

Dead And Buried

By

Bryan Romaine

Bryan Romaine 4 Jan 2016

bryan.romaine@btopenworld.com

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Claire, mid-twenties, attractive, relaxed, ambles through the woodland, skimming flowers with her hand.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

Claire arrives at the edge of the woods and beams a smile at the view -- She's on a hilltop with stunning view of countryside.

She skips down the hill a few steps, lays a blanket onto the grass and unpacks her rucksack: A foil wrapped blob; a laptop; a DVD case.

She opens the laptop lid, looks at the scenery and sighs in relaxation.

A huffing sound pulls her away from her perfect view.

She looks around -- she's alone.

She starts unwrapping her foil blob. A louder huffing noise brings her to a halt.

Claire gets up, looks in the direction of the noise and sees a grave-shaped hole in the ground, a small mound of earth around it.

She leans over the grave.

Lying in the grave, staring at the sky, is MALCOLM (an attractive twenty-something).

CLAIRE

Can you sigh less noisily please,
you're ruining my death.

Malcolm looks puzzled.

Claire sits on her blanket.

MALCOLM (IN THE GRAVE)

Well, maybe you're ruining my
death. Maybe I want to die
huffing...

CUT BETWEEN CLAIRE ON THE HILL AND MIKE IN THE GRAVE

CLAIRE

You can't lie in it: you need a
permit.

MALCOLM

From who?

CLAIRE

You need a permit to bury people,
including yourself -- probably.

MALCOLM

Didn't dig it. Found it.

CLAIRE

They might want it back.

MALCOLM

What? Now!

Malcolm's head pops up from the grave. He looks around
-- Nobody to be seen for miles.

CLAIRE

Besides, I'm going to watch
Armageddon on DVD. I like the
irony.. I don't want it spoilt by
huffing.

MALCOLM

In that film, don't they destroy
the asteroid?

CLAIRE

Oh -- thanks for telling me!

Malcolm digests his foe-par.

MALCOLM

... The last moments of your life
and you're gonna watch a video?

Claire looks at the view again -- he has a point, but she
won't admit it -- she shrugs at him

She starts unwrapping her foil blob, revealing a sandwich,
and she notices -- Malcolm is staring at her blob.

CLAIRE

Cheese and pickle sandwich.

MALCOLM

Cheese and pickle.

CLAIRE

Last meal.

MALCOLM

That's a good idea!

Malcolm's head dips from view...

Claire looks at the view again, then the grave.

CLAIRE

You hungry?

She lobs a cheese roll into the grave.

MALCOLM (IN THE GRAVE)

...Thanks.

CLAIRE

You want me to shovel some dirt
on top?

MALCOLM (IN THE GRAVE)

...The shock wave will do that.
I'm going to be buried in the
perfect spot. Forever.... Neat
and tidy.

CLAIRE

Yeah! ... Until then, though,
you're missing a great view!

MALCOLM'S head pops up again.

He looks at her, smiles, gets out of the grave and joins
her.

(ENDS)

FOR THE LAST 20 SECONDS

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

The beautiful hillside is empty.

Remnants of a picnic lie scattered on Claire's blanket. No
sign of either of them.

Wind whips across the grass -- the end is approaching.

INT. GRAVE - DAY

Claire and Malcolm lie in the grave, looking up at the
beauty of the sky.

They hear the noise of wind, bits of earth patter onto
their body. They smile and clasp hands and close their
eyes.

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT

(ENDS)