

BURY IT

By

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INT/EXT.CAR (MOVING) - DAY

A nondescript car trudges through city streets. It's gray and boring, designed to blend in.

At the wheel is MR MONEY (45). Smartly dressed, his leather driving gloves tight on the wheel.

Asleep next to him is MR STICK (23). Also smartly dressed, but with his blazer slung over him as a makeshift blanket.

The car hits a pothole with a large bump. Mr Stick jolts awake. Rubs the tired from his eyes.

Mr Money takes a coffee cup from the cup holder, holds it up for Mr Stick.

MR MONEY

Nice of you to join me.

Mr Stick takes the coffee. Sips from it.

MR STICK

What time is it?

Mr Money checks his watch.

MR MONEY

6:43. You not got a watch?

MR STICK

Of course I do.

MR MONEY

Then why'd you ask the time?

MR STICK

Because the watch is lacking a battery. Those things are always hard to find.

MR MONEY

What things?

MR STICK

Watch batteries.

Mr Money nods in agreement.

MR MONEY

They are. But when you don't need one then low and behold they're everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

MR STICK
It's a conspiracy.

Mr Stick takes the plastic top off the paper cup. Begins looking around the car.

MR MONEY
I'm not going to get into that with you.

MR STICK
I'd say that's a wise choice. You get any milk or sugar?

MR MONEY
No and no.

Mr Stick deflates slightly.

MR STICK
I guess I'm taking this black then.

MR MONEY
Well if you were awake when I stopped to get it then you could have gotten some for yourself. Remember, I payed for it.

MR STICK
And I'll be forever grateful.

Mr Money glances at the cup, sees the top's off.

MR MONEY
And put the top back on.

MR STICK
But the plastic feels weird on my lips.

MR MONEY
I don't care if it feels weird on your lips. This isn't my car, and the person who's car this is wouldn't appreciate you spilling coffee in here.

MR STICK
Why? It's pretty cheap looking leather.

MR MONEY

Cheap or not, it doesn't give you
the right to go splashing coffee
all over the place.

MR STICK

All right all right, I'll put the
top back on.

Mr Stick places the top back on. Holds it up to Mr Money.

MR STICK (cont'd)

You happy?

MR MONEY

I ain't unhappy.

MR STICK

Good. You should get some of this
stuff in you, stop you being so
cranky on these early mornings.

MR MONEY

I don't need coffee to start my
day. Not at any other time either.
Unlike so many of you youngsters
today I don't feel the need to use
a drug to wake me up.

MR STICK

It's not a drug...

MR MONEY

It's a drug just like any other. Do
you feel like you need it to start
your day? That you can't function
without it?

Mr Stick glances away nervously, begins picking away at the
paper on the cup.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

That's what I thought...

MR STICK

Well it's not as if I'm tying a
fucking belt round my arm, is it?

MR MONEY

I'm just saying that maybe you
should try and get a good few hours
sleep instead of going down at two
and up again at six.

(CONTINUED)

MR STICK

Why did we need to be up this early again?

MR MONEY

Because that's what the boss said.

Mr Stick lays back down, covers himself in his blazer, closing his eyes again.

MR STICK

Well next time you speak to him ask him to have our days at 7:30 instead.

MR MONEY

Well it's what he wants...

MR STICK

He's not the one who has to wake up at six.

Mr Stick shifts, trying to get comfortable.

MR STICK (cont'd)

How long until we get there?

MR MONEY

Probably another two hours.

MR STICK

Give me a nudge when we arrive.

Mr Money spots another pothole ahead. Makes a point of speeding up and driving into it. They drive over it violently, shaking the car.

MR STICK (cont'd)

Prick.

A small, satisfactory smile crawls onto Mr Money's lips. He changes gear. Continues driving.

EXT.DIRT ROAD - DAY

A CAMPER VAN sits parked on a long, hallway-like dirt road, walled off by tall wheat on either side. Leaning on the van, gold jacket and dirty white vans, is LAURIE (20).

Ear buds snake down from her ears into the jacket pocket. Her head bobs along to the music. Her jaw moves up and down in rhythm to the music, chewing gum.

(CONTINUED)

A gray car appears at the end of the road, approaching slowly. Laurie notices, pulls the buds out, lets them dangle. She eyes the car as it approaches.

The car stops.

INT.CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mr Money looks at Laurie, nudges Mr Stick.

MR MONEY

Wake up...

Mr Stick wakes up, stretches, yawns.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

...lover girl is here.

