



AWA

THE BURIAL

written by
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AVA

"The Burial"

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

The digital numbers cycles on an orange radio display. Stops at 101.2. Twangy country music blares.

A finger smashes the seek button. The numbers cycle. Stop at 101.2. Before the singer gets a word out, the finger smashes the power button.

Empty chip bags, water bottles, receipts litter the floor and passenger seat. Boxes packed in the back seat.

AVA ANGELL (32), travel weary, pulls into the dirt driveway of a country house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ava drops the last moving box on the floor. A fully furnished home, stuffy, dusty, decorated with items from decades of life well-lived.

Ava wanders to the fireplace.

A black vase with a gold nameplate reads: "BUBBA".

Next to it, a picture of an old couple on the beach with a black dog.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Bubba's vase sits in the overgrown grass next to a squared-off garden. Two more vases sit next to Bubba's. One labeled "Mom". One labeled "Dad".

Acres of country backyards extend on either side of the home. All backed by a shared forest.

Ava chews her nails, stalls.

With a deep sigh, she kneels down, grabs "Bubba", pops the top, then peppers his ashes throughout the garden.

She tosses down the vase. Grabs "Dad". Spreads his ashes about. Plums of ash dust fill the air.

Here eyes grow glassy as she rushes through the task.

She grabs "Mom." Tips it over. Mom comes out in one pile. Dust puffs up.

Ava backs away. Drops the vase.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ava catches her breath. She scans the room. Boxes, family photos, antique trinkets. She peers down at black pant leg coated in grey dust.

She slaps at it. A cloud of dust overwhelms her.

She pulls off her pants. Tosses them in the fireplace.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Ava rinses her hair. A galaxy of fantasy imagery tattooed on her back. Knights fight dragons, a sorcerer conjures fire. In the center, a black orb.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ava snatches her keys from a hallway table. Struts out the door in dark jeans and a leather jacket.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Illuminated by the orange glow of the radio, Ava comes to a stop at a dark town square. Scans it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Lights out. An ornate sign next to the gazebo in the center reads "Ava Town Square".

Store fronts of Henderson's Book Store, Coffee House, Julia's Salon. Opposite her car, a road leads to a single lit up building.

Ava's car pulls into the town square. Drives around it.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Her shiny blue car pulls next to a rusted pick-up truck at the tiny, shack-like bar. A blue and red neon sign reads: "The Well."

INT. THE WELL - NIGHT

Ava waits at the dim, particle-board bar.

The bartender, TRISH (38), tall and slouchy, argues with the two country boys, JIM (42), stocky, and TANNER (38), short and rugged, at the other end.

Tanner slams down some cash, shoos Trish off.

The two men argue as she walks toward Ava.

TRISH
You new?

AVA
No. I'm just here for a little bit.

TRISH
I.d.

Ava hesitates. Unzips her wallet, hands the I.d over.
Trish looks to the back of the bar.

TRISH
Hey, Lonnie, we got a live one.

She hands Ava's I.d. back.

Ava spins around to see LONNIE (34). He's thin, cheerful, wears similar big-city garb. He grabs a seat next to her.

TRISH
(to Lonnie)
We got another big city kid.

LONNIE
(to Ava)
Oh yeah, where are you from?

He lacks the southern drawl.

AVA
Phoenix. I'm just here taking care
of some family business.

LONNIE
Yeah, I'm just... here.

The two country boys get louder.

TRISH
Knock it off, boys!

Lonnie peeks behind him. His cheerfulness leaves, nervous.
Ava looks away.

Lonnie turns back to Ava.

LONNIE
Sorry. Those two flip between best
friends and at each other's throats
every other week.

Ava smirks. Lonnie extends his hand.

LONNIE
Lonnie Fisher.

She shakes his hand. Give him a "really?" Look

AVA
Lonnie?

LONNIE
Well, Lawrence, but people around here respond better to Lonnie.

AVA
Can't imagine why...

She flicks a glance to the arguing hillbillies.

LONNIE
What's your name?

AVA
Uh, A... May. It's May.

LONNIE
Good to meet you. How long will you be--

TANNER (O.S.)
You fuckin' say to me?

TRISH
Hey, boys, take it outside.

Lonnie spins in his seat, readied.

Ava tries to ease the tension.

AVA
Is this the only bar in town?

Lonnie's attention is focused on the men.

The two men jump out of their chairs, face off with each other. Tanner a foot shorter than Jim, though he holds himself like a giant.

LONNIE
Hey guys, come on.

JIM
I'll fuckin' kill you, you piece of shit!

Tanner shoves Jim.

Lonnie flips around to Ava.

LONNIE

Maybe we outta head out. These guys
are--

Out of nowhere, Jim and Tanner stumble into the row of stools. Lonnie catches himself as the stools fall. Ava jumps up, backs against the bar.

Jim and Tanner trade punches. Trip over a stool, bangs against Lonnie. Lonnie shoves them off.

Tanner and Jim face off, circle each other.

Lonnie peers down at Jim's hand.

LONNIE'S POV

Jim slips a small hunting knife from his pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

Lonnie's eyes dart to Tanner, who is oblivious of the weapon.

Ava watches Lonnie ready his attack. Lonnie flinches toward Jim. Ava reaches out to stop him--

Lonnie lunges toward Jim, grabs his the knife hand.

Jim rips it away, slashes Lonnie's hand. A small spatter of blood flies along with the knife.

Lonnie yells, grips his hand in pain.

Tanner's eye grow furious as he watches the knife land.

TANNER

You son of a bitch! You gonna stick
me?

Tanner rushes Jim. Grabs onto his head. Chomps down on his ear. Yanks.

Jim yelps.

Tanner rips away, a piece of flesh in his mouth.

He spits it out. The piece of ear flies, hits Ava's shirt.

Jim hits the ground, clutches his bloody ear stump in pain, screams.

Tanner lifts his foot to crush Jim's head.

A bar stool comes crashing down on Tanner's head. Tanner hits the ground, unconscious.

Lonnie looks over.

There Ava stands with the barstool in hand. She drops it on the ground. She grabs the shot from the bar. Downs it.

Lonnie cradles his bleeding hand. Forgets it for a moment as he stares at Ava. He smiles.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Ava leans against her car. A police cruiser and ambulance in the lot.

Lonnie approaches her from the ambulance with bandage wrapped around his hand.

Ava hands OFFICER SPITTS (27) her I.d.

Just as Lonnie arrives.

OFFICER SPITTS

Ava Angell?

Lonnie shoots Ava a questioning look. She ignores it.

OFFICER SPITTS

What were you doing here tonight?

AVA

Just. I'm here for a while taking care of my parents' house. They passed.

OFFICER SPITTS

All right. Well, hope you think better of us than these two idiots.

Ava nods, insincere.

Officer Spitts hands back the I.d. Heads to the cruiser.

Lonnie takes a few steps toward Ava.

LONNIE

Ava moves to Ava, huh?

AVA

May's my middle name.

LONNIE

No, I get it. I'd have gone with my middle name too.

Lonnie reaches out his bandaged hand to shake, then pulls it back. Sticks out his left hand.

LONNIE

Glad to meet you, Mayva.

She chuckles. They shake hands.

AVA

Lawrence.

He wanders to the rusted pick-up truck next to Ava's car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ava drops her keys on the hall table, steps into the living room. She peers down at her shirt. A spot of blood stained right in the middle.

She pulls it off, steps over to the fireplace. Flips the gas knob.

The fire ignites. The pants lay on top of the fake logs. They catch aflame.

She pulls off her stained shirt, tosses it in the fire. A sports braw underneath.

She stares into the fire as the garments burn away.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE