

MRS. ESTATE

We did everything we could think, the house shines, our affairs are in order, I even when above and beyond and smiled at some poor orphans... it WAS genuine too. A real smile. But I can't stop thinking of all kinds of things I could have done, should have done. Yet I feel petrified.

MR. ESTATE

You're petrified because we are running late. If we leave now, we can still be good people. Come dear, come on, come.

He nudges her to the door.

MRS. ESTATE

Yes, you're right. Nothing more to do here.

MR. ESTATE

I know a short cut to the Judgement Party. Still time, still time, come on.

The exit out the front door.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

MR. AND MRS. ESTATE WALKING QUICKLY THROUGH A OLD GRAVEYARD.

MRS. ESTATE

Really! I would of preferred to have cut through the slums, at least they got some life in them.

MR. ESTATE

No time! We were late departing, so we're taking foot on the late departed. They're in a deep sleep, they don't mind.

MRS. ESTATE

The graveyard's REALLY the quickest way to Judgement Day?... Is THIS our fate?!

MR. ESTATE

Don't be so morbid, dear.

Mrs. Estate points at a grave stone, as they quickly pass by.

MRS. ESTATE

That was Mr. Screwker! He was the wealth of the town when I was a girl, my parents idolized him. That old bag of bones hasn't changed a bit.

MR. ESTATE

Yes, that's nice dear... don't slow down just keep jiggling forward and we'll make it.

MRS. ESTATE

Wait!

Mrs. Estate suddenly stops, yanking Mr. Estate's arm to stop.

MRS. ESTATE (CONT'D)

Why are WE the ONES on trial! Why are we going before the judgement board It's not right! We didn't start any of this!

(pause)

Why do all these DEAD BEATS get to sleep and rest with all the SINS of their past and WE are the one that get the judgement! It's not fair!

Mr. Estate puts his arms on her trying to give comfort.

MR. ESTATE

Hush now! Hush, you're sounding more like Jabble, get a grip on yourself.

MRS. ESTATE

We're taking them with us! Start digging!

Frantic, Mrs. Estate goes over to a grave and yanks up grass up with her bear hands.

MRS. ESTATE (CONT'D)

Come on! Every Body wake up! You don't get out of your sins THAT easy! Every last one of you ARE coming with me! Wake up God Damn it, I know you're faking it Mr. Screwker!

Mr. Estate pulls her off of the grave. They fall back on their butts. Mrs. Estate stops struggling and cries. Mr. Estate takes out a handkerchief and dabs her tears with it.

MR. ESTATE

Worrying about it won't do us no good. Nor will waking the dead. We can't be concerned with their business. We just need to face what's coming to us, good or bad.

MRS. ESTATE

I suppose you're right. It just seems so pointless, all of it. I just don't want to be like Mr. Screwker, cold ugly man... THOUGHT he was a winner, but NOW he has nothing... but my bitter memory of him.

MR. ESTATE

Ha. Look at us, we look a mess.

MRS. ESTATE

Green grass stains all over my dress.

MR. ESTATE

We are what we are, aging crones. Whatever we have to face, let's face it together.

Mr. Estate gets up and helps Mrs. Estate up.

MRS. ESTATE

Alright. It may just be the end of the world, BUT at least we got each other... even if we aren't very much.

They lock arms to leave.

MRS. ESTATE (CONT'D)

We'll hurry and make it on time.

MR. ESTATE

No... no, I shouldn't have rushed you. If it IS our last hour, let's enjoy it. The sun is warm and the grass is green.

Mrs. Estate smiles.