Mr Stick spins his head from Mr Money to Laurie. Deflates a little.

Mr Money steps out of the car. Mr Stick grabs the coffee cup, opens his door, steps out.

EXT.DIRT ROAD - DAY

Mr Stick closes the door, saunters around to the front of the car, sipping on his coffee. He grimaces, launches it into the wheat.

MR STICK

Fucking cold piece of shit...

He joins Mr Money and Laurie, looks at Laurie as he buttons up his jacket.

MR STICK (cont'd)

Sorry, not you.

She rolls her eyes to him, continuing to chew her gum. They stare her down. She stares them down, a gunless Mexican stand-off.

Laurie continues to chew, takes her phone out and assesses the time. Blows a bubble and rolls her eyes.

LAURIE

You're late.

(CONTINUED)

MR MONEY

Well we're here aren't we?

LAURIE

Yeah, and you should have been here
twenty minutes ago.

MR MONEY

I can't control the traffic, plus
we had a little trouble grabbing
the guy.

She cranes her neck to look behind them.

LAURIE

Where is he?

MR MONEY

In the trunk.

LAURIE

Comfy.

MR MONEY

Not really.

LAURIE

You gonna get him out?

MR MONEY

When you give us the money, sure.

Laurie throws her head back in frustration.

LAURIE

How do I know that you won't kill
me as soon as I give it to you?

MR MONEY

Because we know who your boss is
and we know that he's fairly fond
of you, so killing you would be
pretty stupid on our part.

Laurie considers this. Goes to the van, pulls the door open,
leans in. She appears again with a thick, heavy envelope.

She throws it to Mr Money. He catches it, turns to Mr Stick.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

You're pretty good at maths, yeah?

(CONTINUED)

MR STICK
One of the best in my class.

MR MONEY
Good.

Mr Money presses the envelope into Mr Stick's chest.

MR MONEY (cont'd)
Count this.

MR STICK
Sure thing.

Mr Stick opens the envelope, riffling through the large pile of notes inside. Mr Money turns back to Laurie. He offers her a half smile. She returns a quarter one.

He rocks on his feet, taking in his surroundings. His eyes once again land on her.

MR MONEY
So, you got any plans later?

LAURIE
You asking me out on a date?

MR MONEY
Nope, just being polite, asking a question.

LAURIE
I'm going to a gig.

MR MONEY
Anyone good?

LAURIE
Yep, otherwise I wouldn't be going.

MR MONEY
Fair point.

She gives a sarcastic, immature smile.

LAURIE
You done counting that money yet?
I'm meeting a friend for food and
you guys have already put me behind
schedule.

MR MONEY

Only twenty five minutes.

LAURIE

And now I'm twenty five minutes late.

MR MONEY

Why the big deal?

LAURIE

You can do a lot in twenty five minutes.

Mr Stick finishes counting the money, just catching the end of their conversation.

MR STICK

Don't you know it.

Laurie's face drops even further. Mr Stick hands the envelope back to Mr Money.

MR MONEY

It's all there?

MR STICK

It's all there.

Mr Money slides the envelope inside his jacket.

MR MONEY

Good.

He spins on his heel and heads for the back of the car, Mr Stick following him.

Mr Money turns back to Laurie.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

You coming?

Laurie lets out a sigh and skulks after them.

Mr Money reaches down and unlocks the boot. With a huff he opens it.

Lying there, blinking in the sun, gagged with hands bound behind his back, is HARVEY (58). Mr Money and Mr Stick grab Harvey out.

(CONTINUED)

MR MONEY (cont'd)
Get out of there.

They turn him away. He whimpers to himself, sobs quietly.

Mr Stick leans into the trunk and pulls out a shovel and a shotgun. He hands the shotgun to Mr Money, slings the shovel over his shoulder.

MR MONEY (cont'd)
You've been a naughty boy, Harvey.
A very naughty boy.

Mr Money presses the barrel of the gun into the small of Harvey's back.

MR MONEY (cont'd)
Walk. Straight ahead. And if I see
you start to run, or if I think
you're even considering it, I'll
shoot you down. Got it?

Harvey nods.

MR MONEY (cont'd)
Good. Now walk.

Harvey begins to walk into the field, through the wheat, pressing it down.

LAURIE
Don't you think it's a little
stupid? Keeping the gun and shovel
in the boot with someone?

MR STICK
His hands are bound, he's not
exactly gonna be a major threat.

LAURIE
Still...

