

S.W.A.L.K

By

Mac McSharry

Mmcshar@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

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

JON MORTAN (30), adjusting his tie, ensuring the four-in-hand knot sits squarely in the collar and his cuff links are symmetrical. He stares into the mirror, over his shoulder --

JON'S POV: A DRESSER -- a few long blond hairs linger on a comb. Various fragrances and lotions. A silver hand mirror. The accouterment one associates with a woman who likes to take care of herself. His gaze moves across --

A FRAMED PHOTO: a radiant blonde, in a candid shot, winning hearts with her mischievous grin -- LOUISE (27).

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. Nestled beside it --

A WEDDING PHOTO: Jon and Louise on their happy day. Standing on steps, confetti on their shoulders; a spontaneous register office ceremony conducted with taste and style.

JON: smiles, memories of the day flooding back as he shrugs into his jacket. He plucks a piece of renegade fluff from his shoulder. Checks his watch --

CLOSE ON: A leather-strapped dress watch. Date: "**Feb. 14th.**" It's a quarter to three.

JON: crosses to the bedroom window, peers out --

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

No sign of activity. It's quiet.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A work in progress. Plaster repair scars; cupboard units unpacked on the floor -- awaiting Jon and Louise's attention.

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

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

COLLAGE: ideas for developing their first home: paint charts; furniture pictures trimmed from magazines; carpet samples; 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 CALENDER: hangs in close proximity, most dates filled with some scribbled obligation or other, except February 14th: just a huge HEART drawn around it in RED MARKER.

JON: smiles ruefully. SOUND of a vehicle outside. Jon steadies himself. It's time. He moves to --

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bare. Barren. Save for a stepladder used to partially strip the walls. Tools. Floorboards. No furniture. Jon enters, looks out the front window --

INT/EXT. JON'S POV - THROUGH LIVING ROOM WINDOW - DAY

A HEARSE comes to a halt. Matt black and gleaming chrome.

JON: turns from the window to look upon --

LOUISE -- Seated on a stool at the far end of the room. She's dressed in black and has been crying. She rises, crossing the room, to REVEAL:

AN OPEN COFFIN, perched on stands, at the end of the living room. She tentatively peers inside --

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

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

Kisses Jon on the lips. Kissing him goodbye.

FADE TO BLACK