FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW ME

Written by

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INT. GRAHAM’S APARTMENT

GRAHAM sits in a sharp black suite. Not a single hair out of place. But something is hidden underneath his cool demeanor. A loud CRUNCH of metal is heard, followed by police SIRENS. But the street is empty. This crash has already happened.

A reminder pops up on Graham’s laptop with a CHIME, Graham turns from the window to his computer. It reads: 1 hour to funeral, with travel time.

Graham’s reflection can be seen as he types “Eulogy for sister” into Google. He clicks the first link, “sample eulogies for sister” and copy and pastes to a word doc.

GRAHAM
It is with great sadness, blah, blah, blah

He wheels his mouse forward.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
She and I were close in age, she was only two years younger. Skip, skip, skip, she was a great person and a friend, God bless.

Graham pushes away from the desk, grabbing his beer he walks to the kitchen, to reveal CHELSEA. Fit, dressed in running gear, with a small trickle of blood from her hairline.

CHELSEA
Damn, who died?

She leans over the computer reading the eulogy. He blinks and reaches in the fridge past the old Chinese take out for another beer. Graham stands up to reveal Chelsea standing over the door.

CHELSEA (CONT’D)
Hello! I’m talking to you.

Graham jumps.

GRAHAM
You did.

CHELSEA
I did what?

GRAHAM
You died.
CHELSEA
Ha ha, you’re really funny Graham

Graham

There’s a brief pause as they stare at each other in disbelief.

GRAHAM
I don’t know how this is happening but since you’re here, have a look at your eulogy? I’m almost done, you can proof it.

Chelsea takes a moment to process.

CHELSEA
Sure. I’m probably just in your head anyway, right?

He shrugs, she turns to the computer.

CHELSEA (CONT’D)
She was a great person and a friend, God bless... Did you just copy this from the internet?

Graham cracks the beer and takes a swig.

CHELSEA (CONT’D)
Look it’s not that hard. Just introduce yourself, tell a story and maybe throw in a poem for good measure.

GRAHAM
The internet eulogy is fine. I just need to know if there are any spelling mistakes.

CHELSEA
It’s fine? No it’s a fucking travesty.

GRAHAM
So... you don’t like it?

INT. CHELSEA’S ROOM - DAY

VIVAN 42, Heath-nut, under-stimulated, sits among boxes packing up Chelsea’s things. She gently places a switch blade in a box.

Graham and Chelsea stand off to the left watching.
GRAHAM
Whow, how did we get here?

CHELSEA
Can’t you see how I admired you?

Vivan puts the pocket watch in a box.

GRAHAM
I looked everywhere for that.

CHELSEA
But it’s because they’re yours.
Thats why I wanted it, I looked up to you. You were my big brother and that meant something.

Vivan puts the G.I. Joe in a box.

GRAHAM
ok, fine, but what does this have to do with your eulogy?

INT. GRAHAM’S CHILDHOOD ROOM - DAY

Graham stands in his old room. G.I Joe action figures stand at attention on the white Ikea kids desk. A small CRT TV sits in the corner on a stand with a Nintendo underneath. Games, laundry and toys spread out over the floor.

CHELSEA
Everything, come on big brother, what do you remember?

GRAHAM
Why are we in my old room?

CHELSEA
This place is a part of you, what happened in this room shaped who you are today.

GRAHAM
Especially if you consider my old material.

He pulls out a stack of old bra ads, with a mischievous smile, and shows them to Chelsea.

CHELSEA
How am I supposed to help you with my eulogy if you keep avoiding your feelings?
EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Graham wears a kiss the cook cooking apron, standing in front of a barbecue. Two burgers sizzle as they near perfection.

GRAHAM
I don’t know, but who’s controlling this traveling thing? Can we travel a beer over here?

Just then Graham looks down and sees his beer sitting on the side of the barbecue. He takes long satisfying gulp, easily emptying the bottle.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
Ah that’s better, you can visit anytime you want, sis.

CHELSEA
I put sodium thiopental in your beer.

Graham spits out what little beer remains in his mouth.

GRAHAM
What the hell is that?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, only illuminated by the single spot light, glaring down on Graham.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
It’s truth serum, Graham. I’ve got you now.

Graham struggles with the handcuffs. He looks around but can’t see Chelsea.

GRAHAM
Oh man. (beat) What the hell is going on here?

Chelsea steps out of the shadows behind him dressed in black and slams his head down on the table.

CHELSEA
(In tough cop voice)
What is your name? And how do you fit into my life?

Graham tries to answer, but shaken.
GRAHAM
I.. Ah.. Graham Linden Jefferson,
I’m your brother, we grew up
together, and supported each other
through tough times.

CHELSEA
Tell me a personal story about you
and I.

INT. GRAHAM’S ROOM - FLASHBACK

Graham stands just outside his old room. Games, laundry and
toys spread out over the floor. Graham and Chelsea watch a
silhouette of the action unfolding as Graham describes it.

GRAHAM
One night after our parents nightly
argument, our father walked
downstairs and came into my room,
he told me that he was leaving and
would not be back, but he wanted to
tell me because his father never
did. Moments after he left, you
came into the room and jumped into
bed, That was the last time I
cried.

CHELSEA
Recite a poem.

GRAHAM
Ah... Ok...
Roses are red, violets are blue

Chelsea slaps him on the back of the head.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
Ouch! What was that for?

EXT SIDE ROAD HIGHWAY 21 -DAY

Chelsea lies dead on the side of the road. Rubber tire marks
point to the offending vehicle. JULIET mid 40’s distracted
driver, jumps out of the car and runs over to Chelsea’s body.
Totally unaware of the Chelsea ghost and traveling Graham,
standing and talking. Juliet panics and holds her hands over
her mouth trying to decide what to do.

CHELSEA
Tell me how much I mean to you?
GRAHAM

Fuck, ah ok.. You were always there when I needed you. You know You always knew the true meaning of Family

Juliet runs back to her car and drives off.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
and your most precious gift to all of us was unconditional love and support.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
(to self)
Where is this coming from?

CHELSEA
Just let it happen.

GRAHAM
You were constantly inspiring and helping others and always with a smile.

GRAHAM (CONT’D)
You were the glue that kept us all together.

INT. GRAHAM’S APARTMENT

Graham types on his computer, cries and typing. The G.I JOE sits on his desk above watching.

A reminder pops up on the screen with a chime. It reads: Funeral, happening now, with travel time.

The emotions flow through his finger tips out onto the keyboard. Only taking brief moments to wipes away the tears that block his view.

He hits print and pushes away from the desk, throws on his coat grabs the eulogy from the printer and runs out the door.