

INT./EXT. DOWNTOWN WILMINGTON - CAR - NIGHT

Downtown hopping, night-lifers swarm to packed bars. A party town in its prime: lit cigs, back alley key bumps, no shortage of drinks. Cops lay in wait at every corner.

The late night drunken shit show in full swing, a black Ford Mustang drives through the madness.

BEN, early 20s, looks like an alt-rock band member, grips the steering wheel, his face a bit too close to the windshield.

DEAN, mid 20s, a charming, but perpetual drunk, sits in the passenger seat, bobs his head to music that isn't playing.

DEAN
Take a right, man.

BEN
Don't.

Ben makes a point to go straight instead.

BEN (CONT'D)
Can't believe you brought a knife.

DEAN
C'mon, I said I was sorry.

Dean waves the knife around for any onlooker to see, puts it away when Ben shoots him a what-the-fuck-are-you-doing look.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You gotta admit, man, it upped the tension. Can't tell me you didn't feel alive.

BEN
What were you going to do? Stab someone?

DEAN
Nah, man. Was just for fun.

BEN
I swear to God...if we get arrested because of you...

DEAN
I'm sorry, man. I won't do it again.

BEN

I'm driving a stolen car...on a suspended license...because your dumbass showed up drunk. And you're sorry?

Dean pulls a flask from his jacket, takes a drink, and offers it to Ben who swats it away.

DEAN

C'mon, don't look at me like that. It's medicinal.

SIRENS BLARE. Ben looks into the rear-view. Red and blue lights flash a few blocks back.

Ben SLAMS his fist into the mid-console and pulls to the curb directly outside a RAUCOUS bar.

YOUNG WOMAN, early 20s, stumbles out of the bar. DRY HEAVES.

Cop car. Two blocks back.

Young woman wipes her mouth and takes out a cigarette.

One block back.

Young woman walks over to the Mustang and checks her appearance in the window.

Cop car speeds off down the street toward an unseen threat.

Ben rolls down the window.

BEN

Hey, are you okay? Need help?

Young woman gives the bird and struts back into the bar.

Ben rolls up the window and pulls away, shoulders tense.

PHONE RINGS.

BEN (CONT'D)

That you?

DEAN

Nah, man.

Ben glances over his shoulder, an empty backseat.

BEN

Shit. She might be able to track her phone.

DEAN
Sounds like it's coming from the trunk.

INT./EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Ben drives over a red bricked road. Historic homes line one side with a church on the other.

They park in the only available spot by the church.

BEN
Stay here.

Ben gets out of the car.

Dean follows, stumbling toward the church's black metal fence that blocks outsiders from trespassing.

Scattered throughout - gravestones. Preserved, but old. Leafless trees watch over the dead.

DEAN
This is some ominous shit, man.
They say this cemetery...they say
it's haunted as hell.

BEN
Don't care.

Ben walks to the back of the car and pops the trunk. Too dark to see anything.

DEAN
Like one of the most haunted places
in town, man.

BEN
I'm really not in the mood.

DEAN
Just saying, wouldn't speak ill of
the dead here, you know?

BEN
Can I get a light?

Dean obliges and walks to the back of the car. He turns on his phone's flashlight setting and shines it into the trunk.

DEAN
(casually)
Uh. That's a problem.

Two unblinking eyes stare up at them. Ben SLAMS the trunk and does a quick scan of the surrounding area. No one in sight, he opens the trunk again.

BEN
Is that Steve?

DEAN
The dude from the bar? Think so.

STEVE, 30s, local barfly, lays unmoving with a bullet in his temple. Ghost-like complexion.

BEN
Is he dead?

DEAN
Seems pretty dead.

BEN
You don't know that.

Dean puts a finger to Steve's neck.

DEAN
Pretty sure he's dead, man. No pulse. And the extra hole in his head kind of gives it away.

BEN
Right.

Long pause. A staring contest with dead Steve.

DEAN
Thoughts? Opinions?

BEN
Get in the car.

Ben walks to the driver's side. He hops in and seems surprised when Dean listens, getting in on the other side.

DEAN
Interesting turn of events.

BEN
What the fucking fuck!

They sit in silence.

Dean drinks and turns on the radio, happy with the song.

Ben stares at the car in front of him, expressionless.

No one speaks.

Finally . . .

BEN (CONT'D)
(lowers radio volume)
Should we call the police?

DEAN
Why? We didn't kill him.

BEN
You're joking, right?

DEAN
Nah, man.
(turns radio up)
Think about it. We jacked Kelly's car. Sure, it was a prank, but do you really think the cops will believe us if we say we weren't involved?

BEN
We were just fucking with her!
Think of all the shit she's pulled on us! We didn't know we'd find a body in the goddamned trunk!

Dean shrugs. No response.

BEN (CONT'D)
So, what? We do nothing?

DEAN
No, man. We do what any other sane person would do.

BEN
What's that?

DEAN
We forget.

Dean takes a second flask from his jacket and tosses it to Ben. It lands in his lap. Ben hesitates and picks it up.

BEN
This is fucked. Do you think she killed him?

DEAN

Dunno, man. But, just in case,
remind me never to get on Kelly's
bad side.

Undoing the flask's top, Ben downs its contents.

Dean follows suit.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Should probably get the car back to
the lot before that kicks in.
Wouldn't want you getting pulled
over for drunk driving.