

Your Ride Is Here

FINAL DRAFT

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Written by

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EXT DAY- URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

A grey sedan sits parked next to the curb in front of a house/apartment. A man (Late 20's, 5 o'clock shadow), the Driver, approaches in a jacket and ball cap. He begins to prepare the car for a night of work. Puts water bottles in the cupholders and hangs a new air freshener. He exits the cab and walks around to the back with the spare stock of mints and waters etc etc and drops them in the trunk. The camera holds the trunk as he closes the lid and rounds back to the driver seat. He gets in and starts the car. His right taillight is out. He pulls away.

BLACK

On Screen GFX - "The Uber"

BLACK

CUT

SCENE 1 - BRAD & CHAD

INT NIGHT - BRAD'S KITCHEN

Brad and Chad stand in the kitchen pouring drinks before a night out that neither one want to go to. They're both dressed in strikingly similar clothes. Same haircut. They speak the same and their mannerisms are the same, like two members of a hive mind. They discuss the night ahead.

CHAD:

Dude, please go with me.

BRAD:

I don't think so, man. I'm just not feeling it tonight.

Brad continues fixing drinks.

CHAD:

Look, obviously I don't care that Ashley's birthday, nobody does except her, *but*, what I do care about is the fact that Sarah is going to be there and I need you to have my back.

The two clink glasses and take a drink.

BRAD:
(winces at drink) Yeah,
see this isn't selling me
on it either because you
know I hate her.

Chad is becoming desperate but knows he still has a card to play. Brad begins to clean up the counter.

CHAD:
I know dude, I don't really like
many of the people that are gonna
be there either which is another
reason I need you. Plus...

Brad has his head in fridge putting drink contents back in their place.

CHAD: (CONT'D)
I have something that I think might
interest you in going...

Chad reached into his pocket and pulls out a baggie of cocaine. Brad turns back out of the fridge. Chad holds it up in front of Brad's face and flips it. His eyes glue to the bag, he exhales...He knows he's going.

INT NIGHT - BRAD'S LIVING ROOM

CUT - Chad sits on the couch intensely playing video games. Brad is sitting cross-legged on the floor cutting out lines. Rap music plays loud enough that the two have to sort of yell to each other to hear each other. Both are jittery and continuously moving.

BRAD:
I just don't think his new stuff is
as good. It's not that it's *bad* but
like this beat is all trappy and
shit and I'm just way more into
like the old singing Drake. He's
been around Migos too much. Like,
Take Care felt original and a bit
more unique. And he started working
towards all the OVO stuff and made
all the owl shit and what not but
now it kinda just feels like he's
making songs that just sound like
other people are making cause it
sells, which I get, but also you
were selling records doing you so
why not keep doing that? I don't
know.

(MORE)

BRAD: (CONT'D)
(emphatically shrugs and
rolls eyes caught up in
his own debate)

Brad licks the card he's been cutting lines with, clears his nose then snorts another.

Controller keeps clicking away. Brad watches with laser focus. Game ends and Chad tosses his controller down on the coffee table. Rubs face at loss.

CHAD:
Goddammit. Gimme that.

Chad reaches for plate with line on it. Rips the line. Rubs his nose and turns to Brad.

CHAD: (CONT'D)
What were you saying?

Brad looks annoyed that Chad was not listening to his rant. He begins to dive back into his diatribe. Chad's phone lights up. Their ride has arrived.

CHAD: (CONT'D)
Oh, he's here. Let's roll.

EXT NIGHT - BRAD'S STREET

CUT - (slow mo) The two exit the house. More rap music plays loudly. In their minds this is their music video. They make their way down the steps and across the street. As they approach the car Chad winks at Brad. They get in the car and shut the doors. The rap music abruptly stops.

INT NIGHT - INSIDE THE CAR

They sit down the car and the indie music on the radio completely shifts the mood.

DRIVER:
Howdy guys. How we doing?

Chad and Brad both stare wide-eyed at the Driver. Chad finally speaks.

CHAD:
Doing just fine man. How about you?

DRIVER:
Oh can't complain. You all still
going to Royal's Blue?

CHAD:
Sure are.

