

HE DRIVES THEM - CRAZY

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FADE IN:

EXT. URBAN ALLEY - NIGHT

No moon, dark as death.

The only light emanates from a pulsating red neon sign peeking off the side of a building at the end of the alley.

A lone car is parked ten feet away.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

GERALD (30), unshaven, stares at his face in the rear view mirror. It's intermittently lit by the red glow of the neon sign. It's there - and then it's not. And it's there again.

Gerald brings a pistol to his mouth and presses it against his closed lips. Sweat beads on his forehead. His breathing becomes heavier. His chest heaves up and down.

He wraps his lips around the barrel and slowly slides it into his mouth. He places a finger on the trigger.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)

It's time. You're ready. End the pain.

Gerald's hand trembles causing the barrel of the gun to rattle against his teeth. He closes his eyes - tight, like a child not wanting to see the Doctor's needle.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)

Come on, little boy. You're almost there.

His finger wobbles - just one quick move forward is all it would take. His finger touches the trigger and then moves away - over and over.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)

Don't be a fucking coward!

Gerald pounds his left hand against the top of the steering wheel, trying to find the strength to make the final squeeze.

A SMARTPHONE attached to the dashboard awakens from sleep mode revealing a UBER RIDE REQUEST CIRCULAR TIMER.

Gerald, with a gun barrel still in his mouth, stares at the timer as it BEEPS with the rhythm of a heart.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)
Ignore that. Pull the fucking
trigger.

BEEP...BEEP...BEEP - less than ten seconds left to react.

Just before the timer expires, Gerald gasps as he removes the gun from his mouth. He taps the barrel on the center of the UBER TIMER on the phone.

The UBER NAVIGATION screen appears. Gerald wipes the sweat from his brow and places the gun on the passenger seat. One deep breath and then he turns the ignition key.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

SANDRA (23), high heels, short skirt - dressed for hunting men, stands on a sidewalk outside the club.

A DOORMAN ogles her as she stares at her cell phone.

Gerald's car pulls up alongside the curb. He exits the car and catches Sandra's eye.

SANDRA
Gerald?

Gerald nods and walks around to the passenger side of the car and opens the rear door. He manages a forced smile.

INT/EXT. CAR/CITY STREET - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Breathing heavier than normal, Gerald chokes the steering wheel as he drives down a busy city street. His head randomly twitches - he's hearing something we're not.

Sandra pays no attention as she mindlessly swipes her cell phone screen.

SANDRA
So, have you been driving long?

GERALD
This is my last day.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)
And hers.

SANDRA
I don't blame you. I wouldn't want
to do this.

NAVIGATION VOICE - GERALD'S PHONE
"Make the next available u-turn."

This gets Sandra's attention. She looks out the window - something's amiss.

SANDRA

Do you have the right address? We should be headed North.

No answer from Gerald as he drives through an intersection.

NAVIGATION VOICE - GERALD'S PHONE

"Make the next available u-turn."

SANDRA

Hey, I'm talking to you. Do you know where you're going?

GERALD

Yes.

Gerald stops at the next light. He removes his cell phone from the dashboard holder and turns it off.

SANDRA

What the fuck, dude?

An ominous CLICK is heard as Gerald presses the LOCK ALL DOORS button.

Fear creeps across Sandra's face as she tests the door handle. It pulls forward, but the door remains locked.

SANDRA

Let me out.

Sandra tries the lock again - over and over.

GERALD

It won't open. The child safety locks are engaged.

The light changes and Gerald drives forward. He picks up speed as he approaches a freeway on-ramp.

SANDRA

(panicked)

Are you fucking crazy?

GERALD

I am.

A silence comes over the car as Sandra takes this in.

INT/EXT. CAR/FREEWAY - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

The car engine ROARS as Gerald picks up speed.

The lights from oncoming traffic cascade into the car.

Sandra, with her phone on her side, attempts to text with one hand as she keeps her eyes on Gerald.

SANDRA
(nervous/afraid)
Look, I'm sorry for what I said. I
didn't mean to...I won't tell
anyone. Just drop me off at the --

Gerald picks up the gun from the passenger car seat and points it at Sandra.

SANDRA
Oh, God no. Please.

GERALD
I need you to toss your phone in
the front seat.

Sandra stares at him - frozen in fear.

GERALD
Do it.

Sandra's hand trembles as she reaches over the top of the front passenger seat and drops her phone. Gerald looks at it - sees the partial text. Sandra notices his glance.

SANDRA
It was just a friend. I promise.

With one hand on the wheel, Gerald powers off Sandra's phone - turns his attention back to the road.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)
Couldn't do it yourself. Coward.
Little boy coward.

Gerald drives the car to the shoulder of the freeway kicking up dust as it comes to a stop. Cars behind whistle by.

GERALD
We can do it here.

Sandra nervously buttons up the two top buttons of her blouse.

SANDRA
Um, Gerald - right?

Gerald nods.

SANDRA
Look, You haven't done anything yet. I won't tell anyone. I promise. No one needs to be hurt.

GERALD
I don't want to hurt you. I really don't.

SANDRA
What do you want?

GERALD
I need to die. I tried by myself. I promise I did.
(beat)
I couldn't do it. I need your help.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)
You are helpless.

Gerald shakes this off.

SANDRA
I don't understand.

Gerald tosses the gun into the back seat.

GERALD
Unfasten your belt. Pick up the gun and move behind me.

Sandra keeps her panicked eyes on Gerald as she inches over and picks up the gun.

GERALD
Either I will die or we both will. The decision will be yours.
(beat)
In a few minutes, I'm going to swerve into on-coming traffic. Use that gun to stop me.

Sandra, totally confused, picks up the gun. It wobbles in her nervous hands as she points it the back of Gerald's head.

SANDRA
Okay, stop.

GERALD
 (screams)
 No. You have to kill me!

SANDRA
 I can't do that.

GERALD
 I have voices in my head. I can't
 stop them. You need to do it for
 me.

SANDRA
 I'm not going to shoot you.
 (grasping at straws)
 You can - um, get help. They have
 medications --

GERALD
 In one minute I'm going to speed
 forward and swerve into the other
 lane.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)
 You won't do it, little boy.

GERALD
 I will!

Gerald's scream echoes through the car.

GERALD
 I don't want to kill anyone but
 him. I'm not bad. Please, don't
 make me kill you too. Because I
 will if I have too. Save yourself.

Sandra sobs as she presses the barrel of the gun against the
 back of Gerald's head. Her mascara is smeared from tears as
 they run down her face.

Gerald's face muscles slacken, nearly orgasmic in relief as
 he feels the pressure of the barrel against his head.

GERALD
 Thank you.

SANDRA
 I beg you. Don't make me do this.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)
 Don't listen, little boy.

GERALD
Do it! Do it!

Sandra drops the gun to her lap.

SANDRA
I can't.

Anger grows in Gerald's eyes as he places the car in neutral and REVS the engine.

GERALD
You're really ready to die?

A look of calm comes across Sandra's face.

SANDRA
You're bluffing.

Gerald's eyes bounce back and forth.

GERALD
No - no. I'll do it.

SANDRA
You can't. Otherwise you would have
already killed yourself.
(beat)
And you couldn't kill me either.

Sandra presses the gun up against her temple.

SANDRA
If you don't let me out, I'll pull
the trigger.

Gerald slams his fist on the steering wheel.

GERALD
No! You're ruining this!

SANDRA
My life is in your hands, Gerald.

Gerald roughs up his face with his hands - pounds a fist
against his forehead.

GERALD
Fuck.

A moment passes. A CLICK signals the unlocking of the doors.

GERALD
Put the gun down.

Sandra places the gun on the car seat.

Gerald tosses Sandra's cell phone into the back seat.

GERALD

Get out.

Sandra's eyes stay fixed on Gerald as she slides over to the passenger door. She opens it, gets out and closes the door behind her.

In the rear view mirror, Gerald sees Sandra running down the shoulder of the freeway flailing her arms - hoping for help.

SCHIZOPHRENIC INNER VOICE (V.O.)

You're running out of time, little boy.

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INSERT BLACK SCREEN

BEEP - BEEP - BEEP...

Fades into a heartbeat - LUB DUB - LUB DUB - LUB DUB...

Then silence.

Time passes - maybe a moment - maybe more.

VOICE OF NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

In other news, police are investigating the mysterious death of UBER driver, Gerald Stanton.

He was found shot to death last night in his car parked on the shoulder of the 405 freeway. Police have a man in custody who claims the shooting was in self defense....

FADE OUT