

Total Buried

written by:

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

Parked up underneath a streetlight. A pitch-black night. The street is silent and empty, only the sound of the cars running engine.

DAVID, 19, keeps a hold of the steering wheel. He looks to MATT, 16, on the seat beside him, before glances back at JONES, 22, who's on the backseat alone.

DAVID

Don't overthink it. It's like digging up buried treasure. It's not a big deal if you don't want it to be.

MATT

Well, I'm not doing most of the digging. I've got a bad back.

JONES

And you're sure there will be something in there? I'm not getting myself dirty for nothing.

DAVID

I read the story online. Family killed in a car crash. All buried in the same Cemetery yesterday. The dad was some kind of investment banker. Millions. His wife, a fashion woman of some kind. The two kids, worth more than all of us put together.

MATT

What if they just got buried in plain clothes, robes?

DAVID

It's their culture. Some kind of African. They get buried in fine clothes and jewels. Big religious ceremony. Even got a protection spell put on the ground they're buried in. It was huge news. You guys just be grateful I actually read up on stuff like this.

JONES

Whatever we find we split three ways?

DAVID

Yeah.

MATT

I'm going to sell it all. For as much as I can get.

JONES

If the jewels are nice. I might keep them.

MATT

Why?

JONES

If they make me look nice, why not?

All three share a smile and a laugh.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The three friends get out of the car. Out from the trunk they remove shovels and torches. Move off together as a group.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A small one-bedroom apartment. The bathroom is tight and basic. Jones is in the shower. Covered from head to toe in dirt and fresh dug up soil.

Keeps washing. Though can't seem to get his hair clean. The more he washes it, the more soil seems to be in there.

Dirty water pooling around at his feet. He's getting super frustrated. No matter how hard he tries, he just can't get the soil out from his hair.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Like the bathroom, tight for space and basic. On his messy bed, bright, expensive-looking pieces of jewellery. Jones is now officially a grave robber.

More soil spills from his head and piles up on the floor of the bedroom. He's on the phone. He rings around, different numbers. They all ring and ring, but no answer.

Jones is beginning to panic. Marching around his room. Another number. No answer. Repeats this again and again. All the time his is floor filling with freshly dug soil. All of it stemming from his own head.

He might have only just showered, but he's already filthy, covered once again from head to toe in dirt.

The soil on the floor is soon up to his ankles. And it doesn't seem like it's going to stop. Even more, spilling from his hair. Falling down his shoulders, pouring around his feet.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jones sits on his bed. Given up on his phone. He runs his hands through his hair. Tries his best to knock the soil away. But it just keeps coming out and spilling down around him.

JONES

What the hell is going on? This doesn't make any sense.

The fresh dug up soil is now almost to his knees. The whole bedroom filling up.

Jones gets up off the bed and fights his way to the door. Tries to open it but it's stuck. No way. The soil in the room keeps it closed.

More and more spills from his head. He fights to get to the small single window. But it's stuck. Can't get it open.

The soil spills faster and faster. Still coming out from his head.

Now it's above his bed. The stolen jewels disappear.

Jones tries to climb above it. Stands on his furniture. But it's no good. He's not going to escape.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The soil is now up to his chin. Jones holds his head up and cries out in agony.

JONES

Somebody help me!

Now his whole head is covered. The entire bedroom full. Burying him alive.

Fade to black

The end