

THE TRUNK

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

The scraping sound of something heavy dragging and coming to a stop.

After a moment the sound repeats.

FADE IN:

INT. INEZ'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

An old wooden trunk, faded, beat up, large enough for a body, scrapes across a hardwood floor.

INEZ (boots, jeans, sleeveless top, hair tied back) stands away from the trunk and contemplates it like an enemy. Her cheek is bruised, her lip cut, the knuckles on her right hand freshly scabbed.

She throws her weight at the trunk again. It grates forward a few inches and stops. She tries again. It barely moves.

Frustrated, she kicks it, hard.

INT. INEZ'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

A crimson-stained white towel lies crumpled on the floor in front of the open door as the trunk grinds into view.

The trunk moves forward again. And again. And again.

Inez has her back to it, using her feet to propel herself. She stops, out of breath.

She goes to the bathroom sink and runs the water. She rubs her wet hands across her neck and upper back to cool off. When she splashes water on her face she winces and touches her lip.

She looks in the mirror. It's broken, the circular spiderweb pattern heavily distorting her features. She notices a few strands of hair stuck in the cracks and automatically reaches for the back of her head.

Emotions play across her face: shock, grief, fear, anger, guilt. Then resolve takes over. She looks at the trunk with fierce determination.

## INT. INEZ'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The trunk rests at the end of the hallway. Inez lies on top of it, drinking a beer. Framed pictures lie around her where they fell: a selfie of her on a mountain; a picture of her and her grandmother; a selfie of her and her BOYFRIEND at the beach.

## LATER

Inez grinds her heel on the picture of her boyfriend, breaking the glass. She assumes her position behind the trunk and shoves.

The trunk inches towards the front door. Inez shoves again, passing the--

## LIVING ROOM

With a final shove she gets the trunk to the front door.

Inez flops onto the couch. Her eyes scan the room.

Shattered glasses litter the coffee table. The table lamp lies its side with its shade crumpled beside it. The overturned armchair.

The large crimson stain on the carpet next to the coffee table.

Her anger boils back into her. She bolts upright and flings the front door open.

## EXT. INEZ'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Inez stands on the landing outside her front door surveying the quiet residential street and the few steps leading to the walkway. A small hatchback sits parked in front.

Satisfied no one is watching, she turns her attention to the trunk still inside.

Series of shots:

A) Inez struggles to get the trunk over the lip of the front door.

B) With the trunk on the lip, she pushes mightily but it refuses to budge.

C) Inez heaves and the trunk passes the tipping point, the end dipping down to touch the landing. She lets out a strained cry of success.

C) With a final shove, the trunk drops heavily off the lip. Inez collapses on top of it, spent.

The trunk sits hanging over the landing at the top of the stairs. Inez looks around once again. She braces her feet against the lip and strains with all her might, until--

The trunk tips and slides down the steps.

Inez watches it go triumphantly. Triumph turns to concern as the trunk slams heavily into the walkway. Dark red liquid oozes from the corner.

Inez leaps down the steps to examine the damage.

Series of shots:

A) Inez pushes the trunk up the walkway, leaving a thin red trail.

B) She stands by the car, daunted by the height to the open hatch.

C) She struggles to lift the trunk onto the car bumper but can barely manage a few inches.

Inez rubs her hands together and is about to tackle it again.

JIM(O.S.)

You need some help with that?

She jumps, startled. She turns to see JIM, a plump older man in sweats.

INEZ

Jim! Hi!

Jim studies her face.

JIM

He do that to you?

Inez fidgets, embarrassed.

INEZ

We did it to each other. Sorry if things got a little loud last night.

JIM

You know I don't stick my nose in other people's business, but if you ever need help, you just pop on by.

INEZ

Oh, there won't be any more trouble.

JIM

You got rid of him? Well that's good!

Inez smiles and nods noncommittally.

JIM

So, can I help you with that?

Inez seems reluctant. She moves to block the trunk.

JIM

It looks heavy as sin. Come on. Let's get this end up.

Jim bends to take hold of the trunk. Inez hesitates, but then moves to help.

They both strain to lift it.

JIM

Phew! What's in here, rocks?

Together they get the end up on the car.

INEZ

Just some crap I should have gotten rid of long ago.

Jim looks at her skeptically. He shrugs and they push the trunk in. It sticks out quite a bit.

JIM

You going to drive it like that?

INEZ

I have some bungee cords.

JIM

(shrugs)  
Okay. Well, good luck.

INEZ

Thanks.

Jim waves as he leaves. He notices the red trail on the walkway and gives Inez a quizzical look. He nods uncertainly and returns to his home neighboring hers.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Inez's car comes to a halt in a clearing. She steps out and surveys the area. Satisfied, she closes the door and moves to the back.

She heaves the trunk out of the car. It slams to the ground with a heavy thud.

LATER

The car sits at the edge of the clearing. Inez clears the last bit of brush from around the trunk.

She removes the cap from a small gas canister and pours gasoline over the trunk.

She tosses the empty canister and stands over the trunk, fists balled, like she wants to attack it. She spits on it.

She takes a book of matches from her front pocket, lights one, and tosses it. She smiles in the glow of the fire.

EXT. INEZ'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - LATER

Inez pulls up behind a pickup truck and gets out, annoyed.

Her Boyfriend sits on the steps, two black eyes, tape across his nose, arm in a fresh sling.

BOYFRIEND

Where you been?

Incredulous, Inez marches past him to the front door.

BOYFRIEND

I'm sorry, all right? I just came for my stuff. I have a gig today, I need my paints.

INEZ

You want your stuff? Go get it.

She motions behind him. He turns to see a column of smoke in the distance.

BOYFRIEND  
What did you do?!?

He runs for his truck and gets in.

BOYFRIEND  
You're crazy! You know that?

Inez flips him the bird as he peels away.

She notices Jim standing on his porch. He chuckles and shakes his head.

JIM  
Want a beer?

Inez shrugs and nods. She follows him inside.

THE END