DRIVER:
Alrighty.

The Driver turns around and the car sets off. Brad and Chad look down at their phones, Brad then pops his head up to look at Chad.

BRAD:
So, how well do you even know her?

CHAD:
Know who?

BRAD:
Ashley.

CHAD:
Oh, I know her alright I guess. I'm going because of *Sarah*.

He gives Brad a wry smile.

BRAD:
Oh right right, I gotcha.

Chad begins to play with the bag in his pocket, wondering if they should do more.

CHAD:
You?

BRAD:
Same, sort of. I was kind of seeing her friend Emily for a while a year or so ago so I spent some time around her.

CHAD:
Fuuuuuuck I forgot about her.

The Driver keeps listening in.

BRAD:
Yeah man.

Snorts to clear his nose.

CHAD:
She gonna be there tonight?

BRAD:
Probably if I had to guess.

CHAD:
Is that weird?

BRAD:
I mean, it shouldn't be but I guess that doesn't mean anything. We split pretty amicably. She just stopped talking to me and I stopped trying to talk to her.
(chuckles and shrugs)
So, I guess that's about as well as it can go.

CHAD:
Sounds like the communication was good there.

Brad takes big long snort before answering.

BRAD:
Well, I wouldn't say either of us were invested enough to where clear communication was highly valued. We both knew what it was, I think. Or at least I did.

The Driver chimes in.

DRIVER:
Gotta love situations like that.

Brad and Chad remember they're in the car with someone else. Snap out of tunnel vision conversation.

BRAD:
Yeah, right? Always fun.

While Brad is looking up at the Driver, Chad slips out the bag of coke. He pats Brad on the leg to offer him some. Brad looks around unsure if they can get away with it. The Mamas and Papas continue to play softly. The two begin trying to sneakily key out bumps of the coke.

DRIVER:
I don't mean to eavesdrop. It's just - same car ya know?
(shrugs)

Brad thinks of a response.

BRAD:

Oh no worries dude. I wish we had something more interesting to tell honestly.

Chad looks out the window and takes a small bump sneakily.

DRIVER:

You'd be surprised with some of the stuff people don't mind saying in front of a stranger.

Chad snorts and laughs. Passes the bag to Brad.

CHAD:

Man, I can't even imagine. I have had some nights where I've just blabbed my ass off to drivers before.

Brad keeps fumbling around trying to quietly get his bump out of the bag. Brad finally gets his bump. Keep staring out window rubbing this nose.

DRIVER:

Happens all the time. Usually makes for some pretty good entertainment. Lots of times one ride ends up as a story for the next.

The Driver looks up in the review mirror. He sees Chad looking back whose nose is now bleeding.

DRIVER: (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, hey man, you got yourself a nose bleed going on there.

Brad looks surprised and runs hand across face, smearing blood all over himself. Chad whips his head back around to see the now blood-covered Brad trying to clean himself off. They both know it's from the coke. They begin to panic.

BRAD:

Shit, uhhhh, well fuck. If you'll just pull over here we can walk.

DRIVER:

I think I got some napkins in here somewhere, but that's a lot of fucking blood, man.

CHAD:

Um, just let us out and we can walk from here man. It's not too much farther its fine really.

Chad opens up door. Both bail out and leave the Driver perplexed.

BLACK

SCENE 2 - DUCHESS

EXT NIGHT - STRIP MALL PARKING LOT

(Slow Mo) Duchess (haggard, could be 24 or 54, life's been rough) saddles up onto a beat up old bicycle. Her long coat hangs down almost into the bike's chain. One shoe remains untied, the other has a clearly mismatched lace. She's dirty, shifty and smoking a cigarette with infinite confidence as she glides across the parking lot.

CUT to the Driver sitting in his car outside of the Taco Bell on the outskirts of the parking lot. In the distance Duchess approaches on her bike. She remains unnoticed until she knocks on the window.

DUCHESS:

(Through window)Sir?

Driver rolls down window.

DRIVER:

Yeah, - what's uh- what's up?

DUCHESS:

Hi sir, I'm so sorry to bother you. Can I talk to you for a second?

Driver looks around as if what else was there he could do?

