

It's your fault

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. A LONG WINDING ROAD - EVENING

A car drives along a winding road, the surroundings are picturesque. Tall evergreen trees align the side, with no civilization in sight.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ANGELA BUSH 36, all American girl, well dressed, sophisticated, sits behind the steering wheel, anxiously gripping the wheel. JAMES BUSH 38, average looks, slacker, taps the dashboard as he stares ahead.

There's obviously an atmosphere, as the sound of heavy breathing can be heard back and forth between the couple. James reaches over and turns the radio on... "The Gambler" by Kenny Rodgers plays.

ANGELA

Well there's an appropriate song.

JAMES

Give it a rest will ya, just concentrate on the road.

Angela turns the music off.

ANGELA

Would you like to drive?

JAMES

Yeah I would actually.

ANGELA

Well that ain't happening.

JAMES

Glad you asked... why the hell do we have to go so far away for a marriage counselor?

Angela flashes James a nasty look.

ANGELA

Who did you want to talk to? Bernstein?... your freaking gambling buddy!

JAMES

Hey, that's not nice, first off he's a professional and he would put all loyalty aside to help our marriage.

ANGELA

Yeah he's a freaking sweetheart,
that's why he wants to take you to
Vegas with him.

JAMES

It's just a business trip.

Angela's knuckles turn white as her grip gets tighter on the
wheel, her voice gets louder and stronger.

ANGELA

A business trip! You're a freaking
plumber James and not a very good
one at that.

JAMES

Ouch. There's a plumbing expedition
out there with all new state of the
art tools... I wanted to get ahead
of the game. This could be our big
break.

ANGELA

Don't you lie to me, don't you dare
lie to me James Bush! You blew our
retirement money the last time you
got together for *business*.

Angela begins to speed up, the car revs as James checks his
seatbelt.

JAMES

Ok slow the heck down.

ANGELA

Why? This is more your speed.

She increases speed.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Are you going to Vegas with what's
left of our savings?

James can see the craziness in her eyes, as the car flies
past the trees. He begins to sweat in a panic.

JAMES

No, I swear, no.

She glances over at her husband and begins to slow down.

ANGELA

I wanna trust you.

They both make eye contact and nearly enjoy a smile... suddenly they hit a large bump on the road. Angela tries to get control as the car u-turns and comes to a complete stop.

JAMES

What the?

ANGELA

Oh my God, what did I hit?

They both look long and hard at the object on the road.

JAMES

More like, who did you hit?

ANGELA

Oh no, oh no. This is your fault.

JAMES

My fault! How the hell is you crashing, my fault?

ANGELA

We wouldn't be seeing a marriage counselor if you weren't so untrustworthy.

JAMES

No way are you pinning this one on me. You're the paranoid one and it's you I believe who's behind the wheel.

Angela is pissed.

ANGELA

Could you just get out and check if he's ok.

James sighs heavily.

JAMES

We could just drive on, there's nobody around.

ANGELA

Just get out of the God damn car!

EXT. A LONG WINDING ROAD - CONTINUOUS

James opens the door and slowly makes his way to what seems to be a PETE, 60's, well dressed like wedding attire. Tire tracks become obvious over his waistcoat. He lays motionless.

JAMES

Excuse me, are you ok?

James picks up a long stick from the side of the road, he starts to poke him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hello, we're sorry we ran you over.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Is he alive?

James turns around to see Angela's head out of the car window.

JAMES
Yes dear, he's just sleeping.

ANGELA
You're such an ass.

Angela gets out and walks towards him. She covers her mouth in horror, tears stream from her eyes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I killed him, I killed him.

JAMES
Let's drag him into the woods. We'll get in the car and get outta here.

ANGELA
No, we gotta tell someone... call the police. Where did he come from? Why is out here all alone?

JAMES
I don't know, just grab his arms.

James grabs hold of his legs, while Angela grabs his arms. They drag the body off the road and onto a clearing. They stand on top of a small hill leading down to a ravine.

A car approaches, as they lower their heads in the roughage. The car slows down and comes to a stop. A door opens and someone steps out.

MAN (O.S.)
Hello, anybody around here?

James places his hand over Angela's mouth to keep her quiet. Footsteps are heard walking in their direction, as James jumps up, he pretends to pull his pants up, Angela stands up next to him dusting herself off.

PETE BURNS 50's, an oversized, dishonest shady looks, jumps back startled.

PETE

Oh, I'm sorry I just saw your car abandoned and the tire tracks showed like you spun around.

JAMES

You've gotta excuse us sir, but we kinda got excited, this was the first place we ever... you know.

Angela acts all innocent and plays along.

ANGELA

Yep our first time.

She reaches out and holds James's hand.

PETE

Well excuse me, I'm glad everything is alright.

He glances past the couple curiously.

PETE (CONT'D)

There seems to be someone rolling down the hill.

The couple spin around to see the body hurdling down.

JAMES

Ohh crap.

They look at each other and then the Pete.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That's just my crazy brother, always up for fun. We take him everywhere... he's a little slow.

PETE

I thought you couple were just having some alone time.

ANGELA

He's blind, fully blind... like both eyes blind.

JAMES

Yeah like Beethoven blind.

PETE

I'm pretty sure he was deaf.

JAMES

Oh... I better go after him.

James glances at Angela then rolls down the hill.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Wait for me Peter... Weeeeeee.

