

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A barrage of black clad family and friends gathered around a coffin as it is being lowered in the ground. Wet and dry eyes throughout the procession. There is a REVEREND before the audience.

REVEREND

I'll close this meeting by quoting Martha's favorite scripture at the request of the family. This is first Corinthians, Chapter 13.

Deep into the darkness of the soil a few figures can barely be made out. Monstrous silhouettes approaching the coffin from the ground beneath it.

REVEREND (O.S.)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

The figures have multiplied from two to four. They are still faint silhouettes, but it is obvious there are more of them climbing towards the coffin.

REVEREND (O.S.)

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could not remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

The Reverend wipes sweat from his head. He also crosses his eyes with his handkerchief. A man in the front row, places his arms around a woman next to him. She lowers her head into his shoulders.

REVEREND

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

The sun over the Reverend's face increases in brightness. Without any knowledge of the crowd, thick,

bright clouds move over their heads. More light shines down on the meeting of sorrow.

REVEREND

Charity suffereth long, and is kind;
charity envieth not; charity
vaunteth not itself, is not puffed
up

The clouds above the meeting of mourners appear as the crawling hands and knees of two men moving slowly closer. None of the members of the audience moves their head from the reverend's direction.

REVEREND

Doth not behave itself unseemly,
seeketh not her own, is not easily
provoked, thinketh no evil;

The figures of dark silhouettes continue to climb and claw upwards towards the coffin, lowered six feet in a rectangular hole. There are burnt orange slits visible that appear to be eyes looking upwards.

REVEREND (O.S.)

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but
rejoiceth in the truth;

The clouds overhead stop. There are four tiny holes where sunlight is able to peer through and it looks as if those are eyes. One of the simulated hands of the clouds reaches down and the cloud bursts softly.

REVEREND

Beareth all things, believeth all
things, hopeth all things, endureth
all things.

COFFIN

MARY, older female, lies in the coffin in a dress, eyes closed and seemingly peaceful. Her eyes open. Her chests heave heavy of breaths as she looks around the coffin to discover where she is at that moment.

REVEREND (O.S.)

Charity never faileth: but whether
there be prophecies, they shall

fail; whether there be tongues,
they shall cease; whether there be
knowledge, it shall vanish away.

Mary begins pushes upwards with her hands to try to
open the doors of the coffin. She kicks her feet to
try to get out. She spreads her hands outwards to try
and push the walls out.

REVEREND (O.S.)
For we know in part, and we
prophesy in part.

Eight scarred hands bursts through the bottom of the
coffin and reach in around Mary. She SCREAMS. The
hands pull and tug at her body. The bottom layers of
the coffin begin to sink into the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Reverend wipes the tear from his eye and wipes the
sweat from his forehead. There is no noise other than
his voice. The crowd listens to him intently.

REVEREND
But when that which is perfect is
come, then that which is in part
shall be done away.

COFFIN

Mary fights the hands pulling her into the sinking
coffin. Above her, two pure snowy hands pierce the top
of the coffin. Mary is in awe. She reaches and the
hands pull her away from the scarred hands.

Her body remains in the coffin, drained of all fluids.

BACK TO SCENE

Reverend smiles over at a couple with a child in their
arms at the procession.

REVEREND

When I was a child, I spake as a
child, I understood as a child, I
thought as a child: but when I
became a man, I put away childish
things.

The clouds overhead begin to move away peacefully. The sun shines friendly over the mourners. Some of their faces light up, but they do not look towards the heavens, they focus on the preacher before them.

REVEREND

For now we see through a glass,
darkly; but then face to face: now
I know in part; but then shall I
know even as also I am known.

The figures in the soil began to descend. The number of them diminishes as the silhouettes crawl backwards into the darkness of the earth. The burnt orange eyes dim to a dark brown.