

resurrection

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The small village church is packed with pews, only half of which are filled.

The VICAR, fifties, with greasy grey hair, stands at the pulpit, looking over a coffin.

VICAR

... and that is how she will always be remembered. Her life revolved around the Wilmot Centre, and she gained great joy from the help she bestowed upon people there.

On the front row sits IONA, next to her is ROY. They look and smile to each other.

From the row behind SAM lightly taps Iona's shoulder. He whispers -

SAM

You alright, love?

Iona turns around to flash a teary smile towards Sam, EDITH and JOEY.

VICAR

... and she would be so happy to see you all here today, celebrating her life. I'd like to close this service with a very fitting poem, written by M. E. Frye, which goes as follows.

A few of the congregation bow their heads as a show of respect.

VICAR (cont'd)

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there, I do not sleep.

When you wake in the morning hush,  
I am the swift, uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the soft starlight at night.

Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there, I do not sleep.

Do not stand at my grave and cry.

I am not there, I did not die!

The crowd gently raise their heads.

VICAR (cont'd)  
And now, if I could ask the  
pall-bearers to be so kind...

Four suited men approach the coffin from the back of the church, as Sam and Joey squeeze past the seated people to join them.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

The mourners stand around the freshly dug grave, as the coffin is steadily lowered.

VICAR  
We therefore commit her body to the  
ground; earth to earth, ashes to  
ashes, dust to dust; in the sure  
and certain hope of the  
Resurrection to eternal life. Amen.

The mourners all mutter 'Amen' together, as the Vicar gently scatters a handful of soil into the open grave.

Sam puts his arm around Iona's waist, pulling her towards him.

SAM  
There, that wasn't too bad was it?

IONA  
No. It was lovely.

A wrinkled hand grasps on Iona's shoulder. She turns around with a start.

MARY  
Sorry I'm late. Did I miss  
anything?

IONA  
Mary! Where the hell have you been?  
You've missed the whole service.

MARY  
I had a dodgy lamb curry last  
night. Been shitting through the  
eye of a needle all morning.

Sam tuts and shakes his head. He stoops over and throws a single white rose on top of the coffin. It lands next to the brass name plaque, which reads -

'Rest in Peace Gladys Shrapnel 1922-2010'