

Elegy  
by  
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'50 KISSES' Competition

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INT. MODERATE SIZED FLAT - NIGHT

A man in his late twenties - thin, tired looking - is laying down cutlery and plates on a small table covered in a fancy cloth.

We follow FREDDIE through a montage of actions as he dashes around the place -

Removing a roasting tray from the oven -

Turning down the hobs -

Lighting two candles on the table -

Putting on some soft, tasteful music, but nothing cliched -

Buttoning up a nice shirt in front of the mirror. He stops, checks himself over for a second, smoothing the front of his outfit.

He sighs heavily, takes a BOTTLE OF PILLS from the bedside table, shakes out a pill, realises it's the last one and with a sigh of undecipherable sadness pops it in his mouth. He swallows, closing his eyes.

CUT TO:

SAME - LATER

Freddie now sits at the table, mid-meal with a beautiful woman of the same age. IZZY is wearing a simple but elegant dress, the two are obviously very much in love.

IZZY

So, what's wrong?

FREDDIE

What do you mean?

IZZY

You never cook for me like this, so I assume something's up?

She grins.

FREDDIE

A fella can't cook for his lady on Valentines day?

She reaches for his hand across the table, takes it.

IZZY  
 (with a smile)  
 Tell me some good things about me.

FREDDIE  
 Well....you are the kindest,  
 warmest -  
 (he chooses his words)  
 Every time I see you I fall in love  
 with you all over again.

She leans over and kisses him, it's gentle, tender, they  
 linger like this for a second or two.

Freddie opens his eyes and she is gone!

FREDDIE (cont'd)  
 No! No no no -

He leaps up and runs to the bedroom, he picks up the pill pot  
 shakes it and throws it aside. He searches drawers, pairs of  
 socks, pockets in clothes, under the bed - all the while  
 muttering incoherently to himself.

He finally opens up the WARDROBE where we see the interior of  
 the doors are COVERED IN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS:

CAR CRASH CLAIMS THREE one clipping screams, Izzy is pictured  
 with two other people.

THREE VICTIM CRASH KILLER SENTENCED

NEW 'GHOST DRUG' ENTERS TRIAL

'GRIEF WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST' SAYS ELEGY DEVELOPER

'THEY'RE NOT GHOSTS, THEY'RE CONSTRUCTS' SAY EXPERTS

ELEGY TRIALS APPROVED.

2500 PATIENTS DEMAND ELEGY IN FIRST MONTH

Freddie frantically rummages through a box, sending other  
 trinkets and memories askew. He falls to the floor in  
 despair. Nearby is an ENGAGEMENT RING, he picks it up, looks  
 longingly at it. A single tear trickles down his cheek.

FREDDIE (cont'd)  
 I miss you.

He continues to sit, alone and in love.

FADE OUT.