

ASHES TO ASHES

by  
Godfrey Park



HANNAH

Yes, I need a name to put on your tombstone. I'm Hannah.

THORNY

Thorny.

HANNAH

Thorny?

THORNY

It was supposed to be Thornton, but my parents were high or drunk when they registered my birth.

HANNAH

Good for them. Thornton's a stupid name.

He makes a move to go around her, but she blocks him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

No way, Thorny. I'm going first.

THORNY

Really? With your father, Hannah?

HANNAH

Think you have me, don't you?

Before he can reply, she steps into him, forcing him to back up to the ledge.

THORNY

Why do you have to go first?

HANNAH

I play to win. Softball, track, Crew.

THORNY

Yeah, well, I kick ass on the chessboard and the quant desk.

HANNAH

I don't know what that is, so it can't be very important.

THORNY

Quit pushing me.

He grabs her shoulders and pivots her out of the way. She loses control of the urn and it smacks into the urn on the ledge and both of them start to tip over.

HANNAH  THORNY (CONT'D)  
 No!  No!

They lunge for the urns and instead send them flying.  
 Lids pop off and ash sprays everywhere. The urns hit the  
 floor and bounce around, spraying more ash.

  HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Idiot!

  THORNY  
 Moron!

Both drop to their knees amidst the ash piles and their  
 heads bump.

                    THORNY (CONT'D)  HANNAH  
 Ow!  Ow!

They each grab an urn and cradle them to their chests,  
 then frown, and examine the urn they're holding.

  THORNY (CONT'D)  
 My mother's name wasn't on her urn!

  HANNAH  
 Neither was my father's!

They SCREECH in unison and look around them in horror.

  THORNY  
 I don't know which ashes are mother's!

They frantically start sweeping ashes into the urns.

  HANNAH  
 I'm sweeping your mother in with my  
 father. If this urn even is my father!

  THORNY  
 Get your hands off my mother.

He slaps the ashes out of Hannah's hand.

  HANNAH  
 Get your hands off my father.

She slaps the ashes out of Thorny's hands.

  THORNY  
 Your father's full of germs, now. And  
 probably other nasty crap.

HANNAH

Well, your mother's full of shit, too.

THORNY

Maybe we could DNA them apart.

HANNAH

Each individual ash particle?

THORNY

Right. Now they're all mixed up. Like they're having sex, or something.

Hannah gasps in outrage and hits him on the arm. He shoves her flat on her back, then laughs somewhat hysterically.

Hannah shoves a foot into him, and he tips over onto his back. She laughs.

They scramble to their knees, eyes narrowed angrily.

HANNAH

Bastard!

THORNY (CONT'D)

Bitch!

They launch themselves at each other and roll around on the floor, making twisted ash angels. When they roll to an exhausted stop, they're still in each other's grasp.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I don't usually let guys get to second base on the first date.

THORNY

You don't have a second base.

HANNAH

A damnable lie. From what I can feel, you're not swinging a very big bat.

Their eyes remain locked on each other.

THORNY

Can we stop flinging around sexual innuendos and just kiss?

HANNAH

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

He nods. She shrugs. They kiss.

FADE OUT.