Angela smiles at the Pete half heartedly.

PETE

Well you folks have a wonderful evening.

Pete takes off his hat and places it on his chest, smiles, shakes his head and walks off.

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - CONTINUOUS

James catches up with the body just before it enters the rushing water.

JAMES

Phew.

He glances up at Angela and gives her a thumbs up. She carefully makes her way down the hill.

EXT. A LONG WINDING ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Pete enters his 1960 Cadillac, he picks up his phone, punches in some numbers.

MAN (V.O.)

You got news for me?

PETE

Yeah I found him and that's not all, so did a couple of lovebirds.

MAN (V.O.)

What?

PETE

They're trying to hide him... get this, they're pretending he's family.

MAN (V.O.)

You lost that body once, I suggest you don't do it again... We wanna show these guys we mean business.

PETE

What about the young folk?

MAN (V.O.)

Kill them and get our stiff back. Just make it look like an accident, so no grenade.

PETE

I hear ya.

The Pete gets out of his car and walks to the rear, he opens the trunk. There's an arsenal of murderous weapons... Firearms, knives, rope and a grenade.

He whistles a happy tune, while choosing carefully.

PETE (CONT'D)

This will do nicely.

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - CONTINUOUS

James and Angela stare at the body for a long moment.

ANGELA

I must have crushed him to death.

JAMES

Wait a mo, he had to have been lying on the road when you ran over him, otherwise he would have gone through the windshield.

ANGELA

Why would he have been lying on the road?

(thinks)

Unless he was already dead.

James opens the waistcoat, he notices a bullet wound.

JAMES

Someone shot him.

ANGELA

That means I never killed him.

Angela is ecstatic and hugs James tightly, she gives him a kiss, James smiles a happy smile for a beat then he steps back, with a very worried look on his face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JAMES

Wait a minute, I know that guy who was questioning us, he was on the news... The cops been looking for him.

ANGELA

We gotta call them.

Angela pulls out her phone.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Oh shit, my battery is dead, use yours.

James pulls out his phone, then thinks.

JAMES
He must have jumped out of a vehicle after he was shot.

ANGELA
Or thrown.

JAMES
Well whoever shot him, will back to get the body. We gotta hide the body, I'm sure there will be a big reward.

ANGELA
You and freaking money again. Just call the cops, I'm sure the shooter will be back soon.

James holds his phone aloft trying to get service. Suddenly a gunshot hits the phone sending it from his hand. They both look up to see Pete with a rifle pointed at them.

JAMES
Oh crap, I guess he's already here.

James grabs Angela's arm as they run through the woods, they hide behind some trees. Pete takes pot shots but to no avail. He breathes heavy as he looks at the steep hill, then his oversized stomach.

PETE
Where are you folks? I just wanna talk.
(to himself)
I ain't walking down there.

Pete squints his eyes scouring the forest.

PETE (CONT'D)
Come out, come out wherever you are.

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - CONTINUOUS

James and Angela crouch down huddling together, the panic in their faces say it all.

ANGELA
This is just great, your phone is blown to pieces, my phone is dead,
(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
we have a Man looking to kill us
because I ran over an already dead
guy and all I wanted to do was save
my marriage... we didn't even update
the will.

JAMES
Sshhh let's just be quiet.

James glances behind him, notices his phone on the stiff.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Listen we have the same type of
phones. Maybe if my battery is ok I
can take it out and put it in yours.

ANGELA
He'll shoot you.

JAMES
I'll be quick.

Angela holds James's hand tightly and stares lovingly into
his eyes. She whispers gently...

ANGELA
I'm sorry, this is all my fault.

James smiles.

JAMES
I know.

ANGELA
Hey.

He quickly makes a run to the body and dives behind. Pete
shoots the body continuously, James uses the stiff as a shield
until the gunfire stops. Angela screams.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You leave him alone you hateful man.

PETE
Ohhh those are dying words mam.

He starts shooting towards Angela, as James makes a run back.
He takes the battery out and places in her phone.

JAMES
It works.

He leans in to kiss her, just as her cellphone rings to the
ringtone D-I-V-O-R-C-E by Tammy Wynette.

ANGELA

Oh crap, it's the marriage counselor.

Pete takes another shot.

PETE (O.S.)

I hear you.

JAMES

You gotta be kidding me, that's your ringtone for the counselor.

ANGELA

Trust me you don't wanna know your ringtone.

Angela hangs up without answering it.

The shooting stops, they glance at each other and then they look back and notice Pete starting to walk down the hill, he looks a little uneasy.

JAMES

I bet you one hundred bucks we're gonna die.

ANGELA

Way to be optimistic.

JAMES

I'm just saying the odds are stacked against us.

ANGELA

You know what, I'll take your no lose bet.

They slap hands.

JAMES

You're on.

PETE

You guys are pissing me off making me walk. I ain't one for exercise.

Pete trips over his feet and accidentally shoots himself in the heart. He tumbles and lands right next to the other stiff.

ANGELA

You're the worst gambler ever.

Suddenly her phone rings, it's the marriage counselor again.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hello.

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR (V.O.)

I've been waiting all night. I guess
we'll cancel and reschedule.

Angela glances at her luckless husband, with his head in his hands.

ANGELA

Naah we'll call you.

She sighs, hangs up and powers down her phone. She puts her arms around James and hugs him tight.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Vegas baby.

FADE OUT: