

Alternative Route
By
J.E. Clarke

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Janetgoodman@yahoo.com
917-328-5253

FADE IN ON:

EXT. BLACKNESS - NOTHING THERE

Heels CLICK on asphalt. A door swings open. CREAK.

INT. PRESTIGE LIMOUSINE - EVENING

VICTORIA (40s) slides into the back seat, blonde hair a contrast against black leather. But her lifeless eyes prove a match. No spark of interest there.

VICTORIA
Sam, it's you again?

SAM (O.S.)
Sure is. In the flesh.

VICTORIA
Don't you ever take a break?

SAM (O.S.)
Nah. They depend on me to drive.

Victoria squints through the Plexiglas partition at the Driver (SAM). Sam's dark skin betrays his age. Sixty-plus, if a day.

Sam programs his GPS. Victoria TAPS her nails and waits. A neurotic, rich bundle of nerves.

VICTORIA
I was thinking it over while waiting.
Maybe I don't *feel* like dining tonight.

SAM
Too late. I'm already here. And you know I have my orders. I'd get in a mess of trouble if you don't arrive.

Sam tips his hat, and starts driving. He CLICKS a button.

Locks engage. Victoria tests the handle. It does nothing, but she's not surprised.

Sam zips down the road smoothly. An experienced chauffeur, he's been doing this for awhile.

VICTORIA
Won't you take orders from me?

SAM

Words ain't everything, Mrs. Flynn. What means far more is actions - what you *do*. If you didn't really want to go to dinner, would you have gotten in the car?

VICTORIA

That wasn't my choice. My feet have a mind of their own. I told you before.

A RED LIGHT grows closer. The limo rolls to a stop.

Stubborn determination on her face, Victoria tries the door again. The second attempt yields no more results.

She slips off one designer shoe. Sam doesn't appear to notice. But the light's about to change.

SAM

Mrs. Flynn -

VICTORIA

Please, call me Vicky. We're friends, Sam... aren't we?

She stares at the stiletto's business end. Should she even try?

SAM

Of course we are. Victoria.

VICTORIA

Then, you'll understand when I do *this*.

She POUNDS her shoe against the window. Despite her desperate fury, it doesn't break.

SAM

Prestige Glass is built for industrial work. A bullet won't dent it diddly squat. Let alone a Jimmy Choo. If you don't mind me asking, exactly how much did that cost? You really wanna break that bit a' fashion heaven in half?

Victoria SCREAMS and throws the shoe at Sam's head. It bounces harmlessly off the glass. Right into Vicky's lap.

SAM

The partition's pretty sturdy, too.

The light turns green. Sam hits the gas.

Victoria stares out the window. Lights and neon streak by. A moment of silence. Victoria tries a new angle.

VICTORIA

So it's confirmed. I can't get out. In which case, will you let me IN?

SAM

"In", Ma'am?

VICTORIA

I'm Vicky. Remember, Sam? Into your little secret. I promise, I won't tell anyone. Just between you and me.

Victoria leans up against the partition. Whispers through the little holes, into Sam's ear.

VICTORIA

The least you could do is give me a hint. Who hired you? And why?

SAM

I beg your pardon? I've been working for you and Mister Flynn for years. All that time, you've been in charge.

VICTORIA

Nonsense. This is insane!

Victoria punches the partition in a rage.

VICTORIA

Ow!

Presses her palms against the glass in a pleading way.

VICTORIA

If it's really you - let's go somewhere else. I know: didn't you say you spend weekends in Queens?

SAM

Well, my eldest - Dorothy - lives there.

Victoria's face brightens with hope.

VICTORIA

Let's visit her!

SAM

Funny. You never showed interest in my family before.

VICTORIA

(snaps)

Don't act entitled. Rules are rules. Who can run a business with employees gone? I've always been good to you: gave you a day off when your grandson was born.

Sam CHUCKLES - soul deep, from his core.

SAM

That ain't much. But it's something.

VICTORIA

Then let me do a little more. Turn right. We'll see Daphne now!

SAM

That's "Dorothy".

VICTORIA

So sue me. I'm busy. And no good at names.

SAM

But you want me to change the route? Well, I can't. Rules are rules.

Sam swings the limo towards an Expressway Ramp.

VICTORIA

No, no, no!

Too late. The limo slips into traffic, speeds up more. Defeated, Victoria slumps in her seat.

SAM

Vicky, a word to the wise. You really shouldn't get tied up in knots all a time. Look at everything the Good Lord blessed you with at birth. Tons a' money. A fine husband. Your looks and lots of friends.

VICTORIA

If I appreciate them, will things change?

SAM

Not really. And don't quote me on that.

VICTORIA

But what does it all mean, when things end-

Sam's speedometer climbs. 60MPH. 70. 80. More.

SAM

Just look at life this way. In the end,
physical stuff don't matter. Happiness
ain't nothing more than a state of mind.

VICTORIA

That's easy for you to say. Things get
repetitive -

The limo weaves wildly through traffic. Cars HONK.
Headlights zip by. Victoria shoots Sam a defiant glare.

VICTORIA

Don't you ever get tired of this? Or are
you so into being Mr. "Magic Wisdom Man".
Like you're "Driving Old Miss Flynn!"

Sam's laugh ripples - grows deep. He stomps the
accelerator to the floor. Then he turns around and
smiles. A demonic GLOW in his eyes.

SAM

Finally, you guessed something right.
"Magic" *is* the operative word.

A WHITE CAR swerves drunkenly on the right. Victoria
recognizes it instantly. Her eyes grow wide.

VICTORIA

I can't take this Hell anymore! Sam, just
tell me what I should do!

SAM

Like I said: All this time, you've been
in charge. You're the boss - you tell me.

The white car SLAMS into the limo.

Victoria tumbles forward like a rag doll. Glass SHATTERS.
Metal implodes. Lights outside the limo morph into a
bizarre void...

EXT. BLACKNESS - NOTHING THERE

Silence. An eternity seems to pass by. Until - Sharp
heels CLICK on cement. A door CREAKS open...

INT. PRESTIGE LIMOUSINE - EVENING

Victoria slides smoothly in - again. She closes the door.
Apathetic and resigned.

VICTORIA

Sam, it's you. What a surprise.

Sam turns to her - customer service personified.

SAM

I relish seeing your smiling face, Mrs. Flynn. Are you ready to go - this time?

VICTORIA

I give up. Sure. Just drive.

SAM

Ma'am - you sound down. Did I do wrong?

VICTORIA

Apparently, I did. But I'd like to repent. Whatever it was, *please* tell me?

Sam wags a finger in the air.

SAM

No cheatin', Mrs. Flynn. That wouldn't be fair to the others. But keep on guessin' anyhow. I'm sure you'll figure things out. Someday.

He CHUCKLES. Hits the gas. And the cycle starts again...

FINAL FADE OUT: