

BURIED

Written by

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INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY

DENNIS MILLER, mid-fifties, a brute in a suit sits squashed in a narrow high back leather chair with a large duffel bag at his feet.

A FUNERAL DIRECTOR sits opposite, a constant expression of sympathy painted onto his face.

A range of caskets adorn the parlour.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

That's the harvest oak casket from our premium range, upgrading from the standard brass to rose gold handles featuring a tan crepe interior and wheat motif detail?

Dennis nods wiping away his tears with a delicate silk handkerchief. He blows his nose hard into it and hands it back.

The funeral director raises his hand -- keep it.

DENNIS

I'm sorry, I must look ridiculous. A man of my size crying into a little hanky like that.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Not at all. Coping with the loss of a loved one can be one of the hardest challenges we have to face.

(beat)

Now we can supply flowers at an additional cost --

DENNIS

-- She was the warmest, most loving creature on the planet. When most people look at me they see a big, tough man and they expect me to be the strong one and look after them, but she saw through that. She was always there for me. Even when I'd come home late from work. I work unsociable hours.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Yes, you mentioned you're a taxi driver.

DENNIS

That's right. I'd come in at four, five, sometimes six in the morning and she'd be curled up on the sofa waiting for me. I'd join her, she'd bring me my slippers and then snuggle into me and we'd just watch TV in perfect silence before going to bed and... Oh God, I just miss her so much.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

She sounds delightful.

(beat)

You also mentioned you wanted a dual plot. Our dual plots cover a minimum hundred year period but for a meagre fee it can be extended at 25 year intervals.

DENNIS

A dual plot, yes I need that.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

We can update the headstone to reflect the second occupant but in the first instance what would you like the stone to read?

DENNIS

Peggy, you weren't just my companion, you were my best friend and I love you dearly. You'll be sorely missed. All my love, Dennis.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Excellent. Now of course there's a matter of the fee but first I need the death certificate.

He looks to Dennis expectantly.

Dennis doesn't respond.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You have got a death certificate, haven't you?

Dennis pulls his duffel bag up onto his lap and takes tight hold. He still doesn't respond.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

RECEPTION

Dennis enters. The RECEPTIONIST looks over her desk at him.

RECEPTIONIST  
Good morning. How can I help?

DENNIS  
Doctor Somners please.

RECEPTIONIST  
You would like to make an  
appointment to see Doctor Somners?

DENNIS  
No, I need to see him now.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm afraid that's not possible at  
the moment, sir. I can book you  
in for --

DENNIS  
-- Tell him it's Dennis Miller and  
it's an emergency.

RECEPTIONIST  
I appreciate that sir, but Doctor  
Somners --

Dennis veers away and BANGS on the Doctor's door.

DENNIS  
Doctor Somners!

He jiggles the handle -- it's locked.

RECEPTIONIST  
No one is allowed to go in there.

Dennis quickly doubles back.

DENNIS  
He didn't give me the death  
certificate. I need it to get her  
buried. Do you understand? I  
can't bury her until he gives me  
the death certificate.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry for your loss sir, but Doctor Somners is away from his desk at the moment. I can book you in for the earliest appointment, which will be tomorrow morning at nine A.M.

DENNIS

Can't you just give me the death certificate?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, I don't have the authority to do that. Would you like the appointment?

DENNIS

Yes.

The receptionist types away at her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you for stopping by, we look forward to seeing you tomorrow at nine A.M.

DENNIS

Actually, can I wait?

RECEPTIONIST

Doctor Somners isn't expected back into the office today.

DENNIS

But it's okay if I wait?

RECEPTIONIST

I really would advise against it as the Doctor isn't due back in now until tomorrow.

DENNIS

You see I need a death certificate. Doctor Somners forgot to give it to me.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes I understand but --

DENNIS

-- They won't let me bury her without one.

RECEPTIONIST

The Doctor will be glad to help  
you in --

DENNIS

-- So I really need to talk to the  
Doctor as soon as possible, so he  
can give me the death certificate  
and I can get her funeral  
organised. You see without it --

RECEPTIONIST

-- Yes! Take a seat.

DENNIS

Thank you.

Dennis sits, face forward, staring straight at the reception  
desk.

An uncomfortable receptionist tries to work but can't keep  
from turning her head and making eye contact. She  
repositions her monitor and a potted plant on her desk to  
obscure the view.

HOURS LATER

Dennis' eyes flicker open as a dark hooded figure enters  
Doctor Somner's office.

Stacks of files have been built up around the receptionist,  
the top of her head barely visible.

Dennis heads for the Doctor's door.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I thought you said no one was  
allowed in there?

He tries the handle -- It's open -- he barges into the  
Doctor's office.

OFFICE

Dennis scans the room. The door to the Doctor's bathroom is  
ajar. Dennis pushes the door back -- It's empty.

A hand lands on his shoulder. He turns to see --

RECEPTIONIST

You can't be in here.

DENNIS

Sorry, I thought I saw something.

## RECEPTIONIST

Yes, well, I need to lock up now;  
so if you don't mind.

## INT. DENNIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Dennis enters, deflated with a heavy look of despair; he has a tight hold on his duffel bag.

He lays the duffel bag gently onto the floor next to the sofa.

He looks to the unoccupied sofa. Tears well in his eyes.

He sits down, running his hand into the dented cushion of the seat next to him. He rests his head into the large groove. He hugs his bag with all his might as the tears roll down his rugged cheeks.

## BATHROOM

Dennis sits in the tub. He is staring at the sharp-edged blade of his razor. The light reflects off the blade and into his sorrowful eyes.

He tosses the razor to one side of the bath and sinks further into the steamy, hot tub; the water gently lifting some tension from his heavy shoulders.

He lets himself slip under the water until he is completely submerged. His droopy eyes stare up through the rippling waves.

Bubbles escape his mouth and nostrils and float up to the surface. His eyes fixated as they pop before they can escape the shallow waters.

He slowly starts to lift his head out of the water as he makes his ascent.

Two hands dive into the bath and around Dennis' throat, pushing him further into the tub. Dennis' eyes widen as a DARK HOODED MAN nearly chokes the life out of him.

Dennis thrashes around, desperately reaching for air, but the dark figure's hands press down harder.

He takes hold of his attackers arms and tries to pull them from around his neck -- the hold is too strong.

Dennis fumbles around the bath -- searching. His fingertips scattering across the rim of the tub. He finds his way to the handle of his razor blade.

He claws at it until he's able to take hold of the razor. He brings his hand down and slashes the razor across the dark figure's hand. Blood contaminates the bath water.

The dark hooded man releases his hold. Dennis emerges with a GASP for air.

He hears his front door SLAMMING -- the intruder has gone.

He clambers out of the bath, his naked frame falls to the tiled floor with a THUMP.

He pushes himself up. He climbs the sink basin and up onto his feet. He rubs his throat as he takes short, sharp GASPS of air.

He looks ahead into the bathroom mirrored cabinet. He lifts his hand to clear away the condensation but stops as he notices a message written in the mirror. It reads 'Bury her'.

INT. TAXI

Dennis is wearing a roll-neck jumper. He strokes his throat as he pulls up outside of a CUSTOMER'S house.

The customer emerges pulling a large flight case behind him.

Dennis exits the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

DENNIS  
Smith?

CUSTOMER  
Smythe!

DENNIS  
Where to?

The customer shakes his head in disbelief, 'really?'.

CUSTOMER  
The airport.

DENNIS  
Okay, get in.

CUSTOMER  
Well could you give me a hand with my bag?



Dennis takes the bag from him and tries to squeeze it through the back door of the taxi - it is too large and bulky.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Put it in the boot.

Dennis shakes his head.

DENNIS

Can't, there's not enough room.

CUSTOMER

It is a massive boot, of course there is enough room.

DENNIS

I mean, I already have a bag in there.

CUSTOMER

Well take it out then.

Dennis rubs his hands over his face -- flummoxed. He thinks.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Come on.

The customer opens the boot and reaches inside.

DENNIS

No. Get off!

CUSTOMER

I beg your pardon?

DENNIS

I mean, let me do it for you.

Dennis carefully takes his duffel bag out of the boot and throws the customer's case in.

LATER

Dennis is navigating his way through the late night traffic.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The customer looks increasingly unhappy as he sits in the back with the duffel bag stretched out over his legs and across the backseat.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Dennis winds the window down. The customer pokes his reddened head through.

CUSTOMER  
That was the worst taxi ride I  
have ever had.

DENNIS  
Twenty-seven eighty.

The man rummages through his wallet and pockets. He hands Dennis the exact amount of money.

He storms off into the airport dragging his dented, flight case behind him.

Dennis tentatively puts his duffel bag back into the boot.

The rear passenger door SLAMS as a PASSENGER climbs in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Dennis pulls away from the airport.

DENNIS  
(to passenger)  
Where to?

PASSENGER (O.C.)  
Just drive.

LATER

DENNIS  
We've been on this road a while  
now, do we need to turn off at any  
point?

No response.

Dennis looks into his rearview mirror but can't make out the passenger in the dark.

He flicks the rear cabin light on -- nothing.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Would you mind putting the light  
on back there?  
(beat)  
It's just above your head.

Dennis looks in the mirror again - no movement.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I said can you --

PASSENGER

Why haven't you done it yet?

DENNIS

I've tried, the switch must be turned off in the back.

PASSENGER

She should be buried by now. Or didn't you get the message?

The passenger leans forward. Dennis can see the dark hooded figure.

Dennis loses control of the car swerving into oncoming traffic.

He wrestles with the steering wheel, fighting to regain control.

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

The car is heading down the wrong side of the road, swerving around the oncoming vehicles.

The car darts back into its own lane, clipping the headlight of an oncoming car causing the taxi to spiral further out of control and into a ditch.

The door SLAMS. Hurried FOOTSTEPS disappear into the night.

Dennis takes pursuit running from the car and following into the --

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Dennis runs through the trees and into a clearing -- not a soul in sight. His phone RINGS. He answers.

PASSENGER (V.O.)

(on phone)

Her death was an accident, yours won't be. Get her buried.

The call ends.

Dennis YELLS out into the night.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR STEPHEN SOMNERS, (40s), is sat at his desk.

A KNOCK at the door.

DR SOMNERS

Come.

The door opens and Dennis half enters, popping his head around the door frame -- his eyes scan the room.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)

Dennis, please come in. Close the door behind you.

Cautiously Dennis enters -- he stands with his back to the door.

DENNIS

Are you alone?

DR SOMNERS

I was, but now you're here. Have a seat.

Dennis moves sluggishly toward the couch.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)

You look tired Dennis.

DENNIS

I didn't sleep last night; how could I with him there?

DR SOMNERS

You have a guest staying with you?

DENNIS

A guest, no. An intruder, yes...  
A stalker maybe, a killer. I dunno... I'm pretty sure he followed me here.

DR SOMNERS

This man was in your house?

DENNIS

I chased him from my taxi, I thought he'd gone but my door was open when I got home; he'd been through my things.

DR SOMNERS

You saw him going through your belongings?

DENNIS

I didn't see him, I didn't have to, I know it was him. He leaves messages.

DR SOMNERS

What kind of messages?

DENNIS

He wrote on my bathroom mirror, he called my mobile, last night he left a note on my pillow. He's taunting me, he's testing me.

DR SOMNERS

What do the notes say?

DENNIS

He wants me to 'bury her' but the ironic thing is that's what I've been trying to do --

DR SOMNERS

Dennis, --

DENNIS

That's why I came here, to get the death certificate... Why is he so persistent? Why does he want her buried so badly?... I don't think it was an accident, I think she might have been killed, he implied as much last night.

DR SOMNERS

Dennis, why don't you lie down? You don't look well.

The Doctor picks up his phone.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)

Margaret, cancel my next appointment.

Hangs up.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)

When did all this begin Dennis?

DENNIS

Yesterday, after I'd been to arrange her funeral but I can't because you forgot to issue the death certificate. If you can do it now, maybe I can use it to lure him out, set a trap to catch him.

DR SOMNERS

Dennis I --

DENNIS

-- You could help me, be there as a witness when I grab him.

DR SOMNERS

I want to help you --

DENNIS

Great, well what I'm thinking we do is --

DR SOMNERS

-- No, I can't help you with that, Dennis.

DENNIS

You just said --

DR SOMNERS

-- Maybe I could help you another way?

Dennis jumps up, furious.

DENNIS

There is no other way, don't you see that? You're messing with my head, you're as bad as him.

DR SOMNERS

Calm down, Dennis.

DENNIS

Don't tell me to calm down! My life hangs in the balance and you can't even be bothered to get up from behind your desk!

The phone rings. Dennis grabs it and throws it across the room. It SMASHES into the wall and falls to the floor.

