

ON THE GRASSY KNOLL

by

Puddin' Tane

FADE IN

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

BILL (30s, well dressed) and BARB (30s, well dressed), lay sprawled on the ground next to each other. Gasping for air.

BILL
Well..Barb. This is it.

BARB
(struggling to speak)
Knew it was coming.

Bill tries hard to roll on his side to see Barb.

BILL
We all did. Thing is...

BARB
Don't!

Bob struggles but can't improve his position.

BARB
Don't say it. Don't want to hear
it. Not again.

Bill collapses under the effort of trying to look at Barb.

BILL
(wheezes)
Only...two...left.

Barb looks to the heavens and closes her eyes.

BARB
You think...you think I don't know?
Of course I know.
(pause)
This is where it all ends. 2036. No
more people.

With herculean effort, Bill claws at the grass to get closer to Barb.

He pulls even with her head.

BILL
We, we could still survive.

BARB
Stop it.

Bill gets right by her ear.

BILL
We know what to do. The experts
said...

Barb turns her head away and closes her eyes.

BARB
I said, I won't talk about it.

BILL
But it would be easy! It would
just take time and effort.

Bill breaks into a coughing fit.

Barb waits for him to stop.

BARB
And?

BILL
(gasps)
And...we'd live.

BARB
It's not that simple, Bill, and you
know it.

Bill claws at her shoulder. She pulls away as best she can.

They both collapse from the effort.

BILL
Not, that...again?

Barb tries like crazy to scoot away, but it's too much.

BARB
I'm telling you, one...last time.
We know exactly what to do. We may
be able to survive...
(deep breaths)
But...

Bill perks up a bit.

BILL
Yes?

BARB

But It's not coming out of my
pocket.

Bill's head sags in defeat. He looks to the sky.

BILL

Well...I'm not paying for it
either.

Both collapse and die.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER: Money before life. It's the human way.

THE END