

LIFE'S A BEACH

Written by

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EXT. BEACH - DAY

TERRY, 30, a hippie with long red hair and LOUISE, 21, a pretty college girl sit together on a large woollen blanket on the sand. A picnic basket filled with sandwiches and cakes. Terry smokes a weed pen.

TERRY

This is just like my favourite place to be.

She laughs.

LOUISE

I thought I liked the beach, but this is our third date and it's the third time you've brought me here.

TERRY

I don't know man, I just love it out here. And if the government would just leave me alone, I'd spend all year out here. I love to feel my toes in the sand and to hear the waves crashing against the rocks. I don't need much else, no way man, there's enough fish out there to last me all year round and believe me, I could happily eat fish all day everyday I'm like a cat, I don't need anything else.

She smiles points at the weed he's smoking.

LOUISE

You forgot to mention the weed.

He laughs.

TERRY

Wow man, that's kind of my deal. It's like coffee for me. I can't start my day without it.

She laughs.

LOUISE

One, two, three, four hours a day? How long are you spending sucking on that weed pen do you think?

TERRY

Whatever it takes to keep my buzz on.

LOUISE

I don't mind weed, but hell I've never seen anyone smoke as much as you do.

TERRY

I thought we were going to be romantic with each other today?

LOUISE

Then take me somewhere else, other than this goddamn beach.

TERRY

Kiss me.

LOUISE

Why?

TERRY

Because I think you're beautiful that's why.

They both lean in and kiss. She sighs as they pull apart.

LOUISE

I like you Terry, but I don't want to live on a beach. I want to live in a house.

TERRY

I like you too, but I just don't want to be part of that game.

LOUISE

What game?

TERRY

The governments game, the rules that those at the top give us. That we have to live in houses. And when you really think about it, all houses are basically prisons.

LOUISE

Well, they're prisons with hot water, flushing toilets and refrigerators. I don't think your tent on the beach has any of those.

TERRY

Hey man, I'm just living life as it suits me. And I'm glad you're here with me. I really, really like you.

He reaches out and takes a hold of her hand.

She lets out of deep sigh.

 LOUISE
I think I need more than this
though.

 TERRY
Lets go for a walk.

She nods. Holding hands, they stroll along the waters edge.

EXT. BEACH - ROCKS - DAY

As Terry and Louise continue to walk, they suddenly come across deep tyre tracks in the sand. Terry lets go of her hand. He kneels down and inspects them.

 TERRY
Jesus Christ.

He shakes his head.

 TERRY (CONT'D)
That just makes me sick. Like I
don't like to lose my temper, but I
really do think I'm about to.

She's taken aback.

 LOUISE
Terry, are you OK?

Terry is still smoking his weed.

 TERRY
No, I'm not.

Terry follows the tracks with his eyes, they go all the way up towards a pile of jagged rocks. A car is parked up on the sand.

 TERRY (CONT'D)
That car on this beach. There's
like, no need at all. Dirty car
tyres, it's like destroying the
ecosystem around here.

 LOUISE
Just ignore them.

Terry snaps back.

TERRY

No Louise, I'm not going to ignore them. I mean, god damn it. People have roads, highways and they have their own goddamn driveways. Why do they have to drive their ugly cars where nature lives? It's not like we have any other pristine beaches within 100 miles of here.

As they look at the car, four large smartly dressed MEN exit.

Terry starts to make a beeline for them.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm going to say something.

Louise tries to grab onto Terry, to hold him back.

LOUISE

Terry I don't think it's a good idea.

TERRY

I'll tell you what, bad people do what good people let them get away with.

Those four men now move around to the trunk of the car. It's opened and they drag out a large trash bag and simply dump it close to the rocks.

Terry is utterly disgusted.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And now they're littering, well that just crosses the line doesn't it. I'm not gonna put up with this.

The four men get back into their car and drive away.

Terry sprint out after them.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hey assholes, assholes get back here you forgot something.

Louise is scared for him.

LOUISE

Stop Terry, before you get hurt.

Terry arrives on scene with Louise keeping close behind him. He scowls over towards the speeding car, it's almost out of view.

TERRY
Shit heads.

LOUISE
Just calm down.

TERRY
No Louise, I won't.

LOUISE
And what's your plan?

Terry goes over to the dumped to trash bag.

TERRY
I've got their licence plate, I've got it inside my head. Right in here and I'm not going to let these sons of bitches get away with this.

LOUISE
Maybe it's time to call the police?

TERRY
I haven't got a phone.

LOUISE
I'll call them. You know, I really don't like you when you're angry like this.

TERRY
You were halfway splitting up with me anyway so what does it matter?

LOUISE
Three dates Terry, that's all we had. We weren't official.

Terry inspects the trash bag.

TERRY
Absolute savages coming out all this way just to dump their trash.

Terry kicks it, a dull thud comes out from the bag. They both frown, confused.

Louise is on her phone.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Alright, call the police.

LOUISE
What do you think I'm doing?

Terry kneels down to the trash bag, he rips open a small hole to reveal a human hand, panicked he leaps up.

He grabs onto Louise.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Hey!

