You Have Reached Your Destination

(c) Copyright 2011
INT. HOUSE - DAY

VIC, bulky, tan, 20s, punches numbers into an alarm pad.

The Alarm BEEPS three times. He tries again.

    VIC
    Six, three, four, one.

Three BEEPS.

    VIC
    Come on!

Again. Three BEEPS.

    VIC
    COME ON!

Again. It works. He exits.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Vic weaves his way through piles of cardboard boxes, it’s a tight squeeze.

INT. CAR - DRIVEWAY - DAY

DANIELLE, cute, sporty, 20s, sits in the passenger seat of a blue sports car. She nods her head to some pop radio, drumming along on the dash.

The driver’s door opens. Vic jumps in.

The Car Clock reads 2:00.

    VIC
    Why did I put the alarm on if all our stuff is in the garage?

Vic pushes a button on his car visor. Instead of the garage door closing, the door next to it opens.

    VIC
    Ah! Come on.

He pushes the buttons, and they both close.
Vic starts the car. He pulls out to the end of the driveway...

GPS (V.O.)
At the end of the road, turn left.

He puts the car in park.

VIC
What the hell was that?

DANIELLE
Surprise!

Danielle pulls out a silver GPS unit and clings it to the wind shield.

VIC
When’d you get that?

DANIELLE
Yesterday.

VIC
Take it down, that’s distracting.

DANIELLE
Just leave it, this is the maiden voyage with our new gps.

VIC
I’ve driven to Joey’s a thousand times, I don’t need directions.

DANIELLE
You’ve driven there from our old place a thousand times. Besides, this will get us to the parkway fifteen minutes earlier, just listen to it.

GPS (V.O.)
Turn left.

VIC
No, come on, I don’t want to hear that the entire ride, take it down.

DANIELLE
Please?

She gives Vic the puppy dog eyes.
He rolls his eyes and pulls out of the driveway.

INT. CAR - LATER

Car Clock - 2:32.

Vic turns the radio volume up. Danielle counters by pushing the screen of the GPS and raising it’s volume.

GPS (V.O.)
IN A QUARTER MILE, STAY LEFT!

VIC
Jesus Christ. Turn that down!

DANIELLE
No, not until you start listening to it. You’ve ignored everything it’s said, if it recalculates anymore it’s gonna blow up.

VIC
I hope it does. Why did you buy this?

DANIELLE
Everyone has one! Plus the guy gave me a discount.

VIC
The guy probably set the coordinates to lead you straight to his S&M rape palace, and you fell for it.

GPS (V.O.)
Rape Palace, forty three miles, recalculating.

VIC
No! Fix that.

Danielle presses the screen, a map appears again.

GPS (V.O.)
Stay Left.

VIC
Why is it saying, “stay left,” this isn’t the right way.
DANIELLE
Just let it do it’s job.

VIC
Really didn’t feel like paying
attention on this drive, I think
I’m good from here.

GPS (V.O.)
Stay left.

VIC
Alright, already!

LATER
Car Clock - 2:48
Vic switches lanes on the highway.

GPS (V.O.)
Take the exit on the right.

VIC
No. That’s not right, I’m not
doing that.

DANIELLE
Ugh, stop arguing, and do it!

He pulls off the highway to the right.

VIC
How much was this thing?

DANIELLE
Two fifty.

VIC
Two fifty?! What the hell were you
thinking?--

GPS (V.O.)
In a half mile, turn right.

VIC
Where the hell are we? Did we turn
around?

DANIELLE
I had a gift card, so it was really
only a hundred.
VIC
Still a rip.

GPS (V.O.)
In a quarter mile, turn right.

VIC
Shut the fuck up!

Vic flicks the screen. There is a small glitch.

GPS (V.O.)
(British accent)
Take the roundabout.

VIC
Blimey! I mean, fuck!

LATER

Car Clock – 3:01

Vic grips the wheel with white hands. He grits his teeth.

GPS (V.O.)
Turn right, then keep left.

VIC
This road is like ten feet long, how the hell am I supposed to do that?!

GPS (V.O.)
Keep left.

VIC
Fuck you!

DANIELLE
Vic, shut up!

VIC
We gotta be going the wrong way. We should be pulling up to his neighborhood!

DANIELLE
Hmm, let’s see, Vic or a global positioning satellite? Who knows the directions better? You just hate new things.
VIC
I hate this new thing.

DANIELLE
Keep it up.

VIC
God, I need a beer!

LATER

Car Clock – 3:18

Vic is enraged, he stares vacantly ahead.

DANIELLE
Is Kelly gonna be there?

GPS (V.O.)
Turn right.

Beat.

DANIELLE
Vic, is Kelly gonna be there?

GPS (V.O.)
Turn right.

Beat.

DANIELLE
Vic!

VIC
What?!

DANIELLE
You’ve been ignoring me for the past fifteen minutes!

VIC
I can’t fuckin concentrate on which bitch is talking at which time!

DANIELLE
You know something, stay away from me today, you’re being a total dick!

VIC
No problem, you’ve ruined my fuckin day enough already.

(MORE)
VIC (cont'd)
If this fuckin thing says “turn right,” one more fuckin time, I swear to God--

GPS (V.O.)
Turn left.

VIC
--you mother fucker!

Vic turns to Danielle, barely paying attention to the road.

VIC
You’re returning this thing tomorrow. I don’t care what you buy, just get this damn thing out of my car.

DANIELLE
No! I’ll keep it, it’s mine.

VIC
We should be there by now!

DANIELLE
Please, just calm down! This road looks familiar, we’re close.

GPS (V.O.)
Turn right.

Vic bangs his head against the wheel.

VIC
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

DANIELLE
Look at you. You’re absolutely ridiculous!

VIC
No, this thing is ridiculous!

GPS (V.O.)
Turn right!

VIC
Fuck you!

Vic rips the GPS off the window and throws in the backseat.

DANIELLE
Asshole!
GPS (V.O.)
You have reached your destination.

Vic, hyperventilating, shakes his head out of his daze. He looks up and his eyes go wide in shock. The car is sitting outside of their driveway.

DANIELLE
Uh-oh.

VIC
Are you fucking kidding me?!
You’re kidding me right? This is a joke? WHAT THE FUCK?!

Danielle reaches back and picks up the GPS. She pokes at the screen a few times and cringes.

Vic beats the shit out the steering wheel with his fists, occasionally BEEPING the horn.

DANIELLE
I think I somehow put in our new address as the destination when it went British. Probably should have read the manual.

Vic psychotically turns his head slowly towards Danielle.

DANIELLE
Surprise?

She pokes at the screen.

DANIELLE
Joey’s is forty three Stanford place right?

Car Clock – 3:56

EXT. DRIVEWAY – DAY

The car’s back tire speeds over the GPS unit.

GPS (V.O.)
(warped; dying)
You have reached your destin...aaaa...

FADE OUT.