

A CAR RIDE INTO THE NEXT LIFE

Written by

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INT. CAR - DAY

BOBBY, 21. Drives alone, the road in front is dark and empty. Hard to see in front. Bobby is splashed in fresh blood, his face and neck are covered in cuts and scratches.

He wipes a hand over his face and turns his attention onto the sat nav. It's stuck in a loop. Constantly recalculating. Doesn't seem to know where it's going or where he is.

He laughs.

BOBBY

What the hell is going on?

He hits the sat nav but it doesn't do anything.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Come on, work! Piece of shit.

His smile melts and looking at his reflection in the rear view mirror he snarls, angry.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck has happened to me?
And why can't I remember?

He inspects the cuts and blood. Shakes his head, at a loss. He returns to the sat nav but it's just not working.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Where am I going?

No answer. He puts his foot down and speeds up. Still, recalculating.

CUT TO.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bobby continues to drive, the road in front remains dark and empty. He leans forwards over the top of his steering wheel, agitated.

He glances across at the sat nav, still it's recalculating. Stuck and unable to work properly.

Suddenly a DOCTOR, 40. Dressed in his uniform appears behind Bobby on the backseat.

He reaches forwards and tries to inspect him, tries to take a pulse.

Bobby wriggles himself free from the doctor's grip, freaking out.

BOBBY
What the hell?

He looks back over his shoulder, sees the doctor, who's still trying to search for a pulse on Bobby's neck.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Where the fuck have you come from?

The doctor doesn't hear him, still solely focused on his task.

Bobby keeps one hand on the steering wheel and uses the other to slap and bat the doctor away.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You best start talking. I'm warning you. How did you get in my car?

The doctor doesn't let up. Finally gets a hold of Bobby's neck takes his pulse and writes down his findings onto a notepad.

Bobby nervously checks the road in front, it's still empty.

He turns back to face the doctor but he's gone. Disappeared.

Bobby swollen hard as he laughs amused.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
What the fuck. I'm on drugs. I must be. What the hell did I take? What in God's name is going on.

He returns to the sat nav. Hits it harder.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Will you work. Find where you're going. Piece of junk. Just work, please.

Again he breaks out into laughter. Doesn't know what else to do.

CUT TO.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bobby relaxes back into his seat. Less focused on the road now. One hand on the steering wheel with the occasional glance to where he's going.

He uses the rearview mirror to take a closer look at his face, covered in injuries, deep nasty cuts. One cut across his throat.

BOBBY

I was in a car crash wasn't I? Then
how am I still driving now? I don't
understand.

Now appearing out of thin air just like the doctor HARRY, 30.
In a suit and tie is sat behind Bobby.

Hands held together in front of him in prayer.

HARRY

I'm so sorry. I'm begging you
please. Forgive me.

Bobby is caught off guard.

BOBBY

Wow, Jesus. Who are you?

Harry now puts his head in his hands.

HARRY

I didn't mean for something like
this to happen.

BOBBY

Something like what?

HARRY

Please forgive me.

BOBBY

You can't hear me either?

HARRY

I'm so sorry.

BOBBY

I was in a car crash wasn't I?

Harry's gone, just like the doctor. No warning, just
disappears.

Bobby looks back into the rear view mirror, scared.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Am I dead?

CUT TO.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bobby takes down a deep breath, steadies himself.

He let's go of the steering wheel and brings his hands down
by his sides.

The car seemingly driving itself. Doesn't need him. Continues to drive straight along this never ending dark, empty road.

He turns around in his seat and faces MOM, 50. And DAD, 55. On the backseat, holding hands as they sit side by side.

BOBBY

Mom, Dad. I think I understand what this is. I died didn't I?

They stay silent, just look forwards, both with tears in their eyes. And both dressed for a funeral.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I don't want to be here anymore. I don't know if you can hear me but I love you both and need to say goodbye. So goodbye.

He turned to the sat nav.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'm ready.

The sat nav finally finds its destination. Heaven.

His parents disappear and the dark empty road is now filled with a brilliant shining light.

Bobby smiles, he once again takes a hold of the steering wheel and guides the car into the light.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END