

DIG, DIG

Written by

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EXT. GRAND HOUSE - DAY

On the front lawn of a grand six bedroom home, three skinny and sweat drenched TEENAGE BOYS are cutting the grass and trimming the trees. Hard work but putting lots of effort into it.

In the works van JAMES, 50, short, overweight, sits watching these teens working.

ALLAN, 29, long floppy hair and glasses. Tattoos on his hands and neck. He walks past James, giving him a thumbs up and a smile.

Allan picks up a pair of hedge trimmers, joins in with the teens.

James jumps out of his works van, almost tripping up.

JAMES

What are you doing?

ALLAN

I need this job. Please. I been with you since I was sixteen.

JAMES

You don't work for me anymore.

ALLAN

Come on James. I need this job.

JAMES

You're the one who took six months off Allan. It's over, you're done.

ALLAN

I did hurt my back. But it's OK now. Honestly.

JAMES

No. This is a young man's job.

(gestures to the other workers)

Look at them, and look at you. Do you see the difference. You were forced to have a major operation on your back. You don't recover from those things. The same thing happened to my father. And he never worked again.

ALLAN
(forcing a smile)
Well I have to.

JAMES
I'm sorry. Go get an office job or
something if you have to work.

ALLAN
I never finished school. I've got
no qualifications. No place like
that is going to hire me.

JAMES
I'm sorry. But you can't do this
kind of work any more.

Allan uses the clippers on an overgrown bush, as if to show
he's just fine to work.

ALLAN
There. See.

James points down at a couple of cut off branches on the
ground.

JAMES
Pick them up. And do it quickly.

Allan rushes over to them, bending over he suddenly gets a
painful stabbing sensation in his lower back. He can't pick
them up. He can't bend over.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You see. You're done here.

ALLAN
Please.

James comes over and snatches the clippers from Allan.

JAMES
I'm sorry.

ALLAN
I need to work. I need the money.

JAMES
Go on disability.

ALLAN
It's not enough. Help me?

JAMES

No.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - DAY

On the doorstep to Matt's house Allan takes a small plastic shopping bag from Matt, it's filled with a couple hundred pounds of cash.

Matt, 55, bald, messy beard is dressed in nothing but his underpants and a dressing gown. Matt leans against his open doorframe.

ALLAN

Thanks so much for this.

MATT

It's OK. You've helped me out enough times before. But I need that paying back. Alright?

ALLAN

By the end of the month. I promise.

MATT

I trust you.

Matt takes hold of Allan, pulling him in for a hug. Matt slaps Allan hard on the back, squeezing him tight.

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger, OK.

With each slap and squeeze from the hug Allan grimaces, he's in a lot of pain. His back is a twisted up mess.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Allan walking fast, determined, his back still hurting him. Cradling the bag tight to his chest, protective.

On the other side of the road, three teenage boys on BMX bikes, with gold chains and expensive clothes watch Allan curiously.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Allan now walks through the park, following the footpath. Still grimacing, his face caked in sweat. Has to keep moving. Still has the plastic bag clenched to his chest.

The three BMX teens ride up behind him. One of the teens kicks Allan in the back.

Allan yells out in agony, collapsing down to the ground. Shaking from the pain.

ALLAN
No. My back. Why.

The other two teens rip the plastic bag out of his arms. Allan tries his best to hang on but is soon overpowered.

The teens all look inside at the money, happy with what they've got they ride off.

Allan tries to push himself up, the pain is terrible. His forehead cut, a little blood now trickles down his face as he watches those three bikes ride off, helpless.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Allan, still in agony goes up the staircase one step at a time. It's a real struggle but he has to keep going.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Allan, his face still caked in sweat, his head still bleeding. He opens up the medicine cabinet, searches for painkillers. Getting them he swallows a handful.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Allan sits at the table, a cup of coffee cupped in between his hands. Head down, he's crying.

The back door opens and NORAH, 30, walks in. Short and pretty, she's a real livewire. She carries in several shopping bags. Surprised to see him.

NORAH
Allan?

He wipes the tears away, forcing a smile back at her.

