

FADE IN:

EXT. CREST LAWN GROUNDS. AFTERNOON.

A warm orange afternoon sky looms over the figure of ANTHONY, standing on the slope of a hilly lawn and staring at the view of his city. A proper dresser and shy at 24, he is pensive and unsure. His Hands cling to his arms as a gentle breeze flows by.

MONICA, 27, approaches his side with a hooded sweater slung over her shoulder. In leather jacket, dark make-up and jeans, she is cool, alluring and apathetic. Today, she is half-agitated and half-reluctant as she places a hand over Anthony's shoulder.

MONICA

Have you made up your mind yet?

Anthony shakes his head.

MONICA

Rex's checking the office right now. I think he'll be able to open a spot over on that area, if you want.

ANTHONY

I don't know.

MONICA

What do you mean 'I don't know'?

ANTHONY

I don't know what I want.

MONICA

Anthony, it's five o' clock. Can't you just pick one already?

Anthony pauses. Monica sighs.

MONICA

Alright. Here, wear this.

Monica pulls the sweater and wraps it over Anthony.

MONICA

The wind is picking up and it's getting cold. If you want to spend the night here, fine. Go ahead and buy your own a sleeping bag. But I'm not staying here forever -

REX O. S.

Monica!

Rex, 28, trods downhill, clipboard in hand. Wearing suit, tie, and a neatly trim goatee, his appearance is businesslike as usual.

Rex hands Monica the papers and they peer over them.

REX

Alrighty. I've just checked with the office. That area right there has forty plots open. Take a look.

MONICA

Is that the new lawn?

She slips a hand from her jacket and pulls a cigarette.

REX

Yeah. Just opened that little section a year ago. What do you think?

MONICA

I not so sure. It looks deserted.

The conversation continues behind Anthony as he kneels onto the grass. As Anthony settles, he eyes a flat polished headstone by his side then grimly looks around, surrounded by more rows of headstones, each adorned by wilting flowers or windswept ribbons. VISITORS everywhere roam across the lawn, fresh bouquets carried in arm or a plastic bag. Not until now do we know this isn't a park; it's a CEMETERY.

Anthony blinks and frowns.

REX

I've been in the family business my whole life. The way I see it, he's not going to be lonely forever as time goes on. Think on it: It's the cheapest available we have.

MONICA

Well, I think he wants a more 'comfortable' place though. He's been roaming around this section for the past hours. That narrows it down.

REX

Sure. But you guys are dealing with a pricey location with the view here. They're nine hundred a plot.

Monica lights up her cigarette and thinks.

MONICA

Is there a down payment on them?

Rex checks his clipboard.

REX

Yeah. It's five hundred.

(A beat)

Look. Are you sure you guys are able to put up that amount of money? Because honestly, I still recommend the lawn over there at four hundred. Your friend looks like the quiet type and I think that area is a very peaceful place to mourn-

(Shrieks)

AAAAAAGHHHH!!

A black plastic object strikes him in the head and Rex hits the ground. Confused, he clutches the thrown object and stares at it: a solar-powered garden lantern.

MONICA

Hey! Are you ok?

REX

(Mad)

Son of a bitch!

TEENAGE BOY O. S.

(A hysterical echo)

Help! Rape! Rape!

The heads of surrounding mourners turn. A series of hysterical high pitched squeals erupt O.S. Rex jumps to his feet, straitens his tie and marches across the lawn.

REX

(Scolds)

Hey, Hey, HEY!

Two young teenagers are wrestling on the ground. The "squealer" in question is JOSH, 14, a skinny kid donning dyed jet black hair and a retro jacket - the trademarks of a wannabe punk teen. Pinning him down is the teenybopper KATIE, 14, who glares at Josh with murder.

JOSH

(Howls)

Owwwwwwww! My nuts! Get your knee off my nuts!

REX

Hey! Both of you! Stop it now!

Rex grabs them both and pries them apart.

REX

I thought I told you to be quiet!

KATIE

He started it!

JOSH

She attacked me!

KATIE

You asked for it!

JOSH

No I didn't!

KATIE

Liar!

REX

Hey, hey! SHUT UP!

The kids stop. Silence.

REX

Look. Last week, I made you guys promise that there will be no yelling, screaming, biting or fighting in here. Obviously, you two have been continuously disrupting the atmosphere of this place.

Josh peers at the sky.

JOSH

'Atmosphere'?

REX

Do you want me to call your parents  
or not?

The kids wag their heads.

JOSH

No sir.

REX

Then get it in your heads: This is  
a cemetery, not a playground. Keep  
it down. Okay?

JOSH AND KATIE

Okay.

Rex tosses the garden lantern to Katie and brushes the  
sleeves of his coat. Monica appears by his side.

MONICA

Are you ok?

REX

Sure. Just a 'run in' with these  
two kids-

MONICA

Oh my god.

Monica peeks over Rex's shoulder and gapes at a bizarre  
sight: Two graves, frivolously decorated. Among the decor:  
miniature fences, ribbons, windmills, statues, garden gnomes,  
flamingos, bouquets, bird baths, tiki lamps, and candles.  
Even the grass of these two graves is fresh, a brighter green  
square within the bland lawn of the cemetery. The plots are  
reminiscent of a yard sale than a burial site.

REX

It's a freak show, isn't it?

MONICA

Did someone die?

REX

At 1952 and 1966? Nah.

(A beat)

It's a crazy, after-school hobby of  
theirs. Whatever it's peer  
pressure, the pot smoking, having  
nothing better to do, or trying to  
act plain cool, I wouldn't know.  
They've been here all year long.

Copyright 2005 Jennifer A. Elamparo -- All Rights Reserved

For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at  
[info@filmmakers.com](mailto:info@filmmakers.com)