

**IN MEMORIA**

Written by

James Austin McCormick

Email: [jimbostories@hotmail.com](mailto:jimbostories@hotmail.com)  
Copyright: 7523612 WGA

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A kitchen table.

A half dozen sympathy cards lay scattered across the surface.

One in particular catches our attention. It shows the photo of a pretty brunette somewhere in her 30's. Above the picture is a Latin phrase in bold text:

IN MEMORIA

And then the name:

ALICE.

KARL (Mid 30's), tussled hair, sleepy and wearing a dressing gown, regards the picture as he sips his coffee.

His only reaction is a weary yawn.

His cell phone rings. He checks the caller idea and answers.

KARL

Hi Mom.

MOM (O.S.)

(Caring, slow, soft voice)  
Karl, sweetheart. How are you? I know (A beat) that's a silly question. I'm sorry.

KARL

I'm okay.

MOM

I still can't believe it.

KARL

Me neither.

MOM

What she did. (A beat) You know, I'm not one to impose my beliefs on others, but what she did to herself.

KARL

(Even, calm tone)  
If you're going to tell me it's a mortal sin and that the church...

MOM (O.S.)  
No, no, of course not.

For a moment there's an awkward silence.

KARL  
We don't understand enough about  
mental illness.

He gives a long sigh.

KARL (CONT'D)  
That's what made her do what she  
did. I could have helped.

MOM  
Now don't go blaming yourself  
again.

KARL  
Who else can I blame?

MOM  
You said yourself Alice wouldn't  
open up to you, and I'm sure you  
had no idea about all those pills  
she had.

Karl's face is implacable.

KARL  
No.

MOM  
I'll come round.

KARL  
I'd prefer to be alone right now.

MOM  
Are you sure?

KARL  
Yeah.

He pulls a letter from his dressing gown. It's a life  
insurance policy. He runs an eye over the a specific line:

TO PAY THE SUM OF 150,000 DOLLARS.

His lips curl at the sides.

KARL (CONT'D)  
I got something I need to do. I'll  
call you tomorrow, okay?

MOM  
Okay sweetheart.

KARL  
By.

He cuts the call before she can say any more.

The lips curls further, almost into a smile.

He snatches up a pack of cigarettes and goes to put one to  
his mouth.

ALICE (O.S.)  
You know...

Karl freezes.

The cigarette doesn't reach his mouth.

ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Those things will kill you, you  
know?

Karl's too terrified to move.

KARL  
(Hesitant, stammering  
voice)  
You can't be here.

ALICE (O.S.)  
No?

KARL  
You're...

A deathly pale hand descends on his shoulder.

ALICE (O.S.)  
You were so clever. Pushing me to  
the edge with those hurtful words  
of yours. You really knew how to  
play me. But you were a psychology  
grad after all. And then at my  
lowest point you paraded that  
affair in front of me.

The pale fingers dig into his shoulder, making him wince.

ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You knew it would be the perfect  
catalyst. All those pills you made  
me ask the doctor for, all piled up  
in the bathroom where I'd see them  
day after day. It was only a matter  
of time, I guess.

KARL  
You can't think that.

ALICE (O.S.)  
Only now, when it's all too late,  
is it clear to me.

KARL  
(Stammering, terrified  
voice)  
What do you want?

A pale hand touches his cheek, turning his head. Ivory white  
lips speak into his ear.

ALICE  
I'm damned my love. I want you to  
join me.

The hand releases him.

Karl turn back the table.

There's now bottles of prescription pills piled up front of  
him.

KARL  
What?

He shakes his head.

KARL (CONT'D)  
No way.

A white hand brushes his cheek.

KARL (CONT'D)  
You can't make me.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Karl's eyes open.

He's slumped forward at the kitchen table. The insurance letter lays crumpled and ripped beside him.

He sits up, running a hand over his face.

He winces, rubbing his shoulder. Remembering the hand in the dream he pulls open his dressing gown to look at it. Bruised, yellow finger marks show in the flesh.

He picks up his coffee, finishing what's left.

Only then does he notice the pile of prescription bottles laid out around him.

Empty.

Every one.

White tops unscrewed, the plastic, brown tinted bottles on their sides.

Karl looks at the empty coffee cup.

He reaches out a hand towards his cell phone but it starts to ring.

Caller ID flashes the name:

ALICE

He withdraws a shaking hand.

He's breathing heavy.

He stretched out his hand again.

KARL  
(Slurred voice)  
Come on.

The ringing stops.

He picks up the phone and dials 9-1...but then his finger falls away.

He's feeling weak, dizzy and slumps back in his chair.

Eyelids flicker, threatening to close.

The phone drops from his hand.

He sighs and his lids close.

The chest heaves then falls still.

On the table one of the sympathy cards is stood up. It's the one with the picture.

The photograph however now shows Alice next to her husband.

Neither is smiling.

And above them the words:

IN MEMORIA

ALICE AND KARL

FADE OUT.