

Burying the Past

Written By

Greg Gould

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - NIGHT

A single cubicle is lit in an otherwise dark open plan office.

BEN sits at his desk, talking on his mobile. He's 30ish, clean cut, wearing business attire.

A spread sheet of tables and figures stare at him from the computer screen. With his free hand he operates a mouse.

BEN

(into phone)

No, roses are fine. Really. Well if you want the tulips. No, I'm not just agreeing with you.

BEN clicks the mouse.

SFX: The computer beeps offensively.

An error box appears on the screen. BEN frowns, clicks the mouse harder.

SFX: Another beep.

BEN

Fuck.

(into phone)

No, not you honey. It's this damn-Look, can we talk about this when I get home?

(glances at his watch)

Soon. Yeah I know. Ok.

BEN hangs up. His eye is caught by a photo wedged just under his computer screen:

Two figures sitting on a couch. One we recognize as BEN in casual attire, the other is HOLLY, a beautiful brunette woman in her mid-twenties. HOLLY hugs BEN, smiling big for the camera.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BEN, briefcase in hand, strides across an empty car park towards a lone, late model silver sedan.

SFX: His mobile rings.

BEN sighs, glances at his watch, answers the phone.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, I know. I'm on my way-  
 (stunned)  
 Gwen?

EXT. ROAD SIDE / INT. BEN'S CAR - NIGHT

An old brown Kingswood is parked on the side of an out of the way road, surrounded by trees and crisp night air.

GWEN leans on the back of the car smoking a cigarette. She's in her late 20's, dressed as if she's on her way out to a nightclub. Closer though we see she's a little frazzled, her mascara runs, her lipstick is smeared.

A car approaches down the road. GWEN squints into the lights as Ben's car slows and pulls up.

BEN'S hands are locked on the steering wheel. The engine still runs. His eyes are fixed upon Gwen, wary.

GWEN takes a step forward, hand up to shield her eyes from the headlights.

GWEN  
 Ben?

BEN kills the engine, cuts the lights.

SFX: Ben's mobile rings.

He checks the phone's display: Holly.

BEN glances back to Gwen.

BEN pushes a button on his phone. The ringing ceases.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

BEN approaches GWEN, wary.

GWEN  
 Hey.

BEN  
 Hey.

GWEN  
 You got here pretty fast.

BEN  
 Yeah. Traffic was good.

GWEN

Good.

A beat.

BEN clears his throat, gives the Kingswood a quick scan, puzzled.

BEN

So, what's the problem?

GWEN hesitates, opens the Kingswood's boot. BEN peers inside.

BEN

Jesus Gwen. When you said "car trouble" I thought you meant a flat tyre or something.

GWEN

This is car trouble.

BEN

This is a fucking body in a boot.

GWEN

You don't call that car trouble?

BEN

Jesus...

GWEN

(shrugs)

I didn't think you'd come.

BEN

I wouldn't have.

GWEN

I need help.

BEN

You need a lawyer.

GWEN

I didn't do this.

BEN

(sarcastic)

Obviously.

A car approaches down the road. Headlights fall across them. BEN squints into the lights. GWEN nervously shuts the boot.

The car zips past, never slowing. Its taillights fade away.  
BEN takes a step towards his car.

BEN  
I can't be part of this.

GWEN  
You can't just leave.

BEN  
I can. I am.

GWEN  
You said I could count on you. You  
said you'd always be there.

BEN  
This isn't what I meant.

GWEN  
So what? You're going to just drive  
away. Again?

BEN shakes his head, starts walking away.

GWEN  
I know things, Ben. Things your new  
girlfriend might not understand.

BEN  
You wouldn't.

GWEN  
You know I would.

BEN  
That was an accident.

GWEN  
The hit was an accident. The  
speeding away afterwards wasn't.

BEN  
You can't do this. Not now.

GWEN  
I just want a little help. Like I  
helped you. Remember. It'll be like  
old times.

BEN frowns. He knows he's being played.

GWEN smiles. She knows she's got him.

BEN looks from the boot then to Gwen once more.

