

# The Brothers Grim

A wee film by

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# SAMPLE

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Slowly, gravestones are revealed in a twisted, old cemetery. Lost to time and nature. A small figure walks up and places a rose in front of one. Parts of the inscription are covered but read "THOMAS: BELOVED BROTHER."

Cloaked beings, too dark to make out any details, hover across the graveyard. On PSYCHOPOMP(the smaller)'s back is a now filled sack of glowing spheres. THANATOS(the taller) follows closely behind with a scythe.

PSYCHOPOMP

First of all, you don't have a heart. So how could it possibly "not be in this anymore."

THANATOS

I don't know, there's just so much death. I want some *light* and *color*... Like at Elysium's court--

PSYCHOPOMP

Nato, we don't have time for this.

THANATOS

But huzzah! After we drop off these, that will make one hundred and three billion, six hundred and fifty seven million, four hundred and fifty three thousand, three hundred and twenty four souls released to the underworld!

PSYCHOPOMP

Yet, still a couple thousand behind.

THANATOS

Ever heard of "casket-half-full?"

PSYCHOPOMP

When Mayor Kako fires us at midnight, you can be the one to tell her to just cheer up.

As they reach the monument in the center, Psychopomp takes off the sack and snaps off a few fingers, fashioning them into a "skeleton key."

PSYCHOPOMP

Light.

THANATOS twists off his head, lowering it and smacking it a few times until a red light projects out and onto a keyhole in the wall of the mausoleum. Carved in the stone above are two weathered words: "THE UNDERWORLD."

PSYCHOPOMP (CONT'D)

Hold the light steady.

THANATOS

I'm trying.

PSYCHOPOMP

(sighing loudly)

Give it to me.

Psy drops *the key* on the ground and grabs for Thanatos' head.

THANATOS

Woah, no. It's my head.

PSYCHOPOMP

Well, it's my light.

THANATOS

(taken aback)

That's no where near as important.

A RATTLING behind them. The two skele's snap their heads to see a boy, JACK, 12, silhouetted by the moonlight. He stands a few feet from them, dressed in a dark, boarding school uniform. In his hand, a key made of skeleton fingers.

Psy glances at the ground. *No key*. He anxiously scans... The two EXPLODE out towards him.

THANATOS (CONT'D)

I got him!

PSYCHOPOMP

I got him!

They CRASHHHH into each other, falling to the ground in a pile of bones. They slowly piece themselves back together.

PSYCHOPOMP (CONT'D)

IDIOT! Use your head!

THANATOS

I can't find it.

Thanatos feels around in the grass until locating it and slipping it back onto his spinal cord. A CLICK and a SCRAPE echo out from the mausoleum. The two deaths ZIP over to the door to the underworld. It now stands wide open. *No Jack*.

PSYCHOPOMP

Please say you opened this as a practical joke.

THANATOS

If I did, would you not freak out?

PSYCHOPOMP

(freaking out)

We are the grim reapers. We let the dead in, keep the live out. Dead in, live out... Oh gods, we're dead.

THANATOS

True.

Psychopomp smacks him on the head.

PSYCHOPOMP

Alright then, it's settled. We find the kid and bring him back to the Overworld, unnoticed.

THANATOS

Settled?

Psy exits through the doorway. Thanatos follows.

3

EXT. GHOULTON GRAVEYARD - SAME

3

CRASH! THUNDER and a bolt of lightning ignite into a haunted, otherworldly graveyard. The figures scurry off past a sign that reads: "GHOULTON: HOME OF THOSE WHO SOLD THEIR SOULS" and into--

4

EXT. GHOULTON STREET - NIGHT

4

The two reapers rush down the busy gothic streets. A sign by the entrance reads: "HERE YOU STAY 'LESS YOUR SOULS ARE REGAINED." The undead citizens move between different merchant stands. Posters for Kako's re-election paint the gaps. The reapers scuttle between citizens, scanning faces.

THANATOS

So, you've never thought that maybe. JUST MAYBE, you wanted to do something else.

PSYCHOPOMP

No.

5 EXT. FESTERING MELON GARDEN - SOME TIME LATER

5

The two analyze a footprint amongst the flowers and fruits. Thanatos stares at a poster on the wall behind the garden: "THE COURT OF ELYSIUM: CARETAKERS OF THE UNDERWORLD." It displays an expansive, mountainous field of flowers and happy souls, guided by highly dressed Skeletons.

THANATOS

(pointing to the poster)

But look at all the fun they're having?!

PSYCHOPOMP

Thanatos, we are soulless. We can't have "fun" or "interests" or "emotions."

6 EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

6

Psychopomp examines a bench as Thanatos stares off. While distracted, Psy checks out the scythe.

PSYCHOPOMP

Did you etch something on this?  
Thanatos, these are sacred items--

THANATOS

--I see him!

A few feet away is a small kid, dressed in a dark boarding school-looking uniform.

THANATOS (CONT'D)

Yes! Ok, I have an idea. Let's--

Psychopomp ignores and pushes through the crowd.

PSYCHOPOMP

(spinning it around)

GOT YOU!

A little, decomposing, undead creature hisses and waddles off. DONGGG! The clock tower of city hall strikes midnight.

THANATOS

Fibia! Can't we just not go?

PSYCHOPOMP

And get fired on the spot?? Look, just deny, deny, deny. We'll get him after.