

BURIED AT SEA

Written by

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INT. PARENT'S CAR - DAY

BILL, 35, drives with JEN, 38, on the front passenger seat.

JIM, 17, sits on the backseat alone, on his phone.

Bill, glances up into the rear view mirror, looking back at Jim.

BILL
Alright there buddy?

Jim just gives him a silent nod in reply.

Jen taps Bill on the arm and points for him to face the road.

JEN
Don't bother trying to talk to him
and focus on not crashing.

BILL
I'm a good driver.

JEN
So you keep saying.

Jim rolls his eyes, continues playing on his phone. Doesn't look up from it.

Bill continues to try and get a conversation going with him.

BILL
Jimmy?

No response.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'm going to need you to try with
people for the next couple of days
OK?

Jen lets out a fake laugh.

JEN
Yeah, like that'll happen.

Bill pushes on.

BILL
I can't have you just on your phone
not talking to anyone.

Jim continues to ignore, just letting out a long deep breath.

Bill's eyes flick back up to the rear view mirror. Jen catches him. Again hitting him on the arm.

JEN

The road numb nuts.

He does as he's told.

BILL

OK. Look. Eyes on the road. I grew up around here. I know these roads like the back of my hand.

JEN

If you're trying to be reassuring, your failing. Miserably.

BILL

Do you want to drive? Because, like, I'd happily switch seats.

JEN

How much longer?

BILL

Any second now. Jesus. All you two have to do is sit there. I'm the one doing all the work.

JEN

All of this could have been taken care of over the phone.

Bill wants to say something to her, but thinks better of it. Returns his sole focus onto the road.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Parked up outside Bill unloads the car. A couple of suitcases and bags. Jen supervises him.

Jim gets out. Takes a look around at where they are.

The house is a large family home, four bedrooms. A lovely home.

Bill tries to carry as many of the bags as he can, but he's struggling.

Jen leads the way to the front door.

Jim walks away from them. He goes over to the garden fence where he can hear rap music playing.

He peers over the wooden fence and into the front garden of next door.

He sees LILLY, 17. Sitting on a lounge chair. Playing music from her phone and painting her toe nails.

In just shorts and a tiny top she's out here enjoying the sunny weather.

Jim clearly likes what he sees. Staring at her lustfully. Watching her as she paints another toe.

She looks over at him, catches him staring.

He turns away. Nervous.

LILLY

Yes?

He slowly comes back to her.

JIM

Hi. I'm Jimmy.

She returns to her toes.

He waits, but she still ignores him.

JIM (CONT'D)

What's your name?

She smiles to herself. She heard him loud and clear aright, but she's enjoying toying with him.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Jim sits out on the garden furniture. Once again playing on his phone.

NICK, 75, is sitting next to him smoking a joint.

Jim sniffs at the air. Looks over at Nick and smiles.

JIM

Are you smoking weed?

Nick inspects the joint and grins.

NICK

Why yes, I think I am. You're not a nark are you?

JIM

A nark?

NICK

I've got cancer. I'm allowed to indulge.

JIM

Yeah. I'm sorry about that.

NICK

Not more than I am.

JIM

Well, if there's anything I can do for you. You know. To help. I'd like to do it. Seriously.

Nick holds out the joint for Jim to take. And he does. Takes a small hit before passing it back.

NICK

There's only one thing I want but no one wants to give it to me.

JIM

What?

NICK

Why bother. You'll just be like all the others.

JIM

Try me.

NICK

You'll do it.

JIM

Yeah.

NICK

OK, I want you to bury me at sea.

Jim laughs.

JIM

You're serious?

NICK

Yes. Will you do it?

JIM

I can't.

NICK

Why not. You know what the sea is don't you? You've got your drivers licence don't you? God knows your parents have bored me enough times listing your achievements.

JIM

But like I can't. Just because I can drive a car doesn't mean I own one.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Excuses, excuses.

JIM

Hey, you're not even dead. If you want to talk about excuses, there's one right there.

NICK

The doctors gave me three months to live. That was five months ago. I cough up blood. I shit blood. I piss blood. I'm not sure I've got all that much blood left.

Jim gestures towards the house.

JIM

And you've got plenty of bloodsuckers in there.

Nick laughs.

NICK

You see it to.

JIM

Yeah, gross right?

NICK

Then that's why you're the only one I've got. Grant me my final wish. Return me to the place where I was always truly happy. The sea. Don't let those fuckers put me into the dirty ground.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Around the large kitchen table Bill, Jen, ANNE, 35, and LIAM, 40, are arguing.

The top of the table is covered in paperwork and legal documents.

ANNE

He's not in his right mind. I'm the oldest. I should inherit the house.

JEN

Bullshit.

LIAM

He would want us to have the house.

BILL

I just want this over with.

JEN

The only way to do this is by getting him to write his will. Once and for all.

ANNE

I've tried. He won't.

JEN

No, you've tried to get him to sign everything over to you.

ANNE

Fuck you bitch.

JEN

I'm the bitch? I'm his daughter too. And You want to take it all for yourself. Well no, fuck you.

ANNE

Nice language there.

JEN

You started it. Bitch.

LIAM

Lets just all sit down OK.

BILL

Hey, lets just let Nick have his say.

JEN

We sit him down and we force him to write his will. He's had long enough.

ANNE

It's my money.

LIAM

Not yet.

BILL

Just split it all down the middle.

ANNE

I'm not sharing when I shouldn't have to. I'm the first born.

JEN

You also don't have a job.

ANNE

It's my money.

JEN

No, it's not.

Jim appears in the doorway. He coughs loudly to get all their attention.

He then points to the open window behind them.

JIM

He's in the garden. And he can hear everything you're saying.

The arguing sisters now look guilty. Turning their heads. Awkward.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Nick lay in bed, eyes closed. He's passed away.

Jen, Bill, Anne and Liam are gathered around him, looking sad.

No one knows what to do or say.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jen and Bill are now opening up all the cupboards and drawers. Searching.

BILL

I don't even know what I'm looking for. What the hell does even one of these things look like?

WIFE

Good god give me strength.
Paperwork. Bank statements.
Anything that could be a will.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Anne and Liam are doing the same in here. Ripping the place apart. Desperately searching.

Anne pulls the couch apart, even tipping it over.

Liam checks inside a magazine, flipping through it. But something inside the magazine catches his attention and he just starts to read.

Anne glances across at him.

ANNE

Hey, idiot. Keep looking.

He drops the magazine and continues looking.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jim zips Nick's dead body up into a black body bag.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Filled with cardboard boxes and trash. Jen, Bill, Anne and Liam are racing against each other.

Ripping through the junk around them. A bizarre treasure hunt. All wanting to be the first to find Nick's will.

Even though none of them know if it's even real.

Greed has taken over.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jim finishes loading the sealed body bag into the rear of his parents car.

Lilly comes on over. Stands at the side of the driver side door.

Jim has a hold of the car keys and sees her.

LILLY
You drive?

He waves the keys at her.

JIM
These are a giveaway aren't they?

LILLY
My friends are having this party. I need a ride. You want to come?

JIM
Oh how I wished you'd asked me that an hour ago.

LILLY
Come on, lets go.

JIM
Can't.

She seems shocked to hear him say this.

LILLY
I'm asking you to come to a party, with me. And you're saying no. Are you sick?

He eases her out of the way, opens the driver side door.

JIM
No, but I really got to do something first.

LILLY
I can't believe this. Are you gay?

JIM
No. I made a promise to someone.

LILLY
To be gay?

JIM
See you around.

LILLY
I don't think so.

She storms off.

He climbs into the drivers seat. Bites the top of the steering wheel as he watches her go.

He's filled with regret. That's the hottest girl that's ever spoken to him in his life and he's just sent her away. He must be crazy.

INT. PARENT'S CAR - DAY

Jim is driving along the highway when the light for the fuel comes on.

Jim groans.

JIM

You're kidding me. Come on Dad.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jim is filling up the car. He peers in at the backseat and down at the body bag.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

An elderly woman behind the counter waits for payment.

Jim checks his pockets. He places his keys, phone and empty sweet wrappers down onto the counter.

Checks the rest of his pockets, then checks them a second and third time.

He doesn't have his wallet on him.

He looks to her pleadingly.

JIM

I really need this?

ELDERLY WOMAN

No money?

JIM

No.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Total is fifty five.

JIM

I don't have fifty five.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Then go get a hose and start sucking it out.

JIM

Please.

She lets out a long deep breath. She looks at all the stuff he did manage to find and remove from his pockets.

She points at his beloved mobile phone.

ELDERLY WOMAN

How much is that worth?

JIM

A hundred, maybe.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'll take it.

He's stunned.

JIM

Take it? You can't be serious. That's got my whole life on it. No way.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'll let you wipe the memory first.

JIM

That's very nice of you. But no. Impossible. There has to be another way. I'll do anything else. And I mean anything.

He tries to reach out and take a hold of her hand.

She slaps his advance away.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm not sleeping with you.

JIM

For fifty five dollars worth of gas. That makes me pretty cheap.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Phone or hose. Either one you choose, it's going to suck. Up to you.

He looks down, thinking hard.

JIM

How far is the sea from here?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Excuse me?

JIM

Could I walk?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yeah. Of course you could. If you've got three, four days free.

JIM

No. Not really. I think the smell will be too bad another in another couple of hours.

She's confused.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What?

He gives in.

JIM

I need that car to be full.

He slips his phone over towards her. She picks it up, smiling excitedly.

He's crushed.

INT. PARENT'S CAR - DAY

The car's gas tank is now full.

Jim speeds along the highway. He looks back at the body bag via the rear view mirror.

JIM

I'll get you there Granddad. I hope.

He comes back to watching the road.

JIM (CONT'D)
You know what?

Silence.

JIM (CONT'D)
It really does suck doing all the
driving and having no one to talk
to.

He comes to a realization.

JIM (CONT'D)
I should be nicer to my dad. Maybe
my mom too. I'm not so sure about
that. But for sure my dad.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jim drags the body bag along the sand and takes it into the
ocean.

He allows the water to take it. The body bag floating.

Jim is waist deep in the water and watches the body bag wash
away from him.

He smiles, happy. He got to give what Nick asked of him.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The basement has been ripped apart. But Jen pulls out a large
brown envelope that is Nick's last will and testament.

JEN
Back off, I've got it.

The others gather around her.

Jen open it up. A single piece of paper.

'The first to bury my body at sea, will get my booty.'

ANNE
What?

BILL
We have to do what?

LIAM
Throw him in the ocean and we get
everything.

At those words all four run for the stairs.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

They all burst into the bedroom, but are stunned at the empty bed.

JEN

Where the hell is he?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jim sits on the sand, soaking wet from the waist down. The body bag no longer in view. Gone.

Jim's just enjoying this time, alone.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END