An awkward silence.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to --

DR SOMNERS  
-- It's okay, Dennis.

The door bursts open and the receptionist barges in.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
It's okay Margaret, just a little  
accident.

RECEPTIONIST  
If you say so Doctor. Mr Thompson  
is on line one; he sounds in a bad  
way.

Dennis appears enervated, his arms hang by his side. Blood  
rolls down the back of his hand and drips from his fingers  
to the floor.

DR SOMNERS  
Are you okay? You're bleeding.

DENNIS  
I must've caught it when I threw  
the phone. Apologies.

Dennis can see through the door and into the waiting room.  
The hooded man is stood facing toward him. He has a shovel  
in his hand. With the other hand he mimes cutting his  
throat from ear to ear. He darts out the office.

DR SOMNERS  
Do you want me to take a look at  
that?

DENNIS  
He's here!

DR SOMNERS  
Dennis?

DENNIS  
It's him, he followed me!

Dennis charges out of the room.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dennis rushes out of the building.

The hooded man is prising the boot open of Dennis' taxi with the shovel.

DENNIS

No! Stop!

The boot POPS open. Dennis tackles the hooded man -- they drop to the road, Dennis lands hard onto the man's leg.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr Somners and the receptionist watch the commotion from his window.

DR SOMNERS

Call security.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The hooded man CLONKS Dennis with the shovel, knocking him to one side.

The hooded man strikes at Dennis with the shovel, hurting his leg. Dennis grabs the shaft and manages to wrestle it away from him.

The hooded man limps off across the road.

Dennis climbs onto his feet. He watches the hooded man slip into an alley.

He opens the boot, his duffel bag safely tucked inside. He lifts the bag from the boot.

Dennis carries both the bag and shovel and hobbles after the hooded man into the --

EXT. ALLEY

The hooded man is stood still. He has reached a dead end. Dennis has him cornered.

DENNIS

There's nowhere to escape to.

The man turns around in the shadowy corner of the alley.

Dennis lowers his bag to the ground. He holds the shovel in both hands - ready to strike.



DENNIS (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

HOODED MAN  
You know who I am.

Dennis shakes his head, no. He steps closer to the hooded man.

He reaches out and pulls the hood back from the man's face.

Dennis is taken aback, shocked and confused.

DENNIS  
No it can't be. It's impossible!

The hooded man steps forward from the shadows and into the light -- the hooded man is Dennis.

The hooded man raises a single finger and pushes back on Dennis' forehead.

HOODED MAN  
You know what you have to do.

Dennis falls back.

His bag lies wide open behind him. It catches him as he falls inside.

Dennis flails towards a pitch black abyss. He's illuminated by the flicker of a white light at the end of a long tunnel. A silhouette of the hooded man stands bathed in light at the tunnel's entrance.

The hooded man's voice echoes into the abyss -- his words fully formed and shooting past Dennis like falling stars.

HOODED MAN (V.O.)  
Bury her. You must bury her.  
Bury her now.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

HOURS LATER

Dennis wakes. His bag closed next to him. His eyes black and deadened, lost in the abyss.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr Somners is working at his computer.

Raised VOICES from outside the office cause him to stop working.

The muffled SOUND OF COMMOTION grows louder.

His door opens and Dennis bursts in, bag in tow.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
You can't go in there.

DR SOMNERS  
Dennis?

The receptionist appears behind Dennis.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
It's okay Margaret.

RECEPTIONIST  
Should I call security?

DR SOMNERS  
It's fine.

She returns to her desk.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
Dennis, I'm glad you're okay, we saw what happened, but by the time we got downstairs you were gone.

He crosses the room and gently puts his bag down on the Doctor's leather couch.

Dennis stands with his back to Doctor Somners.

DENNIS  
I need you to write me that death certificate.

DR SOMNERS  
Did you find who you were looking for?

DENNIS  
The death certificate.

DR SOMNERS  
Who died Dennis?

DENNIS  
Can you do it?

DR SOMNERS  
What's in the bag?

DENNIS  
They won't do the burial without  
one.

DR SOMNERS  
Who's getting buried Dennis?

No response.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
Can you look at me please?

Still, no response.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
Dennis? Can you look at me?

Dennis slowly turns around, his head down, looking at his  
feet.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
I can't help you Dennis if you  
don't tell me what's happening.