ALLAN
Oh, hey?

NORAH
Shouldn't you still be at work?

ALLAN

(nods)

On a break. A couple of hours
before we go to the next place.

NORAH

OK. Are you feeling alright?

He stands up, comes over, kisses her.

ALLAN

Have you picked where we're going
on our honeymoon yet?

NORAH

We don't need to go on one you
know?

ALLAN

Oh yes we do.

NORAH

(a thick New York accent)

Well, I was thinking New York.

(changes to a French
accent)

But Paris seems to be the one that
people always talk about.

(now to an Australian)

But a little bit of sunshine with
some kangaroos might be the answer.

ALLAN

Whatever you want.

NORAH

I just want to be happy.

ALLAN

We go on a honeymoon and when we
come back we start a family. That's
what I promised you.

NORAH

But can we afford it?

ALLAN

If I have to work more hours then
so be it.

NORAH

And your back?

ALLAN

It's fine. You know it's fine.

NORAH

(puts on a deep southern
American accent)

Well, that's the thing honey, I
don't. You didn't let me come in
with you when you spoke to the
doctor.

ALLAN

The doctor said my back made a full
recovery.

NORAH

Well, if you want me to book a
honeymoon for real I can start
looking today?

He nods.

Norah goes over to the sink, tries to turn the water on but
nothing happens.

NORAH (CONT'D)

(gestures to the broken
sink)

Shall I call a plumber out? It's
broke again.

ALLAN

I'll take a look.

NORAH

Third time this week it's broken.

ALLAN

I'll take a look.

NORAH

Well if we can't afford a plumber
should we really be going on a
honeymoon?

ALLAN

Leave it to me. I want to try and
fix it myself.

NORAH

(gives him a concerned
look)

You're not keeping any secrets from
me are you?

He shakes his head, still smiling.

ALLAN
I'll always tell you the truth.

EXT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Allan is digging a hole in the garden, close to the house and where he thinks the water pipes might be.

He stops, from his pocket, he takes out and swallows down a few more painkillers. Then back to digging. He finds a few pipes leading from the house.

ALLAN
Hello. Here we go.

He inspects the pipes, knocking away the dirt. He digs a little deeper around the pipes. Inspecting them, they seem OK.

As he digs a little further down he finds what looks like a suitcase.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Allan frees the suitcase, underneath it is a human skull. Allan falls to the ground, terrified.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
Jesus.

After a few moments Allan gathers himself and unzips the suitcase. It's filled with cash that's sealed inside a plastic cover. Must be thousands. He smiles. The suitcase is tattered and old. Buried for years.

ALLAN (CONT'D)
(caresses his hands over
the clean cash)
Oh yes.

CEDRIC, 70, two pairs of glasses, one on the end of his nose, the other resting on top of his head is looking over the garden fence separating his garden from Allan's.

CEDRIC
Excuse me, what are you doing. Stop
right now before I call the police.

Allan closes the suitcase, panicking. He looks over.

ALLAN

I'm not doing anything.

CEDRIC

If you're making any major changes to your garden you first have to submit plans to the neighbourhood council, which I am the note keeper for. And I don't remember you asking for permission to do whatever it is that you're doing.

ALLAN

It's not anything

CEDRIC

I want to see. I'm coming over.

ALLAN

It's OK. I'm just fixing the water.

CEDRIC

Then I want to see.

ALLAN

It's OK.

CEDRIC

I won't have anyone keeping secrets from the neighbourhood council.

ALLAN

You're right. How about I come over to you?

CEDRIC

No. I'm going to come over to you.

ALLAN

No, no it's OK.

CEDRIC

I'll be there in a minute.

Cedric goes back inside his own house. Allan quickly picks up the cash out of the suitcase. Kicking soil over the skull, hiding it.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Allan pulls the cash out from the plastic cover and places it over the kitchen table. A few thousand pounds easily.

ALLAN
(smiling)
Beautiful.

EXT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Allan picks up his shovel, not sure what to do with himself.
The gate to his garden is opened and Cedric enters.

CEDRIC
Let me see, let me see. You really
shouldn't try and hide things from
me. That's not what good neighbours
do. Only makes people nervous.

ALLAN
I'm just trying to fix my water
pipes.

CEDRIC
Fill the hole back up and call a
plumber from the preapproved list.

ALLAN
Whatever you say.

CEDRIC
I will book you in for a homeowners
meeting this Saturday. Six o'clock.

ALLAN
Alright, whatever you say.

CEDRIC
Are you hiding something from me?

ALLAN
No, never.

CEDRIC
Secrets are evil you know. The
bible teaches us that. Secrets only
get bigger and bigger until they
take over everything.

ALLAN
I just wanted to fix something. But
I should have checked in with you
first. You're right, you're right.

CEDRIC

Well good. As long as we're on the same page, I won't have anything to worry about.

Allan starts to fill in the hole.

ALLAN

Right you are.

CEDRIC

Good.

Cedric takes the shovel from Allan and starts uncovering the pipes.

ALLAN

What are you doing?

CEDRIC

I want to see.

Allan reaches over to take the shovel back from Cedric. Snatches it from him. Allan hurts his back from the struggle but does get the shovel back.

ALLAN

Alright, enough. Get off my property.

CEDRIC

I am the note keeper for the neighbourhood council. You cannot keep secrets from me.

Cedric drops down to his knees, uncovers more of the dirt.

ALLAN

Stop it now.

CEDRIC

You're up to something I know it.

Cedric uncovers the empty suitcase and the skull.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)

What on earth? I'm calling the police.

Allan slams down the shovel onto the top of Cedric's head. Knocking him out.

ALLAN

Shit.

EXT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Allan shoves Cedric's knocked out body onto the backseat of his car. Allan's back is now in terrible pain, but he keeps on pushing himself.

Once he's got Cedric in the car he ties up his wrists and ankles.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - DAY

Allan drives his car around to the back of his house. Cedric on the backseat is beginning to wake up.

INT. ALLAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Allan swallowing down more painkillers enters the kitchen. Norah is already here, staring at the money in a state of shock.

NORAH
(putting on a 1920's cop's
voice)
What the hell is going on here
buddy?

ALLAN
It's OK.

NORAH
The money?

ALLAN
I got a promotion.

NORAH
(squeals with delight)
Wow.

ALLAN
They want me running my own
gardening team. And this is my
bonus.

NORAH
Have you counted it?

ALLAN
Yeah. It's good right.

NORAH
 £2,000 for a bonus. Is this real?
 No joke?

ALLAN
 I promise you, it's real.

She runs over hugging and kissing him.

NORAH
 Oh Allan this is just what we
 needed.

ALLAN
 But you've got to keep it a secret.

NORAH
 A secret?

ALLAN
 Please. Don't tell anyone about
 this. Promise me. A secret. OK?

She's disappointed.

NORAH
 (an impression of 'Fargo')
 Okay-dokey. You've got it. No
 worries my little fella. Your
 secret is safe with me.

Allan heads for the door again.

NORAH (CONT'D)
 (still doing her 'Fargo'
 voice)
 Where ya going?

ALLAN
 Back to work. Remember. Not a word.

She winks and gives him a thumbs up.

Allan exits, locking the back door shut behind him.

Norah returns to the money, running her hands across it.
 Takes out her phone. It rings a couple of times before her
 call is answered.

NORAH
 Mum, are you sitting? Allan just
 got a promotion. Running his own
 business. You still think I married
 a loser?

(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)

(a dumb voice)

You should never have married him.
Remember. Well he's about to take
me on a dream honeymoon so there.

INT. ALLAN'S CAR - DAY

Allan climbs into his car. Cedric is now fully awake on the backseat. Wriggling to get his wrists and ankles free.

ALLAN

Hey there.

Cedric stops, freezing with fear.

CEDRIC

What are you going to do with me?

Allan lets out a long deep breath as he thinks.

ALLAN

I don't know, how good are you at
keeping secrets?

Cedric shakes his head, doesn't know how to answer that.

Allan starts the engine and drives off. Deep in thought, no idea on what his next move will be.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END