

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Written by

Faisal Hashmi

Address
Phone Number

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A dark highway ahead. CHRIS, a 20-something man who looks like he's still at work, drives the car intently. He wears formals and dons heavy specs.

He spots a stalled car on the right. A MAN, donning a brown jacket stands next to it. He immediately pulls out his thumb to indicate to Chris that he needs a ride.

Chris stops the car next to him. The man sticks his neck in.

MAN

Car's busted. Can I get a ride to town?

CHRIS

(smiling)
Come on in.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chris rides along. The man next to him. The road is getting darker. The headlights are the only source of light. Chris looks at the man.

CHRIS

It's getting dark, huh?

MAN

Yeah...

A moment of silence. Chris reaches out his hands.

CHRIS

Oh, I'm Chris by the way. And you?

The man doesn't move. Doesn't reply. He grins instead. Chris waits for a handshake in return. It never comes.

MAN

(grinning)
Tell me, Chris. Do you always trust a stranger in the middle of the night?

Chris hesitates a little.

CHRIS

No, not always. I mean...

MAN

You saw that car back there, Chris?
That wasn't mine.

This takes Chris by surprise. He's stunned.

QUICK FLASHBACK - We see the same car once again. There's a body on the driver's seat this time.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That was some poor old man who did
the same mistake that you did. He
gave me a ride.

BACK TO SCENE

The man grins at Chris. Chris tries to pretend it's a joke, but something tells him it isn't.

CHRIS

I don't... I don't know what you're
talking about.

MAN

You're in my control now, Chris.

Chris is terrified, trying to maintain his posture.

CHRIS

Is this... some kind of sick joke?

MAN

You think so? Look ahead, Chris.
You've been driving 15 minutes now.
You're on the same damn road.

He's right. Chris is right where he began. Driving in circles. He tries to brake the car. It doesn't work.

MAN (CONT'D)

Not working, is it? In a few
seconds, you'll begin to lose your
memory.

CHRIS

You're kidding me right?

MAN

Am I? Where are you coming from?

CHRIS

I... I was ...

But Chris doesn't seem to have an answer. He stammers.

MAN

Where were you going to?

Chris tries to remember. He cannot recall a thing.

MAN (CONT'D)

This is sick, Chris. But it's not a joke.

Chris bursts into tears.

CHRIS

(crying)

Why are you doing this to me?

MAN

(sudden rage)

I'm doing this to you? You people did this to me! I trusted one of you. He promised me a ride too. But he robbed me! I gave him everything. Promised not to tell anybody if he let me go. But you know what he did, Chris? He cut me into pieces and threw them down the river!. He never showed no mercy.

Chris is hysterical. Crying.

CHRIS

Please... Please ...

MAN

Haven't you heard? You never pick up a stranger in the middle of the night!

With that, he breaks into a demented laugh.

Chris' face begins to pale. All color washes off it.

MAN (CONT'D)

Few more seconds, Chris. It'll be over then.

Chris' head falls back. He goes into a petrified state. His eyes begin to close. The man comes forward and holds his hand with his palms. Tightly.

MAN (CONT'D)

(as Chris dies)

I don't like to do this, Chris. But someone's gotta pay. Someone always pays.

The screen begins to slowly fade out. Then fades in. As if eyes are blinking slowly. Chris falls back on the seat, motionless. A colorless face.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Chris' car stands stalled at the side of the road. A man stands next to it, indicating a ride.

IT IS THE SAME MAN. DRESSED AS CHRIS THIS TIME.

CUT TO BLACK.

MAN

(V.O)

Could you give me a ride?

THE END.