

# **“A NIGHT’S DRIVE”**

By

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FADE IN:

**INT.BEDROOM/JESUS HOUSE-NIGHT**

The Jacket from the movie "Drive" hangs in the closet; Jesus pulls the jacket out of the closet, to lay it on the bed with a pair of gloves on top. He looks at the jacket, with a grin.

**INT.BATHROOM/JESUS HOUSE-NIGHT**

Jesus, stands in the bathroom, looking at his self in the mirror. With the jacket on, smiling from ear to ear. Ready to drive in the night like the driver, from the movie "Drive."

**INT/EXT.JESUS CAR-NIGHT**

Jesus gets into his, custom 1970 Plymouth-Hemi Cuda(black). Puts on the song "Nightcall" by Kavinsky. And, drive off into the night.

**TITLE: A NIGHT'S DRIVE**

**EXT/INT.STREET LIGHTS/JESUS CAR-NIGHT**

While driving, Jesus dances to the music. Until he stops at a red light. When stopped, two men in ski-masks; gets into the backseat. Hearing them, Jesus considers the rear-view mirror.

**JESUS**

Yo, get the fuck-

Jesus turns around angerly, to a gun pressed against his face. Silence erupts in the car. Jesus practically shits himself.

**JESUS (COUNT' D)**

Hey man, I don't have any money

**THUG 1**

Well, good for you. We don't want any.

**JESUS**

Then, what do you want

**THUG 1**

For, you to drive. When the light turns green.

**THUG 2**

Preferably, a U-turn.

**THUG 1**

Yeah, what he said. And, turn this shitty music off.

**JESUS**

Okay, just don't shoot.

**THUG 2**

We won't. If we don't have to.

Thug 1, takes Jesus phone, and hands it to Thug 2

**THUG 1**

I'll take that. Here you go.

The light turns green. Jesus does a U-turn, and drives in fear trembling; gun pointed at the back of his head.

**THUG 2**

Make this left here.

Jesus, turns left on to a street, with nothing but town houses.

**THUG 2 (COUNT'D)**

Right here.

**CUT TO:**

**INT/EXT. JESUS CAR-NIGHT**

Jesus stops in front of a nice town house and parks near the curb.

**THUG 2**

Take the keys, out the ignition.

Jesus, takes the keys out the ignition and raises his hands. Thug 1 takes it out his hand.

**THUG 2 (COUNT'D)**

Alright, I'll be back. Just sit here, and stay quiet.

Thug 2 gets out the car, and walks into the house.

**INT. DEAD MAN HOUSE-NIGHT**

Thug 2 walks to the front door. Looks around, and walks into the house, down the hallway to the bedroom. A dead man, with a gunshot wound to the head. Lays on the bed.

**INT/EXT. JESUS CAR-NIGHT**

Jesus and Thug 1 patiently waits, for Thug 2 in the car. With, Thug 1 pointing a gun at the back of his head.

**THUG 1**

That's a nice jacket.

**JESUS**

Thanks.

**THUG 1**

Where did you get it from?

**JESUS**

Amazon.

**THUG 1**

I like it. I might get me one.

**JESUS**

(Sarcastically)

Awesome.

**THUG 1**

So, where were you headed, in this nice ass jacket tonight.

**JESUS**

Nowhere.

**THUG 1**

Bullshit. You expect me, to believe that you were going nowhere, in this nice ass jacket.

**JESUS**

Look, I'm telling you the truth, okay. I just like driving at night.

**THUG 1**

Why?

**JESUS**

I don't know... I just find something soothing about it. At this time at night, the roads are empty. I just feel so... free.

**THUG 1**

That's stupid.

**JESUS**

(Under his breath)

You're stupid.

**INT.VICTIM HOUSE/BATHROOM-NIGHT**

Thug 2, in the bathroom. Looks at his self in the mirror. Ski-mask, rolled up to his hair-line, revealing his face. He's a young man, with a tear crawling down his cheek. He wipes it away, and puts back on his mean face. Rolling his mask back on.

**INT/EXT.JESUS CAR-NIGHT**

Jesus and Thug 1, sits in the car it's silent as a mouse. The phone rings.

**THUG 1 (O.P.)**

Hello. Pop the trunk.

Jesus pops open the trunk.

**THUG 1 (O.P.-COUNT'D)**

Alright, it's open... cool.

Thug 1 hangs up the phone.

**THUG 1 (COUNT'D)**

Here... put the keys in the ignition, and get ready.

