

LEAVE IT BURIED

Written by
Simon K. Parker

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Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. GYM - DAY

JOE, 35, tall, handsome and muscular works out on a punching bag, dodges, ducks and moves like a professional boxer.

He hits the bag hard, powerful.

Drenched in sweat and out of breath he doesn't slow down in fact he speeds up, pushes himself to the limit.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe let's himself in. Freshly showered and with a gym bag slung over his shoulder he locks the front door shut behind him.

ERIN, 31. Slim and pretty comes out of the kitchen with several open letters in her hands.

She marches over to Joe unimpressed. Forces him to take them. He quickly looks through them. They're all rent arrears money owed, rent demanded, eviction looming.

ERIN

You need to sort this out.

Joe adds these letters to a pile of identical others.

JOE

I will.

ERIN

Three months this has been going on for. I'm not losing this house Joe.

JOE

And we won't.

ERIN

Are you a child, if we lose this place we'll have nowhere else to go. Joe, are you a fucking idiot. Wake up.

He snaps screams back at her, holds a clenched fist in front of her face.

JOE

Don't do that, don't talk to me like this and don't you fucking yell.

ERIN

This is our lives you useless piece of shit. I want a stop to these letter, do you understand?

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He marches past her, heads up stairs.

JOE

I'm not doing this now. You've got all the answers haven't you. Well fuck you because I've always done everything. I've always provided you...

He stops, glances over his shoulder and looks back at her, he's drawn a complete blank.

She's already knows what this is. She laughs at him, cruel.

ERIN

Your fucking head is so fucked. You can't remember my name. I'm your wife you dumb piece of shit.

He's furious, spit down at the floor.

JOE

Fuck you.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - JOE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Joe throws his gym bag into a corner of the room. Sits down on the bed and puts his head in his hands, a deep breath.

Erin follows him inside.

ERIN

We don't have any money, all the prize money is gone Joe. You're not a boxer anymore it's not going to happen. Get a job.

He stands up and goes nose to nose with her, she doesn't back down.

JOE

You spent all my money, you, not me. And now it's all gone you're showing your true colors.

ERIN

I'm still here Joe. I could have fucking left. My mother's offered me a place to stay. You need to get a job.

JOE

You get a job.

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ERIN

And who's going to look after the kids. You can't even remember their names you fucking idiot.

JOE

I've always done right by you, I love you. My family is everything to me. I've always boxed. Fighting is all I know how to do. My father was a world champion and that's was what I was supposed to be.

Erin breaks down crying.

ERIN

We can't keep living like this. Life used to be so good. I used to be so happy.

JOE

You want me to get a job I'll get a job. I'll get us money.

ERIN

I shouldn't have to tell you, you should want to do it.

JOE

I was supposed to be something special. My father was a world champion and what am I?

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Joe slowly pushes open the bedroom door, toys all over the floor. The walls covered in cartoon posters.

A young BOY, 6, and GIRL, 8. Sit on one of the beds, they're faces are both tense with fear. Joe smiles in at them.

He doesn't know what to say. He blows them both a kiss.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A busy work site. Joe stands with Steve, 52. In a hard hat and high visibility jacket.

They reach out towards one another and shake hands.

STEVE

It's really good to see you Joe.

JOE

And you.

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STEVE

Last time I saw you was about five years ago on the television and you knocked this guy out in the fifth round. It was a great fight. I had one hundred dollars on you to win by knock out, won me a nice bundle of cash. So I thank you for that.

Joe smiles warmly at him.

JOE

I need a job. You were always a good friend to my father and when I was a kid you always said if I ever needed work, just come and see you.

STEVE

You want to work for me?

JOE

I want to work for anybody, I need the money.

Steve is suddenly nervous and unsure.

STEVE

I'm sorry Joe you're a good kid but I've got no work here. I've already got too many guys as it is. I've even had to send a couple home early.

JOE

You've got nothing for me?

STEVE

Joe, do you remember my name?

Joe shrugs, shakes his head and has to laugh.

JOE

No, but don't get your feelings hurt I don't remember anyone's name anymore. No matter how hard I try it just goes in one ear and out the other.

STEVE

I'm worried about you Joe. You need to go to the doctor and get yourself checked out.

Joe waves him off dismissive.

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JOE

I'll be fine, but if you get any more work coming through you give me a call alright?

STEVE

You've got to look after that brain of yours. Don't want it to get any worse.

Joe turns his back on him and walks away.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Two enforcement officers dressed in stab prove vests stand at the front door with Erin.

LUKE, 20, hands Erin an eviction letter whilst RYAN, 19, forces his way inside, pushes Erin out of the way.

Erin is lost and confused, tears in her eyes.

ERIN

You can't fucking do this.

Luke points to the letter that she now holds as Ryan disappears inside.

LUKE

You were warned over and over again. Times up.

ERIN

I have my children inside.

LUKE

Then you best get them out.

ERIN

Can't you just wait to talk to my husband?

LUKE

This isn't your home anymore. The eviction has been finalized, its gone through the courts. You've got one hour to gather as much of your things as you can. I suggest that's what you start doing instead of standing here wasting time talking to me.

INT. BAR - DAY

Joe sits in a dark corner of a cheap looking bar. He drinks alone.

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Looks down at the table, feels sorry for himself.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Erin packs a suitcase with the children's clothes as quickly as she can. Doesn't bother to fold them. Distressed, tears stream down her face.

Her children stand together and watch not knowing what to do.

Luke and Ryan stand in the doorway, both with their arms crossed in front of their chests.

Luke and Ryan turn to face each other, they share a look. Luke gestures to his watch, impatient.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe approaches the house. He sees Erin outside with a closed suitcase between her legs and their children on either side of her.

Erin watches whilst Luke and Ryan set about changing the locks.

At first Joe is confused, can't wrap his head around what's going on in front of him.

He approaches.

JOE

Hey. What are you doing. Get the fuck away from my house.

Everyone turns to face him. Joe sees the sadness and fear on the faces of his family.

Luke and Ryan stand up and turn to him. Get themselves ready for confrontation.

Now Joe understands what's going on.

LUKE

Sir...

Bang. Before he can get another word out Joe delivers a solid right hand to his jaw. Perfect connection and knocks him out cold.

Ryan backs away but Joe moves after him quickly. Rolls his shoulder and throws out an uppercut. Nearly ripping the man's head off. He's knocked out cold too.

The fight is over almost as quickly as it started.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Joe leans back against the wall, he faces Erin who sits in the middle of the sofa with their two children on either side of her.

All three stare back at Joe. Their mouths open and eyes watery, emotionally exhausted.

Joe grits his teeth both hands still clenched into fists.

JOE

I promise you all, I'll never let this happen again. This is our home and we're not leaving. I will always protect you.

They don't seem so convinced.

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe stands at the front door, his body fills the door frame. He's not going to budge.

TOMMY, 33. Faces him dressed smart in a suit with a hat in his hands.

TOMMY

Hi Joe, do you remember me?

Joe nods.

JOE

Yes, I just can't remember names. Punched in the head too many times you know. But I know who you are and who you work for.

TOMMY

I've heard that about you. But not been able to remember names is quite advantageous in my line of work.

JOE

What do you want?

TOMMY

Those two men you put in the hospital work for me.

JOE

I don't want to go to war with you but I will to keep my family safe. You send anyone else like that around here again and the same thing is going to happen.

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TOMMY

Your father was a well respected man and he would have wanted the best for you. Your boxing career is over but I am looking for a gardener.

Joe is taken about, caught off guard.

JOE

A what?

TOMMY

I want to help you and I think working outdoors will be good for you. Help clear your head.

JOE

Plants and stuff, that kind of gardener?

TOMMY

Sort of.

Joe doesn't know what to say.

Tommy reaches into his jacket and takes out money from his wallet, gives it to Joe.

Joe nods, he needs money, how can he say no.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Open farm land Joe digs a hole, it's hard work. But he gets it done.

A group of GANGSTERS now drag a battered and bloodied corpse over to it and throw it inside the freshly dug hole.

Joe gets back to work and fills the hole back up again.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END