

**DEAD AHEAD**

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - ROAD - NIGHT

Ungodly hour. Quiet. Moonlight glimmers.

From a distance, a pair of lights pierce through the darkness, getting closer.

A CAR slices through the air.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheels, sits NICK(50s). Composed. Eyes fixed on the road.

Music wafts through the car speakers. Nick lip-syncs with the beat.

His phone buzzes in his jeans pocket. He slows the car a bit, kills the music, and digs out his phone.

He sways his eyes between the road and his phone.

Suddenly, the car BUMPS onto something, swerves sideways. Nick's phone flies, lands on the passenger seat. He struggles to control the car.

Finally, screeches to a halt.

EXT. WOODS - ROAD - NIGHT

Nick scrambles out of the car, looking around hysterically.

Gloomy silence.

He stares back, sees a PERSON with a bright ORANGE jacket, lying mangled up on the road.

NICK

FUCK!

He plods towards the body, rolls it over, gasps as he sees the face. A MAN in his 20s, bloodied. A terrifying realization crosses his face.

He races towards the trunk of his car, opens it, sees the SAME MAN in it. Curled up, with his limbs tied with cords.

Nick looks back and forth between the two same men, petrified.

He closes the trunk, hurries to the -

PASSENGER SIDE OF THE CAR

Ducks in, opens the glovebox, takes out a PILL BOTTLE.

ON NICK

Dumps a few pills on his hand, shoves it down his throat. He breathes heavily, shakes his head pretty hard.

Nick looks back at the road, the Man is gone. He sighs with relief.

His phone rings. He picks it from the passenger seat and answers the call.

NICK

Yeah... I'm bringing him. Ten minutes, max... Yeah. Don't worry. I'll be there.

He hangs up, exhales deeply. Again, he ganders, nothing on the road.

Nick walks back to the trunk, places his hands over it, ready to open. One more deep exhale, then he opens it.

The trunk's EMPTY.

He frantically falls back on the road.

Nick looks around, not a soul present. He gets up, staggers.

All of a sudden, Nick's car roars to life.

NICK

What the fuck!

His eyes dart towards the driver's seat, the SAME MAN looks back at him, with a smile cemented on his face.

NICK

NO! NO!

The car reverses with speed. Nick turns to run. Too late. Car rams and runs over him, he screams.

The Man shifts the gear to forward, again runs over Nick, crushing his life out.

The Man gets out, drags Nick's corpse to the trunk and loads it in.

Nick's phone rings. The Man digs it out of Nick's pocket. A smile crosses his face as he sees the caller ID.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN

Caller ID shows - BOSS.

ON THE MAN

He picks the call.

BOSS(V.O.)  
Where the hell are you?

MAN  
On my way, with a little surprise.

He pats Nick's bloodied face.

BOSS(V.O.)  
What happened to your voice?

MAN  
Pills have been harsh on my throat.  
Nothing much.

BOSS(V.O.)  
Ok... Whatever. Just get that  
fucker's ass over here.

The line disconnects.

MAN  
As you say.

He tosses the phone into the trunk, hitting Nick's head.

MAN(CONT'D)  
Sweet dreams, asshole.

He gets in the car, plays the same music from before, swirls  
his head with the beat.

MAN(CONT'D)  
Dude had good taste in music.

He ignites the car engine, puts it in gear -

MAN(CONT'D)  
Here I come. Boss.

- steps on the gas, roars off into the night.

FADE OUT