Thug 2, rushes out the door dragging the dead body to the trunk. Seeing this, Jesus starts to panic.

**JESUS**

Is that guy dead?

**THUG 1**

He ain't alive.

Thug 2, slams the trunk closed; flying from the trunk to the back seat.

**THUG 2**

GO!

Jesus pills off, in to a U-turn and drives, not knowing where he's going.

**INT/EXT. JESUS CAR/FIELD-NIGHT**

Jesus drives, in a panic. Just thinking about the dead body in his trunk. When, Thug 2 taps him, on the shoulder.

**THUG 2**

Left, here.

Jesus, turns left on to a field. He, drives through the field.

**THUG 2 (COUNT'D)**

Stop.

Jesus stops, in front of a hole already dug in the dirt.

**THUG 1**

Pop the trunk. Let's go get this body.

**JESUS**

What? No... I can't-- I can't.

**THUG 1**

Well... you are. So, let's go.

**JESUS**

No, why can't he help you?



**THUG 1**

Because, we can't leave you alone.  
You might leave us. So, come on.

Jesus reluctantly, gets out the car, and goes to the trunk.

Thug 1 opens the trunk; Jesus seeing the body makes him gag, and weak. He, walks off and bends over with his hands on his knees.

**THUG 1 (COUNT'D)**

(mocking)

Ha Ha, come on don't be a bitch. It's just a dead body.

**JESUS**

Fuck you! You, sick fuck!

Thug 1 walks over to Jesus, putting his hand on his back.

**THUG 1**

I'm sick? But, you're the one throwin up.

**JESUS**

Fuck you. I... I can't.

**THUG 1**

Okay. Look lets compromise. Okay? You get the feet. I'll get the head. This way, you don't have too see all the, blood and brain matter. Cool.

**JESUS**

Cool.

**THUG 1**

See? I can compromise. Let's do this baby.

They take the body from the trunk; walks it over to the hole, and throws it in.

Thug 1 picks up the shovel next to the hole, and gives it Jesus.

**JESUS**

Hell no

**THUG 1**

Hell yes.

**JESUS**

No. I Drove you around. I let you put, a dead body in my trunk. Which, I helped you, put him in the hole. I am drawing the line, at burying him.

**THUG 1**

You're burying him

**JESUS**

Suck my dick.

**THUG 1**

DO IT! OR, ELSE YOU'RE GOING IN THEIR WITH HIM!

Jesus and Thug 1, stares down each other intensely; Thug 1 finger on the trigger, twitching ready to shoot.

**THUG 2**

Look, dude... don't lose your life over that dude... in the hole. Trust me, he ain't worth it

Jesus looks, back at Thug 1, and starts to bury him

**CUT TO:**

**INT/EXT. JESUS CAR/TRAFFIC LIGHTS-NIGHT**

They go back were this fucked night all started. They sit at red light both thugs get out and walks to the windows in the front on both sides. Thug 2 at the passenger seat window, and Thug 1 at the driver seat window.

**THUG 1**

Well... this have been fun.

**JESUS**

If you say so.

**THUG 2**

Look, were sorry. Really.

**JESUS**

It's fine. Wrong place, wrong time.

**THUG 1**

Exactly! You get it.

**THUG 2**

Also, don't go to the cops or-

**JESUS**

You'll kill me. I know.

**THUG 2**

No, you'll go down with us.

**JESUS**

How? I had nothing to do with this

Thug 1 pulls, Jesus phone out his pocket.

**THUG 1**

As, true as that might be... these texts say otherwise.

Jesus takes the phone, and reads the text; which are very incriminating looking as if he was in on the plan all along. Seeing this, makes Jesus stress out to no end; rubbing the shit out his forehead knowing there's nothing he can do.

**THUG 2**

So, just remember that. We go down, you go down with us.

**THUG 1**

And, trust me. You're not cut out for prison. Just because, you wear a badass jacket... don't make you one. Bye bye, hope to see you never.

**JESUS**

Same.

Thug 1 runs off. Thug 2 stays at the window, to give Jesus advice.

**THUG 2**

Look, I know it's hard to forget everything you saw tonight. But, go home get some sleep wake up... and just see it as one big nightmare and forget about it. Trust me, it'll make it easier on yourself.

**11INT. JESUS HOUSE/BATHROOM-DAY**

The next morning, Jesus sits at his toilet vomiting. As what he's been doing all night. Unable to get the images of what he saw last night, and the reading the text messages endlessly. When, he gets a new text saying, "how you doin friendo"

Snap to: black

The End