

CAR TROUBLE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

A beat-up family car is parked outside a small garage, steam rising from its hood. A man, the DRIVER (40s), is drenched in sweat, panting heavily. The older, grizzled MECHANIC (60s) walks out to meet him.

DRIVER

(A tight, forced smile)
I don't know what the hell is wrong with it. But if you can get it going again, I'll be forever grateful.

MECHANIC

(Skeptical, looking at the car)
Well, rising smoke is never a good sign.

DRIVER

It's probably nothing.

MECHANIC

Cars aren't supposed to smoke. Even ones as old as this.

The MECHANIC pops the hood and pokes around, then walks to the rear of the car. The DRIVER watches him with an unsettling, intense focus.

DRIVER

What are you doing?

MECHANIC

What did you fill it up with? The amount of times people put the wrong kind of fuel in...

The MECHANIC unscrews the gas cap. He squints, then leans closer. He's confused. He reaches for a flashlight on his belt and shines it into the tank.

DRIVER

It's a full tank. Filled it up myself.

He freezes. The light reflects off a thick, dark, crimson liquid sloshing around. It's too thick to be gas.

The DRIVER's forced smile widens slightly.

MECHANIC
(To himself, confused)
What the hell is this?

He grabs a small clear container from his toolbox and a long, thin siphon hose. He slides the hose into the tank, fills it with the liquid, and drains it into the container.

The liquid that fills the container is unmistakably, horribly, blood.

The MECHANIC stares at the container, his face a mask of shock. He looks up at the DRIVER, who shakes his head slowly, his pitying look a stark contrast to his chilling words.

DRIVER
You shouldn't have done that.

The DRIVER's hand slides into his jacket.

DRIVER
Now I have to fill it all over again.

The DRIVER pulls a long, gleaming knife from his jacket. The MECHANIC stumbles back, his mind racing. He's trapped between the man and the garage door. The street is eerily silent.

The DRIVER takes a step forward. The MECHANIC's eyes dart around, searching for a way out. There is none. The man calmly raises the knife, ready to strike.

The MECHANIC screams.

The camera pulls back to a wide shot, revealing the garage door slowly closing. The only sound is the latch clicking into place.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END