

(Sounds of cars driving on a busy street)

Narrator: Roads. A concept nearly as old as mankind itself. For millennia, we've taken them to work and to play. We've used them to conduct business and run errands. We've taken them to visit family and friends. To visit lovers. They're the backbone of our very society. They've changed the course of our history like few inventions ever have. Everything and everyone we hold dear is due to the creation of roads. But, just like any time man has played god, sometimes the creation turns on its creator. And now, these roads are as unmerciful as the gods themselves. They have no moral compass. They care not what journey we're on. Many souls have become lost on these roads, unable to find their destination. Unable to find their own home. And sometimes, one wrong turn on a single road can lead innocent travelers straight into the very bowels of hell. I bring to you now the spine-tingling tale of "Honk for Homicide".

TIM: Tonight's the night, SHAWN. After months of waiting, we get to party it up like it's our last!

SHAWN: You got that right, TIM! This is our last night in this town. Let's make sure it goes out with a BANG!

TIM: Time to make some memories!

SHAWN: HECK yeah!!

(Doors slam shut. Key is put in ignition, car dings.)

TIM: You do remember where his house is, right?

SHAWN: Oh yeah, I remember.... I was there last week...

TIM: All right, let's roll!

(Engine starts, car drives away.)

(Musical interlude. Car pulls over on some gravel.)

SHAWN: All right, so it was actually Steve who was there last week. But he gave me the directions!

TIM: Shawn, look at this. We've been driving around for *two hours!* We are *freaking* lost!

SHAWN: What was that place we passed back there? Tony's Homes?

TIM: I don't know, dude. I wasn't paying attention!

SHAWN: I feel like that was it. Yeah, Tony's Homes. For some reason it sounds so...familiar....

TIM: Well I've never heard of it. Which means we have *no* idea where the heck we are!

**SHAWN:** You know what, man? I'm just gonna keep driving straight. There's gotta be a town or a house around here somewhere.

**TIM:** Man, we're gonna be so late to **DARREN's** party. They're all probably getting down to some funky tunes as we speak!

**SHAWN:** Don't worry about it, dude. he told me this thing's going to be a *rager*. We'll be partying 'til the crack of dawn! We got plenty of time.

**TIM:** Well I, for one, cannot wait any longer. I say we get this party started right *now!*

(The radio turns on, **Footloose is playing**)

**TIM:** All right!! Come on, **SHAWN!** I know you love this song!

**SHAWN:** Come on, **TIM.** I'm trying to pay attention to where I'm going.

(**TIM** starts singing, **turns the radio up louder.**)

Loose...foot loose kick up your sunday shoes.

**SHAWN:** **TIM!** I'm serious! **TIM,** stop it! **TIM!!**

(**TIM** gets to the chorus and belts it out. **SHAWN** joins along. Soon he starts to **honk along** with it.)

Jeez louise, pull me off of my knees... back...get back...dibba daba get back!

**TIM:** That's the **SHAWN** I know and love!

(More singing)

**TIM:** Oh crap! Was that a cop car behind that tree back there?

**SHAWN:** Crap...he's following us now. What should I do??

**TIM:** I don't know...I think you gotta pull over, man!

**SHAWN:** But I honked at him like 50 **TIMes!**

**TIM:** Crap, we're so screwed...

**SHAWN:** I think I can outrun him...

TIM: I don't know, SHAWN. I don't think that's such a...

(Chorus to song returns. Volume is turned up as the engine revvs.)

TIM: What the hell are you doing SHAWN?

SHAWN: What does it look like? I'm cuttin' footloose.

(Police sirens go off. Car chase ensues.)

TIM: You gotta pull over, man. This is crazy!

SHAWN: Like you said, TIM. This is our last night in this town, and it's gotta go out with a bang.

TIM: I didn't say that! You said that!

SHAWN: Oh yeah. I did, didn't I?

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(Car revs up louder. POLICEMAN calls out from the megaphone)

POLICEMAN: Pull over to the side of the road. I repeat, pull over to the side of the road right now.

TIM: You heard him, SHAWN. You gotta do it. You gotta pull over!

SHAWN: What're you going to tell your kids one day, TIM? That you pulled over just because a cop told you to, when it was your last night in town and you were on the way to a sick party?

TIM: At this rate I won't have any kids, SHAWN! Now pull over!

SHAWN: Never.

TIM: What did you say?

SHAWN: I said, 'Never'. SHAWN Spitlicki pulls over for *no* man!

(Sound of wheels screeching and cars coming to a quick stop. Engine revs but car goes nowhere.)

TIM: Oh great, now look...we're stuck in this ditch!

SHAWN: I didn't think he was going to cut me off!

TIM: Of course he did. He's a freaking cop!

**SHAWN:** Well I wasn't going to go down without a fight. Not on a night like this.

(**Car door slams. Footsteps on gravel.**)

**TIM:** Well, it was nice knowin' you, man. We're totally screwed now.

**SHAWN:** Take it easy, **TIM**. Let me handle this.

(**Footsteps grow closer then stop.**)

**POLICEMAN:** Well, well, well. Looks like we got us a couple of scoundrels up to no good.

**SHAWN:** Hello, officer...

**POLICEMAN:** Now I don't take kindly to reckless driving. And you boys were making quite the ruckus back there...

**SHAWN:** Sorry about that, sir. What's the damage?

**POLICEMAN:** Oh, we'll get to that young man. We'll get to that, indeed.

**TIM:** (**whispering**) Way to go, **SHAWN!** Please don't arrest us sir!

**POLICEMAN:** Now, unless I was mistaken, it sounded like you two were honking pretty loudly...to the tune of Footloose!

**TIM:** Uh, hi. Yes, sir. That's...that's correct. We were honking to Footloose. But we didn't mean to cause a disturbance! We were lost and we...

