

**"GONE FISHIN'"**

[SAMPLE PAGES]

*A farcical bodysnatching heist*

**EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK, 1830**

PHILIPPA (20, genteel, porcelain complexion swaddled in black lace and a mourning veil) stands over the newly filled grave of MILDRED WIGGLESWORTH. Her expensive clothes and deportment are at odds with the spartan graveyard - like Paris Hilton visiting a soup kitchen. She quietly recites the rosary in between bouts of sobbing.

PHILIPPA

To thee do we send up our sighs-  
(Sobs)  
mourning and weeping in this  
valley of tears-  
(Sobs)

**EXT. NEARBY GRAVE - SAME TIME**

HUMPHREY (25, clad in a sullied grave-digger uniform) stares at Philippa in the distance while pushing dirt around with a spade, trying to look busy.

He compares her to a small portrait that he keeps on him. He kisses the picture, returns it to his pocket, scans the cemetery for passersby, and removes a large wooden board atop a nearby grave, revealing a clandestine tunnel.

Humphrey stares down the pitch corridor, terrified.

HUMPHREY

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck-

He plunges into the void.

**SUPER: GONE FISHIN'**

He moves the large wooden board back over the opening.

**EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME**

HULME (55) approaches Philippa, still reciting her prayers, and tips his tattered cap to the graves as he passes, mumbling sunny hellos to the interred as if they were ladies at a salon.

HULME

Fee-Fi-Fo-Philippa! How're you  
getting on, dear.

He looks at her mother's tombstone and sighs wistfully.

PHILIPPA

Oh, Hulme!  
(MORE)

PHILIPPA (CONT'D)

How comforting to see a familiar face. Despite my matrilineal attachment to Wessex, the environs feel undoubtedly foreign, and now without Mother's eyes through which to see its beauty...

She sees a gravedigger pissing on a shrub in the distance.

PHILIPPA

...its allure eludes me.

She sees a suspicious young man skulking nearby with a spade: a common BODYSNATCHER.

PHILIPPA

HEY!

He scurries away.

HULME

Gotta' get the body while it's fresh. Anatomical school won't take a mushy one-

(screaming)

KEEP IT MOVING, MISTER! TALKIN' TO YOU, EPHRAIM!

(back to Philippa)

Son of a gun fisherman - ain't got no goddamn respect for the deceased, no ma'am!

He spits disapprovingly. Philippa grimaces.

HULME

(making the sign of the cross)

May she rest in peace.

(beat)

No young gentleman to accompany you on your pilgrimage to Colman's Grove in this ere' time of bereavement?

We move down, underground to-

#### **INT. GRAVE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS**

Humphrey squirming through an ad hoc structure of scrap-wood beams that might crumble at the slightest breeze.

He tries to distract himself from his claustrophobia by pretending to talk to Philippa.

HUMPHREY

Philippa, will you take your  
mother's ring and be my wife?

We move back up, above ground-

**EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS**

PHILIPPA

Out of respect for my mother's  
wishes, I have taken a vow of  
chastity.

HULME

Ah, Millie always said she wanted  
you to join the convent. We'd  
rekindled a correspondence these  
last years after your pa's  
passing.

PHILIPPA

Yes, well, although I always  
thought myself foreordained for  
romantic love, I cannot, in good  
faith, select a suitor without my  
mother's consent. I dreamt of the  
day she would bestow unto me the  
diamond band of her betrothal-

HULME

(Chuckling to himself)  
-A hefty piece! Fuck!

PHILIPPA

...Indeed. Despite myself, I dare  
to hope that, perhaps, mother left  
her ring to the suitor of her  
choice, signaling her approval.  
Otherwise... Alas.

She sighs virtuously.

**INT. GRAVE TUNNEL - SAME TIME**

Humphrey reaches a final wall of dirt and begins scooping away  
at it with a small hand-shovel.

HUMPHREY

(Impersonating Philippa)  
Sweet, brave, humble, ho-hum  
Humphrey!

(MORE)

HUMPHREY (CONT'D)

I knew my mother loved you most  
among my suitors, whose  
ostentatious wealth, physique,  
literary acumen, and landholdings  
were clearly overcompensating for  
sexual impotence-

He hits something hard: Mildred's COFFIN. He smiles.

**EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME**

Hulme eyes numerous nearby men - likely bodysnatchers.

HULME

I'll keep ya company swattin' the  
flies away.

PHILIPPA

Oh, Hulme, your kindness is  
touching, but my grief is a  
lighthouse, demanding a singular,  
solitary keeper-

HULME

Nonsense! Your ma' n' me were ole'  
pals. Nothing'd make me happier  
than ensuring her remains...  
remain.

He beams. Philippa reluctantly nods. Hulme looks at her feet.

HULME

Ya stepped in shite, dear.

**INT. GRAVE TUNNEL - LATER**

Humphrey carves out a cavity around the coffin.

HUMPHREY

(Imitating Philippa)

A young woman of means marrying  
the manor's lowly postilion? Pour  
the scandal water!

As he removes the casket's lid, it jiggles a long protruding  
cord which we follow up through several feet of dirt to the-

**EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS**

where it connects to a bell next to Mildred's tombstone that JINGLES. Mildred is entombed in a SAFETY COFFIN. Hulme gasps at the thought that Mildred might still be alive.

PHILIPPA

It's just the wind, Hulme.

**INT. GRAVE TUNNEL - SAME TIME**

With the lid off, Humphrey stares at MILDRED'S FRESH CORPSE (45, beautifully dressed). He nods apologetically.

HUMPHREY

Sorry, Mildred.

His eyes migrate down to the enormous, diamond-encrusted ENGAGEMENT RING on her hand. It's the most expensive thing Humphrey has ever seen.

He WHISTLES. The ECHOES reverberate through the tunnel, which begins to shake...

...and then to COLLAPSE.

**EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME**

A puff of dust emerges from the tunnel's covert entrance. Hulme doesn't notice, but Philippa does and becomes nervous, furrowing her brow in paroxysms.

HULME

Just like yer ma.

PHILIPPA

Excuse me?-

HULME

When she was thinking real hard,  
she'd scrunch her face up like  
that: her brows'd look like gimpy  
bird wings tryin' to take flight!  
It's sweet - a kid taking after  
one of her folks.

Philippa doesn't like this conversation. She starts reciting the rosary again.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

The sound of HEAVY BREATHING.

A match is lit and we see Humphrey is trapped in-

**INT. MILDRED'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS**

The overturned casket and lid form a LEAN-TO in which HUMPHREY now crouches, face to face with Mildred's corpse. It looks like they are huddled around a campfire.

Humphrey breaks into a terrified, sprinting prayer.

HUMPHREY  
 Ohgodohgodohgod, shit Jesus  
 fucking Christ, watch over me in  
 this hour of need, fuck! Spare me,  
 God, and let me live-  
 (Sobbing)  
 I! Just! Want! To! Marry!  
 Philippa-a-a-a-a!

Mildred opens her glassy eyes.

MILDRED  
 Claustrophobic *and* cunt struck-

Beat. Humphrey is about to scream, but Mildred cuts him off cackling at her joke.

MILDRED  
 Oh, 'cmon! That was funny!

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