

(Name of Project)

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DUMPED

FADE IN:

EXT. CASA MARA CABINS - SUNSET

A fishing lodge that has seen far better days.

A beat up 86 Chevy Impala pulls up to the front office. SCOTT THATCHER late 30s, unshaven and beat sits behind the wheel.

INT. CHEVY - CONTINUOUS

The debris of two days journey litter the inside of the car. An empty packet of Wake up pills sits on the passenger seat.

Scott stares at the closed up office unsure what to do. DISTANT SPLASHING. Scott looks to his left.

SCOTT POV - OCEAN

JITTERBUG JUNIE, a heavysset woman in her 60's sits on a two wheel paddle boat looking over its side into the dark water of the cove. She's saying something to the water.

BACK TO SCENE:

Scott frowns and gets out of the car.

EXT. OFFICE FRONT PORCH - SECONDS LATER

Scott walks up to the weatherbeaten front door. He knocks loudly on the door.

SCOTT

Hey Dan...! Dan...! Hey!

Scott starts to pound on the door.

SCOTT

Open up, you've got a guest here. I need a cabin, God damn it!

SOFT SINGING. Scott turns towards its source.

EXT. CASA MARA CABINS - CONTINUOUS

Junie dances her bulk up the path between the cabins from the water's edge. She's singing, "Minnie the Moocher," an old Cab Calloway tune.

She smiles at Scott as she pushes past him and opens the door into the front office. Scott follows her in.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Worn down but tidy.

JUNIE  
(songlike)  
You want a room.

She dances by Scott to a board with keys hanging from it. She turns and regards Scott for a moment.

JUNIE  
I know you. Mr. Policeman. I know  
you.

She walks over to the front desk and flips open a thick ledger. She turns back a few pages and then stabs her finger down on the page with triumph.

JUNIE  
Scott Thatcher! You've seen better  
days.

SCOTT  
Ain't that the truth.

She looks around Scott's shoulder into the dark behind him.

JUNIE  
Where's Dianne?

Scott says nothing.

JUNIE  
Shame. You made a nice couple.

Scott frowns at her tone and then shrugs.

SCOTT  
Cop's curse.

JUNIE  
So I hear.

SCOTT  
Where's Dan?

JUNIE  
Oh, he's away.

Junie holds out a room key.

JUNIE

Number four, right by the water.  
Just like before.

SCOTT

Not quite.

JUNIE

Breakfast runs till eleven at  
Madigan's if you haven't brought  
your own. You remember how to get  
there? He's just out and to the  
left, down the road about thirty  
minutes.

EXT. CASA MARA CABINS - NIGHT

Scott stumbles through the darkness to cabin number four. He pauses listening for something. With a shake of his head, he fumbles the key into the lock.

INT. SCOTT'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. Scott tries the light, nothing happens. He's too tired to care. He tosses his bag to one side, edges the door closed with his heel and...

...Collapses on the bed. He starts to SNORE almost immediately.

INT. SCOTT'S CABIN - MORNING

Scott still lies where he fell. Sunlight plays across his face.

He rolls over, sits up and rubs his fists into his eyes. Blinking to clear his vision.

Scott digs around in the bottom of his overnight bag. His hand comes out holding a Beretta 9mm automatic. He checks that it's loaded and lays it on the bed.

He reaches into the bag again and comes out this time with a framed photograph of his wife, Dianne. He stares at the picture for a long beat.

The picture is placed on the bed and the gun is picked up.

Scott cocks the hammer back and puts the barrel under his chin. He squints out the cabin window at the ocean view one last time.

SCOTT POV - OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The tide is out. It's just a vast mud plane. A lumpy object covered in rope and rags lies out in the middle of it. Gulls are gathered on top of the lump.

BACK TO SCENE:

Scott pales. He knows what that lump is. He lowers the gun. His shoulders slump.

SCOTT

Ah fuck.

EXT. TIDAL FLAT - MINUTES LATER

Scott wearing a blue SFPD hooded sweatshirt, slips and slides his way through the mud of the Flat towards the lump.

The Gulls fly off and Rock crabs skitter out of his way as he gets closer to the lump.

EXT. THE BODY - MOMENTS LATER

Scott looks down at the remains that was a man. A near skeletal hand with whitened flesh still attached points at the sky. A large mason's ring prominent on one finger.

SCOTT

Hello Dan.

A hand clamps down on his shoulder making Scott jump.

GARRULOUS DAN stands there in all of his old, flannel shirt, red haired glory. He looks down at the lump of his dead body.

DAN

Not too good a look for me.

Scott looks back at the body.

SCOTT

You've had better days.

Scott squats down, lifts up a cinder block with a rope tied through it and examines it. He lets it fall back into the water.