DRIVER:

Uh sure.

She dives into her pitch.

DUCHESS:

Ok, thank you sir. Once again I am SO sorry to bother you I hope you're having a goodnight cause I ain't having such a good one right now.

(pauses for a response that she does not get)

(MORE)

DUCHESS: (CONT'D)

See, my sister is stuck up the road and she's got a flat tire and she's got my baby in the car so I had to come down here from up there

(points in a random direction)

and I was sleeping when she called and said she got this flat. They ain't got a spare. I had a one of them, uh, uh one of them little tires they have for em on there a while back but it went flat too. So, now I was trying to see if I could get to the tire shop before it closes. Cause she's got my baby in the car like I said - Ella and she's sick right now, I just had her at the emergency room not two nights ago, uh the same night that other tire went flat, and she got an infection in her ear so she's gotta get home to take some medicine. She's got a head cold. So like I said I got to get to the store to get a tire. She don't have no spare so right now they're just stuck.

The Driver is trying to process the word vomit.

DRIVER:

(Makes confused noise)

DUCHESS:

Before you ask she got run off the road up there.

(points again)

DRIVER:

Where is up there?

DUCHESS:

Up the road.

DRIVER:

Yeah, no, I get that. I'm just asking where did she run off the road. Is that where you're trying to get to?

DUCHESS:

No, I'm trying to get to the tire store.

DRIVER:
Where's the tire store at?

DUCHESS:
I don't know, that's what I'm
trying to get to.

Driver becomes more confused.

DRIVER:
Yeah, I got that. What store are
you going to? You don't know what
shop? Is one even open? It's like
one in the morning.

Duchess pauses. Thinking.

DUCHESS:
Wal-Mart sells tires. Can we go
there?

DRIVER:
Yeah...they do...

Tries to hasten the ending of this conversation.

DRIVER: (CONT'D)
What exactly are you asking me?

Duchess becomes frustrated. Gradually and slowly.

DUCHESS:
I'm asking could you get me a tire?

Driver is taken somewhat aback. He now knows all of this is
just blatant lies.

DRIVER:
Oh no, I'm sorry, I can't. Uh
that's a shitty situation and I
wish I could help but I can't right
now. I hope it works out for you
though.

Duchess keeps on.

DUCHESS:
Well can I get some money for a
tire. I only need \$60. I can come
back after I get with my sister and
give you \$100 since you're helping
me out. You're a good person, I
know it and good people deserved to
be helped for their help.
(MORE)

DUCHESS: (CONT'D)
 So I can come right back here and
 give it to you.

Driver looks at her incredulously. He officially doesn't care anymore.

DRIVER:
 Where are you getting a tire for
 \$60?

CUT - The Driver's Passenger is in Taco Bell (Late 20s, has been out for the night and is indulging in some drunken food, his button down has been undone by a couple of buttons; a meter for his drunk) exits out door holding food looking at his phone. He makes it outside and looks up to see Duchess at the window of his Uber. Duchess is almost yelling at the driver. He stops on a dime and observes wide-eyed.

DUCHESS:
 THEY DO TOO SELL TIRES FOR \$60!

Driver has had enough.

DRIVER:
 Look ma'am I'm sorry but I can't
 help you out. I'm not buying you a
 tire and I can't take you to get
 one. I don't know how you're gonna
 get it but I can't do it for you.

DUCHESS:
 Why can't you?

The Passenger has began to make his way over trying to avoid eye contact with Duchess and pretend the situation isn't happening. He's trashed.

DRIVER:
 Ma'am I'm working. I'm giving this
 guy a ride. Once again I'm-

Duchess cuts him off and calls out the Guy approaching his door in the back seat.

DUCHESS:
 HEY, sir.

The Passenger freezes. Looks up at her with glazed over eyes.

DUCHESS: (CONT'D)
 Will you help me get a tire? My
 sister's got my sick baby and they
 got run off the road up there
 (points again)
 (MORE)

DUCHESS: (CONT'D)
and she got a flat now and I gotta
get her a tire cause she called and
they ain't got no spare.

The Passenger processes it.

PASSENGER:
Ohhh...no thank you.