BEN

Fuck.

INT. KINGSWOOD - NIGHT

BEN drives. KEYS jingle in the Kingswood's ignition. His eyes are focused hard on the road. GWEN looks out the passenger window, cool and calm.

There's an awkward beat, then:

GWEN

You look good. Healthy.

BEN

(short)

Thanks.

BEN flicks the dial on the radio. It's broken.

GWEN

So, how's Holly?

BEN

I'm not gonna do this.

GWEN

What?

BEN

This.

(motions between them)

I'm not gonna do this.

GWEN

Just making conversation.

GWEN lights a cigarette, blows a line of smoke out the window. BEN gives her a sideways glance, sighs, reluctantly turns to her.

BEN

Holly's fine. Ok?

(hesitates)

We get hitched in a couple weeks.

GWEN ignores him. BEN tries again:

BEN

How's ... Gavin ... Isn't it?

GWEN gives Ben a wry, cunning grin. BEN frowns, perplexed,

but quickly gets it.

BEN

No...

GWEN nods, raises her eyebrows.

BEN

(groaning)

No...

GWEN smiles innocently.

BEN

Fuck, Gwen!

GWEN

(amused)

What?

BEN jabs a thumb over his shoulder.

BEN

That's Gavin? You killed  
your fucking boyfriend?!

GWEN

Who'd you think it was?

BEN

Shit, I dunno. I didn't want to  
know.

(hits the steering wheel)

Shit!

GWEN

Don't worry. He deserved it.

BEN

He deserved it! What do you mean  
"he deserved it"!?

GWEN

You wouldn't get it.

BEN

I wouldn't- You know what? I  
wouldn't? I never did get you, did  
I? Shit, I never got us.

GWEN

What's to get? You made me laugh, I  
made you cum.

BEN  
I made you laugh?

GWEN  
You made me laugh.

BEN  
Jesus.

Beat.

GWEN  
You know it was more than that.

BEN  
I guess. At least I'm not in the trunk.

Their eyes meet. There's a brief moment of attraction. They both begin to chuckle, then laugh.

GWEN takes a drag of her cigarette, blows another line of smoke out the window.

BEN watches her closely, his eyes softening for a moment. GWEN sees this out the corner of her eye, grins to herself.

EXT. BUSHLAND - NIGHT

The Kingswood is parked on a dirt road by the side of a clearing. A few feet away, BEN stands waist deep in a fresh grave, digging. He's sweating a lot. GWEN paces the grave's edge, smoking and fidgeting.

BEN  
You could help.

GWEN raises an eyebrow, gives him an "as-if" look. BEN throws down the shovel, pulls himself up on the grave's edge. With a sigh he lays back, looks to the sky.

GWEN  
What are you doing?

BEN  
I'm a banker, not a grave digger. I need a rest.

GWEN seems about to retort but instead draws long puff on her cigarette. She sits next to him. Their feet dangle into the grave.



GWEN  
I'm glad you came.

BEN  
Let's not make it a regular thing.

GWEN  
You got to admit, we always have a good time together. A lot of crazy shit.

BEN  
That we do.

GWEN  
You ever miss us?

BEN  
Sometimes.

GWEN  
Me too.

A beat. GWEN throws her cigarette away.

GWEN  
You want to fool around?

BEN  
What?

GWEN  
It was always good. Besides, all this excitement. It's kinda hot.

BEN  
You're sick. You know that right?

Gwen tries to kiss him. Ben pulls back.

BEN  
I'm getting married.

GWEN  
It's ok. I'm good at keeping secrets.

GWEN leans in and kisses Ben. BEN resists, but gives in a little too easily. Things get heavy. Hands grope at clothes. The kissing gets vigorous.

GWEN straddles BEN. BEN lifts GWEN'S shirt off, revealing a lacy black bra.

GWEN kisses her way down BEN'S chest, her hands fumbling for his belt buckle.

BEN's face is a picture of dilemma, caught between ecstasy and guilt.

GWEN manages to get his belt free, pulls it off roughly.

