

The Cabbie

by Kyle Eggleston

Susan stood in the rain. Her leather boots were getting wet as the rain hit her. Susan watched as blood ran down from her dress to the alleyway. She had managed to escape at least for now. Hailing a cab, she hopped inside and ran away.

The cabbie didn't know her destination nor did he care. She told him to drive, that's all he needed to know.

Parking in an empty lot, the cabbie turned to Susan. "Hey sweetie, you have to tell me sometime where we're going... or is this just a... visit?"

Susan smiled politely at the cab driver. She handed him a note. "Take me to this location."

The cab driver took the note and read it. "That's on the east side of town! That'll take an hour to get there."

Susan nodded. "Yes. Please don't disturb me on the way there, I'll make it worth your while if you don't." She winked at him.

"You're the boss." He said and off they went.

During the trip, the cab driver kept his word. He didn't say anything to Susan. She was grateful for that. Less questions was exactly what she needed.

An hour later they arrived at the location Susan had directed him to. Stepping out of the car she walked to the driver's window and leaned over. The cabbie liked what he saw.

"Now about that reward." Susan said. Lifting a Beretta out from her bra she shot the cab driver. "You worthless piece of shit." Susan spat in his face. "No one talks to me like that."

Susan walked away from the cab and into a run down apartment building. The night was just getting started.