

'DEAD GOOD FRIENDS'

*An original short
screenplay*

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FADE IN.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LUKE, 19, lies out across his bed, on top of the bed sheets.

He leans over the side and is sick down into a bucket that's
their on the floor. A lot of blood comes out with it.

He's covered in sweat and out of breath.

He looks very close to death.

He starts to cry, lets the silent tears run down the front of
his face.

FADE TO.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luke struggles to stand up on top of the chair that's placed
in the very centre of his bedroom.

He stares at the noose, made out of an old tattered rope that
hangs menacingly down from the cline in front of him.

His whole body shakes.

He then nervously slips his head through, takes in a deep
breath and with his last ouch of strength he kicks the chair
out from underneath him.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

HANNAH, 45, and DAVID, 50, sit together on one side of this
large table inside this small tidy kitchen.

KYLE, 19, and JOE, 20, sit together on the other side. They
both look nervously down at the table, guilty.

A long tense pause.

Hannah and David swap between them, unsure on who they should focus on.

HANNAH

You knew he was going to do this,
didn't you?

Joe looks up. He nods.

JOE

He had talked it through with us.

David starts to cry, but manages to keep his tears silent.

HANNAH

Why didn't you tell us?

Joe shrugs.

Kyle looks up.

KYLE

He asked us not too.

HANNAH

But he's my son. I could have
helped him. Stopped him from doing
what he did.

KYLE

He was dying of lung cancer. He
knew it had beaten him, but he
wanted to pick how he was going to
go out. You even brought him home
because you knew that he didn't
want to die in a hospital.

HANNAH

Did you help him do it?

KYLE

No, but I didn't try to stop him
either. He was in his rights to do
what he did.

Hannah loses control, she reaches out across the top of the table and slaps Kyle hard across the face.

She then lets out a horrified scream and starts to cry.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Hannah and David, both dressed suitably for the funeral stand around the grave with lots of other family members.

They all watch on as dirt is slowly thrown down onto the coffin that's inside the grave.

INT. PUB - DAY

Kyle and Joe sit around a small table inside this virtually empty pub, both dressed in jeans and brightly coloured t-shirt.

They both have a pint of beer out in front of them.

JOE

It's total bullshit that his last wish was never followed through with.

Kyle shrugs.

KYLE

But maybe we're the only ones who know about it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Joe walks alone along this empty street city.

He carries two large shovels and lots of heavy duty bin bags in both hands.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe and Kyle stand at the back of Kyle's car. With its boot

open, Joe loads the shovels and the bin bags inside it.

Kyle watches on, folds his arms out in front of his chest, unsure.

KYLE

Are you sure there isn't another way?

JOE

No, there isn't.

KYLE

And you really want to do this?

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

No, I don't want to do this at all, but we've still got to.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Kyle drives.

Joe sits next to him on the front passenger seat. He turns and looks out of his window.

Kyle glances across at him.

KYLE

How illegal do you think this is?

Joe laughs.

JOE

Probably very.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

They're parked up.

They both look over at each other.

Kyle smiles.

KYLE

Well, no turning back now.

Joe laughs.

JOE

You took the words right out of my mouth.

KYLE

But maybe we could just go home, it wouldn't be so terrible if we did that.

Joe shakes his head, dismisses it.

JOE

We owe it him. It was his last wish. And he's not going to be making anymore.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

They walk through the graveyard, each with one of those shovels in hand, and each with a torch held out to light up the footpath in front of them.

JOE

We'll take it in turns.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

They stand around Luke's grave.

Kyle starts to dig as Joe holds onto both torches and keeps the area around him lit up.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

They carry the coffin, one at either end of it over towards the back of the car.

They're both exhausted and covered in sweat and dirt all

over.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Kyle drives.

Joe sits next to him on the front passenger seat and quickly winds open all of the windows, the sunroof too.

JOE

We won't be able to get him to where his grandparents are buried. Not in day light like this.

KYLE

So what then?

JOE

I think getting him as close as we can will be enough.

A pause.

KYLE

He always loved visiting his grandparents, and he always talked about it incessantly. And being buried with them is what should have happened from the beginning.

JOE

Maybe his parents just didn't know. But he certainly deserves this.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They push the coffin along the ground through this large dense forest. Those two shovels rest down on top of it.

They're already out of breath.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They've come to a stop, and with the coffin behind them they

both get to work with their shovels to dig out a large hole in the ground.

They're both in a rush to get it done.

They both start to cry.

FADE TO.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They've finished with the hole and the coffin is now down inside it. With those shovels still in hand they start to fill the hole back up with the dug out soil.

They're both still crying.

Kyle stops.

KYLE

Should one of us say something before we're finished?

Joe carries on. Shakes his head.

JOE

No, there's no point.

Kyle takes in a deep breath, nods, then gets back to work.

FADE TO BLACK
THE END