SCOTT

At least Junie made sure you were well anchored.

DAN  
She's a real thorough gal is my  
Junie.

SCOTT  
You wouldn't want to tell me how  
this happened huh?

Scott turns around.

There's nobody there.

SCOTT  
Didn't think so.

Scott shivers and jams his hands deep in his sweatshirt's  
pockets. He looks to the shore.

A WOMAN in a summer dress that blows in the wind stands on  
the shoreline watching him. She looks sad and disappointed.

Scott waves to her.

SCOTT  
(under his breath)  
I was wondering when you'd show up.

FADE TO WHITE:

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE FRONT PORCH - LATER

Scott bangs on the front door. Silence. He waits a beat and  
then tries the doorknob. It's unlocked. He looks around and  
then opens the door and steps inside.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scott closes the door behind him.

SCOTT  
Junie?

Silence. He walks through the pass through door into Junie's  
living quarters.

SCOTT  
Junie.

It's obvious she's not there. Scott moves over to the registration desk and starts going through the papers there.

He fingers through a stack of bills all unopened and marked PAST DUE on the envelopes. He moves through the pile until he gets to TERMINATION notices for the power, phone and cable.

He opens the reservation ledger.

SCOTT POV - LEDGER

The last entry before his is three months ago.

BACK TO SCENE

Scott frowns and closes the book. A TRUCK PULLS UP OUTSIDE.

Scott moves quickly out from behind the desk.

The front door opens and a MAILMAN in his early 20's stands there a wad of more bills in his hand. Scott's presence startles him.

MAILMAN

Whoah. You Junie's son or something?

SCOTT

No.

MAILMAN

So, uh, where is she?

SCOTT

No idea. I just checked in last night.

(points toward the beach)  
Cabin four. Only found out this morning the place hasn't been taking guests for awhile.

MAILMAN

Yeah.

SCOTT

It's a real shame. Dan was telling me just last year, he was going to add some cabins over by the split.

The mailman relaxes a bit and slaps the mail down on the reservation desk.

MAILMAN

It'd be a good place for them.

SCOTT

Wouldn't it though. You come out this way often?

MAILMAN

Twice a month unless the ferries aren't running. Anybody wants their mail more often, they've got to boat it into town.

SCOTT

When was the last time you talked to Dan?

MAILMAN

(shrugs)

Last time I was out here. He's not missing is he.

SCOTT

Nah, he's not too far off. Do Junie and Dan go into town together much?

MAILMAN

Usually just Junie. Maybe twice a month for groceries and such. Dan keeps pretty much to himself out here. Everybody likes Junie.

Scott snaps his finger.

SCOTT

Damn, I promised I'd help Junie pull those paddle boats out of the water this morning. Great meeting you though.

Scott gives the mailman a quick handshake and hustles the confused man out the door.

EXT. BEACH PATH - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Scott walks down a treed path trying to find Junie.

EXT. BEACH - LATER STILL

Scott comes out of the trees onto the beach. Two paddle boats sit beached at the water's edge. Scott goes over to the boats and starts to inspect them.

Scott looks up.

Dianne stands at the edge of the tree line, still sad.

SCOTT  
Now's not a good time Dianne.

He fingers some fresh scratches in the fiberglass of the one boat.

He pulls some rope fibers out of the end of the foot pedal and inspects them. He slides his hand down to the rudder and feels around its edges.

Scott looks up, Dianne is gone again.

EXT. JUNIE'S GARDEN - MID MORNING

Junie works away in her little vegetable patch, humming to herself.

Scott steps around the side of her cabin.

SCOTT  
Junie.

She rocks back on her heels and looks up at Scott, smiling.

JUNIE  
Good morning Scott.

Junie points to his pants.

JUNIE  
Been down to the water I see.

Scott looks down, his pants are still wet.

SCOTT  
What happened to Dan, Junie?

Her smile falters, she looks away.

JUNIE  
He's dead.

SCOTT  
I know, I found his body earlier...  
Did you kill him?

Junie looks Scott straight in the eye.

JUNIE  
I'm sure Dan would say that.

SCOTT  
What would, what would Junie say?

JUNIE  
I'd say...

Her mask of joviality slides into place.

JUNIE  
...That it's high time you had some  
breakfast.

She gets up off her knees and brushes the dirt away.

JUNIE  
Come inside, and I'll fix you some  
nice bacon and eggs. Dianne always  
said you never ate enough in the  
mornings.

She brushes past him.

SCOTT  
Junie...

Junie disappears around the edge of the cabin.

JUNIE  
Come along Scott.

Scott follows her.

EXT. SIDE OF JUNIE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT  
Junie, if you killed Dan, we have  
to call the police. If you didn't,  
then you have to tell me so we can  
go to the next step. You've got to  
deal with...

