

RAIN

Written by

Brian Colucci

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Grey clouds swirl in the darkened sky above as thunder echoes in the distance. Far off flashes of lightning illuminate a thick wooded area somewhere deep in the wilderness.

Nothing stirs save for a few dead leaves that are pushed across the ground by the strengthening wind of an oncoming storm. Then...

The heavy CRUNCHING of footsteps. The CRACK of sticks. The HUFFING of breath.

A MAN, late 30s, wary and wearing a rain slicker and boots, and holding an old, rusted metal shovel, moves into frame.

He slowly comes to a stop at a small clearing of sorts. Spears the soft ground with his shovel. Leans on it.

He surveys the woods before him, his face tired and sweaty. He looks like he has been walking for quite some time.

His eyes wander around the small clearing between the trees. He notices a few spots of recently disturbed dirt.

Another RUMBLE of thunder. A nearer flash of lightning. The Man looks to the sky as rain begins to lightly fall.

EXT. WOODS - MINUTES LATER

Rain now steadily falls onto the Man's exposed head as he digs. He shovels a pile of dirt away. Then another.

He looks extremely focused on the task at hand as he tosses a third shovel full of dirt to the side.

The small hole he digs is no more than a few feet deep and as he dives in for another shovel full, we hear a dull CLANG.

The Man stops. Bends down. Fishes in the loose soil for a moment. Grabs hold of something.

He stands up. Wipes off whatever he has found. Raises it to eye level to reveal...

...a dirtied bone fragment. It's tiny, barely the length of a newborn's arm.

The Man stares at it glumly when suddenly...

...a loud BOOM of thunder rips across the sky, a flash of white light accompanying it.

The rain falls harder as the Man examines the bone. Water droplets run down the length of it, cutting clean white lines in its dirtied surface.

EXT. WOODS - MINUTES LATER

The Man has moved positions in the clearing, but continues to dig furiously. The hood on his slicker is now up, protecting him from the heavy sheets of rain that whip into his face.

He steadily digs as his feet sink into the muddied water pooling below him.

The rain does him no favors as brown waterfalls cascade into the hole, filling it with water faster than he can toss the dirt out.

Again the CLANK of metal. Again the Man bends over.

He sticks his hand deep into the hole. Rummages around in the mud for a second. Grasps something. Pulls.

He covers his nose as he holds what he's found out in front of him, but we do not see what it is just yet.

He tosses it to the side then climbs the couple feet up and out of the hole and onto solid ground.

As the Man begins walking away, we settle in on the object he had discarded just moments before.

It's a dead rat, bloody and badly decayed. It sits on top of a small pile of dirtied bones, almost identical to the one the Man had found earlier.

The entire thing looks like some sort morbid, rat funeral pyre, ready to be set on fire at a moments notice.

We focus on the rat, barely paying attention to the Man beginning to dig yet another hole in the background.

The rain continues to fall as thunder rolls again directly overhead.

EXT. WOODS - MINUTES LATER

We come back to the Man in the middle of the downpour as he digs yet *another* hole. He looks frustrated as he violently shovels the dirt to the side.

He huffs and puffs and grunts as he tosses more and more dirt away, his frustration growing until...

...he slams the shovel deep into the ground, letting it stick straight up in the sky like a gravestone.

He is out of breath and drenched from head to toe.

He looks like he wants to scream.

Instead, the Man raises his face to the sky. Sweeps the hood back from his head. Closes his eyes.

As he lets the rain wash over him, we see his dirtied face, muddied everywhere except for where the raindrops have washed away the brown.

As he idles, we pull back to reveal...

...the entire wooded area full of dozens of small, shallow holes.

Piles of bones, some large, some small, all dirty and decayed, sit next to most of them.

Thunder and lightning hit at the same time, forcing the Man to finally open his eyes.

He looks down to his shovel, still sticking from the puddle of mud at his feet. He takes a deep breath. Grabs it.

With one last strike and with all the strength he can muster, the Man spears the shovel deep into the ground.

His eyes light up as he hears the dull THUD of the shovel hitting something.

