

CAB'S TALES

SHE SCREWED HIM UP

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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE BAR - LATE NIGHT

It's quite crowded, steamed by cigarettes smoke.

ABHAYA (VO)
(strong Indian accent)
It was a quiet night at
Halloween day.

ABHAYA, 30 years old Indian guy, just takes a last sip from his coffee.

ABHAYA (VO CON'T)
I've just drunk my coffee
to throw the sleep away
when I decided to go back
home.

He leaves some coins on the counter and move off.

ABHAYA (VO.CON'T)
I could hear lot of
children shouting around
"TRICKS OR TREATS!"...

EXT. COFFEE BAR - CON'T

Abhaya moves toward his car parked in front of the coffee bar. Naturally, it's a yellow cab.

Three children wearing white sheets pass by him.

ABHAYA (VO. CON'T)
As the other's saying
"MWA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HAH!"
For me it was America's
crazy play...

Abhaya gets in, fires up the engine and peels out.

INT. CAB - LATE NIGHT

Abhaya drives throughout the main streets of the city.

The cab is colorfully decorated with Hindu Gods sculptures: Krishna, Ganesha, Buddha and a picture of beautiful woman.

The radio plays an Indian song. Abhaya follows it humming.

ABHAYA (V.O.)

My thoughts were far away
in my dear homeland India
when something called my
attention on the street
that Halloween night...

An attractive woman waves to the cab.

ABHAYA

(sigh)
Right now I was going back
home...Okay, well...Here
we go.

EXT. STREET - CON'T

The cab stops. Abhaya bends inside in order to open the rear door to the woman. The door opens and she gets in. Abhaya makes an effort and closes the door back.

INT. CAB - CON'T

Abhaya turns to her and notices she is a drop dead gorgeous woman. Her very dark hair contrasts with her blues eyes and carmine lips. She is about 30 years old. Her athletic shaped body molds to a tight dress, revealing her every body contours.

ABHAYA

Going to where, ma'am?

WOMAN

Could please drive around,
please...

ABHAYA

(hesitating)
Ah...well...okay. Around
there, okay. Here we go.

She reaches into her purse, snags a pack of smokes, and takes one out.

WOMAN

May I?

ABHAYA

(from rear mirror)
Oh...okay...It will be my
last drive tonight
anyway...

The woman lights the cigarette and takes a long drag on it and stays away in distant thought.

ABHAYA (VO)

She seems to be very sad.
Her blues eyes said
that...

WOMAN

Who's the woman in that
picture? Your wife?

ABHAYA

Oh, no, no...

WOMAN

Girlfriend?

ABHAYA

No, it's Aishwarya Rai!

WOMAN

Aishw-who?

ABHAYA

Aishwarya, Aishwarya Rai
is one of the most hot and
sexy Indian actress from
Bollywood...

WOMAN

And you like her, don't
you?

ABHAYA

Oh, yes I do...

WOMAN

Would you like to fuck her
too?

ABHAYA

What?!

WOMAN

I'm a much better fucker
than that Aishw
something...

ABHAYA (VO)

Suddenly, through the rear
mirror an astonished view
cached my attention...

The woman begins to touch herself on her breast!

Abhaya's EYES POP OUT!

The woman contorts in great excitement!

Abhaya attention to the road and safety are gone. He almost slams into a light post.

The cab ZIGZAGS...

But rapidly, Abhaya controls it!

The woman looks licentiously at Abhaya. He doesn't take his eyes from the rear mirror.

The woman's sex starved fingers continue wandering lower, now there pushing between her spread out legs!

WOMAN

(sensually)
Look at this, my
brownie...

She takes her panties off showing him her pussy...

WOMAN

Do you like it, don't you?

Abhaya don't know whether looks at the road or to the woman pussy.

WOMAN

You want to lick it? Don't
you, Gandhi?

ABHAYA

I'm Abhaya, ma'am...

WOMAN

(rising and sensually)
Let me blow your horn,
Gunga Din!

Abhaya seems to be out of control, so does his cab!

ZIG TO LEFT! ZAG TO RIGHT!

WOMAN

(motioning)
Stop out there, Shyamalan,
before you crash the cab!

Finally Abhaya the cab back under control wrangles. It stops burning the tires on the asphalt!

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The cab is parked on the side of the road. The place is

very desolate.

In the front seat, the woman bobs up and down on all fours sucking Abhaya!

Abhaya's eyes rolls up and down, like a dollar slot machine in Las Vegas. He tries to control his moans! But he can't!

The woman's arm touches the radio's buttons and it starts to play a loud Indian sitar!

The sitar strings and the blow job sound mixed provoke a different sound.

Finally, Abhaya unloads his money shot!

With a handkerchief from her purse, the woman dabs at her face and wipes Abhaya from her lips.

A large smile shows that Abhaya has just found heaven. He still seems to be there.

The woman puts the handkerchief back in her purse and takes out a lipstick.

She retouches her lips watching through the rear mirror where her face reflects.

She puts the lipstick back in her purse, blows a kiss to Abhaya, opens the door and gets out.

ABHAYA

Hey do you want a lift to home?

WOMAN

(turning back)
No, I live in the neighborhood. Thanks Sabu.

ABHAYA

Abha...Doesn't matter.

Abhaya still can't believe what just happened to him.

Suddenly, a car passes by the cab and stops ahead.

Abhaya notices the woman chatting something with the driver. Next, she gets in. The car drives off.

He zips himself, fires up the engine and...

MALE VOICE (OS)

Hey, stop!

ABHAYA

(frightened)
Oh my god!

A well dressed bald MAN, late 50s, stands at Abhaya's door.

ABHAYA

(turning down the radio)
Who are you?!

MAN

(motioning)
Could you follow that
car...

ABHAYA

(confused)
Why?

MAN

(begging)
Please, sir...
(showing some bucks)
I can pay well...

ABHAYA

(hesitantly)
Ah...well...Okay. Here we
go!

MAN

(getting in)
Oh, thanks!

EXT. CAB - CONTINUED

The cab's tires burn rubber on the asphalt and zooms fast in pursuit of the car with the women in it.

EXT. CAB - LATER

The cab parks nearby a city park.

INT. CAB - CONTINUED

ABHAYA

They disappeared, gone,
sir. I'm sorry.

MAN

No problem, maybe next
time I'll catch her...

ABHAYA

Sorry, sir, I know it
wasn't my business... What
does that woman have to do
with you?

MAN

She's my wife.

ABHAYA

(embarrassed)
Oh god! I'm sorry...I
didn't...You don't need to
pay anything, sir...

MAN

Thanks...

The man gets out and moves toward the front door.

MAN

Let me just ask you one
thing. Can I?

ABHAYA

Sure, sir...

MAN

Could you pray for her
soul, please?

ABHAYA

(surprised)
What?!

MAN

Pray for her soul. It
might help her rest in
peace for long...

ABHAYA

(astonished)
You say...she is...

MAN

Yeah. She died five years
ago. Pray in order to
relieve her sin,
please...That crazy woman
screwed me up once...

ABHAYA

Sorry about that, sir...

Abhaya drives the cab on when...

MAN

(yelling)

Pray for me too in order
for God to forgive me for
what I did to her!

ABHAYA

What?! My god! Here we go!

EXT. CAB - CONT

Abhaya slams the gas pedal to the floor and lights the
tires up in a cloud of smoke.

ABHAYA (VO)

Then I remembered a long
time ago I've read a
newspaper's headline about
a couple. They were found
dead. The husband found
out her wife was screwing
him up and he took revenge
by shooting at her and
next shooting at
himself...

The cab drives along the dark road.

FADE OUT