

RESTING PLACE

Written by

J. Goodman-Clarke

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

A white car barrels down a rural road. CHRIS TUCKER, 30s, fights the wheel - anger on his panicked face.

ELLEN O'CONNELL, 30s, bounces in back, holds a duffel bag tight in her arms. The car hits a rock. The duffel shifts. Something MOANS inside.

ELLEN

You have to hit every pothole on the road?

CHRIS

You - of all people - shouldn't be telling me how to drive.

Ellen bites her lip. The car makes a fast turn, onto an unmarked road.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM - MORNING

The car pulls up to a shed. Weeds peek past broken fences. Paint peels from weathered walls.

Chris storms out, rips open Ellen's door.

CHRIS

Let's go. You grab one end.

The two struggle under the duffel's weight, lug it together towards the shed.

INT. FARM SHED - MORNING

There's a table inside, a few old chairs.

Ellen lowers the duffel gently to the floor. Chris drops his end with a THUD.

CHRIS

Stay here. I'll take care of the car.

EXT. SHED - MORNING

Bright red smears streak the car's front bumper. Chris scrubs them with a dirty rag.

The water in his pail swirls pinkish gray.

INT. FARM SHED - MORNING

The duffle lies in a corner, all but forgotten. Chris paces the room. Ellen rocks anxiously in a chair.

CHRIS

I asked you to give me all the schedules. You can't even do that one little thing.

ELLEN

I told you about the guards, and the maid...

CHRIS

You didn't tell me about the gardener!

ELLEN

(whispers)
I forgot.

She shrinks in her chair, stares at the floor.

ELLEN

This was your idea. You said it'd be easy. That she wouldn't remember, once we gave her the drugs...

CHRIS

And you still fucked it up.

He wheels on Ellen, screams in her face.

CHRIS

I heard his back pop when you ran him over. You think the cops'll look for us now?

Ellen cowers in her seat, has nothing to say. Something WHIMPERS, moves weakly in the bag.

Ellen bolts from her chair, fumbles with the zipper -

CHRIS

For fuck's sake, Elle!

ELLEN

She's awake. We have to give her some air.

The zipper rolls down. RACHEL, 11, stares up from the bag; a frightened girl with glassy eyes. Silver barrettes shine in matted hair - her white puffy blouse damp with sweat.

ELLEN
(strokes her head)
Ssssh. It's okay.

RACHEL
Where's Momma? I feel sick.

She throws up in Ellen's lap. Chris turns away, disgusted by the mess.

CHRIS
Great. Now she's seen us both.

INT. SHED - LATER

Rachel sits tied in the corner, tape over her mouth and eyes. The two adults argue in whispers, a few feet away.

CHRIS
She's the only witness. We do what's necessary, walk away.

ELLEN
We could take her back. Say it was all a mistake.

CHRIS
We killed someone, Elle! You can't go two days without some juice. Think you can handle fifty years?

He pulls a gun, steps toward the girl.

CHRIS
Fine. I'll do this. You stay here.

ELLEN
(grabs his arm)
You're scaring her!

She looks over at Rachel, regret in her eyes.

ELLEN
If we have to do it, I should be the one.

CHRIS
You don't have the guts.

Ellen pockets the gun, walks over to Rachel. Gently removes the tape from her face.

ELLEN
(to Rachel)
Honey, come with me. I need to show
you something outside.

She leads Rachel toward the door. Chris watches, unconvinced.

CHRIS
You try to run, I'll kill you both.

Ellen looks back at Chris, steps through the door.

Crickets chirp in the night as seconds pass. Silenced abruptly by a BANG.

MOMENTS LATER

Ellen comes back inside, hands the gun to Chris.

CHRIS
Where's the body?

ELLEN
Let me bury her. There's a well out
back. I can do it myself.

CHRIS
You expect me to believe that? Did
you let her go, you stupid cow?

He steps towards the door.

Ellen pulls something from her pocket. It's Rachel's shirt, drenched with blood - a jagged hole punched in the front.

Chris looks surprised, settles down.

CHRIS
Okay. Well. Get it done tonight.
First thing tomorrow, we hit the
road.

INT. FARM SHED - NIGHT

Something RUSTLES outside the door.

Chris opens his eyes. The room's pitch black.

He glances at Ellen. She's in fetal position, fast asleep - a syringe half hidden in her hand.

There's a SCRATCH at the door, almost too soft to hear...

Chris creeps to the window. Something white and blurred streaks past the pane.

CHRIS

Ahhh....!

He jumps back, takes cover behind a wall. Ellen's out cold - doesn't stir.

CHRIS

Fuck me.

Chris grabs his gun, heads outside.

EXT. SHED - NIGHT

Stars shine against an ink black sky - no electric lights for miles around.

Chris takes a step - bangs his foot against the pail.

Feet PATTERN softly against dirt nearby... A SMALL FIGURE darts toward a nearby barn. It's white puffy shirt billows in the breeze.

CHRIS

Motherfucker.

He pulls out his gun, runs after the girl.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Shadows of machinery fill the room. A splintered ladder leads to a second floor, coated in cobwebs and moldy hay.

CHRIS

Rachel. Is that you?

A RUSTLE in the darkness draws his attention.

CHRIS

I know you're scared. Just come out. I wanna talk.

Chris steps forward, gun hidden from sight. Brittle hay crunches beneath his feet.

CHRIS

Are you hungry? I have some food.

A RAT runs across the floor. Chris pulls the trigger. SCREAMS, jumps back several feet.

The white figure darts from the shadows, scurries up the ladder before he can react.

Chris scans the loft, waves the gun in the air.

CHRIS

Okay. Fine. No more games. Get the fuck out here, before I get pissed.

Something shines from the second floor. The glint of light off silver barrettes.

Chris raises the gun, takes careful aim...

A pitchfork plummets from above, pins his foot to the floor. Chris HOWLS in pain, shoots off several rounds.

INT. FARM SHED - NIGHT

Ellen rolls over, MUMBLES in her sleep.

Chris rips open the door, the rag from the car tied around his foot. Red splotches soak the fabric, leave bloody footprints across the floor.

Chris yanks Ellen to her feet, pins her body to the table.

ELLEN

What are doing..?

CHRIS

You lied to me! You let her go!

Ellen cringes, half-asleep.

ELLEN

What are you talking about? I did what you said.

CHRIS

Liar. I saw her in the barn. Did you see what she did to my god-damned foot?!?

ELLEN

(stammers)

No. I swear. I gave you her shirt.

Chris picks up the blouse, waves it around.

CHRIS

I don't know where you got this.
But it sure as hell wasn't from
her.

He stuffs the blouse in her mouth, aims the gun at her face.

CHRIS

You stupid cunt. She'll get away,
tell the police. And she knows
exactly who you are.

Ellen's eyes widen in fear. A smile plays across his lips.

CHRIS

She doesn't know me, though. And
there's only one other witness.

He pulls the trigger. Bits of Ellen spray the floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Chris looks down at the corpse - body relaxed for the first
time tonight. He looks up...

Rachel's there - just a few feet away.

She stares at Chris with hollow eyes. Her white shirt
flutters in an invisible breeze.

Chris raises the gun, points it at the girl.

CHRIS

See, I told you. There's nothing to
be scared of. This won't hurt. Not
too long...

Rachel smiles back, her mouth too wide.

She reaches for Chris. Blood blooms fresh upon her shirt.
Pale lips draw back, show skeletal teeth.

Chris backs away. Rachel darts forward - inhumanly quick.

EXT. FARM SHED - NIGHT

Chris' screams echo against abandoned walls - cut off
abruptly in the night. The crickets return, fill the silence
with melodic CHIRPS.

FINAL FADE OUT: