

DEATH BECOMES HER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A TICKING clock....

A shelf lined with family photos. A bouquet of dried roses lays next to an older photo of a happy family of four, parents, son and daughter. Several newer pictures of newborn photos as well as pictures of young children at different ages hang on the walls.

CLOSE UP

A woman's shaky hand reaches for a half bottle of whiskey and pours into a short ice filled glass on a coffee table.

END CLOSE UP

Emily (30) leans back, savors a long sip of her drink. She tilts her glass to the photographs in a silent cheers.

EMILY

To the greatest parents ever!

Emily picks out a family photo book from the table and turns the page.

INSERT PHOTO

The young woman with a small child in her arms.

EMILY (V.O.)

Thank you for all the sacrifices  
you made... for me.

END CLOSE UP

Emily turns the page.

EMILY

I'm sorry... I love you... What  
more do you want from me?

Emily wipes a tear from her eye. She pours another drink, and throws the book across the room in anger.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's pointless... You never listen!

Photos, cards and drawings fly from the pages and scatter on the floor.

Emily slams her head back against the wall and closes her eyes and screams out.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
Just hear me! I'm ready. Help me.

The room grows deadly silent. The clock TICKS.

JAMIE (50s) enters the doorway. Her face saddens as she looks around the room sorrowfully.

JAMIE  
I can't do this.

Emily doesn't respond.

Jamie moves about the room, upset.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
So we're going to go have the vacation  
at the lake.

Jamie picks a few photographs up off the floor and admires them. She places them back into the book, admiring each one as she talks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Just to see your dad's face when he  
reels in that ten pound fish he's  
been after for the past twenty  
years...

Emily rolls her head a bit to acknowledge the conversation.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Maybe your bother can finally pluck  
up the courage to ask Jemma on a  
date.

Jamie stands and runs her hands over the photographs on the shelf.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Your kids will love it... Won't be  
the same without you. Why does this  
have to be so damn difficult?

Emily mumbles incoherently in her drunkenness.

Jamie back to the doorway.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I'm doing my best. It's not the way  
you wanted it.

PETE (50s) comes in with empty boxes. Jamie goes over, picks one up.

PETE  
How's the packing coming along?  
Moving van is out front.

Jamie looks behind her.

JAMIE  
Just have this room left.

Pete looks over her shoulder with concern.

PETE  
You should not be doing this on  
your own.

Jamie leans her head on his shoulder.

JAMIE  
I can deal with it. How are the  
kids?

PETE  
They took it pretty hard.

JAMIE  
Thank God she was alone in the car.

Emily opens her eyes, looks at Jamie, confused.

Jamie stuff the photos on the shelf into a box.

PETE  
She wasn't ready to get help yet.  
You tried. You need to know you did  
all you could.

Pete lets out a long regretful sigh.

PETE (CONT'D)  
I'll leave you to it.

He heads out with a packed box.

Jamie dries her red, tearful eyes.

JAMIE  
I miss you, baby girl.

Jamie follows Pete out the doorway with the filled box.

Emily looks around the half empty room, enraged.

EMILY  
Stop acting like I don't exist!  
Where are my kids? MOM!

Emily's voice fades, the light grows dim. The clocks ticking grows slower and slower until it no longer fills the silence of a senseless death.

FADE OUT.