**POLICEMAN:** Boys, the reason I pulled you over is so you can play it again. It just happens to be my go-to karaoke song. Now go on and *do* it, if you know what's good for you!

**SHAWN:** Uh...wait...I'm sorry. But are you serious?

**POLICEMAN:** Of course I am! Now start honkin', boy, or we'll get to that punishment sooner rather than later!

(**Car honks** reluctantly)

**POLICEMAN:** All right, boys! Now that's what I like to hear!

(**Car keeps honking**. Gets more and more animated. **Engine revs up**, and **tires squeal**. Then there's the **sound of impact**.)

TIM: Look! He's dancing all around the car!

SHAWN: Ha ha! This is pretty fun after all!

TIM: Oh my gosh! You...you ran him over!!

(COMMERCIAL BREAK #1)

SHAWN: I didn't mean to! I swear! Oh crap, what are we gonna do??

TIM: I don't know! Maybe...maybe he's still okay. We gotta get out and help him!

SHAWN: You're right!

(Car doors open. They approach the body.)

TIM: No. Oh no. Oh God, SHAWN, I'm not feeling a pulse!

SHAWN: Keep checking! He's gotta be alive...he's just got to! I didn't hit him *that* hard!

TIM: I'm feeling, SHAWN! I'm feeling. It's not there!

SHAWN: Here, let me do it. You probably don't even know where to check it.

TIM: Uh, SHAWN...that's...that's his groin...

SHAWN: Shhh....I know what I'm doing.

(Moments of silence pass.)

SHAWN: Oh god...it's true! We killed him!

TIM: What's this *we* crap? *You're* the one who ran him over!

SHAWN: Let's not play the blame game. Not at a *time* like this!

TIM: You're right. Let's get him in the car, c'mon! Someone could come along and see us.

(Sounds of struggle as they drag the body to the car and set it inside. Car doors slam.)

TIM: What're we gonna do, SHAWN? What're we gonna--

SHAWN: I don't know! But we have to think of something! (agonizing wail)

TIM: (panicking) We don't even know where we are...we don't even know where we're going! We--

SHAWN: SHUT UP!! Just let me think...(pause) Okay...okay I got it...

(Car door opens again, then slams shut)

SHAWN: HEY! Where are you going?

TIM: I'm going to take a leak. Because I don't care what your plan is, because we're both screwed!

(maybe dialogue here of Shawn? Like he gets cut off mid-sentence?)

(Footsteps walk away through some grass. Maybe a stream of piss can be heard. Then, loudly, the car starts honking again, startling TIM.)

TIM: SHAWN, you idiot! This isn't funny, knock it off!

(Zips up. Walks back to car)

TIM: SHAWN, you idiot, this isn't funny. We're so screwed. SHAWN? (pause) Where...where are you?

SHAWN? SHAWN?? Man...I'm outta here!

(Car starts up and peels out on the gravel. Speeds up down the road.)

TIM: I knew we shouldn't have gone to this stupid party! (mimics SHAWN) It's our last night in this town, we gotta end it with a bang, bla bla bla. (stops mimicking) Well you know what SHAWN? It could be our last night alive!

(Car continues speeding up)

TIM: Man, I can't stand this silence...

(Turns on radio. "Somebody's Watching Me" is playing)

TIM: I'm so screwed. My best friend goes missing, I got a dead body in the car...(pauses)...wait, where's the body?!

Radio announcer: And that was the sweet sweet sounds of Rockwell singing Somebody's Watching Me. Next up, a true classic and *this* DJ's personal go-to karaoke song, Footloose!

(Song starts playing. TIM quickly shuts it off)

TIM: No...no, no, no! This isn't happening!

(Car brakes suddenly.)

TIM: Wait...is that...no...it can't be...but wait...I think...I think it is! It's DARREN's house!

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(Exits the car, runs off, his voice calling for DARREN. It trails off.)

(Voice rushes up to the door. Knocks frantically. Moments later, it opens.)

DARREN: TIM?

TIM: Oh my gosh, DARREN, you gotta let me in.

(Enters the house, shuts the door.)

DARREN: TIM? What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost...

TIM: (eerily) Maybe I have.

DARREN: Where's SHAWN? Weren't you two coming together?

TIM: It's a long story, DARREN, and I need a drink first. Your finest house wine, please.

DARREN: We just have a keg.

TIM: Whatever.

(There's voices, sounds of a party, music playing.)

DARREN: So what's this *long* story?

TIM: Well, you're not going to believe a lick of it, but I swear it's all true. SHAWN and I, well, we got lost on our way to your party, and so to kind of kill the tension, we turned on the radio and--

(Footloose starts playing. Chatter gets more excited.)

DARREN: Well? And what, TIM?

TIM: No...

DARREN: TIM? What's wrong? Who is *that*?

POLICEMAN: Well hello again, son.

TIM: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! IT'S YOU!

POLICEMAN: You all have the right to remain (pause) DEAD!

(Crowd screams.)

POLICEMAN: Everybody cut...(slashing noise, followed by gory sound)...everybody cut, everybody cut, everybody cut (slashes in-between each one) Footloose! (body slumps, maniacal laugh)

POLICEMAN: Now it's time to go tear up the town.

(Door shuts, car drives off. Sounds of Footloose honking disappear into the night.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK #2: PLUGS)

(Sound of car door shutting. Keys jingling.)

Narrator: Oh! Heh heh, back so soon, I see? Well, I certainly didn't mean to frighten you so quickly. I know it's quite the haunting tale to begin with. But of course, I have many others, all of which are ready surprise and horrify you. Each one with their own little twist. After all, it's what makes them...The Unexpected. Perhaps you'll join me again for another story, somewhere ...down the road?

Vroom vroom