

*Good as Dead (short)*  
*By Will J. Wheeler (grizzlymonkey@hotmail.com)*  
*First Draft April 2007*  
*Edited March 2009*

INT. BOOT OF A CAR - NIGHT

It's dark and blue in the boot of the old car and DALE, a young brunette in her early twenties, looks like death; she is BLOODY and BRUISED all over.

Her face looks like it's been taken too by and crowd of rioters with metal pipes in hand. Red streams down her neck and soaks her shirt. The CUTS and GRAZES on her knuckles and fingers are red a scabbing.

She is barely breathing - the duct tape over her mouth is making it hard - but she is still alive.

DALE wakes up. Her eyes SHOOT open and she COUGHS LOUDLY as some chunky blood SPURTS out her mouth, past the tape and DRIBBLES down her chin. She winces in pain and starts to sob.

DALE  
(muffled)Oh my...g-

DALE tries to talk but coughs again. She is extremely limited on movement. But manages to PULL out her arm from underneath herself and uses her sleeve to wipe away some blood, and pulls off the tape.

She sits in the darkness for a little while, breathing HEAVILY - nervous and frightened. DALE finds a small torch and the light FLICKS on.

EXT. A NEAR EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The car sits in what looks like during the day would be a busy CAR PARKING LOT. It's the dead of night, and there are a few cars around, but not many. There's no people, and the streets are poorly lit. The CAR's NUMBER PLATE is LTR-454.

INT. BOOT OF A CAR - NIGHT

DALE is crying and desperately looking for a way out of the boot.

She tries SLAMMING herself into the boot top, to force it open, but to no avail.

She tries again, SLAMMING HARDER and HARDER, but she just falls flat in pain. She tries to claw her way through the backseat - she tries TEARING the upholstery with her bare hands, but she can't do it.

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CLAUSTROPHOBIA is setting in as DALE starts to THRASH about and SOB LOUDLY. DALE stops abruptly. She can hear FAINT VOICES and footsteps.

EXT. A NEAR EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A man, in his late twenties, and a younger woman are walking arms around each other, and popcorn in the other hand, talking LOUDLY and LAUGHING.

MAN

...And he had this girl with him. Stephanie...Shauna...I don't know - her name started with 'S'. And she REALLY didn't like dogs.

WOMAN

Oh my.

MAN

Yeah, EXACTLY! And you know it's the weirdest thing about animals they ALWAYS know when you're frightened. Don't you think? So here she is sitting in this room by herself with Percy growling at her.

INT. BOOT OF A CAR - NIGHT

DALE is lying there STILL AND QUIET.

EXT. A NEAR EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

WOMAN

Oh really? What happened?

MAN

Well, like I said, Percy is a DOBERMAN, so it's not like he's a small dog. I'm sure if I didn't know his temperament I be shaking and shitless everytime he walked past!

WOMAN

Yeah! Dobermans are the devils dogs! I hate them!

There's an awkward and stern silence between the two as they walk up to the car with DALE in the boot. The MAN puts the key into the door and unlocks it. He SLAMS his fist LOUDLY onto the car roof, putting the popcorn down.

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WOMAN (CONT'D)

I mean - I like dogs. I do. But if you don't train them right they can be scary sometimes!

The WOMAN laughs nervously - but covers it well - she is a good actress.

MAN

Anyway...(laughing) Damien walks through the door just as she is halfway out the fucken' window and calls him off! She was so scared! She almost killed Sam for bringing her too that party.

The both laugh as the MAN leans over and unlocks the passenger side door. The woman gets into the car and sits in the passenger seat.

INT. THE MAN'S CAR - NIGHT

WOMAN

(laughing) Well, I don't mind dogs. I just hope none of your friends have snakes or... SPIDERS.

She makes a creepy crawly motion with her fingers.

INT. BOOT OF A CAR - NIGHT

The boot FILLS with roaring WHITE NOISE as the car starts and shakes subtly. DALE starts panicking as the gears GRUNT into place and movement JOLTS her forward as the car reverses.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(muffled)  
So what did you think of the movie?  
There was a bit too much blood in it for me - Oh, and the swearing!

MAN (O.S.)

(muffled)  
I don't know - I liked it I guess.  
I didn't mind the blood at all, or the swearing - it was just that kind of movie - you know what I mean?

WOMAN (O.S.)

(muffled)  
Yeah...I guess so, I guess it just not MY kind of movie then.

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The car grunts again and starts to move forward. DALE pulls out plastic cover and reveals the car jack. She CLAWS madly to pull it out and sets it up.

DALE looks at the jack and then at the roof. Again at the jack and then at the roof.

She points it at the roof of the boot, shuffles backwards and puts the metal bar into the slot and starts to PUMP it up and down.

The car barrels around a corner and whole thing falls over. DALE falls back and hits her head.

INT. THE MAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The couple are sitting awkwardly. The WOMAN is starring out her window and the MAN is watching the road intently.

INT. BOOT OF A CAR - NIGHT

She opens her eyes. DALE rolls over and shines the torch and sees what she hit her head on. A SHINY SILVER REVOLVER sits in the darkness.

She picks up the gun and looks it over. And then throws it to the side. DALE goes back to working on the car-jack. She PUMPS with the energy she has left until the top of the jack locks into the roof of the boot.

It's more difficult now. DALE can't get the proper leverage on the jack - she starts to sob madly. Suddenly, the car comes to a massive halt. She is thrown against the back of the car again.