Junie whirls on Dan, steel in her voice. She raises her  
trowel like a dagger aimed at Scott's face.

JUNIE  
Be quiet Scott, right now.

She takes a step towards him. Scott takes an involuntary  
step back.

JUNIE

This is my place. You are my guest  
and as long as you are, you abide  
by my rules and rule number one is  
we don't talk about Daniel, ever  
again.

Junie turns on her heel and storms off. Seconds later, a  
DOOR SLAMS.

SCOTT

I guess breakfast's off.

EXT. SCOTT'S CAR - LATER

Scott has the hood up.

SCOTT POV - MOTOR

The distributor cap is missing.

BACK TO SCENE:

SCOTT

You old bitch.

He turns to face the office cabin.

SCOTT

This had better mean I'm not paying  
for tonight, Junie.

EXT. JUNIE'S CABIN - LATER

Scott bangs at the door. No answer. He gives the door a  
good shoulder. It opens with a SPLINTERING CRUNCH.

INT. JUNIE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Scott looks around. The room is mostly Junie, very little  
Dan, memorabilia line the walls or tables.

INT. JUNIE'S KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Scott sits at Junie's kitchen table wolfing down a sandwich.  
He finishes eating, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a  
handful of crumpled bills. He extracts a couple and drops  
them on the table.

EXT. SCOTT'S CABIN - SUNSET

Scott sits at the telephone desk trying to get some notes down by candlelight. He's not having too much success. He looks up out his window.

SCOTT POV - OCEAN

Junie's in her paddle boat looking, talking to the water again.

BACK TO SCENE:

Scott blows out his candle, plunging the room into darkness.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Scott stands behind a tree watching Junie.

Junie looks down into the water muttering. Snatches of what she's saying make it to shore.

JUNIE

Son of a bitch... You never even  
tried to tell... Couldn't you  
have... Trust.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Scott stands dozing by his tree. The SCRAPE OF FIBERGLASS ON SAND. He shakes himself awake.

Scott walks down to the waters edge and helps Junie pull the paddle boat out of the water.

Junie ties the boat up beside its partner. She brushes the sand from her hands and straightens up. She gives Scott a long hard look and nods.

EXT. JUNIE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Scott sits at the kitchen table. Junie rummages around in the pantry. She pulls out a bottle of red wine and two water tumblers. She hands Scott the bottle and a corkscrew.

JUNIE

It's a bit rustic but we're not  
high society out here, so what the  
hell.

Scott gets the cork free and pours two glasses of wine.

JUNIE  
Don't be so stingy.

She takes the bottle and fills the two tumblers almost up to the rim.

They both take long drinks.

JUNIE  
Don't know about you but I needed that.

Scott nods, understanding.

JUNIE  
You know, Dan built everything in this place. The shelves, this table. If you're looking at it, there's a good chance he built it.

SCOTT  
He always struck me as being a handy guy.

Junie gives a derisive snort.

JUNIE  
He didn't build all the stuff cause he was handy, or because he enjoyed it, he was just too damned cheap to buy anything new... Saving it all up to build us a dream.

(shakes her head)

Casa Mara, our big investment. Our dream retirement. It was going to be huge, movie stars, business magnates, all the ones travelling up to Desolation Sound. They were going to want to stop here and stay awhile.

SCOTT  
But it never happened.

Junie finishes her glass of wine and pours another.

JUNIE  
No, it did not. Everything was half started with that man. Half built cabins, half cleared land. Paperwork for a private ferry service, half done.

Junie leans forward.

JUNIE  
I'll always take care of you, never  
fool around on you, never abandon  
you.

Junie guns back the rest of her wine and pours another.

SCOTT  
Is that why you killed him?

JUNIE  
I told you, that's probably what  
Dan'd say. He'd have said I pushed  
him too hard. That my expectations  
were too high. That he worked his  
fingers to the bone for me,  
overstressing his fatty old heart.

SCOTT  
Then what..?

JUNIE  
...Heart attack. He wasn't even  
working at the time.

EXT. JUNIE'S CABIN - MORNING

Dan stands on the front porch looking over his domain,  
scratching himself and drinking his instant coffee.

JUNIE (V.O.)  
He was standing on the front porch  
in his underwear, drinking his  
morning instant. Probably  
wondering why nobody had called to  
take a room here in a while.

Dan grimaces in pain and clutches at his chest.

His coffee mug tumbles to the ground, the coffee splashing  
everywhere.

JUNIE (V.O.)  
He didn't even make a sound.

Dan falls back against the cabin wall and slides down to the  
ground.

JUNIE (V.O.)  
He kept everything from me even his  
death right to the bitter end.

Junie walks outside looking for Dan.

JUNIE (V.O.)