Then BEN'S senses kick in. He pushes GWEN away. She falls roughly in the freshly turned dirt.

BEN shakes his head as if to clear his mind.

Both pant hard.

BEN

Let's just get this over with.

BEN gets up, buttons up as he walks away.

GWEN scowls, grabs her shirt out of the dirt.

JUMP CUT:

BEN and GWEN struggle to remove GAVIN from the boot. GWEN fumbles with the feet, BEN with the torso.

GAVIN emits a SOFT MOAN.

BEN

What was that?

GWEN

What?

GAVIN moans, louder.

BEN

Jesus!

They both jump back, nearly shitting themselves.

GAVIN'S body flops to the ground.

BEN

You said he was dead!

GWEN

I thought he was!

GAVIN groans and shuffles.

BEN

He's alive! You murder victim is

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
fucking alive!

BEN stumbles away from GAVIN, shaking his head in disbelief. He throws his face in his hands, mind racing.

GWEN looks down at GAVIN. Her eyes harden.

JUMP CUT:

SFX: A gun blast.

BEN spins around to:

GWEN standing over GAVIN'S dead body. She holds a small silver pistol in her hand.

The blast fades away . . .

BEN stares at her, stunned. GWEN turns to him, a cold, cunning look in her eye.

GWEN  
I told you. He's dead.

JUMP CUT:

BEN leans against the Kingwood's open driver door, staring ahead in shock. The full gravity of the situation crashes through his brain. He turns to:

GWEN. She leans over GAVIN'S body, now lying next to the grave. She searches Gavin's pockets, pulls out a wallet, grabs out some cash, shoves it in her pocket, throws the wallet in the grave.

GWEN  
C'mon. We haven't got all night.

BEN eyes are drawn to:

The keys dangling in the Kingswood's ignition

GWEN  
Ben! Get down here and help me.

SFX: BEN'S mobile beeps.

He looks down at the display. It's Holly. He turns it off. He turns, watches as GWEN rolls GAVIN'S body into the grave. He looks back to the KEYS.

CUT TO:

GWEN stands up, dusts off her hands. She smiles, pleased.

SFX: An engine starts, a car door closes.

GWEN'S head snaps around.

INT. KINGSWOOD / EXT. BUSHLAND - NIGHT

BEN'S hands are locked on steering wheel of the stationary Kingswood. The car idles. He looks in the rear vision mirror.

GWEN

Ben, what the fuck are you doing?

BEN'S hands tighten on the steering wheel. He shoves the gear stick into first.

GWEN

You can't leave, Ben. Not this time.

(beat)

C'mon. Let's just get this over with. Then you can go back to your life. Back to Holly.

BEN looks to the road ahead then at Gwen in the revision mirror. He looks at the gear stick.

GWEN

C'mon, Ben.

GWEN stares at the idle Kingswood, patiently smug. The smugness vanishes when she sees the Kingswood start pulling away.

GWEN

No you fucking don't!

GWEN pulls out the silver pistol and fires at the car. The back window splinters.

BEN slams on the brakes. His shocked eyes are locked on the fresh bullet hole in the front windscreen, inches from his head.

In the rear vision mirror BEN sees GWEN, gun in hand.

GWEN

I told you. You're not leaving.  
We have to do this.

SFX: gears crunch.

GWEN frowns as the Kingswood starts rapidly reversing towards her.

GWEN

Ben!

JUMP CUT:

SFX: A dull, sickening THUD.

BEN slams on the brakes. He stares into the empty rear vision mirror, just breathing.

Close up on GWEN's body, lifeless body sprawled atop GAVIN in the grave. In the b.g.the Kingswood's tail lights pull away into the night.

EXT. BEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Ben pulls up in his silver sedan. He gets out carrying a handful of tulips. He checks his appearance in the window reflection, fixes his hair and collar, then heads inside.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Ben is about to put his keys in the front door when it's ripped open from inside. HOLLY glares at him.

HOLLY

Where the hell have you been?

BEN

I've been thinking.

(reveals the tulips)

I think I like the tulips.

ENDS.