The Passenger ducks into the backseat. Duchess leans down and follows him. Yells through the window.

DUCHESS:
The fuck you mean 'No thank you'?

Driver begins to roll up his window. Duchess turns her attention back to the Driver.

DUCHESS: (CONT'D)
You know what? Ya'll going to hell.

Window rolls up last little bit. Duchess cocks her head back and spits a loogie dead center in the Driver's window.

She casually rides away.

CUT

SCENE 4 - The Couple

EXT NIGHT - A GAS STATION

The Driver is squeegeeing Duchess's loogie off his window. His phone dings with another ride request. He finishes up, gets in and drives away.

CUT

INT NIGHT - COUPLE'S BEDROOM

The Girl's hands shake as she turns her phone over seeing her driver is in route. She looks up with a thousand yard stare, she looks back down at her red trembling hands and squeezes them together. Her eyes are puffy and red from crying, still wet from recently wiped tears. The neck of her shirt is torn.

INT NIGHT - COUPLE'S BATHROOM

The Boy stands over the running sink. He's just splashed his face with water. The house is silent. They've been in fights before, but none like this one.

The Boy slowly walks back to the bedroom and stops in the doorway.

The Girl is looking down at broken lamp in the floor. He stares a hole through it at as well. She sniffs a couple of time and rubs her eyes before she looks up.

GIRL:
(Quietly) I think I'm
gonna go.

BOY:
Don't. Please.

BOY: (CONT'D)
I wanna talk about it.

The Boy reaches down and picks up the pieces of the lamp and sets them softly on the bed. The Girl comes back and tries to exit, he steps in her way not aggressively, but desperately. If she leaves then she's never coming back. She looks him in the eyes.

GIRL:
I don't think we should talk about
it now.
(beat)
What I think is that I should
leave.

Her voice is soft but firm. His, soft but desperate. She stands up. Grabs her back from the dresser.

BOY:
Please. I'm sorry.
(beat)
It shouldn't have gotten like that.

GIRL:
Well it did.

She attempts to get by him again. The silence is deafening.

GIRL: (CONT'D)
Please move.

BOY:
Please.
(in a final plea)

GIRL:
Please. Move.
(in a final stance)

They pause as she waits for him to move. Her phone buzzes breaking the silence. They finally lock eyes.

GIRL: (CONT'D)
My ride is here. I need to go.

He steps aside and she exits into the living room and picks up her coat. She buttons it up and tries to hide the neck of her shirt. She doesn't look back.

INT NIGHT - INSIDE THE CAR AGAIN

She makes her way down to the street and enters the car.

DRIVER:
Hey there.
(oblivious to the
preceding events)

GIRL:
Hi.

She wipes her eyes again and clears her nose.

DRIVER:
How's it going?

GIRL:
Fine.

The Driver senses something.

DRIVER:
Ok. Good to hear.

They pull away. She sinks lower in her seat. They ride in silence for a moment.

DRIVER: (CONT'D)
Any music requests?

There's a pause as The Girl stares out the window at the lights passing by. They look different now.

GIRL:
(beat, wipes her nose)
I don't care.

They ride on. Not speaking. She just listens.

They arrive at The Girl's destination. She opens the door and the light comes on. She looks down to pick up her purse and notices a small baggie with a white substance in it. She picks it up and hands it to the Driver.

GIRL: (CONT'D)
Um, you may want to do something
with this.

The Drive takes it looking puzzled.

DRIVER:
Oh, ok. Thanks.

She exits the car.

DRIVER: (CONT'D)
Have a good night.

GIRL:
(Back into the car) You
too.

She shuts the door. The Driver pulls away and turns down the next street. He approaches a red light, stops and turns on his overhead light.

CUT to his blown brake light as he sits at the light. We see a car's headlights approach from behind.

CUT to the Driver in the car examine the baggie closer. He opens it and gives it a sniff. He holds it up even with his eyes.

Blue lights suddenly fill the car and a cops siren gives a quick *whoop*. The Driver jumps dropping the baggie and its contents down the front of his shirt. It takes a second to grasp the situation. He frantically begins to try and clean the front of his shirt off.

BLACK

END