I came outside to ask him if he'd taken the money from the social security check I'd just cashed.

Junie drags Dan's body down to the beach.

JUNIE (V.O.)

That night, when the tide came in, I dragged him down to the beach. It took me nearly an hour. These old arms of mine aren't as strong as they used to be. Daniel was really heavy.

INT. JUNIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT

Dead weight. It's hard to move.

Junie gives Scott a funny smile.

JUNIE

Yes, dead weight, I suppose that's it.

SCOTT

You got some cinder blocks to weigh him down.

JUNIE

From the patio he never finished.

SCOTT

But you couldn't get him far enough out. So you had to drop him too close to shore, where he could be seen when the tide was out.

JUNIE

I dropped him where I could get to him regular. Where I could walk out to spit on his miserable old bones when the urge took me.

SCOTT

That's pretty cold Junie.

Junie pushes herself back and staggers over to a stack of papers on the kitchen counter.

She pulls one off the top and weaves her way back to the table. She thrusts the paper at Scott. Scott unfolds it.

Junie sits down on the other side of the table, grabs the wine bottle and starts drinking out of the bottle.

SCOTT POV - PAPER

Dear Mr. MacGraw

Further to our conversation of October 17th, I confirm that we are discontinuing your term life insurance policy 00RT1889 as of the aforementioned date, due to a failure to pay owed premiums. Should you wish to reapply for life insurance in the future, please do not hesitate to contact us.

Sincerely,

Bob Smith

Adjuster.

BACK TO SCENE:

Scott refolds the letter and tosses it onto the table.

SCOTT

He didn't leave you anything.

Junie slams the wine bottle down on the table.

JUNIE

He ran us into ruin. He hid the bills from me, he turned guests away, he stole my money. The worst part was he stopped talking to me. Stopped touching me. Just went away inside himself like there wasn't another soul in the world. Then he leaves me without even the decency to say good bye. The old bastard.

Junie starts to cry.

Scott reaches over and pulls the bottle gently from her grasp. He gets up and helps the still sobbing Junie out of her chair and back to her bedroom.

INT. JUNIE'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Scott lifts Junie onto her bed and covers her with a blanket.

Junie rolls over and looks at him.

JUNIE  
Am I going to jail?

SCOTT  
It's going to be okay Junie, just  
get some sleep, okay?

Junie smiles at Scott then rolls over and begins to snore.

Scott sits on the edge of the bed watching her sleep. He knows what he has to do.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Scott drags a paddle boat into the water. He grimaces at the frigid cold of the ocean.

SCOTT  
Son of a bitch.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

Scott feels around the sandy bottom with his feet. His teeth are chattering.

SCOTT  
C'mon Dan, where the hell are you.

His foot hit's something. Scott looks like he's going to puke. He drops down into the water reaching for the bottom. He comes back up with a hunk of rope tied to a cinder block.

Scott manhandles Dan's awkward remains into the Paddle boat. It takes three tries before he's able to get the body to stay.

Scott paddles the body out to deeper water. He hauls Dan up, grimacing at the smell and drops him off the side of the boat.

SCOTT  
So long Dan.

Scott start the hard business of paddling back to shore against the tide.

EXT. BEACH - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Scott lies on the beach exhausted. The paddle boat is high and dry beside him.

SCOTT'S POV - UNDERWATER

An angry Dianne throws rocks down at Scott. She looks like she's swearing but there's no sound except for the SPLOOSH of the rocks hitting the water.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Junie in a dress similar to Diane's stands at the edge of the tide flat looking at the place where Dan's body used to be. She looks sad, small and alone.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Junie and Scott stand facing each other beside the paddle boats.

JUNIE

Why?

SCOTT

To protect you.

Junie steps towards Scott and start to pound at his chest with her hands clenched.

JUNIE

You had no right. He deserved what he got.

Scott grabs Junie's arms and pulls her to him.

SCOTT

Somebody would have found him sooner or later. They'd think the worst.

JUNIE

I just want to hate him.

SCOTT

Then hate him but do it without his body in plain sight.

Dianne stands watching him from the trees. Their eye's meet.

SCOTT

(looking at Dianne)  
But it'd be better if you just got on with your life.

JUNIE

There's not much to get on with.

SCOTT  
I'm sure you'll find something.

Dianne turns and disappears into the woods.

JUNIE  
I'm getting a bit long in the tooth  
for that.

Scott lets go of Junie and steps back.

SCOTT  
It's never too late.

JUNIE  
What about you and Dianne? Can you  
fix things?

SCOTT  
It's about as likely as old Dan  
swimming back to shore for one more  
dance.

JUNIE  
I'll dance with you Scott.

SCOTT  
Sure Junie, anytime. Now about my  
distributor cap.

FADE OUT: