

HE DIES ALONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dark bedroom. All is still.

ADAM, 25, sleeps soundly.

A phone RINGS. Adam stirs, turns a bedside clock to read it.

ADAM
You've got to be kidding.

Adam switches the bedside lamp on, answers the phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hello.

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)
(crying)
Is that Adam?

ADAM
Yes, who's this?

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)
It's Olivia.

Adam's blank, confused expression says it all.

OLIVIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your dad's wife.

ADAM
Sorry, it's late. What's wrong?

Olivia cries through a long pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Olivia?

OLIVIA (V.O.)
I'm sorry. Your dad is dead. He
killed himself.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "EARLIER THAT DAY"

JOHN, 50's, wears a stained shirt and shorts. He sits at the table, pushes cereal around his bowl. He reads the newspaper on the table.

OLIVIA, 50's, enters in a rush.

OLIVIA
John, have you seen my keys?

Olivia looks under the paper, leaves it in a heap.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna to be so late.

John straightens out the paper, continues to read.

OLIVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I hope you're looking at the
classifieds.

John rolls his eyes. Olivia takes no notice.

She rummages through her handbag, the CLINK of keys, she pulls them out.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm off. Don't wait up.

Out of habit, she kisses John on the cheek.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

John stands, staring at himself in a full length mirror, unimpressed at what he sees.

He opens the wardrobe, takes out a formal collared shirt, pants, and a tie. Lays them on the bed.

INT. HOUSE - LAUNDRY - DAY

John irons the shirt with precision. Every crease in its place.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

John, still in his shorts and shirt, mows the lawn.

LATER

John rakes up the loose grass, gathers it in his hands, places it in a rubbish bag.

He unravels the garden hose. Turns on the tap.

John waters the flower beds.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

John sits at the table, smokes a cigarette. He spins the cigarette packet on the table, picks it up, reads the label.

INSERT - CIGARETTE PACKET

"Smoking Kills"

BACK TO SCENE

John chuckles to himself.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

John lathers his face with shaving cream, starts to shave.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

John, dressed in his formal attire, writes a note. He stops, thinks for a second, then continues to write.

John folds the note, secures it to the fridge with a magnet. He removes a photo of Adam and himself from the fridge, clearly a happy moment in time.

He looks around the room, sighs, nods.

INT. HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

John's car sits in the small, single car garage with John behind the wheel.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

John props the photo on the dash.

He turns the car key, just to the point that the radio comes on.

Searches for a song he likes, finds one, starts the engine.

One back window has been rolled down.

LATER

John, eyes closed and motionless, reclined back in the seat.

His phone RINGS in his pocket. He does not move. It stops ringing.

A BEEP signals he has received a message.

John struggles to open his eyes. He moves slower now, with more effort. He pulls the phone from his pocket, looks at it.

He dials.

VOICE MAIL (V.O.)

You have one new message. Press one to retrieve it.

John does as instructed.

ADAM (V.O.)

Hi, Dad. It's me, Adam. Long time, old man. Anyway... just wanted to wish you happy birthday. Give me a call back, if you like... I miss you, and I'm thinking about you.

The message ends. John hangs up.

A tear rolls down his face. He smiles.

John takes the picture from the dash, stares at it. He looks up, thinks for a moment, looks down at the picture again.

His smile widens.

John turns the car off. He tries to open the door, but is weak, too weak.

He gets his phone, dials a three digit number.

With a lot of effort, John raises the phone to his ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine, one, one. What's your emergency?

John tries to talk but cannot. A cough is all he manages. His eyes fill with terror.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hello, is anybody --

John hangs up.

He fights at the car door again and it opens.

INT. HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

John falls out of the car, crawls towards the door.

Lifts himself up to reach the door handle, too weak to turn it, he slides back down.

He dials again. It seems to ring for an eternity.

ADAM (V.O.)
Hey, Dad. How are you?

John tries to talk, but again, it is useless.

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Dad?

Tears roll down Johns face. He fights to get the words out.

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hello?

The phone slips from John's hand onto the floor. John tries to mouth the words.

Barely audible, he forces them out.

JOHN
I'm sorry.

Johns eyes close for the very last time.

FADE OUT.