

IN LOVING MEMORY

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EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

ANNA, 40s, summery clothes and an inappropriately massive smile on her face, walks among large marble monoliths.

Discreet solar panels sit on top of the stone blocks betraying the futuristic nature of this graveyard.

She reaches the end of a row, turns left, and stops in front of a screen about ten inches wide by eight deep. It's one of the hundreds of identical panels attached to the vertical surface of the marble blocks around her.

Above the panel a name and date are carved into the stone, Greg Capstan, 1980-2025.

Anna holds her hand up in front of the panel. A laser scans it before the screen slowly comes to life and reveals...

GREG, 40s, sitting at a desk streaming porn on a hologram.

He jumps up when he sees Anna.

GREG

Oh, you fucking bitch! Let me out!

ANNA

Charming.

Her smile edges up a notch.

GREG

I cannot believe you'd do this.

Anna shrugs.

ANNA

Fuck my Sister over our kitchen table, and what did you expect?

Greg advances, background to foreground, the anger on his face now evident in his beetroot complexion and the throbbing vein in his temple.

GREG

It's not my fault you were always in the lab, working on your shitty little tech projects.

ANNA

You could have had a sneaky wank like anyone else. Bought an AI fleshlight, a hooker, anything except my sister.

Greg moves even nearer the screen, his face now filling it.

GREG

Why? When little Sis was so willing.

Anna's smile slips a little.

GREG

They'll find me you know, realise you drugged me and what you've done.

Anna laughs, smile back to supernova level.

ANNA

They? Everyone thinks you're dead --

GREG

I am not, don't say that. This is, is, is... premature virtual burial.

ANNA

I know, genius, and you get to think about what you did... forever.

GREG

Maintenance or system diagnostics will notice I'm not just a bunch of repeating social media memories like everyone else who's uploaded here.

ANNA

The system is solar powered. I bought your plot outright, out of your life insurance, so there's no maintenance unless I ask for it.

Greg moves back from the screen a little, a sly look now on his face.

GREG

Look, if you just let me out --

ANNA

Oh, and I had your body cremated.

Greg moves forward, one blinking eye now fills the screen.

GREG

I am going to gut you. Each organ, one at a time... then cook them, and eat them and then shit you back out.

ANNA
What, with your little virtual hands
and your massive virtual asshole?

Greg reels back, moves to the desk and kicks it, except he
doesn't as it is as virtual as he is.

GREG
FUCKING BITCH!

ANNA
Yep, that's what got you here.

GREG
This isn't right, I wasn't the only
guilty party you know.

ANNA
When I was planning this I came
across a great quote.

She rolls up her sleeve to reveal a tattoo.

INSERT: Tattoo

"Begin a journey of revenge, start by digging two graves."

ANNA
I didn't like the rest of the quote.

GREG
Why, what'd it say?

ANNA
Start by digging two graves: one for
your enemy, and one for yourself.

Anna holds her hand in front of the screen again.

GREG
No don't do that.

The screen fades to black, Greg's pleading fades out too.

ANNA
Loved the "two graves", didn't like
the "one for yourself bit" at all.

She holds her hand up in front of the screen beneath Greg's.

The panel scans her hand, the screen starts to brighten...

ANNA
Hey Sis.