

REUNION

Original Screenplay By:

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FADE IN:

EXT. MODERN CITY BUS STOP -- EARLY AM

Thursday morning in a hectic metropolis. **MARIO CIANI** 84, sits impatiently in his Sunday best, an eclectic-mix of faded gabardine and plaid. His shoes are spit-polished to a dazzling patina and his arthritic hands clutch a large heart-shaped box and bouquet, both a brilliant red.

Steam billows from a man-hole in front of him. Cars, cabs and the occasional courier blur past. A pair of very fat legs, pinched into expensive high heels, protrude from underneath a newspaper beside him. He notices someone's taken out a full back-page ad. Curious, he squints through wire-rimmed glasses: "HAPPY VALENTINES DAY CINDY LOVE AMIR."

[FLASH]

A decades younger Mario and his beautiful bride **GIANNA** standing at the altar. He lifts her veil, kisses her.

[FLASH]

A mid-life Gianna and Mario exchange hand made valentines. She leans in, they share a passionate kiss.

BACK TO MARIO

Who shifts in his seat, leans forward lifting a brow, cocks his head to see if the bus is coming. He notices an anorexic dog that wanders into frame sniffing the filthy pavement. He clocks his watch, **sighs**.

A few other commuters mill about, but most stand like digital slaves staring zombie-like into electronic devices mindlessly texting, tweeting and updating.

The number seventeen **BUS** finally **RUMBLES VIOLENTLY** into, then **FILLS FRAME**. **AIR-BRAKES SQUEAL & SCREECH** as it stops. A beer billboard plastered on its side. A double beat then -- The **HISS** of **AIR-BRAKES** releasing, **GEARS GRIND** and the **BUS** pulls **OUT OF FULL FRAME** revealing:

EXT. RUSTIC GRAVEYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Mario has ridden the seventeen to the end of the line. He now stands alone in deafening silence, dwarfed beneath a large arched gate that reads: **OUR LADY OF MERCY CEMETERY**.

ON MARIO

As he moves with uneven cadence through row after row of tombstones and statuary, stopping only once to read an unusual epitaph.

EXT. GIANNA'S GRAVESITE - LATER

Gnarled, shaking hands clear away dried remnants of his last visit. He lovingly replaces them with the fresh bouquet. He continues the maintenance, brushing away some leaves and uproots a tiny weed.

[FLASH]

Gianna in a hospital bed connected to multiple tubes, monitors, IVs -- taking her last breath as Mario holds her hand and feels her slip away. Beside himself, he kisses her hand, buries his face, sobbing uncontrollably.

BACK TO:

MARIO'S EYES

Rain tears that splash on the heart-shaped-box. He slowly removes the ribbon and then the lid. He genuflects, kisses his fingers then touches her tombstone. He produces a 1934 Beretta 9mm from the box, studies it... Sixty-five years of memories washing over his exhausted, lonely countenance.

He **chambers a round**, drawls the cold indifferent steel to his temple, slowly closes his eyes. A beat then --

Changes his mind and shoves the barrel into his mouth.

GIANT NEARBY TREE

As the **SHOT** rings-out, a startled flock of birds exit the tree flying heavenward, across a rose and gold painted sky.

FADE OUT: