

What Lies Beyond?

written by

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BLACK SCREEN:

GREG (V.O.)
There's nothing afterwards. Just
darkness, blackness. Nothing.

FADE IN:

EXT. OUT OF TOWN HIGH STREET - DAY

Dark clouds gather overhead. A tiny flash of lighting followed by the low grumble of thunder.

GREG (21) scruffy hair, skinny jeans, rock band T-shirt and
CONNOR (21) Side parting, polo shirt, walk side by side.

CONNOR
How can you live thinking that? How
can you-- how can you be motivated
to do anything, thinking that it
all just-- ends?

GREG
How do you let the promise of an
afterlife affect how you live?
right now. This is it my friend,
one life. We gotta live it, before
eternal nothingness.

CONNOR
This is a test, we must be good,
nice, moral. Pass the test and we
move on to better things.

The pair walk past a green grocer. Greg checks to see if the owner is watching - busy - Greg grabs an apple, takes a bite.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Put that back! Stealing is a sin.

Greg grins as he takes another juicy bite. Connor huffs, Jogs back into the

GREEN GROCER

He rifles in his pocket, puts some change onto the counter.

CONNOR
Sorry, my friend took an apple.

Connor jogs back into the

HIGH STREET

He catches up with Greg, snatches the apple from him.

CONNOR

I paid for it. It's mine now.

Connor takes a righteous bite, grins.

HRRK. Connor clutches his throat, gags for air.

Greg bends Connor forward, raises his arm high, SMACKS him on the back. Connor jolts forward, hits an empty ladder, which in turn falls into a large rusty shop sign, dislodges one of its rotten screws.

Connor straightens himself, catching his breath.

GREG

Jesus Connor. See, you could have easily died. And you haven't lived!

CONNOR

Don't blaspheme. I have lived, I live well, I will live better in heaven. You need to start livin' better before you are damned.

GREG

Come on! You ever done drugs? Nope. You ever play truant? Drank? You haven't even got your dicky sticky!

Greg points at Connor's crotch. Connor bats his hand away.

CONNOR

I will when I'm married.

GREG

My point is, live a little! Feel adrenaline, get your blood pressure up. Do something reckless!

Greg sprints across the road. A car slams on the breaks, the driver leans out of the window as he goes past.

MAN

Fucking Moron!

GREG

Free yourself, Connor.

Greg slowly crosses the road without checking for traffic.

CONNOR
 Stop! You get hit, that's suicide!
 A one-way trip to Hell.

The metal shop sign above Connor jolts forward as the penultimate bolt gives way.

INT. CAR - MOVING

Through the windshield, Greg crosses the road. The driver drops a cigarette onto the floor, he takes his eyes off the road to pick it up.

EXT. HIGH STREET

Greg, over half way across the road, eyes fixed on Connor.

GREG
 Because you never know when it's
 going to en--

--WHOOSH. The car flies past behind Greg, narrowly misses him. Connor flinches. Holds his head in disbelief.

CONNOR
 Jeez, Greg! You could've been
 kill--

--SMASH. The shop sign slams into the pavement behind Connor. He launches forward in fear. Connor and Greg hug for comfort.

GREG	CONNOR (CONT'D)
What if you are wrong?	What if you are wrong?

A crack of THUNDER overhead. A lightning bolt CRACKS into the tree above the pair.

THUMP. A huge branch conks them both on the head, kills them instantly.

CUT TO BLACK.

CONNOR (V.O.)
 Hello? Anyone there? Hello?

Beat.

CONNOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 God Fuckin' dammit!

THE END