

Dust to Dust
By
Francis Cleft

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EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Two women are sitting on chairs, drinking tea. JEAN is in her early sixties and slightly overweight. MARGARET is also in her early sixties but slightly underweight.

JEAN

You haven't got owt to lend us,
'ave you?

MARGARET

I only wish I 'ad, Jean. I 'aven't
got a pot to piss in.

JEAN

I thought so, but I 'ad to ask.
Nobody's got owt. We're all in the
same boat.

MARGARET

You can say that again. Since they
let our Frank go, we've 'ad nowt
but beans on toast for our tea.

JEAN

That's like us. We have Spam an'
all sometimes.

MARGARET

Oh, you can't beat a bit of Spam. I
like it with eggs.

JEAN

Oh, I like that an' all. You just
have to make do, don't you.

MARGARET

That you do, Jean. Aye. That you
do.

The women take a few moments of silence to sip their tea.

JEAN

Where's your Frank?

MARGARET

In the shed. He pisses about in
there a lot nowadays. Think 'e's
arranging 'is spanners or summat.

JEAN

I thought you arranged his spanner
for 'im.

(CONTINUED)

The women LAUGH and kick their legs up in the air as they do. FRANK hears the laughter and steps out of the shed.

FRANK

What's tickled you two, 'ey?

MARGARET

Oh, nowt, love. Me an' Jean were just saying 'ow noone's got owt these days.

FRANK

Aye. You just 'ave to keep 'eading the ball, love.

JEAN

Aye.

FRANK suddenly grabs his left arm, and then his chest. He falls to the ground. JEAN and MARGARET scream and run to him.

MARGARET

Frank! Don't you dare go on me!

JEAN

I'll call an ambulance.

JEAN runs inside the house. MARGARET stays by FRANK'S side, holding his hand.

MARGARET

Frank. I'm 'ere, love. I can't believe you've gone 'an 'ad a bloody 'eart attack on me. Stay wi' me.

JEAN runs back into the garden.

JEAN

Ambulance is on it's way, Margaret.

MARGARET

They better 'urry up. 'E's got no pulse. I'm losing 'im.

CLOSE ON FRANK'S FACE

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

JEAN and MARGARET are at the side of a grave. They are the only two there, except for a PRIEST, who is reading passages from the bible. CLOSE ON headstone. We see it is FRANK'S headstone.

PRIEST

Earth to earth. Ashes to ashes.
Dust to dust.

MARGARET picks up a handful of soil and throws it onto FRANK'S coffin.

MARGARET

Sleep well, love.

JEAN then picks up a handful of soil, tosses it onto the coffin, and walks away with MARGARET.

JEAN

'Ow are you 'olding up, love.

MARGARET

I don't know what I'm gonna do for money. I've got nowt. The 'eadstone cost me an arm an' a leg. I'm up shit street.

JEAN

We'll sort summat out. Don't worry about that today.