DENNIS  
We want to have her buried --

DR SOMNERS  
-- Who?

DENNIS  
-- and we can't without a death  
certificate --

DR SOMNERS  
-- Who's we? Who died, Dennis?

DENNIS  
-- so we need you to write us one  
so we can have her buried.

DR SOMNERS  
Dennis. Who died, who needs  
burying?

Dennis' eyes are red, heavy and full of sorrow. He finally  
lifts his gaze to make a moment's eye contact with the  
Doctor.

DENNIS  
Please.

DR SOMNERS  
I can't help you Dennis, if you  
don't tell me why you need help.

DENNIS  
I've told you why.

DR SOMNERS  
You've said she and her, I need a  
name Dennis.

Frustrated tears bleed from his eyes.

DENNIS  
You know her name.

DR SOMNERS  
I need you to say it.

DENNIS  
I don't want to say it. We... I  
just want you to help.

DR SOMNERS  
I'm trying to help you, Dennis,  
but I can't until you say it.  
(beat)  
The name.

DENNIS  
Peggy!  
(beat)  
Peggy died, I need to bury Peggy,  
my wife. I need a death  
certificate, can you please write  
one for me?

DR SOMNERS  
You know I can't.

Dennis turns to leave.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
It's nearly time Dennis, I'll see  
you soon.

Dennis exits.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A bright sunny day has brought people to the park.

Couples holding hands and kissing under the shade of the trees, families in paddle boats in the lake and playing in the play park, people walking their dogs and Dennis, duffel bag in one hand and a shovel in the other.

A hardened, menacing expression dawns his face and despair seeps from his deadened eyes.

He crosses the park with uncontrollable purpose.

Picnic blankets are dotted around the open green land. Families are eating, people sunbathing and enjoying the spoils of the day.

Dennis sinks his shovel into a small, free space of green land.

He furiously digs, breaking soil and casting aside the upturned earth.

Soil flies through the air landing in people's food, hair and clothes.

Families start packing up their belongings and ushering their frightened children away.

An UPSET FATHER approaches.

UPSET FATHER

Excuse me.

Dennis doesn't flinch -- keeps digging.

UPSET FATHER (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Dennis has zoned out -- more digging.

UPSET FATHER (CONT'D)

Oi!

Dennis stops. His breathing heavy. Sweat drips from his brow. He doesn't look up.

UPSET FATHER (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

DENNIS

Digging.

UPSET FATHER

I can see that, I meant --

Dennis continues digging, blocking out the continuous ranting of the upset father.

The upset father storms away.

HOURS LATER

The park is empty. All but Dennis -- still digging.

Two POLICE OFFICERS approach.

FIRST OFFICER  
Sir, please stop what you're doing.

DENNIS  
I'm nearly finished.

FIRST OFFICER  
Please put the shovel down.

Dennis continues to dig.

The second officer drops his hand to his baton, his fingers firmly wrapping around the handle.

SECOND OFFICER  
Stop!

Dennis stops. His head and shoulders are just above the deep hole. A mound of soil has built up around him. His duffel bag resting to the opposite side.

FIRST OFFICER  
What are you doing?

DENNIS  
What does it look like?

SECOND OFFICER  
Answer the question.

DENNIS  
Digging.

FIRST OFFICER  
Why?

DENNIS  
I need to bury... something.

FIRST OFFICER  
What?

Dennis finally lifts his head. A hard stare.

SECOND OFFICER

What?

The stare continues. They notice the large duffel bag.

FIRST OFFICER

What's in the bag sir?

DENNIS

It's private.

The second officer approaches the bag.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Don't touch that.

The officer reaches out for the bag.

Dennis quickly climbs out of the hole, wielding the shovel as a weapon.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I said get off!

The officers draw their batons.

SECOND OFFICER

Put the weapon down.

Dennis approaches still holding the shovel.

FIRST OFFICER

(on radio)

This is Niner Kilo Foxtrot requesting immediate back up. We have an EDP with a potential ADW.

DENNIS

I said get away from my bag.

FIRST OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm not going to touch the bag sir.

He backs away from the bag, hands slightly raised, reassuring.

FIRST OFFICER (CONT'D)

Now put the shovel down, you don't want somebody to get hurt.

Dennis raises his arm over his brow, shovel in hand, hiding his tearful eyes.

DENNIS

I am hurt!

