

Drive Me 6 Feet Under

Written by

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Draft
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Contact
information

INT. SQUAD CAR. EARLY MORNING.

It's raining hard and the clouds are covering any hint of there being a sun. We see a local coffee shop engulfed in the rain, people entering and exiting in a rush to escape the dreariness of this early Friday morning.

We see a tall, hooded man, DETECTIVE ERNEST DARIANT, dressed in a long grey trench coat, with a hoodie residing underneath, exiting the coffee shop holding two COFFEE CUPS running towards us in a rush trying to outrun the rain.

We slowly zoom out, revealing that we are actually inside a SQUAD CAR, with another police officer, DETECTIVE STEVEN SOLANGE, sitting behind the wheel. Dariant enters the vehicle, rain trickling down his coat and all over the passenger seat.

DARIANT
Morning Steve.

SOLANGE
Likewise.

Dariant takes off his hood, dripping water everywhere. He hands Solange a coffee cup. Solange takes a drink out of his cup, almost instinctively spitting it out. He holds it in with his greatest effort.

Solange rolls down the window spitting the hot beverage towards us, out into the rain.

DARIANT
It's hot what'd you expect?

SOLANGE
(wiping his mouth)
No creamer. It was black. Hate black.

DARIANT
I thought you might say something.

Dariant pulls a BAGGIE out of his pocket, pouring cups of coffee creamer onto the dashboard.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. CHIEF'S OFFICE. EARLY MORNING.

A stack of papers gets slapped onto a desk. Behind them, Solange and Dariant stand eager to speak.

CHIEF ARBENAT sits behind the desk, sipping out of a MUG, staring at the load of papers slapped down before him.

ARBENAT
(rubbing his hands
together)
Ooooooh man, what've you boys been
cookin' up for me this time?

DARIANT
Alright Chief, so you know the Murphy
bust that was made, oh, 3 months back
down in Bava County?

Solange closes the door behind them as Arbenat nods his head, drinking the last remainder of his coffee.

ARBENAT
I do, I do indeed.

DARIANT
Well, we've been seeing some similar
activity coming out of there, not on
the same scope, but building up to
it, ya know?

ARBENAT
(in agreement)
Mhm...

SOLANGE
And we've been hearing whispers of
another big move going out of state.

Arbenat, flipping through the paperwork laid in front of him, whispers to himself as if he's trying to keep up with what they're saying. His eyes big, fueled by caffeine.

ARBENAT
(mouthing)
Whispers.

DARIANT
So we started to do this usual
routine: ask a few questions here, go
investigate there, ya know, the whole
nine yards, and then...

Arbenat looks up from the paperwork to Detective Dariant and Detective Solange, making eye contact with Dariant, his eyes widening.

ARBENAT

And then...

Dariant and Solange move uncomfortably close to Chief Arbenat, big smiles across their faces.

SOLANGE

We got word of a mole in on the operation.

ARBENAT

(slapping his hands together)

A mole.

SOLANGE

A big mole too: The fucker receiving this load that has been bestowed upon us. Do you have a county map in here?

Arbenat points to a filing cabinet near the office door.

ARBENAT

Yes, in there. Should be one.

Dariant opens the cabinet and flips through some maps, tossing unnecessary ones aside from the untouched.

DARIANT

Mmmm... Here, look here.

Dariant unrolls a map showing all the counties in Missouri, placing it on Chief Arbenat's desk. He points to the town of Pillar, MO.

DARIANT (cont'd)

Now the mole says that the load is coming out of this town. Pillar, small poverty town that depends on a damn grain mill to keep them from going under. We're looking at a couple hundred locals at most. Now Saturday morning, tomorrow, this load is being taken out of this little coffee-stain of a town and into the neighboring state of Arkansas.

ARBENAT

Arkansas, eh?

SOLANGE

Big market down there. Expected delivery is at 9:15 AM.

DARIANT

So the Governor got in contact with us after hearing about the Murphy bust to see if we could ensure that this load makes it across state lines, so that their state troops can make the bust and practically ensure reelection for this guy.

ARBENAT

Longer sentencing in Arkansas, too.

SOLANGE

Exactly, it's a win/win. Slows down trafficking on our end, ensures reelection and looks good on theirs.

Chief Arbenat gets up from his desk, wiping his hands down his face. He grabs his MUG and walks over to a coffee pot sitting on a counter near a window. He starts pouring coffee.

ARBENAT

This is good guys. This is real good. Questions, though.

SOLANGE/DARIANT

Sure.

ARBENAT

Do we know who is supposed to be transporting this load out of...

Arbenat looks down at the map.

ARBENAT (cont'd)

Pillar?

DARIANT

We don't, Chief. Completely blind in regards to that, but we've got squad cars watching the border points between here and Arkansas.

Arbenat sits back down at his desk, signing off on the paperwork and handing it back to Detective Solange.

ARBENAT

Alright boys, I'm gonna give this the go-ahead. Let's get this done and over with.

SOLANGE/DARIANT
Thanks Chief.

Detective Solange opens the office door and heads out,
followed by Dariant, but before Dariant closes the door:

ARBENAT
Oh, Dariant hold on a second.

Dariant stops himself.

DARIANT
Yeah, Chief?

Arbenat sips from his mug.

ARBENAT
Have you accounted for any wrenches?

DARIANT
Wrenches, Chief?

ARBENAT
Ya know, wrenches in the gears,
mishaps, unforeseen problems that
might occur?

Detective Dariant looks at the ground, in the same way a
child would if his honesty were being questioned by a
parent.

DARIANT
I'm sure we can work around any
accidental occurrences were they to
happen. No one knows about it outside
of us and the Arkansas state troops.

ARBENAT
Alright, Ernest. I trust you have
this figured out.

Dariant looks up from the ground and back at Chief Arbenat.

DARIANT
Won't let ya down, Chief.

Dariant leaves, shutting the door behind him. He stops for a
moment before heading for his office.

DARIANT (cont'd)
(to himself)
Wrenches...