

SKULLDUGGERY

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EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Two archeologists, SAM and JENSEN, are in the midst of a strenuous dig. Jensen chomps his gum, much to the annoyance of Sam.

SAM

Don't you worry about the dirt?

JENSEN

The dirt?

Sam grits his teeth.

SAM

Dirt in your teeth.

Jensen shrugs for an answer. Goes back to his obnoxious chewing. Sam just glares at him in response.

Takes his fury out on the dirt. Tears through the soil, until he hits something. Something hard.

He brushes off a layer of dirt, revealing the top of a skull. Excitedly clears the surrounding area.

Jensen steps over to take a look.

JENSEN

What you got there?

Sam removes the skull from the earth. It's beautiful. Near perfect condition.

SAM

It might be a homo floresiensis?

JENSEN

Nah. Looks more homo erectus.

Sam rolls his eyes. As if Jensen knows what he's talking about. He stares forward at his gorgeous find.

INT. WORK TENT - DAY

A couple tables with scattered tools. Sam cleans the skull while Jensen watches over his shoulder. A little too close.

SAM

Give me some space.

Jensen takes a step back. Sam consults a chart of skulls. There's no match.

SAM

This just might be a new link in the chain.

JENSEN

Outstanding! We've found a new link in the chain.

SAM

What do you mean we? You were on the other side of the pit.

JENSEN

But I was with you when WE found the skull.

SAM

That's not how this works.

JENSEN

Yes it is. I get partial claim.

SAM

Partial claim? What are you going on about? It's mine. Sam's skull.

JENSEN

The overseer won't see it that way.

Sam takes this in. He maybe right.

SAM

We'll wait then. Let him sort this mess out.

JENSEN

Or you could be a good sport and give me my fair share...

SAM

You've been dicking around all day and now you want to piggy back off my success?

Sam scoffs at the audacity.

JENSEN

My hands are dirtier. Look.

They compare hands.

SAM

That only proves you don't know how to properly clean them. You have no stake in this find.

Sam goes back to examining the skull. Jensen's frustration has reached a boiling point.

He peers out of the tent to make sure no one is around. Then ties it. A tight knot.

He grabs a dig tool off the table and approaches Sam from behind. He raises it. Ready to strike.

Sam senses this and dodges just as Jensen brings the tool down into the table.

SAM

Have you gone mad?

Jensen grabs another tool. Throws it at Sam.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

Sam tears through the tent. Dashes across the site. Trips and falls into the pit. Jensen follows below.

They swing back and forth in the pit. A messy fight. Neither knowing how to block or defend.

Jensen gets Sam in a headlock. He escapes with an elbow to the gut and a handful of dirt to the face.

Jensen throws him down. Beats Sam into submission. Then slowly climbs out of the pit and reenters the tent.

INT. WORK TENT - DAY

Jensen grabs a magic marker and writes: "Jensen's Skull" on the skull's forehead.

SAM (O.S.)

That's permanent!

Jensen turns back to see Sam standing in the tent opening. A horrified look on his face.

JENSEN

It's my skull now.

SAM

You've ruined it. Such an important discovery. A piece of history, squandered by your shitty handwriting.

Sam reaches for the skull. Each holding on to one side. Playing tug of war with the priceless artifact.

OVERSEER (O.S.)

Gentlemen!

The Overseer's booming voice shocks Sam and Jensen. The skull flies in the air. Across the tent in SLOW MOTION.

It crashes into a nearby table. Then falls to the floor. Instantly damaged on IMPACT.

INT. TENT - LATER

Sam has a Kleenex stuffed up his nostrils. Jensen holds an ice pack to his head.

The OVERSEER, with his Teddy Roosevelt mustache, sits across from them, unamused by their behavior.

OVERSEER

What the devil happened?

An argument sparks. Like two children bickering over a toy. Talking over each other. Indecipherable nonsense.

OVERSEER

SILENCE!

A tense beat. Sam and Jensen lower their heads in shame. The Overseer examines the damaged skull.

OVERSEER

You both better hope the folks back home can restore it. As for the discovery credit, it'll go to the team. I suggest you boys clean up and get back to work.

The Overseer leaves. Sam and Jensen glare at one another.

EXT. DIG SITE - DAY

The pair are back at work. In silence. Jensen removes a fresh piece of gum from his shirt pocket. Chews it obnoxiously.

Same glares at him. Then gets back to work.

He uncovers something. A fibula. Examines it for a moment.

Jensen glances over. Notices Sam trying to hide the bone.

Sam glares at him. A tense beat.

Jensen charges. They play tug of war with the fossil.

SAM

Let go. Let go!

Sam knocks Jensen over. Hits him over the head with fibula.
They wrestle in the dirt.

Below the earth there are a plethora of bones. A graveyard of
man's ignorance.

FADE OUT.