Mr Stick offers her a wicked, knowing smile.

MR STICK
What's he gonna do, shoot his own
arse off?

Mr Stick follows the path set by Harvey and Mr Money, Laurie following after him.

Ahead of them we see the shape of Harvey, followed by Mr Money, snake through the wheat, creating a path as he goes.

EXT.FIELD - LATER

Harvey bursts out of the wheat to a flat patch of field, tired and sweating. He falls to his knees.

Mr Money follows him out, wrenches him back to his feet.

MR MONEY

Up.

Mr Stick and Laurie appear from the wheat soon after. Mr Stick kicks the ground.

MR STICK

Yeah, this seems soft enough.

MR MONEY

Yep.

He turns Harvey around. His face is red and wet from tears.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

I'm gonna cut your hands free and then you're gonna dig a hole. I'll tell you when to stop. And in case you're gonna try anything, I'll take this moment to remind you that I'll be keeping this...

He motions to the shotgun.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

...trained on you at all times, and I can pull this trigger much faster than you can run. You got that?

Harvey nods. Mr Money smiles.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

Good.

He spins Harvey around, takes a knife from his pocket, cuts Harvey's bonds.

Mr Stick presses the shovel into Harvey's chest, goes back to Laurie.

Mr Money motions to the ground with the gun.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

Start then.

Apprehensively, Harvey starts to dig.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Stick buries his hands deep in his pockets, he and Laurie watching as Mr Money keeps his gun trained on Harvey.

MR STICK
Can I ask you something?

LAURIE
Sure.

MR STICK
Do you think coffee is a drug?

LAURIE
Well...

Laurie spits her gum into a napkin. Takes another piece, places it in her mouth. Begins to chew.

LAURIE (cont'd)
...that depends.

MR STICK
On what?

LAURIE
On the person drinking it. Whether they have an addictive personality or not. To some it's a drug, to others it's not.

Mr Stick turns, eyes wide, shocked at this new way of looking at coffee.

MR STICK
Well, I've never thought of it like that before.

He glances at Laurie as she chews.

MR STICK (cont'd)
You mind if I have some gum?

LAURIE
I'm fresh out.

MR STICK
Well. Shit.

Harvey continues to dig.

EXT.FIELD - LATER

Harvey, red in the face and lathered in sweat, is now in a hole up to his neck. Mr Money stands over what is fast becoming a grave.

MR MONEY
You can stop now, Harvey. And take
that rag out.

Harvey slowly unties the rag and lowers it from his mouth. Both Mr Stick and Laurie approach, standing behind Mr Money.

MR MONEY (cont'd)
Close your eyes, Harvey.

Harvey closes his eyes. Mr Money takes aim and fires. Harvey flies back, dead. A red mist hangs in the air.

The trio look down, nonplussed. Laurie takes out her phone and begins texting.

MR STICK
Didn't try to fight, did he? Or
run?

MR MONEY
Nope.

MR STICK
Why'd you think that is?

MR MONEY
Probably knew this was coming.
Probably accepted it a long time
ago.

Mr Stick nods.

Mr Money raises a fist. Mr Stick raises his.

MR MONEY AND MR STICK
Rock paper scissors!

Mr Stick throws his hand down, showing rock. Mr Money shows paper.

Mr Stick's face drops. Mr Money beams a way-too-pleased-with-himself smile.

MR MONEY
Paper beats rock.

(CONTINUED)

MR STICK

Well that makes less than zero sense.

MR MONEY

The rules of the game I'm afraid.

With a heavy sigh Mr Stick grabs the shovel from the grave and begins piling the dirt back in, slowly covering Harvey.

Laurie finishes her text.

LAURIE

I've let the boss know.

MR MONEY

Good.

They both turn to watch Mr Stick. Mr Money turns to Laurie, mouth halfway open.

LAURIE

What?

MR MONEY

Was gonna ask you something.

LAURIE

Go ahead.

MR MONEY

Where do you stand on coffee?

Laurie gives a wry smile, knows where this is going.

LAURIE

What do you mean?

MR MONEY

Well personally I think it's a drug, but that one over there...

He motions to Mr Stick.

MR MONEY (cont'd)

...doesn't. So, I'm curious. What do you think?

LAURIE

Well...

She blows a large, pink bubble.

Laurie
...it depends.

Mr Money
Hmm.

They both look back at Mr Stick. He wipes sweat from his brow. The high sun beats down on all three of them.

CUT TO BLACK

END