Gotta Go by Catherine Sayre

Jeb speeds down the unlit road, taking a swig of beer. Marge sleeps in the passenger seat. She calls herself his girlfriend, but to him, she's just a source of sex and warm food.

As Jeb accelerates around a curve, the car hits something, knocking the side mirror loose. He pulls over and walks back down the road, searching. In the moonlight, he sees human legs. When he kicks the left calf, he gets no response.

"Damn. Why are you out here," Jeb says, slurring his words as he unzips his pants and urinates, splashing some onto the dead body.

When he's back in the car, Marge mumbles, "Where were you?"

"I had to pee."

"I need to too."

"Tough, you can hold it."

Jeb squeals the tires as he leaves, not noticing a shimmering mist zip from the dead body and into Marge's right nostril. When he passes a rest stop, Marge straightens in her seat. When the broken mirror begins to pound against the door, her eyes momentarily turn pale gray.

Jeb stops, stomps around the car, and removes the mirror. As he passes in front of the hood again, the engine restarts. Marge is behind the wheel.

"Hey," Jeb shouts just before the car hits him and his head strikes the asphalt.

"I told you, I need to pee," Marge says as she drives back to the rest stop, proud of herself.