

THE BENCH

by

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EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

The sky is blue and many clouds are in air. It's warm with very little wind blowing. Few birds are chirping and the sun is hiding behind a few clouds.

MICHAEL (20s) walks his small, black dog and as he reaches a bench under a tree, he sits down and lets his dog roam free.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Cute dog.

Michael is startled and looks beside him. There sits a tall, pretty and mysterious woman (20s). She is wearing a long, black coat.

MICHAEL

Thank you. He's a good dog.

The woman takes her eyes off the dog and looks back at Michael.

WOMAN

There's a better place than here.

Michael is confused.

MICHAEL

A better place? What do you mean?

WOMAN

A place that forgives you.

Michael raises his eyebrows.

MICHAEL

Will you please tell me what you are talking about?

The woman chuckles.

WOMAN

When someone makes a mistake, it's rare anyone will truly forgive them. They may say they do but they really don't.

MICHAEL

That's life. Most people find it hard to forgive.

WOMAN

Yes, that's true but some of us don't deserve forgiveness.

MICHAEL

I don't want to sound rude, but does any of this have a point?

The woman nods her head.

WOMAN

Yes. It does have a point. Life is made up of choices. Some good and some bad. Some make terrible ones and take the wrong path in dealing with them.

MICHAEL

Yes. A lot of us do but most of us make up for our mistakes.

WOMAN

When we're born, we have the choice to live a full, normal life or live with only misery and mistakes we ignore.

MICHAEL

Yes. That's generally what people do. I know that.

WOMAN

There are only a few of us, Michael, who believe we are here for a reason, while others believe it's all just fun before death.

Michael squints his eyes in wonder.

MICHAEL

I don't remember telling you my name.

WOMAN

You haven't today.

Michael rubs his head.

MICHAEL

Then how do you know my name?

The woman chuckles.

WOMAN

I know everything about you, Michael.

MICHAEL

Would you care to tell me how?

WOMAN

You have your reason to live, as did I. This is just where it all led to.

MICHAEL

You're kidding right? Did someone put you up to this?

WOMAN

This is no joke, Michael. This is truth. I do know you. I know you well. Every detail. Every memory. Every secret.

Michael stands up off the bench and steps a few steps away from her.

MICHAEL

Who are you? I haven't met you in my life. There's no way you know anything.

WOMAN

That is where you are wrong, Michael. I do know you. You are Michael Joseph James. 27 years old. You used to have anger issues and now you are walking your dog in an empty park.

MICHAEL

Either you tell me who you are and how you know this or I am calling the cops.

The woman smiles.

WOMAN

I'm your past.

MICHAEL

My past? What are you talking about?

WOMAN

That accident really did a number on you, hasn't it, Michael?

MICHAEL

I don't remember any accident.

WOMAN

That is why I am here. I am here to make you understand what happened.

The woman points to the bench beside her. Michael stares at her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please sit down, Michael. It will be much easier if you do.

Michael slowly sits down on the bench.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Have you ever noticed you come to the same park and sit at the same bench every time you walk your dog?

MICHAEL

It's only a park.

WOMAN

Why?

MICHAEL

Why what?

WOMAN

Out of all the parks in this area, why do you always choose this one? Why do you choose this bench when there are several others?

MICHAEL

I just feel something familiar with it.

WOMAN

It's called deja-vu, Michael. You feel you've been here before, yet, you can't recall when. That's why you keep coming back.

Michael lowers his eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

This is where your past takes place.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

At this same park, on this same bench, is where your forgotten memories happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Michael (18) and CHELSEA (17) walk into the park. They sit at the bench under the tree. Chelsea is uncomfortable and Michael is relaxed.

MICHAEL

How do you like this place?

Chelsea looks down, avoiding eye contact.

CHELSEA

It's okay.

MICHAEL

I like to come here. It's quiet.

CHELSEA

Yeah. It is.

Michael looks the other way, sighs and then looks back at Chelsea.

MICHAEL

I like you, Chelsea. You're a very pretty girl.

Michael wraps his arm around Chelsea. Chelsea slides away from him and pushes his arm off her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I think it's time we start going out. Be a couple. Me and you.

Michael feels up her leg.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How about it?

Chelsea picks his hand up and pushes it away.

CHELSEA

I don't like you that way, Michael.

MICHAEL

Everybody likes me.

Chelsea looks Michael in the eye.

CHELSEA
No. I'm sorry, Michael.

Michael is mad. He looks deep into Chelsea's eyes.

MICHAEL
Come on, Chelsea. You know you want
to. It's me we're talking about.
Don't deny that you want me.

CHELSEA
I said 'no,' Michael. How hard is
that to understand?

Michael grunts and grabs her by the shoulders.

MICHAEL
No one ever says 'no' to me. *Never.*

CHELSEA
Yeah? Well, I just did.

Michael forcefully grabs her by the arms.

MICHAEL
Don't you ever say that again! You
hear me?

Chelsea rolls onto her back and knees him in the stomach.
Michael moves his hands towards her throat as she screams.

After moments of struggle, her body stops moving. Michael
loosens his hands.

Michael's eyes widen as they start to water.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
No.

He looks at her eyes, still wide open. She lays there, dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Michael's eyes are wide in disbelief.

WOMAN (O.S.)
You buried the body under this
bench.

MICHAEL

No.

Michael rubs his head.

WOMAN

You were panicking on your way home and were hit by a car a few blocks from this park. You were left in a coma which resulted in memory loss of events before the accident. The body was never found.

Michael is crying. He stands up and paces back and forth in front of the bench with his hand rubbing his forehead.

MICHAEL

No. I don't believe you.

WOMAN

Believe me or not, it's what you've done.

MICHAEL

There's no way at all you'd know this. No. No way.

The woman stands up and walks over to Michael.

WOMAN

This should never happen to anyone else again.

Michael stands there as he gets closer.

MICHAEL

Who are you?

She stops in front of him and puts her mouth to his ear.

WOMAN

(whispering)
I'm your past.

Michael starts to move back but it's too late as a gun shot is heard and Michael's eyes go wide. He backs away from her and she looks into his eyes and grins.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My bed will now be your bed. God may forgive you but I never will.

Michael falls to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUBTITLE:

"Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance of justice. Injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged." - Samuel Johnson

FADE OUT.