

THE MOURNING

Written by

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Blackness. The DINGLE of a bell. A door SWISHES closed.  
The BEEP BEEP of a car's remote unlocking the door.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A MAN'S hand opens the door of a four-door sedan. Holds a dozen long stemmed roses. Neatly wrapped.

This is THE MOURNER. He wears a long, black raincoat, black sweater, grey trousers. Forties. Eyeglasses. Flecks of grey in his hair. Handsome. In a chipper, upbeat mood.

INT. CAR

He climbs into the driver's seat. SHUTS the door. Puts the key in the ignition. STARTS the ENGINE.

Reverses out of the

EXT. PARKING LOT

And drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER

Driving on a busy, four lane highway. Lots of cars. Big rigs. Passing through a major city.

INT. CAR

He turns on the radio. A JAZZY TUNE plays.

He smiles. Hums along. Snaps his fingers to the beat.

The FLOWERS remain on the passenger seat beside him.

INT. CAR - LATER

He flicks the turn signal. TICK TICK TICK TICK. Checks his blind spot. Exits the highway.

INT. CAR - LATER

Now driving a long a major city thoroughfare. Stops at a traffic light. Looks at his watch. Yawns. The light changes. The car drives on.

EXT. CAR - LATER

In the country now. Heading along a rural road. Farm houses. Silos. Ploughed fields. It's scenic.

INT. CAR

Window's open. He inhales deeply, enjoying the fresh air. There's some twists and turns in the road. A couple of hills. He looks into the rearview mirror. He smirks. Enjoying the drive.

EXT. CAR

He comes to a crossroads and stops. On one corner, a small, country church. Old. A little run down. Beside it is a

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Surrounded by a stone wall, with a rusted iron gate. There's a bench, near a large tree.

EXT. CAR

He drives through the intersection and pulls off to the side of the road. TURNS OFF the engine. Exits, carrying the flowers. Walks from the car to the

EXT. GRAVEYARD

And enters. Pauses. There's a little wind. Chilling. He shudders. Sniffs.

Walks past tombstones. Mostly old. Some broken. Unreadable. Others, ornate and elaborate.

He walks to a specific headstone and stops. He looks at it for a long moment.

Over his shoulder, appears a WOMAN, seated on the

EXT. BENCH

watching him intently. She wears a silky, white dress. She's barefoot. Young, but pale skin, as if drained of blood.

Dark shadows beneath icy cold, sad, blue eyes.

Looking at him with sombre face.

THE WOMAN  
I didn't deserve this.

EXT. GRAVESTONE

The Mourner doesn't seem to HEAR. Takes no notice of her. As if she isn't there.

Within a split second, she stands directly beside him. Close enough to whisper in his ear.

THE WOMAN  
Why no longer matters.

He yawns. But, now she's gone. Vanished.

Callously, he tosses the flowers onto the ground beside the tombstone.

THE MOURNER  
Happy birthday, hon.

A sudden, brisk WIND. He looks around. But, he's alone. No is there. Startled him a little.

Quickly walks back to his car and climbs in.

EXT. CAR

The engine STARTS. The car does a U-turn and drives off. Heading back in the direction he came.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - BENCH

The Woman has appeared again. But, he doesn't notice. But, her cold blue eyes follow the car as it disappears down the road.

THE WOMAN  
Soon my love. Soon.

INT. CAR - LATER

He's driving along the rural road. Passing the farms and ploughed fields.

He looks into the rearview mirror. No cars behind. No one in the back seat.

INT. CAR - LATER

He drives a long a lake shore road. Large houses. Towering trees. Expensive cars.

He looks into the rearview mirror.

The Woman sits in the backseat. Watching the houses passing by the window. She looks into the rearview and their eyes meet.

THE WOMAN  
We're getting close.

He looks away. His eyes back to the road. Then, back to the rearview mirror. The back seat is empty.

EXT. CAR

It turns into a cul-de-sac. Several grand homes. He pulls into the driveway of one.

EXT. HOME

TURNS OFF the engine. Gets out. Walks to the mailbox. Pulls out some mail. Goes to the front door.

The Woman stands at the end of the driveway. Watches him enter.

INT. HOME

Spacious. Many rooms. Lavish, expensive decorations. An indoor garden.

He walks through the

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

And continues on into the

INT. KITCHEN

Where he tosses the mail on the counter. Lots of marble. Stainless steel appliances. Must cost a lot.

Beside the kitchen is a

INT. LIVING ROOM

With a high ceiling and a bar. Wide open. Large windows provide a panoramic view of the lake.

He enters and moves to the bar. He kneels behind. Bottles CLINK together. He reappears. Holding a bottle of champagne. Smiles with great satisfaction.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He uncorks the bottle with a POP. FIZZLING, he pours a generous amount into a flute. Takes a large gulp. Relishing it, he licks his lips.

Bottle still in hand, he walks back toward the

EXT. KITCHEN

And places the flute down. But, it tips and spills champagne all over the counter.

He searches for a towel. Unable to find one, he turns to the

INT. LIVING ROOM

And heads for the bar. Something draws his gaze outside.

The Woman stands in the backyard.

He doesn't realize it immediately. But, suddenly does a double take.

She's gone. The backyard is empty.

Concerned, he walks to the back door. Looks around. He opens the door and steps outside.

EXT. BACKYARD

There's a pool. Some gardens. A few trees. There's a stairway leading down to a dock by the lake.

Cautiously, he looks around. But the yard is empty. No one else there.

Walks a little further. Past the pool. Continuing to look around. But, there's no one there.

Removes his eyeglasses. Pinches the bridge of his nose. Sighs deeply. Then, turns back toward the house when

GLASS SHATTERS. Nearby. Down by the lake.

He races down the steps, bottle still in hand.

EXT. DOCK/LAKE

Again, no one is there. But, there's something on wood decking.

The shattered glass of a champagne flute. Identical to the one he was just drinking from.

He kneels down. Touches the shards. Right at the edge of the dock. He lifts a piece of broken glass up. Confused.

Behind him, the boards of the deck CREAK. He turns.

She stands there. And now, he SEES her.

He gasps. Freezes. Speechless. Trembles with fright.

She smiles. A slight smile. A moment then

She gently blows him a kiss.

An unseen wind blows him backwards. He drops the champagne bottle and tumbles backward into the lake.

He bobs back to the surface. Gasping for air. Struggling

She continues to watch. Emotionless.

He's panicking. Trying to doggy paddle in the water. But, he's being pulled down. Dragging him under.

He resurfaces. Gulping water. Tiring quickly. Vapours of air escape from his lips. Turning blue.

She continues to watch. Her face betrays no emotion.

Then, he slips beneath the surface. Bobs up once.

But, his body exhausted.

He stops paddling. Unable to reach the dock. Slowly, almost peacefully, he sinks downward until he disappears beneath the water.

The dock is empty. The area, SILENT. Except for the GURGLING of champagne, spilling from the dropped bottle.

CUT TO:

Blackness. Then

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

The Mourner is there. Wears a black suit. Black tie. White shirt. His hands and face, deathly pale. Dark shadows beneath icy, blue eyes.

The Woman stands opposite. A sly smirk upon her face.

THE WOMAN  
I've been expecting you.

She smiles.

FADE OUT