

RIDE SHARE STORY

Written by

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

Late night. Ride sharing car parked at the side of the road. DRIVER reclines backwards in his chair. The car is well kept. DRIVER is well dressed. He listens to jazz off the radio. His phone against the dashboard buzzes with a call. He picks it up - brings it to his ear.

DRIVER

Hey. Yeah - not great. Last guy complained about the smell. I think he forgot that he vomited on the back seat. One more bad review and I'm back to shuffling papers at dad's company. The point is I need to show him that I can do my own thing.

Buzzing for a notification.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I've got an order. I'll catch you later. Okay. Bye - bye.

He turns off the radio and starts driving to pick up his passengers. He stops outside an ominous apartment building. He waits patiently. He twiddles his thumbs.

A group of people emerges from the apartment. BARNUBUS, ROSS, JOHN. BARNUBUS is leading them, shouting back words of reassurance. DRIVER unlocks the car doors. BARNUBUS walks over to DRIVER's side and leans against the car roof. He gestures for DRIVER to lower the window. DRIVER hesitantly does so. BARNUBUS gets a reading of the driver.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Is there anybody else?

BARNUBUS

Yeah, yeah.

DRIVER

Are you okay, sir?

BARNUBUS

Me? I'm good - I'm good. You good?

DRIVER

... Yeah.

BARNUBUS

Good, good. Dope.

BARNUBUS taps the roof of the car a couple of times. He looks over to the other two passengers standing idly by.

DRIVER
(to JOHN and ROSS)
He's good.

JOHN and ROSS start approaching the car.

JOHN
Shotgun.

BARNUBUS
Don't start with that shit, man.
Not with me. Not today.

BARNUBUS gets in shotgun.

BARNUBUS (CONT'D)
(looking back)
Where's Geary?

ROSS
He's coming.

BARNUBUS
Fucker needs to hurry - we're like
sitting ducks out here.

DRIVER glances at BARNUBUS.

GEARY walks out of the building, expression stoic - eyes serious. He carries a black duffel bag. The sight of the duffel bag scares JOHN.

He is ignored. GEARY goes to the back of the car and stands patiently. DRIVER sees him in his rear-view mirror. The trunk is opened. GEARY inserts the duffel bag. He gets in. The car takes off. Everyone is silent.

DRIVER
Anybody want to play music? I have
AUX.

BARNUBUS
Shove it up your AUX.

ROSS
Nice.

JOHN
Hey, Barnubus?

BARNUBUS

What's up?

JOHN

Where's the, uh... Where's the stuff?

BARNUBUS

(turning head)

What? Oh, you mean the bibles we're taking to bible camp?

JOHN

Sure. Where are the bibles?

BARNUBUS

They're in the bag.

JOHN

Are they fine there? Like, are they secure?

BARNUBUS

Hey, John? I need you to stop worrying about the bibles, okay buddy? The bibles are fine.

JOHN

I'm just trying to get my bearings, is all. I don't know-

BARNUBUS

Hey, John? Did you memorize your proverb?

JOHN

My proverb? Sure.

BARNUBUS

How about your communion wafer? Did you bring it?

JOHN

My what?

BARNUBUS

Your communion wafer, John. You didn't happen to forget it, did you? Hey, John - you know you can't perform communion without your wafer.

JOHN

I told you I don't need a communion wafer.

BARNUBUS

Everybody needs a communion wafer, John. Ross!

ROSS

Yeah?

BARNUBUS

You got your wafer?

ROSS

I have, like, eight wafers on me right now.

BARNUBUS

Where?

ROSS

Four on my belt, one on each leg, one in my pocket, one strapped to my thigh.

The DRIVER takes on a confused expression, but continues to face forward.

BARNUBUS

(turning to GEARY)

Geary!

GEARY turns to face BARNUBUS.

BARNUBUS (CONT'D)

Do you have a communion wafer?

GEARY shakes his head.

JOHN

See? It's fine.

BARNUBUS

(still facing GEARY)

How about communion wine, Geary? Do you have communion wine on you?

GEARY nods.

JOHN

I don't even know what that is.

DRIVER becomes visibly concerned.

DRIVER

So you guys heading to bible camp?

BARNUBUS chuckles.

BARNUBUS

... Yeah.

The car stops at a red light intersection. Across the street, there's a police station. A sudden whining from the radio.

DRIVER

Sorry, I thought it was off. You know how these things are.

DRIVER fiddles with the radio knobs. A BROADCASTER can suddenly be heard over the airwaves.

