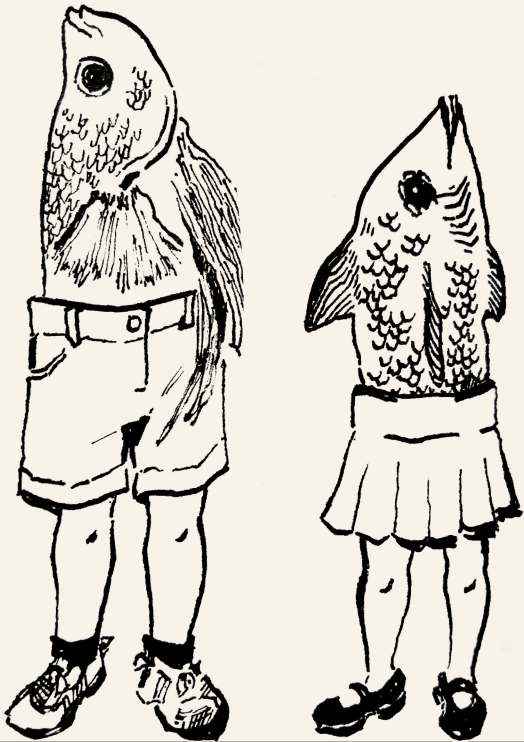
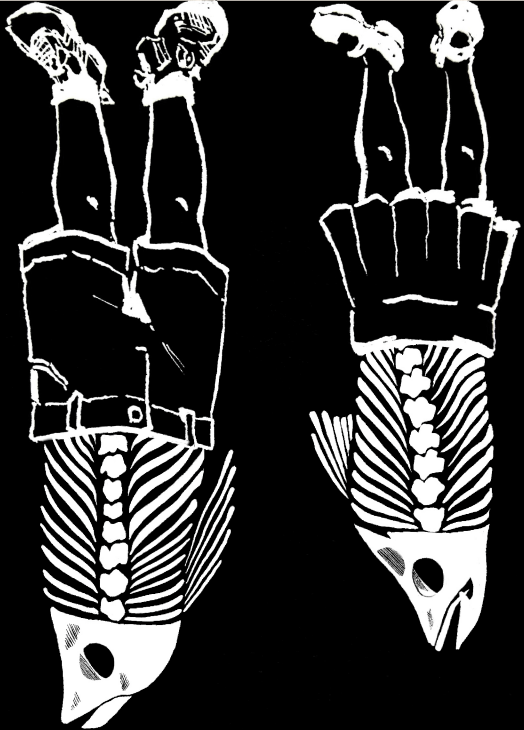


How To Dig A SHALLOW GRAVE



Kind of about love. Mostly about fish.



FADE IN:

1

EXT. CLEARING IN THE FOREST - EARLY AFTERNOON

1

BRIAN (22), wearing a wading jacket and a backpack, walks with KEIRA (25), wearing earrings shaped like goldfish and holding a cardboard box. Emerging from a path, they stop at the clearing's edge.

KEIRA
(Tearfully)
I can't believe we're back here.

Brian drops the bag and kneels, pulling things out of it. He grabs a folded blanket, which he spreads out on the ground, and a trowel.

BRIAN
I think it's nice we can bring him
back where we found him.

KEIRA
Yeah, it's like bringing him home.
Did you pack the thermos?

BRIAN
Yeah, do you want some?

KEIRA
Yes, please.

Keira holds her hand out for the coffee. Brian takes the thermos out of the bag and unscrews the attached cup and then the lid. He pours Keira's coffee into the cup, then gently hands it to her.

BRIAN
There you go, honey.

KEIRA
You can't keep calling me honey.

BRIAN
Oh, come on. Not even a thank you?

KEIRA
We're broken up!

BRIAN
It was a reflex!

KEIRA
Can you just be respectful?

BRIAN

Keira, we were together five years.

KEIRA

If you count the breaks, it's really more of a collective four years. Four and a half, generously.

