

**The Next Right**  
**July 25, 2019**  
**Prompt: Dialogue and Tension**

"Take the next right, up ahead!"

"Wait, what?"

"Just do it. And watch that old car behind us."

"That rusty Chevy?"

"Yea, see! It's following us!"

"Because it turned right?"

"No, not just that. For the last mile or so... I've been watching it."

"Wait, *why* are you worried about being followed? Unless... your briefcase, what's in it?"

"This?" Vincent held the case at arms length and paused, casually regarding it, as if seeing it for the first time.

"Nothing. Really! Don't worry 'bout it"

"Well I wouldn't be, but you are so concerned about that old car, you know, the one following us?"

"He's still there! He's been there since Fiction!"

"And every time you look back you clutch it tighter. Like Gollum and his fucking ring! Here's an idea! Tell me what's inside, or you and your precious can walk the rest of the way!"

"No! Stop asking. You don't need to know. It's better if you don't know."

"It's better if I don't know? That'll work. I'm *sorry* your honour, my friend was acting erratic, suspicious even, I didn't need to why."

"Just focus on your driving, act casual, you don't want to get pulled over, not now."

"And you'll do what? Keep an eye on this guy following us?"

"Exactly." Vincent loosened his seatbelt and slouched in his seat, reached out the window and adjusted the mirror.

"Change of plan. There's a cafe up ahead. You hungry?"

"I could eat"

"*Fantastic*. Let's see if we are being followed, then you can tell me what you got there."