

'I'll Drive Home'

Written by:

Simon K. Parker

Copyright 2020

simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

The car lights are on but the engine is dead. Six THUGS surrounded the car and slap their hands against it. Shake it. Demand for the doors to open. Yelling and screaming through the glass.

All of them furious, dressed up in biker leathers.

JERRY, 30, and GINGER, 25, sit inside the car both petrified. Jerry in the driver's seat continues to turn the key but can't get the engine to start.

Ginger looks out at the thugs, her whole body shaking with fear.

GINGER

You need to do something. You can't let them get me.

Jerry gives up on the keys and turns to face her.

JERRY

Like what Ginger?

GINGER

It's your fault. You knocked one of them off from their motorbike.

JERRY

They were driving like assholes. He got himself run over.

The thugs outside are getting louder and louder.

GINGER

And now they want revenge. You have to do something. Fix this.

He lets out of a long deep breath, he's more scared now than he's ever been before. But how can he confess that now?

EXT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Broken down on the side of the road Jerry gets out to face the six biker thugs.

One of them shoves him hard in the chest. So with clenched fists, Jerry readies himself for a fight.

He swings and misses. Now, all six thugs all together attack

him. He doesn't stand a chance.

He's punched in the back of the head. Kicked and dragged to the ground. He tries to fight back but there's just too many of them.

He collapses to the ground as the punches and kicks keep coming.

He's beaten up badly.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Watching in from inside the car Ginger wriggles in her seat, it's all too much.

EXT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

The thugs then stop punching and kicking. One of them pulls out a knife and holds it to Jerry's neck.

BIKER THUG

For destroying my bike, you'll pay
with your life.

Jerry's face is battered, bruised and spattered with dirt and blood. Defeated.

The car's high beams then come on, blinding the thugs.

Ginger hurries out of the car, opens up the car's trunk and pulls out a heavy tire iron. Determined, gripped tightly in both hands.

She joins the fight. The thugs can't see. Whack, whack.

Ginger smacks the first two thugs across the top of their heads and knocks them out cold.

She then rushes the thug with the knife and hits his hand making him drop it. She then swigs and smashes the tire iron into his mouth knocking out a couple of teeth and sending him crashing to the ground.

The other three thugs attempt to grab her and punch her. Ginger dodges out of their way and continue to swing with all of her might.

She hits the remaining three and knocks them out too.

Jerry looks up at her and smiles with a mouth full of blood.

She's saved him.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Now in the front passenger seat Jerry rests his head back and relaxes.

Ginger now sits in the driver's seat and with a calm steady hand she turns the keys and the engine starts. She looks across at Jerry with a confident smile.

GINGER

I'll drive us home. Wouldn't want a
repeat of things.

He shakes his head, happy.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END