The Man stabs again. Another dull THUD.

The Man tosses the shovel out of the hole. Bends down. Begins to dig with his hands.

He scrapes and pulls at the muddied soil as he searches for what he has found until finally...

...his hand touches something. He stops. Grasps the object. Pulls hard.

From the depths of the hole comes a small, badly torn--

BOOM!

Thunder cracks the sky in two, drawing the Man's attention upward before we can fully see what he has been looking for all this time.

As the following lightning strike illuminates his pock-marked surroundings, the Man returns his tired gaze to what he holds in his hand.

After a moment, the Man tightens his grip on the object then steps up high to free himself from his ditch.

He grabs his shovel and begins to walk in the direction he originally came from, stuffing his still unseen prize deep inside raincoat as he does.

He exits the clearing, his holes unfilled and open to the elements.

EXT. WOODS - MINUTES LATER

The Man CRUNCHES his way through the woods. The trees thin as he nears its exit.

Rain pelts down even harder than before as he steps from the woods and onto a soggy patch of well manicured grass.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Man stops short as he exits the woods. He stares directly at a small house a few yards away. The lights are on in what looks to be the living room.

His face is now almost completely cleansed of dirt from the constant rain. His hair is drenched. He looks miserably soaked to the bone.

He adjusts the object he holds in his coat slightly. Grips the shovel handle tightly. Begins to move forward, dragging the shovel behind him as he does.

He heads towards a sliding glass door that leads into the back of the house. Reaches for its handle and...

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...the Man enters the house. Quietly closes the sliding door.

He does not bother to lay his shovel down or take off his boots as he walks into the house.

He follows the soft glow of the light, no doubt the same one he had seen from outside, deeper into the house.

His feet track dirt and water as he walks. His steps barely making a sound.

His face holds a tired frown as he turns a corner into the living room to see...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...a MOTHER, late 30s, and a YOUNG GIRL, 8, sitting on the couch watching TV.

The Young Girl is cuddled up against her Mother as she watches the flickering screen.

They are oblivious to the Man standing behind them.

He creeps forward, slowly, headed straight for the family of two.

The Man is now nearly upon them, barely a few steps away. He reaches inside of his raincoat. Now one step when suddenly...

...the floorboards CREAK as his weight presses down on them.

The Young Girl perks up. Turns. Looks up to the wet, dirtied, miserable Man and then...

...smiles.

                                YOUNG GIRL  
                                You found him!

The Young Girl jumps up high into the air. Runs around the couch to the Man.

The Mother turns towards them. Smiles as the Man kneels down in front of the Young Girl.

The Man smirks and hands her what he has been holding this entire time: a disgustingly dirty, soggy and ripped up teddy bear!

One of its eyes is missing and a large, ragged gash is ripped across its chest with dirty brown stuffing spewing from every stitch and open seam, but despite the bear's obvious flaws, the Young Girl looks at it like it's her world.

She grabs it, barely paying attention to the state the bear is in, and hugs it tightly.

MAN

Next time, don't let Maggie get a hold of him. She'll bury anything you give her.

We hear a BARK from offscreen. The Man turns behind him to see...

...MAGGIE, a small dog, panting and wagging her tail.

She sits. Stares at the Man who then turns to his wife, his eyebrows raised.

MOTHER

I think she needs to go out.

The Man sighs. Gets up.

MAN

(to Maggie)

Alright, let's go. Make it quick.

As the Man walks out of the living room, the Young Girl scurries back around the couch and plops herself down next to her Mother.

The Young Girl is in a state of pure bliss as she cuddles up next to her Mother.

Her Mother looks down to her daughter as she settles.

MOTHER

You might just have the best Daddy in the world, you know that?

The Young Girl does not look up, only toys with her soggy bear as she answers.

YOUNG GIRL

In the universe!

Her Mother smiles deeply as she kisses the top of her daughter's head.

She turns her attention to the TV as the Young Girl continues to play with her stuffed animal.

The storm rages on outside with no signs of stopping.

FADE OUT.

THE END