

S.W.A.L.K

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Bright rays of sunshine stream through curtains into a suburban couple's bedroom -- designed in Sweden, purchased at Ikea and assembled in Northwood, with love. Before a full-length mirror stands --

JON MORTAN (30s), adjusting his tie, ensuring the four-in-hand knot sits squarely in the collar and his cuff links are symmetrical. In the mirror, behind him, JON's gaze turns to --

JON'S POV:

A DRESSER -- a few long blond hairs linger on a comb. Various fragrances and lotions. A hand mirror. The accouterment one associates with a woman who takes care of herself. Jon's eyes settle on --

A framed PHOTO: a radiant blonde, in a candid shot, winning hearts with her mischievous grin -- LOUISE (29). She appears to MOVE within the frame momentarily.

ANOTHER PHOTO: Jon and Louise huddled close, gurning as they draw on a SHISHA PIPE in a far-off land. They're clearly having fun. Did that photo move too? Nestled beside it --

WEDDING PHOTO: John and Louise on their happy day. A spontaneous register office ceremony conducted with taste and style.

JON

Chuckles, memories of the day flooding back as he shrugs into his jacket, plucking a piece of renegade fluff from his shoulder. He checks his watch --

THE WATCH.

A leather-strapped dress watch, date part reads: "**Feb. 14th.**" It's a quarter to three.

JON

Crosses to the bedroom window, peers out --

EXT. STREET - JON'S POV THROUGH WINDOW - DAY

No sign of activity. It's quiet.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A work in progress. Units sit unpacked on the floor, awaiting Jon and Louise's attention.

JON enters

A lipstick-stained COFFEE CUP sits half-empty on the counter. The remainder turned cold some time ago.

Jon, as per routine, checks the kitchen notice board:

A COLLAGE:

Ideas for developing their first home: paint charts; furniture pictures trimmed from magazines; personal notes: "**I like this**" -- with a drawn arrow pointing exactly at which of the many cuttings meets approval.

JON

Shakes his head -- he doesn't like that sofa at all.

A simple CALENDER hangs in close proximity, most of the dates filled with some obligation or other, except February 14th. The date has only a huge HEART drawn around it in RED MARKER.

Jon smiles ruefully.

A car can be HEARD parking outside.

Jon steadies himself. It's time. He moves to--

LIVING ROOM.

Bare. Barren, but for a stepladder used to partially strip the wallpaper from the walls. No carpets. No furniture. Nothing here except:

A COFFIN. Perched on stands, centre of the room.

Jon glares at the coffin. It's open, but he cannot see inside. Yet. He moves CLOSER.

CLICK! -- the front door to the house is unlocked and opened. VOICES in the hall.

THE LIVING ROOM DOOR

Opens. It's LOUISE. Dressed in BLACK, accompanied by an OLDER MAN and OLDER WOMAN. Her parents. She's been crying.

She moves tentatively to the coffin:

JON lies within. Serene. Arms folded across his chest, immaculately attired.

Louise gazes upon her beautiful man. Her love. She bends toward the coffin --

And kisses Jon on the lips. Kissing him goodbye.

FADE TO BLACK