

MERCY DASH

Written by  
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INT. LARGE SUV - NIGHT

SALLY, 30s, soccer mom type, purple sweats, and pink hairband to keep the blonde wisps from her face.

The dark road flies past as she bops her head to some upbeat poppy tune.

On the dash, her Samsung is perched in a mount so that the screen is angled slightly towards her.

It rings, interrupting the pop song to do so.

On the screen is a female face, a mess of dark hair, and a shark-wide smile. Beneath the face a name, Anj.

SALLY  
Hey Google, Answer the call.

The phone connects via the car speakers, and the screen turns to camera, ANJ, 30s, peers into her own phone screen.

ANJ  
Babes, where the hell are you? So dark.

SALLY  
In the car, driving.

ANJ  
Yeah, makes sense.

Sally glances in the mirror, no other traffic visible anywhere on her dark road.

SALLY  
You good?

ANJ  
Yeah, ya know, still here.

SALLY  
How was PTA?

ANJ  
Usual, dull rubbish, everyone was asking after you.

SALLY  
Gossips.

ANJ  
True, but they did sing your praises.  
Sure Ted said the words 'Saint  
Sally'.

SALLY  
(smiling)  
Has a ring to it.

ANJ  
Ha, for sure, but it's was the first  
you've missed in... well a year.

SALLY  
That long?

ANJ  
Yeah, pretty much to the day.

SALLY  
What ya gonna do? Mercy dashes are  
never convenient for PTA.

Anj laughs.

ANJ  
And how is she?

SALLY  
Getting her from the ward later,  
taking her home.

ANJ  
You staying?

SALLY  
A few days, make sure she's okay and  
settled in and stuff.

ANJ  
She's lucky to have you.

SALLY  
Well, with a broken leg I don't think  
she feels very lucky.

They both laugh.

Anj squints at her phone screen.

ANJ  
You got Ben with you?

Sally shakes her head.

SALLY  
Nah, he's stayed home with Rich,  
didn't want to miss soccer practice  
tomorrow.

ANJ  
Oh.

SALLY  
What.

ANJ  
It's dark.

SALLY  
What is?

ANJ  
The screen.

SALLY  
Yep, that's the night for you.

ANJ  
Sorry, meant my screen, I need a new  
phone really, this one's trash.

SALLY  
Do it, Steve can afford it.

ANJ  
You've met Steve, right?

Sally laughs.

SALLY  
He's not that bad.

ANJ  
Compared to Scrooge maybe.

SALLY  
Well, you married him.

ANJ  
Someone had to.

Anj squints again.

ANJ (cont'd)  
What's in back?

SALLY  
Back?

ANJ  
Seat. Really looks like you got a  
passenger.

Sally laughs.

SALLY  
You definitely need a new phone. Or  
glasses.

ANJ  
Just shadows then?

SALLY  
Yep.

ANJ  
Well, as long...

She trails off.

SALLY  
What now?

ANJ  
(whispering)  
There's a man in the back seat.

SALLY  
No, there's no one here.

ANJ  
(still whispering)  
Really is.

SALLY  
Stop whispering will ya, there is no  
one here, just me.

ANJ  
I could ring 911?

SALLY  
They'll lock you up for wasting  
Police time.

Anj looks puzzled.

ANJ  
Would they?

SALLY

Well, they'll find me at Aunt Jane's.  
Not the victim of your imaginary  
killer.

ANJ

Jane? I thought it was Aunt Jackie  
who hurt her leg?

SALLY

Ha, you're even mixing up my Aunts  
now, they'll throw away the key for  
double time-wasting.

ANJ

Coulda sworn --

SALLY

Starting to rain here babes, better  
get back to concentrating on the dark  
wet road.

ANJ

Oh, yeah, for sure.

She still looks concerned.

SALLY

I'll see you in a couple of days.

Anj peers again at the screen.

ANJ

Fuck, right behind you!

SALLY

Gotta go, lots of red lights ahead.

ANJ

But --

SALLY

Hey Google, Stop the call.

The screen goes dark.

SALLY (cont'd)

Fuck sake.

She glances in the rear-view mirror.

Sure enough, there's a figure in the darkness of the seat  
behind her.

VICTIM, 50s, eyes wide with fear, mouth duct-taped shut.

Sally reaches to the passenger seat at her side, retrieves a fire poker with a wickedly hooked end.

She takes a quick glance at the empty highway ahead of her, no cars in sight.

She swings backward with the poker, strikes VICTIM across the bridge of the nose, and sends blood spattering everywhere.

SALLY (cont'd)  
I told you to stay the fuck down.

She swings the poker again, it connects with a dull thud.

SALLY (cont'd)  
This is going to go so much worse for you when we get to the cabin.

Victim tries to mumble something through his taped mouth.

SALLY (cont'd)  
Really? You wanna start this whiney shit again?

Victim shakes his head emphatically.

SALLY (cont'd)  
Too fucking late to be sorry now.

She flicks her hazard lights on and drifts into the emergency lane.

SALLY (cont'd)  
Right, let's see if I can't re-explain what I mean by stay down and keep quiet.

She again reaches to the passenger seat and opens a dark bag to reveal an assortment of torture implements.

Her fingers play over bloody saws, gore flecked chisels, before stopping on an electric drill, bone fragments still visible on the bit.

SALLY (cont'd)  
I hear it's difficult to stand or even sit up straight if you've been kneecapped.

Victim starts to thrash in the back seat.

Sally grabs the drill and opens the car door.

SALLY (cont'd)  
No need for that, it was gonna happen  
at some point tonight.

FADE OUT

THE END