

DIGGING

By

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ACT II

DRAFT 4

INT. TERRACE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the arm of a chair a Nintendo DS (or similar) flashes the immortal words "GAME OVER". Beyond it a mute TV announces the end of the world.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE, KITCHEN

LEWIS (8) hoists himself onto the kitchen counter to reach the higher cupboards on the wall from where he retrieves a bunch of keys.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE, BACK GARDEN

At the padlocked shed door Lewis sorts through the keys, glancing skywards as if expecting to see the asteroid.

He tries several keys before the lock clicks open.

Lewis glances towards the house before stamping a spade into the centre of the lawn. He excavates a small turf divot which he sets to one side.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE, BACK GARDEN

Lewis has scraped the turf away from an area of about a metre square. He takes a breather to admire his efforts.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE, BACK GARDEN

Lewis gulps down a glass of cold water, his face red from exertion.

He glances again at the house - expecting someone.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE, BACK GARDEN

Lewis levers the spade with his whole weight on it, releasing a satisfyingly large lump of earth and uncovering a fat worm.

He lifts the worm gently and places it on his growing pile of earth, covering it with loose soil.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

The sound of the front door opening. The rustle of a carrier bag. Hurried footsteps on the wooden hallway floor.

DAD (O.S.)

Lewis?

DAD (40) strides into the room, breathless and red-faced. He sees the news on the television and looks towards the kitchen.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE, BACK GARDEN

From the back door Dad sees Lewis sitting on the edge of the hole, his back towards him. He approaches slowly.

DAD

Lewis?

Lewis looks up, his raw hands in his lap, his muddy face streaked with tears.

Dad drops to his knees and wraps Lewis in his arms.

DAD

I'm sorry son. I'm so sorry.

LEWIS

You said 5 minutes.

DAD

I know. I know. 5 minutes to pick up some bread. Then the whole bloody world falls apart. I'm sorry I wasn't here.

Lewis looks towards the pitiful hole in the garden.

LEWIS

I can't get it deep enough.

DAD

What for son?

LEWIS

To protect us.

Dad looks at the hole and the abandoned spade. He kisses his son on the head, hugging him tightly. He reaches into the carrier bag and hands Lewis a can of Coke and a bar of chocolate. The boy looks surprised but accepts gratefully.

Dad casts aside his jacket and lifts the spade, plunging it deep into the soil.

Lewis flashes a chocolatey smile as the spade bites deep again.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE, BACK GARDEN

Two empty drinks cans and a chocolate wrapper lie abandoned by the edge of the pit. The spade stands upright in a large pile of earth.

A repetitive, electronic tune is the only sound.

The pit has been lined with a child's duvet (e.g. Lego) and on it Lewis lies against his Father's shoulder, wrapped in a protective embrace. His attention is focused on the game console in his hands.

Dad presses his nose into Lewis' hair, breathing him in, savoring these final moments.