

Secrets

Written By

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Based on the short story, by Ian Muller

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FADE IN:

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

The room screams old money. Intricate oriental rugs cover the floor. A collection of antique hunting rifles hang on the wall.

A HAND pours scotch from a crystal decanter into a glass. It belongs to GARVEY (51), a squat little man, whose tailored smoking jacket barely covers his rotund belly.

He hands the glass to MARTIN (45), clearly not his first of the night. The liquor has made the younger man sweat through his Armani jacket. He sits on a leather armchair.

Still holding the decanter, Garvey moves to the window, overlooking the house's lawn.

GARVEY

I don't know if I've ever told you this, Martin, but I use the same Kentucky blue as the club. Have I mentioned that before?

MARTIN

Only every time you've had me over, Garvey. What's this all about?

Garvey is undeterred.

GARVEY

You know it's such a headache to care for in this climate, but I always say if you really want something, then it's worth doing right.

MARTIN

Garvey, I really don't-

GARVEY

(interrupting)

I guess you and Katherine don't have to worry about the trivialities of lawn care. I mean, I assume you're both still in the condo?

MARTIN

The penthouse.

GARVEY

The penthouse. Of course. I guess some people need the hustle and bustle of the city. I much prefer the solitude my estate affords.

Garvey swigs scotch directly from the decanter, wiping the excess with the back of his meaty hand.

GARVEY

And how is the lovely Katherine these days?

MARTIN

Waiting patiently for her husband to return home.

Garvey ignores the statement.

GARVEY

Well my Stacey is on a mother-daughter trip to the Bahamas at the moment. I must say, if you haven't been, you should really go.

Garvey moves to his ornately carved desk at the opposite side of the room and unlocks the top drawer.

GARVEY

Although I'm sure I'll lament the credit card bill she'll return with, I'm glad her absence has given us an opportunity to speak man-to-man.

Garvey pulls an envelope out from the drawer.

MARTIN

We do that enough at the country club. I really am too busy for this tonight. Surely, you understand?

He pulls a silver letter opener across the envelope's edge, cascading photos out onto the desktop.

GARVEY

You're right. Let's get started.

Martin stands, moving closer to the desk.

MARTIN

What is this?

GARVEY

Look at the photos, Martin.

MARTIN

I won't ask again. What is this all about?

Garvey slams his fat hands down onto the desk.

GARVEY

LOOK AT THE FUCKING PHOTOS SO WE CAN GET ON WITH IT!

Martin spreads the photos out onto the desk. Each one is a photo of him at a different motel. Various teenage boys hang on his arm.

He sinks back into the chair.

GARVEY

Not quite the Waldorf, hmm old boy? Tell me, did you rent by the night or by the hour?

Martin downs his drink. Garvey reaches over the desk and tops him off.

MARTIN

How much do you know?

GARVEY

I know you've been a naughty little boy, Martin.

The older man rounds the table toward Martin.

GARVEY

Did you really think you could run for board president at the country club and expect me to sit around with my thumb up my ass? It's like I always say, if you wanna win, you've got to play the offensive.

MARTIN

So you followed me?

GARVEY

My P.I. did. Took him less than a week before he found you trawling for young boys. Prostitutes, I assume?

MARTIN

Mostly.

GARVEY

Stacey told me that she and Katherine had spoken about your problems in the bedroom. I'd thought you just couldn't get it up. I had no idea you were a faggot.

Martin glares at the other man.

MARTIN

So it's blackmail then? You want me off the board at the club?

GARVEY

I want you gone. Period. And I want for everyone else at the country club to remember that the next time someone comes for the king, they better not fucking miss.

MARTIN

And if I don't...?

GARVEY

First I'll send these photos to your wife. Then the police.

Martin gulps his scotch, letting the empty glass fall to the floor. He raises, standing eye-to-eye with Garvey.

GARVEY

So we're agreed?

Martin nods.

GARVEY

You know, it's like I always say-

The STRAIGHT RAZOR appears in Martin's hand as if by magic. He slashes it across Garvey's double-chin.

Arterial spray blasts toward the ceiling as the fat man falls backward on the floor.

Martin pounces on Garvey, cutting large swatches of flesh from his face and chest. Sweat pours down Martin's brow.

MARTIN

You've always been cheap Garvey.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That fake watch. This fake scotch.

Garvey struggles to catch his breath through the ragged hole in his throat.

MARTIN

If you'd have spent more on your P.I. then he might have stayed around after I'd finished with the boys. He had seen what I did to their bodies. How I cut 'em up and wrapped them in trash bags.

Garvey fights against the man straddling him. Martin twists the older man's wrist, sinking the blade into Garvey's forearm.

MARTIN

It's like I always say, Garvey. There's more than one way to skin a cat.

CUT TO BLACK.