THE CARLA POOL

Written by

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Pages: 3

Characters:
Carla, 20+
Sandy, 20+

Synopsis:
Carla, a meek and disgruntled office worker, takes charge of the new car pool arrangement. Sandy, her passenger, learns of another co-worker's demise at the hands of Carla.

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INT. CAR - MORNING

Carla is driving while humming to herself when she pulls over and comes to a stop. Sandy opens the door and hops in.

SANDY
Hey Carla.

CARLA
Hello, Sandy.

SANDY
I thought Steven had the first turn at the car pool.

CARLA
Yeah, well, I had a problem with that.

SANDY
Why am I not surprised?

CARLA
I’m sorry, but I’ve never trusted that bastard.

SANDY
What’s the problem now? Did he steal another one of your ideas?

CARLA
Hello? This car pool idea was mine. I brought it up last month and no one seemed to give a damn. He brings it up last week, and everyone thinks it’s a great idea.

SANDY
I don’t remember you saying anything about a car pool.

CARLA
That’s because nobody listens to me, especially Steven. Unless he’s trying to steal an idea from me.

SANDY
Can I make a suggestion?

CARLA
What?
SANDY
You just need to be more assertive, that’s all. Speak up more often, stop letting people push you around. Stand up for yourself. 
(beat)
Does he even know you’re driving today?

CARLA
Well, actually, he tried to pick me up, but we had a fight.

SANDY
Seriously?

CARLA
He was ten minutes early, then he complained about my perfume, then he insisted on blasting the radio at full volume. So I told him never mind, I’ll drive myself. I had enough of his crap.

SANDY
So, he’s driving himself?

CARLA
Not quite, this is his car.

Sandy takes a moment to figure this out...

SANDY
This is his car? Why are you driving his car?

CARLA
It wasn’t supposed to be my turn to drive until next week, so I didn’t bother to put gas in my car.

SANDY
Then what’s Steven driving?

CARLA
He’s not. He’s in the trunk.

SANDY
What!?

CARLA
I put him in the trunk and took his car.
SANDY
Are you kidding me?

CARLA
I told you, I had enough.

SANDY
He’s in the trunk? Oh my God! You can’t leave him in the trunk like that. You have to stop and let him out!

CARLA
Relax, Sandy, he’s dead.

SANDY
You killed him!?

CARLA
It got a little heated between us. (beat) Good thing I had my potato peeler with me today.

SANDY
Oh my God!

CARLA
I don’t know what the big deal is, you said yourself, I should be more assertive, so...

Sandy doesn’t know to be shocked, scared or both.

Carla comes to a stop.

CARLA
Okay, we’re here. And that’s another thing, why does Steven get a reserved parking space? Nobody else has one. See what I mean?

Carla opens the door, and starts to get out...

CARLA
Well... we can’t be late. Let’s go.

Carla exits and closes the door. Sandy is alone to react as we...

FADE TO BLACK.