

THE DRIVER

A short written by

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**THE DRIVER**

FADE IN:

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

BRUCE, 32, is in his SINGLE BED. His BEDROOM is tidy. The LIGHT BEAMS through his window. His eyes FLICKER open.

BATHROOM

Bruce is CLEANING his teeth and WASHING himself.

FRONT ROOM

He SWITCHES on his TELEVISION and the NEWS channel comes on.

NEWS REPORTER

... his disappearance has been a shock to all his friends and family. There is some speculation if there is a connection to the serial killings in the area. There was no sign of any problems says the family and is worried about their...

KITCHEN

Bruce is MAKING some TOAST and he POURS some HOT WATER into a CUP.

FRONT ROOM

He is SITTING down eating his toast and WATCHING television.

KITCHEN

He PLACES his PLATE and CUP into the SINK.

FRONT ROOM

He has his JACKET on. He HEARS a BEEP from a BLACK CAB from outside.

INT. BLACK CAB - MOVING

The EYES of the DRIVER STARE at Bruce and then LOOKS forward.

BRUCE  
So... You been busy?

The driver remains SILENT.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Okay... So how long have you been  
driving cabs?

The drivers EYES look in the REAR VIEW at Bruce and then back  
at the road in front.

Bruce CLEARS his THROAT.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
It's a change actually. Not having  
a cabby chatting.

Bruce LAUGHS a little. The driver again looks at Bruce  
through the REAR VIEW, and then at the road ahead.

INT. THE CREMATORIUM - DAY

The CHURCH is full and people are CRYING and UPSET. The  
PRIEST stands up at the podium. A COFFIN is lay on a  
conveyer.

PRIEST  
We are here to celebrate the life  
of David Price.

INT. BLACK CAB - MOVING

The CAB was GAINING SPEED. Bruce is becoming WORRIED.

BRUCE  
Can you slow down please?

The drivers eyes again LOOK at Bruce in the REAR VIEW and  
then back at the road.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
You have passed the church. Please  
stop. Stop now.

The driver continues driving. Bruce tries the HANDLES of the  
cab. LOCKED.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Driver. Hello? Can you stop please?  
 Driver?

The cab had no sign of STOPPING.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Hey?

He begins to BANG the plastic divide.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me. Stop the damn cab.

He begins to BANG the windows trying to BREAK them.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Please stop the cab. What do you  
 want?

The eyes of the driver again looks at Bruce through his REAR VIEW and then back on the road.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 What do you want? Money? I will  
 give it to you, just let me out.  
 Please.

The BEGGING of Bruce is NOT working.

INT. THE CREMATORIUM - DAY

The priest now STANDS in FRONT of the coffin on the conveyer.

PRIEST  
 Please Lord, wait for David has he  
 makes his way to you Lord.

INT. BLACK CAB - MOVING

Bruce is BANGING the doors and windows. The driver LOOKS through his REAR VIEW MIRROR and his eyes smiles. He likes to see Bruce in distress.

BRUCE  
 Please. I need to be at the church.  
 Please. I have to be there.

EXT. BLACK CAB

The driver PULLS up next to a BIG ABANDONED WAREHOUSE. He GETS out and WALKS over to the LARGE doors and OPENS them.

He WALKS back to the cab and GETS in. He PULLS the cab into the warehouse.

Bruce LOOKS out the window and SEES a big mound of FRESH DEAD and ROTTING bodies inside. Bruce FREAKS out and begins to BANG hard and KICK the DOORS and WINDOWS. The driver THROWS something into the back where Bruce is. BANG. A cloud of SMOKE fills the back.

INT. THE CREMATORIUM - DAY

The DOORS of the oven OPENS up.

INT. THE CREMATORIUM

The priest is STOOD in front of the coffin. His eyes look familiar.

PRIEST

Please take him into your arms o'  
Lord.

He TURNS to the coffin. He SMILES as he HEARS very faint SCREAMS from within the coffin.

INSIDE THE COFFIN

Bruce's HANDS and FEET are TIED together. He has duct tape over his mouth. He tries to SCREAM but the SOUND of the JETS of FLAME drown out his MUMBLED SCREAMS. Bruce is TRYING hard to BREAK free. SCREAMING at the top of his lungs.

INT. THE CREMATORIUM

The priest still SMILING hears the FAINT SCREAMS until the DOORS of the OVEN close. Silence.

The priest's EYES DANCES with HAPPINESS and GLEE.

THE END

FADE OUT.