

IN MEMORIAM

by  
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**Revised 09/19/2007**

PITCH BLACK

THOMAS (V.O.)

I loved her.

(a beat)

Why do we love? Isn't it strange  
to see only one person, to have  
only one thought, only one name  
in mind?

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

CLOSE UP on an oval photograph under frame of a young woman. CHANDRA, 27, is a blonde sparkling and attractive woman with curly hair. A rare combination of innocence and beauty.

Rain lashes the picture that, in fact, is screwed on a headstone where it is etched:

CHANDRA MARY LOCKHART  
1980 - 2007  
SHE LOVED, WAS LOVED, AND DIED

THOMAS, early thirties, stands in front of the grave, wrapped in a black trench coat. His wet hair is pulled back and his face shows a deep sadness.

It's autumn time. Orange-brown leaves are swept away and cover the ground.

THOMAS (V.O.)

I won't tell you about our story.  
No. Love always has the same. I  
met her, and then loved her.  
That's it.

CLOSE UP on Thomas' face. Tears mix with raindrops. He keeps staring at the picture.

THOMAS (V.O.)

I lived over a year wrapped up in  
her tenderness. And then, she  
died. How?  
(a beat)  
I don't remember. I don't want to  
remember anymore.

FLASHBACK - GRAVEYARD - DAY

It is a beautiful summer day. Thomas stands in front of the grave in the same position.

In front of him, down in a hole, Chandra's coffin. Around him, several persons and a PRIEST.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
 Then, I buried her.  
 (a beat)  
 People were there. Friends.

With no second thought, Thomas starts to run away in front everyone's astonished look.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
 I ran away.

FLASHBACK - STREET - DAY

Thomas walks down a street, insensible to the sunny day.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
 I walked for hours, imagining her  
 rotten body.  
 (a beat)  
 The day after I left my country.

The incredible noise of plane taking off fills the soundtrack.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
 Anywhere away from this  
 unbearable pain.

END OF THE  
 FLASHBACK

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DUSK

As daylight declines and rain has stopped, Thomas is still standing in front of Chandra's grave.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
 After two years, I came back home  
 yesterday. I didn't even realize  
 my feet had led me here.

He doesn't cry anymore. Something lights up in his eyes.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
 Then I had a crazy idea. That  
 kind of weird and desperate idea  
 only a lover could have.

CLOSE UP on Chandra's photograph.

THOMAS (V.O.)  
I would spend the night by her. A  
last time.

Thomas falls on his knees, stares at the picture, and  
tosses the leaves in front of the headstone.

THOMAS  
(whispering)  
I'm sorry I left you--

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The night has come. The moon plays hide and seek, darting  
in and out of the clouds.

Thomas is still on his knees, facing the grave.

A noise can be heard somewhere. Thomas freezes and scans  
the place.

Someone is coming. Thomas springs to hide behind the  
headstone.

Holding a flashlight, TWO GRAVE DIGGERS, a shovel on the  
shoulder, come his way.

Thomas can't help staring at them.

The two men stop hundred feet from Chandra's grave and  
start to dig a hole.

Panicked, Thomas looks around. His only way out is in his  
back. On all fours, he silently crawls, clawing his way  
from the grave.

When he estimates he is far enough from the grave diggers,  
Thomas stands up and runs through the graveyard. Out of  
breath, he keeps running among the headstones.

Increasingly, the environment changes. Thomas finds himself  
in the oldest part of the cemetery. His foot bumps into a  
large root and he stumbles. His head hits an old headstone  
and Thomas passes out.

FADE TO BLACK:

LATER

Thomas slowly opens his eyes. He is still lying on the wet  
soil, his trench coat caked with dirt and dead leaves. A  
thick fog rolls over the ground as the moon now bathes the  
place with an unreal light.

A low, almost inaudible moans come from under the ground. Thomas sits up straight by the headstone he hit.

The moans become louder, almost a scream. The sound is followed by the sound of fingers scrapping wood -- of wood splintering -- of digging--

The moaning continues, becoming eerier, somewhat more articulate.

Finally, fingers break through the soil and hold stiff in the open air. The moan becomes a triumphant hiss. The fingers clutch at the ground.

A DEAD MAN pops halfway out of his grave like a jack-in-the-box, his face dirty and dead white.

Without any attention to Thomas, his whole body emerges from the ground. The dead man looks around and doesn't appear to notice Thomas' presence.

Then, he leans over the headstone where it can be read:

CLARENCE JOHN DUNAGAN  
1912 - 1998  
HE WAS A BELOVED GOOD FATHER  
NOW GOD IS AT HIS SIDES

The dead man picks up one of the coffin nails and proceeds to erase the inscription. Then, just below, he starts to etch something.

Thomas is petrified by fear and cannot take his eyes off the dead man.

The dead man straightens up and now looks upon the headstone. As he steps aside, with a slight satisfied smile, Thomas now can read:

HE WAS A FUCKING PEDOPHILE  
NOW HE ROTS IN HELL

A pair of arms shoots up from the ground right under Thomas. He jumps by surprise and is tossed aside, his face on the soil.

Next to his face, the face of another dead, a WOMAN, emerges grinning from the crumbling earth. She is truly rotted and ghastly. She is pretty much dried out, a third of her face gone revealing a grinning skull. She wears an old pearl necklace.

Just like the dead man, the dead woman doesn't take any attention to Thomas.

Just like the dead man, she emerges from her grave and turns to her headstone, where it reads:

NATALIA B. FISHER  
1888 - 1954  
BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER  
SHE'S NOT GONE, SHE'S JUST AWAY  
AND WE'LL SEE HER AGAIN SOMEDAY

Once again, just like the dead man, the woman picks up a coffin nail and proceeds to erase the inscription. As she writes, Thomas reads:

SHE KILLED HER OWN MOTHER TO INHERIT  
AND LEFT HER SONS IN MISERY

At this very moment, Thomas realizes that all of the cemetery dead people are out of their graves and now erasing the eulogies etched on the headstones to reestablish the truth. There are skeletons, rotted corpses everywhere, unaware of his presence.

Thomas is not scared anymore. He runs through the cemetery, among this eerie scenery. Most of the dead bodies are now lying back into their grave.

He arrives in sight of Chandra's grave. The grave diggers are gone, leaving behind them a fresh large hole.

With apprehension, Thomas notices the grave has been opened like the other ones around. He only can see a dried feminine hand disappearing into the hole, still holding a nail. There again, the epitaph has been changed.

CLOSE UP on Thomas' petrified face as tears start to fill his eyes.

On the headstone can be now read:

BEING OUT CHEATING ON HER LOVER,  
SHE WAS HIT BY A CAR AND DIED

FADE OUT: