

**"Your Song"**

by

?

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FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

PETER (30), dark hair and badly shaven, is kneeled in front of a white marble tombstone where it reads:

JANE LOUISE MORRIS  
1979 - 2009  
SHE LOVED, WAS LOVED, AND DIED

Peter stares at a bunch of dry flowers on the ground and stays for a while on his knee.

PETER

Everyday is a lifetime without you. You're with me every minute of the day, from the moment I wake up till the time I go to sleep.

(a beat)

You know, I started to work again. Zak ordered me a new song. But my mind is still stuck on you.

(sigh)

You were my muse. Remember? I used to call you my little Euterpe. My inspiration's gone away with you.

(he stands up)

I'll come back tomorrow. I'll always love you.

He walks away.

EXT. STREETS - EVENING

Peter crosses the cemetery gate when his cellphone buzzes. He takes it out of his jacket and unfolds it.

PETER  
(on the phone, falsely  
cheerful)  
Zak! My friend! I was --  
(a beat)  
Yes! Precisely!  
(a beat)  
Tomorrow night? No problem. I do  
work on it.  
(a beat)  
Yeah, you'll have the first  
verse.  
(a beat)  
Sure! You'll love it, man!  
(a beat)  
Okay! See you tomorrow!

He folds his cellphone and stares at it.

PETER  
(serious)  
Fuck --

INT. PETER'S CAR - EVENING

As the sun goes down, Peter drives his New Beetle through the streets. He pats on the steering wheel as if it was a piano keyboard. He starts to hum a tune and stops.

PETER  
(to himself)  
No.

He resumes humming another tune and keeps patting on the steering wheel. He stops again.

PETER  
(irritated)  
No!

He hits violently the steering wheel and floors the brakes. The car behind him has just the time to do the same but can't avoid to bump onto the New Beetle.

Though the shock, Peter closes his eyes as to calm down, and breathes in.

When he feels more relaxed, he breathes out deeply and reopens his eyes -- to realize the DRIVER of the car behind him is leaned over his window.

Peter looks up at him.

PETER

What?!

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits at a piano in his apartment. On the top, sits a photograph under frame of Peter and a young blonde woman with incredible blue eyes, JANE. They both look very much in love.

A plain music sheet faces him where he writes sometimes a note or a chord with a pencil.

Peter's fingers run on the ivory keyboard.

For a short while, he closes his eyes for some inspiration, but always gets stuck on the same chord. The more he tries to get over that chord, the more he gets worked up.

Peter slams the keyboard with the same chord.

The keyboard lid shuts on his fingers.

Peter closes his eyes, bearing silently the pain. He reopens his eyes and the lid, and looks up to Jane. He sighs and puts the frame down.

PETER

Sorry. I've got to carry on.

He checks his fingers and resumes his search for a melody. But this time, the final chord turns out to be out of tune.

FADE TO BLACK:

BEDROOM

Peter snores as he sleeps in a white king size bed.

On the bedside table, by an empty glass, a box of sleeping pills.

In the dark of the bedroom, a large frame is hung on the wall, facing the bed. It's a life-size portrait of Jane. She wears a summer dress.

She seems to wear a benevolent smile as she looks over Peter.

Peter turns and tosses in his bed.

Through the dark, a strange blue spark twinkles in front of Jane's portrait.

Then, a second.

A third, a fourth --

Every spark twinkle along with a note of music.

Hundreds of tiny blue sparks surround the frame, forming a melody like, and Jane's image becomes, magically, alive.

As the sparks and the melody fade, Jane passes through the glass and steps into the bedroom.

She tosses her long blonde hair and gets closer to the bed.

She squats at Peter's sleeping face level and stares at him with the same benevolent smile. Her blue eyes twinkle just like the sparks before. With a finger, she lifts a lock of hair off his forehead.

Peter wakes up.

He doesn't appear to be scared or even surprised.

PETER

Jane --

JANE

(smiling)

Yes, Peter. This is only a dream.

He sits on the bed. She stands up and sits by him.

PETER

But -- I couldn't dream of you anymore.

JANE

I erased those dreams. You suffer  
enough on daytime.

PETER

I'm glad to see you. I miss so  
much. I'm lost without you.

JANE

(laughing)

Who wouldn't be?

PETER

Why are you here?

JANE

To give you the strength to carry  
on. Though I know you try so  
much.

PETER

Tell me what to do.

She raises her hand to his cheek.

JANE

(smiling)

Stay yourself and keep on living.  
Make our love count.

He smiles and nods.

JANE

I have a gift for you.

PETER

A gift?

She leans over his forehead and kisses him.

JANE

"My gift is my song and this  
one's for you".

PETER

I remember. It was your favorite.

JANE  
Tomorrow, it'll be another one.

PETER  
Another one? What do you mean?

She gets up.

JANE  
Gotta go now.

PETER  
Will you come back?

JANE  
(smiling)  
Who knows?

Peter lies back. He smiles back at Jane and closes his eyes, feeling good.

He is now alone in the bedroom.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's a sunny day.

Peter sits back at the piano, opens carefully the keyboard lid, and puts his fingers on the ivory keys. His fingers touch barely the keys as if he was waiting for something to happen.

Peter closes his eyes and starts to play a romantic piece of music.

The perfect melody -- the same melody played by the blue sparks the night before.

He reopens his eyes, almost surprised by the result. He plays the piece of music again. It seems so easy.

With a satisfied smile, he grabs a plain music sheet where he scribbles notes and chords.

He puts the sheet in front of his eyes and plays the melody again.

Peter puts the frame back up on the piano and, misty-eyed, looks up to the picture.

He smiles at Jane.

PETER

(singing on the tune)

This is a song for you  
Even though you're gone away  
I'll still be lovin' you  
And getting through all the way.  
This is my song for you  
I'll make it count day after day --

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A huge room -- full of press. Rows of journalists, TV cameras at the back.

Peter gives a press conference.

He sits at a table at the end of the room, beside a very young man, ZAK (early 20's), with messy hair and a shining diamond in his nostril.

Peter appears to be a bit cowed.

Among the press, a JOURNALIST stands up.

JOURNALIST #1

How do you feel to be at the top  
of the Billboard again for seven  
weeks now?

PETER

Uh --

Zak grabs the microphone from Peter's hands.

ZAK

He sure feels good, dude! And so  
do I!

Everyone burst out laughing.



A SECOND JOURNALIST stands up.

JOURNALIST #2

This is your come back after  
your -- tragic loss. The message  
in your lyrics are crystal clear.  
But you always claimed your wife  
was your only --  
(he takes a peep at his  
notes)  
-- muse.

Peter takes the microphone from Zak's hands.

PETER

Yes, I did.

JOURNALIST #2

This song is incredibly awesome.  
My question is: do you have,  
today, another -- muse?

Peter hesitates to answer. Feeling his embarrassment, Zak  
grabs the microphone from his hands again.

ZAK

Next question, please!

Peter takes the microphone back.

PETER

Please, Zak. I've got to answer.  
(to journalist #2)  
Jane was my muse. And, to tell  
you the truth --  
(he hesitates)  
-- she'll always be.

At the back of the room, by a camera, Jane appears  
magically, still wearing the same dress.

Peter sees her. He appears to be the only one in the room  
to have noticed her.

He and Jane exchange a smile.

As she disappears slowly, her sparkling blue eyes only  
remain.

The song, fully orchestrated this time, is heard as we --

FADE OUT :