, everyone gets found.

CHARLIE
We didn't even do that good a job of hiding him.

RENE
It's more than enough.

ERIC
It was a pretty shallow grave.

RENE
No one is going to accidentally stumble on him. It'll be fine.

CHARLIE
What, are you an idiot?

RENE
No one is gonna find him for some time. We just need to put enough miles on, so we aren't around when they do.

Charlie takes a deep breath in, steadying himself and then accelerates the car, but otherwise does nothing.

Eric glances between the two, looking worried.

ERIC
Shouldn't we be covering our tracks instead of running?

RENE
What do you think I've been doing?

CHARLIE
Shit all! Cleaning a knife isn't keeping us from being caught, Rene. It isn't even helping clean the knife.

ERIC
I hear they do have some pretty cool things to find blood nowadays.

RENE

It's enough for now. I can't exactly do anything in a fucking car.

CHARLIE

Then why are you here? Should I drop you off at the next intersection?

RENE

You think you could get anywhere without me?

Rene turns and he and Charlie lock eyes, it's a stare-down between the two of them.

CHARLIE

I don't think we'd be in this mess if it wasn't for you.

RENE

And you think you could have solved this issue without killing him?

CHARLIE

I wouldn't fucking need to! I gave you my suggestion.

RENE

And it was fucking stupid! You'd have gotten us caught days ago.

ERIC

I did like Charlie's plan.

RENE

Of course you did, it meant you didn't have to do anything.

CHARLIE

Leave him alone, at least he listens when I talk.

RENE

And maybe he shouldn't.

ERIC

Look, I know it sucks, but what are we going to do now?

RENE

Just follow me.

ERIC

Doing what?

CHARLIE

How are you going to lead us
anywhere that isn't fucking jail?
Huh? Cause right now, we're all
looking at life because you
couldn't keep your temper.

RENE

I'm not the one that ran my mouth
and got us in this situation in the
first place!

ERIC

I didn't! I swear!

CHARLIE

But you fucking did! Own up to it.

ERIC

I didn't, it wasn't me.

CHARLIE

Yeah? Then why did he recognize
you?

ERIC

I don't know!

CHARLIE

Stop playing dumb, we know you're
not. Fess up to it already.

ERIC

I did--

RENE

--Shut up!

Silence falls and they all look out their own windows.

RENE (CONT'D)

Give me time to think.

Rene turns the radio on, leaning back into his seat. The
chorus of "Digging in the Dirt" by Peter Gabriel begins to
play.

"This time you've gone too far / This time you've gone too
far"

Rene begins to hum along under his breath, completely
ignoring the others as she starts typing on his phone.

"I told you, I told you, I told you, I told you"

Eric in the back, lays out on the seat, laying his hands
over his face but tapping his foot to the beat.

"Don't talk back / Just drive the car / Shut your mouth / I know what you are"

Charlie is grinding his teeth and working through his own emotions. But eventually, he starts to tap his finger on the steering wheel to the beat of the song.

"Don't say nothing / Keep your hands on the wheel / Don't turn around / This is for real"

All three are, in their own way, slowly relaxing to the song.

Then, Eric startles as something moves beside him.

All three look at each other, and Rene rolls his eyes and turns the radio off.

CHARLIE

Why the fuck--

ERIC

--It's--

A woman pushes herself upwards and into view, her head landing on Eric's shoulder. There's a large wound on her forehead, clearly a blow dealt by one of the crew.

RENE

--I forgot--

ERIC

--sorry.

Eric shoves at the woman and she groggily falls backward onto the seat.

CHARLIE

What do we do with her?

Eric leans forward looking at Rene. Rene sighs, but somehow he doesn't look upset.

RENE

In for a penny...

Eric's eyes widen and Charlie looks over at him. Rene and Charlie meet eyes, Rene shrugs.

CHARLIE

Where to?

Eric, despite looking scared, leans forward.

Rene grins.

FADE TO BLACK: