

IN THE WRONG HANDS

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EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Hundreds of gravestones, old ones given the wear and almost indecipherable epitaphs, in orderly rows.

Silent and deserted save for...

TOMMY, 20s, covered in mud, looks down into the hole and the casket visible at the bottom.

PENNY, 50s, stunning in the moonlight - in any light - swings a pickaxe in dainty hands, uses it to motion down into the grave.

TOMMY

I said no!

He kicks the shovel by his feet for emphasis.

She swings more emphatically towards the hole.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Careful with that!

She stops swinging.

PENNY

Scared?

He nods.

PENNY (cont'd)

Really? But, you've done the hard part.

The sweat streaks through the mud on his face a grim testament to just how hard.

TOMMY

I heard a noise.

Penny laughs.

PENNY

In a graveyard at night, be odd if you didn't.

TOMMY

No.

He flicks his head towards the hole again.

A faint SCRATCH.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Hear that!?

She laughs again, shakes her head.

PENNY
Wow, you really are scared.

Tommy blushes, masculinity insulted.

TOMMY
It's just --

PENNY
You said you'd do anything.

He shakes his head.

TOMMY
I didn't think digging up your old
man was gonna be *the* anything.

PENNY
So, happy to fuck me, frequently,
profess your undying love,
occasionally, but not anything
difficult.

TOMMY
C'mon, this is mad.

PENNY
Fifty grand watch and the selfish
bastard wanted burying in it.

She twirls the pickaxe deftly.

PENNY (cont'd)
That's mad.

Tommy glances at the coffin, obviously expensive and ornate
even with just a portion exposed.

Back at Penny.

TOMMY
How long's he been down there?

She smiles sweetly at him.

PENNY
Ages, he'll just look hungry now.

Tommy looks at her, confused.

PENNY (cont'd)
You know, old, drained, emaciated.

He wrestles with the quandary, his eyes darting between the object of his lust and the hole in the ground.

TOMMY
Fuck it.

Penny smirks - lust always wins with men.

He jumps back in.

HOLE

Tommy swipes dirt off the surface of the coffin.

He shuffles down a bit.

The coffin is a split one, used for viewings in the funeral parlor.

Tommy feels round the exterior of the top half.

Yanks hard.

The top of the coffin comes open with a sickly sucking sound as the mud gives in.

Tommy doesn't look into the open casket.

TOMMY
I --

A hand reaches from it and grabs him round the throat.

The end of the pickaxe travels through his skull and out through the shocked O of his open mouth.

Blood runs like a river.

PENNY
Supper time.

The hand pulls Tommy nearer.

Moonlight glints on a fifty grand Rolex, drenched in blood, before it disappears from view.