

The woman: Don't laugh at me!

He turns up the radio. The male presenter is talking to listeners about their problems.

The woman: Can't you talk?

Silence except the radio

The woman: [Getting into a state of panic] Alright. I think you better let me off here.

The man increases the speed of the car and fixes his eyes on the road.

The woman: Come on now! No need to be like that. Just let me off here. I'll be all right from here, thank you.

She frantically looks about herself.

The woman: Let me out! I don't need this right now, come on! What do you think you're doing?

The man sits still, his eyes fixed to the road. It's dark.

The woman: Let me out! You've kidnapped me! What do you think you are doing? This is uncalled for. Let me off here! Look, you're going to have to stop. You can't do this to a woman...this is unfair, what have I done to you? I need to be somewhere, I have things to do, please just let me out.

Flustered, her face going red as tears build up.

The woman: You need some help. Talk to me, maybe I can help, but you'll have to stop the car first. Please. Just pull over here.

Building up a childish panic.

The woman: [Sobbing] Please, stop here. Stop. Please.

She looks about and listens in to the radio.

Caller: Sometimes I feel like I'm trapped when I'm with him, you know...

The woman: [Trying to pull herself together]

Come on, what's this you're subjecting me to! Let me out of this car right now! I'm not the sort of woman you can mess with! I don't know who you are or what you want but I don't want to be part of it, you hear me, I don't want to be part of your twisted, sick little game. Now just stop the car! Stop it!

She lashes out slaps both her hands on him in a propeller like fashion. He sits still and does not budge, doesn't seem to even notice that she's hitting him. She reaches down for the handbrake to pull it up, but is stopped by a look of warning on his face.

Caller:

...but I can't leave him, I don't know what he'd do, what kind of a mess he'd get himself into, and he's doing so much for me. He's risking a lot.

Radio Presenter:

Have you tried leaving him before?

Caller:

Yes, many times, but never for longer than a week. I'd miss him, you know. And I don't know why because our relationship is terrible. He already has a wife, but he's starting up home here with me ...

Radio presenter:

How long have you been together? The reason I ask is because maybe you've been together so long you've just grown used to him, and like most things, you miss them when they're gone. You say you've never been apart for longer than a week, well I say ...

The woman: [aggressively yet with fear in her eyes]

Come on now. You're taking me for a ride! Turn that radio off, you're sick!

Pause

What do you want from me! [Realisation hits her] ...
You sick, dirty man.

He looks over with a sharp look in his eyes. He grabs her by the arm and slams his foot on the brake. The car shudders to a halt and he gets out, still holding her arm, dragging her across his seat to the tarmac road, He drops her. She's crying. He walks to the boot and rummages around. The woman curls up but makes no effort to escape. He returns with rope in hands. He ties her wrists together. He lifts her effortlessly, opens the back door, and throws her on the back seat. He then returns to the drivers seat and sets off again.

Radio Presenter:

We have a new caller on line one.

The woman is squirming and screaming, trying to break free. It's pitch black now.

Caller #2: [nervous] I was just listening to your previous caller, and I have some pretty similar problems.

Radio Presenter: Alright, what can we help you with then?

The woman stops squirming and lies back, drawing deep shaking breaths.

Caller #2: Well, I'm having some problems with my husband.

Presenter: What kind of problems?

Caller#2: Well, about three week ago I found out my husband was having an affair with this younger woman. She worked with him, and they had been together for quite ...

The woman: [sobbing and shuddering] Come on [deep breath] just pull over. Let me out. [Deep shaky breaths] Please... Please...

The man sits still, eyes fixed on the road. The woman closes her eyes tightly and calms slightly.

The woman: [regaining control of herself] Ok. Ok. If you stop now I wont tell anyone. We can just go on, as if none of this had ever happened.

Pause

The woman: Why don't you answer, why don't you listen to me?

Radio Presenter: [quietly, through interference] ...because I can't...

The woman does not acknowledge this. She has become almost resigned to the fact that he will not reply.

The woman: Just one word, anything!

Radio Presenter: [muffled] ...it was inevitable...

The woman stares at the radio, and then at the man, who remains still and silent.

The woman: Please...

Radio Presenter: [no interference] ...so, with him gone now, do you think you can...

The woman: Oh, come on, give me something. Talk to me!

Radio Presenter: [through interference] ...I have to...

The woman: You have to what...what?

The man turns half round and then back

The woman: You're messing with me, you're messing with my head. That's enough. I don't take this sort of stuff.

Even though she is not tied down, she still makes no effort to break free.

The woman: I can help you, talk to me and I can help. Let's stop the car and talk about this, tell me why you're doing this, tell me what your motive is. A man does not do this sort of thing out of the blue. You must have something wrong with you, you need help. I'm a good helper, I've helped plenty of people in my life. All you need to do is pull over and untie me. Simple. Simple! Come on, please!

Radio Presenter: [muffled] I...I

The radio breaks into interference.

The woman: Just pull over! Please! Phleeeeeeease! [Childish begging] Phleeeeeeeeeeease! Plehehease! [Dry sobbing.]

Silence except radio interference.

The woman: [Dry sobbing] Plehehehease. Please!!

There are no voices on the radio, all that is heard is interference. The woman has worn herself out. She lies back staring at the roof. After a couple of minutes of interference, she is calm. She seems to have accepted her situation. The man looks in his rear view mirror, carefully applies his indicator, and slowly comes to a halt. The sun is coming up. He exits the car and opens the back door, indicating for her to step out. She slowly exits the car and stands staring at the man. Neither of them says anything. He gets back in and slowly moves off. The woman sobs and drops to her knees, her tied hands on her face.