

THE THING IN
THE BACK SEAT

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A crescent moon casts an eerie light over a modest home.

GALE, (24), a perfect figure highlighted by a sexy mini-skirt and skimpy blouse, exits the house and heads for the --

DRIVEWAY

As Gale approaches the drivers side of a parked sedan, her cellphone rings. She answers the call, opens the drivers door and gets in the sedan.

GALE

Hey. Sorry. I'm on my way now.

INT. SEDAN

Gale pulls her door shut, STARTS the vehicle.

SARA (V.O.)

(over the phone)

Girl! Where are you!? You're missing the party! More importantly, you're blowing your chance with Mark. Megan's here and she's all over him...

GALE

Figures. I'm literally leaving right now. Just wanted to make sure I looked the part, ya' know?

SARA (V.O.)

You always do. Now hurry up and get your fine ass over here!

Gale giggles.

GALE

Pulling out of my driveway now. See you soon!

SARA (V.O.)

Wait! First, give me something to wet Mark's appetite. Send me a selfie. Might help fend off Megan.

Gale smirks.

GALE
Fine. Give me a sec.

She pulls her cellphone from her ear, strikes a seductive pose and snaps a selfie. Then, she sends the image to Sara.

Gale puts the phone back to her ear.

GALE
How's that? Will that suffice?

A brief beat of silence, then --

SARA (V.O.)
Oh my God, you're so hot!

A smile spreads from ear to ear on Gale's face.

GALE
Thanks, Babe. I --

SARA (V.O.)
But, hey... What is that thing in the back seat?

Her smile quickly fades. She stiffens up, clearly uneasy.

GALE
What?

She spins around in her seat and sees --

The back seat is empty.

Gale exhales a sigh of relief. Annoyed, she turns back to the front, puts her phone back to her ear.

GALE
Not funny. You know I don't like that shit. You nearly gave me a stroke.

SARA (V.O.)
Girl, I ain't joking. You really don't see it!?

Gale glances in her rearview mirror, at the backseat. Still nothing. She rolls her eyes.

GALE
Nice try. I'll be there in fifteen.

She hangs up, sets her cellphone in her lap.

As she begins to back the vehicle out of the driveway, her cellphone CHIMES, alerts her of a new text message.

Gale stops the vehicle, puts it in park. She grabs her cellphone, opens the message. It's a picture.

IN THE PICTURE: Gale poses for a selfie in the darkened cabin of her vehicle. Just behind her, obscured by the shadows, a DARK FIGURE, sits in the back seat.

Gale's eyes go wide with horror, her cellphone shakes in her trembling hands.

From behind her, a CROAKY VOICE whispers something.

DARK FIGURE (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Look at me.

All the color flushes from Gale's face. Very slowly, she turns and looks over her shoulder, sees --

Nothing. The back seat is still empty.

Gale finally exhales. She shakes her head, cracks a smile.

GALE
(sotto)
Get out of your head, stupid.

She turns back to the front of the vehicle, prepares to finally back out of the driveway. Then, from the back seat behind her --

RASPY BREATHING.

As her entire body trembles, Gale's horrified eyes look to the rearview mirror. She doesn't like what she sees, opens her mouth to scream just as --

Two clawed hands shoot out from the darkness behind Gale and wrap around her face.

SMASH TO:

BLACK