INT. THE MAN'S CAR - NIGHT

THUMP! THUMP! The couple get out of the car and slam the doors.

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The MAN walks over to the passenger side and takes the WOMAN's hand.

MAN

Tonight was really great. I'd like to see you again sometime - if you'd like too.

WOMAN

(nervously) Yeah, I-I had a really nice time too. I had a fun time talking to you. It'd be great to see you again soon.

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MAN

Well, I guess that's it then.  
You'll call me?

WOMAN

Yahuh...I'll call you.

The WOMAN reaches her hand up and kisses the MAN on the cheek. She opens the car door, grabs her bag and heads for the house. He watches her as she blows a kiss good night and shuts the door.

INT. BOOT OF A CAR - NIGHT

DALE hears the woman walking away and knows she is left alone. She starts breathing and crying ERRATICALLY and then begins ROUGHLY slamming her feet into the roof of the boot.

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The MAN hears the noise and walks toward the boot.

MAN

What the fuck?

He presses the lock in a pops the boot.

DALE is sitting with her back against the rear of the boot.

In her shaky hands she is clutching the REVOLVER. DALE sobs loudly as the he quickly raises is arms and goes to speak.

BANG!!

INT. A RUNDOWN BATHROOM - DAY/NIGHT

The room is BRIGHTLY LIT and STERILE. The once white walls are aged and broken. There is DRY BLOOD and other FLUIDS lacing the cracks and crevasses of the floor and walls. Like a medieval torture chamber used many times before - this is a place of PAIN and DEATH.

There is a table covered in a BLOODIED white sheet. On the sheet sits an army of NASTY TOOLS. The torture and household tools - medical scissors, pliers, scalpels, knives, pizza cutters, box cutters and more are coated in WET BLOOD.

The red liquid drips into a PUDDLE the floor. There is drag marks in the BLOOD which leads to A BATHTUB full of bloody ice.

In the ice lays DALE - BOUND AND GAGGED. The CUTS and BRUISES all over her are now FRESH - cleaner and wetter than before.

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DALE's eyes shoot open. Her wrists and feet are TIED TIGHTLY together, so it's hard for her to move. She manages to struggle herself out of the BATHTUB and onto the FLOOR.

SLAP!

THRASHING around like a fish out of water. She makes her way over to the table with tools on it and crashes into it, knocking it over.

Sobbing madly. DALE rolls over onto her knees and reaches down to pick up the scalpel. She starts cutting through the rope holding her wrists together in an awkward way, bending her hand backwards and around. The bondage falls to the floor and she quickly moves onto cutting the rope off her feet.

BOOM!

A door SLAMS shut in another room - not too far away.

DALE jumps up and heads straight for the WINDOW above the bathtub. She claws at the glass trying to slide it to the left but it doesn't budge. DALE hits the glass with her fist but she is too weak to break it.

INT. A RUNDOWN HALLWAY - DAY/NIGHT

A DARK FIGURE - obviously a fairly built man - walks down the hallway. He is dressed in bloodstained jeans, held up by a big black belt. He is wearing a fleece hooded jumper with the hood held down TIGHTLY by a BLUE BASEBALL CAP.

His heavy boots CLUNK loudly on the wooden floor. The MAN turns to a door, pulls out a bunch of keys, unlocks the door and PUSHES it open.

INT. A RUNDOWN BATHROOM - DAY/NIGHT

The FIGURE walks into the center of the room. DALE is behind him FLAT up against the wall, behind the door. The MAN bends down and picks up the BLOODSTAINED ropes sitting on the floor.

DALE makes a run for it! She jumps out from behind the door and SLAMS into the back of the MAN who falls face first into the ground, IMPALING his arm on a knife. He screams.

Just as DALE gets out the door she THUMPS shoulder first into the ground and is DRAGGED back into the room.

THUNDERING BOOM!!

The door SLAMS shut.

EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

An OLD CAR BARRELS down a dark street and into a PARKING LOT. This is the same LOT from before.

EXT. A NEAR EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The CAR SWERVES into a parking spot near the edge of the lot. The DARK FIGURE hops out of the drivers side and opens the back door.

HE reaches in and grabs DALE's limp body, TOSSING her effortlessly over his shoulder. HE walks slowly through the shadows of the night. With one arm he holds DALE in place on his shoulder - with the other he CLUTCHES a piece of paper in his hand. On the paper is a LARGE photo of THE MAN DALE HAS SHOT, and 'LTR-454' scribbled roughly.

The FIGURE stops walking and turns towards the car seen previously. HE reaches down and POPS the boot open.

He pauses for a second and SCOPES out the surroundings before DUMPING DALE's body into the car with a THUD.

He holds up a small torch, and then TOSSES it into the boot.

He pulls a SHINY SILVER REVOLVER from his jacket pocket. HE FLICKS the chamber open and checks that there is bullets in all the holes, and then CLICKS it shut.

CLUNK!

He throws the gun into the boot beside DALE.

SLAM!

The boot shuts. The man walks away from the car. HE reaches into his pocket while STRIDING and pulls out a MOBILE PHONE.

He dials a number and puts it up to his ear. The phone rings for a little before someone answers.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(illegible)

DARK FIGURE  
Yeah - it's done. He's as good as  
dead.

CUT TO: BLACK.

THE END.