Terry gets her to look at the hand.

TERRY
That's no trash. It's a dead body.

EXT. CAFE - CAR PARK - DAY

Terry and Louise search the car park. Louise bites at her fingernails.

LOUISE
This isn't a good idea Terry.

Terry looks back at her with a big smile.

TERRY
We're going to find murderers and bring them to justice, what's not to love about that.

LOUISE
I just don't have the same good vibe feeling about this as you do.

TERRY
We can track down these animals for the police.

LOUISE
We shouldn't be getting involved.

TERRY
Well I am. We'll be heroes. They might even name that part of the beach after me. Pretty cool if you ask me.

LOUISE
I'm sorry, Terry. I can't.

TERRY
What's wrong?

Louise begins to back away. Holds up her hands to him.

LOUISE
I can't be involved in this, I'm no
crime fighter.

TERRY
Louise, we can really do this
together. You wanted us to be a
real couple. Like, a real
relationship. Well, bringing a
bunch of murdering scumbags to
justice, taking them down, that
sounds like a pretty cool couples
activity to do to me.

LOUISE
I'm sorry Terry, you were just
someone fun to have sex with. I
just wanted you to take me out on
better dates, but not this.

TERRY
This is the ultimate date. Good
versus evil.

She turns and leaves.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Well, I'm not stopping.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Terry enters the roadside café, searching the whole place he spots those four men from the beach tucked away in a corner.

They all look like gangsters, dressed smartly their table is littered with old coffee cups and leftover pancakes. Looks like they've been celebrating a job well done.

Terry comes over to them, he joins them at their table. Pulls out his weed pen and smokes.

TERRY
I saw you. You should all be
ashamed of yourselves, guilty of
murder. All four of you. And you
know what's funny, I hate people
who litter.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

That's the only reason I went over to it in the first place, if you just had gotten rid of your body properly none of this would have happened.

The largest of the four gangsters stands up and without a moments hesitation he punches Terry hard in the face sending him crashing out of his chair and onto the floor unconscious.

EXT. BEACH - ROCKS - DAY

Those four gangsters literally carry Terry back towards those rocks. The dead body in the trash bag is still lying where they left it undisturbed.

Two of the gangsters have a hold of the top half of Terry's body whilst the other two have a hold of his legs, carrying him like a rolled up rug.

Terry tries to wriggle himself free, but all four men keep a tight hold. They're not going let him get away.

Terry laughs.

TERRY

Oh you guys, I'm so sorry but you're all done for. You thought you could just dump a dead body on the beach and get away with it? There's like a million documentaries on murderers, serial killers, crazy people. But it's like you didn't watch anything, like, if I was gonna kill someone you better believe I'd get away with it. But no, you guys are just stupid.

The four men remain silent, just focused on carrying Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

So, you're not going to talk to me? Carrying me along the beach like this, I don't know what you're plan is with me but I'm a pretty good swimmer. I've swam everyday for maybe ten years. I literally live on this beach I'm practically part fish at this point.

They reach the body. The four men place Terry down next to the bag. Terry's still trying to break free, but can't.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I was on a date with my girl, she saw what you guys did too. You're not going to get away with this. I don't know what you're planning to do with me, kill me? What a stupid idea, you're only going to get yourself into more trouble. The police are already on their way. You might as well just drop me and make a run for it.

One of the four men removes a set of handcuffs. He attaches them to Terry's wrist and to the exposed wrist of the dead body.

Terry starts yanking his arm, the dead body is heavy but not impossible to move. Terry yanks the body back and forth.

Terry, his face twisted with fear and panic switches between the four men.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Why won't any of you even speak to me? Like, what the hell is even this? What is going on?

The four men all share a look, turn on their heels and leave. Terry is dumbfounded, he let's out a nervous laugh.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Like what the hell is even going on?

Terry watches the four men leave.

TERRY (CONT'D)

This is such bullshit. The second the police show up I'm going to tell them what happened and you better believe I've got my story worked out already.

The ocean waves start to come in, they lap against the body bag.

Terry grabs onto the dead body inside, he's able to drag the body bag away from the encroaching waves. It's hard work but he still able to do it. Again he laughs nervous.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You complete assholes. Assholes.
You're going to make me drag this
dead body all the way off the
beach? Like, you've got to be the
craziest criminals I've ever come
across

The four men stop, they look back.

Terry's still dragging the dead body. The four men all frown, surprised that he's able to move it. Three of the men nod at the fourth, the largest of them.

He removes a thick metal pipe from his coat. He comes over to Terry and smashes Terry's knees with the pipe, a terrible sounding crunch and crack echoes out.

Terry screams out in pain as he drops to the sand on his side, unable to use his legs.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What the hell man, what the hell?
What did I ever do to you? What the
hell, my legs, you broke my knees.

The four men then continue on their way. The ocean waves continue to wash up the beach.

Terry is now unable to move. The waves start to lap over the body bag and Terry himself.

Terry looks up to the heavens, tears streaming down his face.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Not like this man, not like this.

The next wave washes all over the body bag and Terry, dragging them both out to sea.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END