Brian closes the thermos and puts it back in the bag.

BRIAN

I don't really want to count the breaks. I loved you the whole time. We've been broken up for a few days. We still live together. Give me some time, here.

*

KEIRA

It's been more than "a few" Brian. I've been giving you time! And space! I've been sleeping on the couch all week; I'm sorry that finding a new apartment takes longer than five days!

BRIAN

Five? What, are you counting today?

KEIRA

Obviously today counts.

BRIAN

Even then, it would only be four.

KEIRA

It was Sunday night-

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It was Monday night.

KEIRA (CONT'D)

It was not-

BRIAN

Ok, wait, I misspoke. It was Monday morning.

KEIRA

What?

BRIAN

Well, it started Sunday-

BRIAN (CONT'D)
-but it went until way after midnight and we didn't really come to an agreement until four, which was a bad idea on your part cause you get really mean when you're tired and Ann said you were a bitch to her-

KEIRA
You can't be serious. You're counting it as Monday because it was past midnight? What are we, fucking twelve? Bad on *my part*?

BRIAN (CONT'D)
-when you were in the elevator the next morning.

KEIRA (CONT'D)
Oh, *I* was a bitch? Ann is the biggest piece of shit, I swear, the only bigger piece of shit is you.

Brian looks like he's about to respond but is interrupted by his phone ringing. He reaches into his pocket to silence it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Sorry.

A beat, then Brian holds the trowel handle out towards Keira.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Do you want to dig or-?

KEIRA
Are you serious?

Keira brandishes her coffee cup and takes a sip from it.

BRIAN
(muttering)
Don't know why I asked.

Brian flips the trowel in his grip and shuffles forward on his knees a few feet. He points at the dirt in front of him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Does here look alright?

KEIRA
Does that feel right to you?

BRIAN
I'm not asking how it feels, I'm asking if it looks right.

KEIRA
Brian, what does that even mean?

BRIAN
Is it centered?

KEIRA
Centered to what?

BRIAN
I don't know. Like, does it look
out of place?

KEIRA
No.

BRIAN
So it's centered.

KEIRA
If that's what that means to you.

BRIAN
It's not about what it means to me,
Keira. It's about you actually
having input on something that's
important to both of us.

KEIRA
You cannot make this about the
coffee table.

BRIAN
Obviously, this isn't about the
coffee table. I can't believe you
would- No, wait, I can believe it.
This is so *classic-Keira*. I ask for
something and it's like you just
can't help yourself. You just have
to act like-

KEIRA
Ok.

BRIAN
I just wanted some help, I'm not
the only one doing this.

KEIRA
Ok! Sorry. It just sounded like you
were bringing up the coffee table.

BRIAN
I thought you'd be above bringing
up old shit right now.

KEIRA
I thought you were bringing it up.

BRIAN
I wouldn't do that. I'm serious.

KEIRA
I'm sorry! God.

BRIAN
It's unfair to bring old fights up.

KEIRA
Ok. I'm really sorry.

BRIAN
You already said that. Let's just move on.

KEIRA
Ok... Where were you gonna put him?

BRIAN
I was thinking here?

Keira holds the box closer to herself, almost hugging it. She smiles and nods at Brian. He starts to dig.

KEIRA
Sorry, not to stop you, but is the twine in there?

BRIAN
Yeah, should be in the bag. Hold on a sec, I'll get it for you.

Keira smiles tightly and lowers herself to sit on their picnic blanket, setting her coffee down next to her, box in her lap. Brian throws a ball of twine to her after he retrieves it from the backpack. She catches it and pulls two twigs from her jacket pocket, using the twine to wrap them together into the shape of a cross. Brian keeps digging.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. CLEARING IN THE FOREST - EARLY AFTERNOON

2

Keira and Brian now stand in front of a shallow grave.

KEIRA
Do you think that's deep enough?

BRIAN
Yeah, I'm pretty sure he'll fit.