BROADCASTER

- it appears that the anarchist group has declared war on popular order, and has called for arms dealers across the country to sell the anarchists their arsenal for, and I quote, "an absurdly large sum of money that will ultimately be worthless as we sunder the fragile foundations of your capitalist mind-prison". If you have any information leading to the arrest of an arms dealer supplying the anarchist group, please contact your local authorities. Remember if you see something, say something. We now return to our regularly scheduled program.

Classical music floods the car. The group suddenly looks very anxious. DRIVER looks over to the police station, then back at his phone on the dashboard. The light turns green. The car drives past the station.

DRIVER reaches into a pocket on the side door - takes out some gum.

DRIVER

Anybody want some gum?

GEARY leans forward and takes a strip. ROSS suddenly looks down at his phone.

ROSS

Bad news.

BARNUBUS

What?

ROSS

Jamie's waiting for us on 30th.

BARNUBUS

Shit, really? Fucking really?

JOHN

Wait you mean -

ROSS

Somebody here tipped off Jamie...
about the bibles.

JOHN

No...

BARNUBUS

Who's going to nark on the nark's
nark?

Silence.

BARNUBUS (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I think it's
somebody we don't know very well.
Somebody we don't necessarily have
all the trust in the world for.

BARNUBUS stares down DRIVER, looking suspicious.

BARNUBUS (CONT'D)

I think we're going to make a quick
pit stop. What do you guys think?

JOHN

I knew we should've driven
ourselves. We didn't we take your
car, Ross?

ROSS

My dad checks the miles.

DRIVER glances at the rear-view mirror. He sees the glimmer
of something attached to GEARY's shirt.

DRIVER

Geary's wearing a wire.

BARNUBUS

What?!

GEARY starts shaking his head nervously.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

ROSS grabs onto GEARY's shirt in the backseat. GEARY struggles to bat his hands away. ROSS tears open GEARY's shirt to reveal a wire.

BARNUBUS

Really, GEARY? Really?

ROSS pulls a terrified GEARY in - GEARY stares at ROSS.

ROSS

You were my nephew's godfather, you son of a bitch. Open your mouth.

GEARY opens his mouth. ROSS reaches in and grabs the piece of gum. He puts it into his own mouth and starts chewing furiously.

EXT. CAR

The car stops by the side of the road. GEARY is thrown out. BARNUBUS shouts after him.

BARNUBUS

Try squealing to the cops now, you mute bastard!

The car drives off, leaving GEARY laying on the concrete.

INT. CAR

BARNUBUS leans back into his chair - glances over at DRIVER.

BARNUBUS

For the bibles.

DRIVER

Right.

BARNUBUS

(to DRIVER)

Do a quick stop at 30th and Carolina. We've got another loose end.

DRIVER

Sure.

JOHN

Barnubus?

BARNUBUS

Nobody panic. Everybody stay in the car. We're just going to take care of some business real fast. Ross?

ROSS leans against the door.

ROSS

I'm with you.

BARNUBUS

There he is.

Ahead of them, JAMIE stands under a streetlight, waiting patiently on an otherwise empty street.

BARNUBUS (CONT'D)

Nobody... Panic.

ROSS reaches into his jacket. DRIVER sees this in the rear view window. Looks forward at JAMIE - looking coy.

DRIVER slams on the acceleration. The gang is thrown back in their chair. The car begins speeding towards JAMIE. JAMIE's eyes widen. The car slams into JAMIE, rolling over him. The gang looks towards DRIVER - stunned. DRIVER's breathing is paced, under control.

DRIVER

Everybody all right?

BARNUBUS

What the hell did you do that for?

DRIVER

I just thought -

BARNUBUS

I mean yeah, but... oh my God.

DRIVER

Everybody stays in the car.

The gang leans back in their chairs. ROSS keeps chewing.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The car stops in front of a church. Blood splattering the front.

INT. CAR

DRIVER looks confusedly at the destination.

DRIVER
Huh... It's an actual church.

JOHN and ROSS get out of the car, go to back. DRIVER opens trunk. He sees them walk into the church carrying the duffel bag.

ROSS
(to JOHN, whispering)
Crazy guy.

BARNUBUS looks over to the DRIVER

BARNUBUS
Could I get some gum?

DRIVER
Yeah, absolutely.

DRIVER hands BARNUBUS some gum.

BARNUBUS
Thanks.

BARNUBUS pockets gum.

BARNUBUS (CONT'D)
Hey, uh... Thanks. For, uh,
everything. You know. Running over
that guy back there and what-have-
you.

DRIVER
Just doing my job.

BARNUBUS
You should keep doing it.

BARNUBUS gets out - waves gingerly at DRIVER who waves back. DRIVER leans back in his chair - satisfied. His phone buzzes. He just a review from BARNUBUS. His expression drops.

DRIVER
Mother fu-

End.