

DRIVING WITH SOCKS

by

DARKSOUP.COM

INT. CAR - DAY

We find ourselves in a car. Not just any car, but a car from the late 1990's, complete with AM/FM cassette stereo system and airbags. The airbags are not visible since the car has not crashed. GANSK is driving, and TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM is in the passenger's seat.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM
Say, was that our exit that we just passed?

GANSK
Don't talk crazy talk with your mouth, Terrycloth Hopplebottom. If that had been our exit, don't you think I would have driven the car onto the exit so that we could have exited there?

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM
Your points are valid and well-stated, Gansk. Thank you for educating me.

We sit in silence for 20 minutes as the two of them continue driving along the highway. After twenty minutes, the silence is once again broken.

GANSK
You know, that might have been our exit back there.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM
The one we just passed?

GANSK
No, the one from 25 miles down the road behind us, when you pointed it out. That feels like it might have been the exit that we were supposed to take.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM
I see.

Gansk takes the next exit and gets back on the highway going the other direction. After another 20 minutes of driving in silence, they find themselves back at the first exit that Terrycloth had mentioned.

GANSK
Yeah, this is definitely the right exit.

(MORE)

GANSK (CONT'D)

I can tell because of all of the fruit that I can smell around here.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM

I noticed that fruit scent. What's that from?

GANSK

It's from all of the fruit that they manufacture out here. Makes the whole town smell like fruit.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM

I understand now. Please excuse me while I unlace my shoes and remove my socks. I want to hang my socks out of the car window so they can absorb some of that fruit scent. It would be a big improvement in the olfactory state of my socks.

GANSK

Feel free to do as you stated.

Terrycloth Hopplebottom proceeds to take off his shoes and socks, just as he said, and puts the socks out the window. The wind rushing into the socks brings with it the scent of strawberries and mango, for that was the neighborhood they were in. The socks' old sulfur smell is in trouble.

EXT. SURFACE OF TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM'S SOCK - CONTINUOUS

We've zoomed in close on the outside of Terrycloth's sock. Thousands of SULFUR AGENTS are running around on the sock's fibers, trying to figure out what's going on.

SULFUR AGENT BOB

Hey, what's going on?

SULFUR AGENT JOE

I have no idea, I've never seen anything like this.

SULFUR AGENT BOB

Do you have any vermouth left?

SULFUR AGENT JOE

No, sorry, I drank it all last night after Frank's big retirement party. Did you--

Joe's question is cut off as a bombardment of MANGO PARTICLES rains down on them

SULFUR AGENT JOE (CONT'D)
 Oh my God, look at all those
 things!

SULFUR AGENT BOB
 What's going on here?

SULFUR AGENT JOE
 I think I might have taken too much
 LSD this morning. Sorry for that,
 my hallucinations usually don't
 spread out to the rest of the world
 like this. I think it's because I
 fractured my sternum, and now my
 thoughts bazooka out like things
 that come out of a bazooka.

SULFUR AGENT BOB
 That's ok, I forgive you.

Unfortunately, Bob's forgiveness is short-lived, as he's soon
 squished by a large mango particle. Joe bursts into tears
 and cries out to the heavens

SULFUR AGENT JOE
 (crying out to the
 heavens)
 Why God, why?

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

GANSK
 How are your socks doing?

Terrycloth brings the socks back into the car, holds them up
 to his nose, and takes a deep sniff.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM
 I've smelled better socks, like the
 Dockers vintage 1996 socks that
 they had back at The Apprising
 Schnozzle. But still, these smell
 pretty good.

GANSK
 Oh wow, The Apprising Schnozzle.
 That was a fun place...

INT. THE APPRISING SCHNOZZLE - SEVERAL YEARS AGO

Gansk and Terrycloth Hopplebottom are standing around, enjoying the place and drinking some drinks.

GANSK

This is a fun place...

INT. CAR - DAY

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM

Your reminiscing reminds me of a story about a guy who soaked his socks in absinthe and thought he was the digging character from Dig Dug whenever he wore them.

GANSK

I remember that guy, the guy with the frizzy red hair?

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM

That's the one.

GANSK

Good story.

TERRYCLOTH HOPPLEBOTTOM

Thanks.

FADE TO BLACK.