FIRST OFFICER  
Do you require medical attention?

SECOND OFFICER  
Where are you hurt?

Dennis thumps at his chest with his free hand.

DENNIS  
Here!

SECOND OFFICER  
Niner Kilo Foxtrot requesting an  
ambulance, EDP with a suspected  
Niner One Four Hotel.

Dennis reaches for the duffel bag.

SECOND OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Stop!

FIRST OFFICER  
Step away from the bag.

Dennis ignores them and picks up the bag.

The second officer swipes his baton to the back of his legs,  
dropping him to his knees.

He gets Dennis into a headlock and drags him to the ground.  
The first officer grabs a hold of Dennis' flaying legs.

DENNIS  
No! You don't understand, you  
have to let me do this. Please!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dennis stands at the front desk.

The desk clerk empties a large brown envelope onto the  
counter.

DESK CLERK  
One ring, silver. One set of  
keys. One chain and personalised  
pendant and one watch. If you are  
satisfied that these are your  
belongings and that they are in  
the same condition as when you  
turned them over, then please sign  
here, here and initial here.



He indicates on an elaborate form where Dennis scribbles his signature and initials.

Dennis takes the chain and puts it on, he pockets the other belongings.

Dennis stands waiting.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Yes?

DENNIS

My bag.

The desk clerk exits from behind the counter and enters the reception area with his bag.

DESK CLERK

Now you know what you have to do with this?

DENNIS

Yes, they told me.

DESK CLERK

And you have to do that --

DENNIS

--Tonight, yes. I'll go now.

DESK CLERK

We can arrange a ride for you.

DENNIS

I'll walk - the fresh air will do me good.

The desk clerk hands the bag over.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dennis meanders down the street, a loose grasp on his bag.

Two YOUTHS approaching.

FIRST YOUTH

Excuse me, have you got the time?

Dennis stops. He checks his watch.

DENNIS

It's eight...

The second youth grabs his bag and runs.

Dennis grabs hold of the first youth.

FIRST YOUTH  
Get off me! Get off me man!

Dennis throws him down and takes pursuit of the youth with his bag.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The youth has the duffel bag open.

Dennis turns the corner and into the alleyway.

SECOND YOUTH  
What the hell is this?

DENNIS  
Get away from that. Don't you touch her!

The youth stands and starts to back away.

SECOND YOUTH  
I don't want no trouble, okay?

DENNIS  
Go.  
(beat)  
Now!

The youth flees the alley.

Dennis kneels down beside the bag. He peers inside. He starts to sob. He zips up the bag.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry!

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDENS - NIGHT

Dennis, his bag and Doctor Somners are strolling through the gardens. Planted solar lights guide the way.

DR SOMNERS  
I'm glad you chose to come back.

DENNIS  
It's hard sometimes, you know?

DR SOMNERS

I know. The death of a loved one is never easy, but you can't keep doing this.

DENNIS

Peggy deserves so much better than this, better than me.

DR SOMNERS

You have to face it head on, you have to go through the grief, it is a process.

They reach a small open grave marked with a makeshift wooden cross, the cross has the name Peggy etched into it.

Tears silently roll, dripping from his squared jaw and into the grave.

DENNIS

Peggy, you were my companion, my best friend and my heart. And I miss you every day.

He takes off the pendant from around his neck and holds it in his hand. It is personalised with the name Peggy on the front.

He drapes it over the cross. The chain tangles and the pendant spins showing its reverse side. The reverse also has a personalised engraving: If Lost return to Dennis Miller, 24 Belgrave Gardens.

Dennis untangles it and turns the pendant Peggy side round.

He takes the duffel bag and gently lowers it into the grave upon a second duffel bag -- possibly a third.

Dennis takes a handful of soil and throws it on top of the bag.

DR SOMNERS

Do you remember, Dennis?

DENNIS

Yes.

DR SOMNERS

Do you remember, Peggy?

DENNIS

I do.

DR SOMNERS  
Have you ever been married,  
Dennis?

DENNIS  
No.

DR SOMNERS  
What happened to Peggy?

DENNIS  
They said it was an accident.

DR SOMNERS  
It was.

Dennis stands.

DR SOMNERS (CONT'D)  
It's time to go back inside.

Dennis nods.

As they head back toward the hospital, they pass several more makeshift crosses, each cross is etched with the same name, 'Peggy'.

THE END