

ASHES

Written by

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INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Sara, 35, sits at the dining room table. She tightly grips a cup of coffee. The strain in her face reveals discomfort and annoyance. Sara sighs as she eyes the clock on the wall.

A car SCREECHES into the driveway. Sara jolts out of her trance. She peers outside through a window.

A large, bulbous man steps out of the car and heads toward the front door of the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sara puts on another pot of coffee.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAN, 38, hits his knee on an end table. His keys CLANG to the ground.

DAN

Damn it!

He picks his keys up. He eyes the furniture in the room.

DAN (CONT'D)

When are the movers coming?

Sara enters. She places two cups of coffee on the dining room table.

SARA

I talked to them earlier. They have us set for Saturday.

DAN

Lousy fuckers.

Sara heads back to the kitchen. Dan throws his keys on the end table. He turns to the TV stand and reaches for the remote. He stops himself.

He stares at the chrome plated urn next to the TV set. There are words etched on the front:

"David H. Mowell, Loving Father."

Dan narrows his eyes and feigns a tight-lipped smile. He rubs a finger over the inscription.

He slowly turns the urn until the words have disappeared.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Sara sits on the phone with receipts and papers sprawled across the table.

SARA  
Look Iris, there's--

Sara rubs her eyes.

SARA (CONT'D)  
No. I'm looking at the numbers now,  
Iris. Dad's shop is hemorrhaging  
money with all the overhead.

Sara clenches her teeth.

SARA (CONT'D)  
I know, why don't you just fuck  
off.

Sara hangs up the phone. She looks up from the table at the urn on the TV stand.

She sighs with a heavy burden.

INT. TOOL SHED - EVENING

Dan arranges tools at a workbench. He places them by height. He lifts a screwdriver to his face. He studies the notches on the metal shaft. Dan averts his gaze in a somber motion.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TOOL SHED - DAY

YOUNG DAN, 9, hacks on the screwdriver with a saw. By his feet is a crudely drawn picture of a man holding two screwdrivers. A formidable shadow covers Young Dan's face.

The boy looks up to his FATHER. All we see of the Father is his back. The sheer terror on Young Dan's face suggests there is a monster in front of him.

YOUNG DAN  
Daddy--

He gulps.

YOUNG DAN (CONT'D)  
I was making two--

The man grabs Young Dan's arm and pulls him to his feet.

FATHER (O.S.)  
How many times have I told you not  
to touch things?

He drags Young Dan over his knee and proceeds to spank him.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TOOL SHED - EVENING

The SMACKS of Young Dan's punishment echo in the air. Dan sits with the screwdriver in his hand. He places the screwdriver on the work bench with the other tools.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan moves to the urn.

He seizes the metal coffin and empties the remnants of his father into a trash bin.

Sara looks up from the papered mess on the table. She raises her eyebrows and widens her eyes at her brother.

He SMASHES the urn on the wall. Sara shakes in tune with the smash of the urn.

Dan continues to SMASH the pieces of urn left in his hand. He hits the wall until the only thing left is blood.

Dan falls to his knees and sobs. Sara remains frozen in her chair. Tears stream down her cheeks as she watches her brother grieve.

FADE TO BLACK.