My Love

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE WELLS MANOR - NIGHT

A hard rain storm pounds a hill top, small rivers of water flow down its sides, lightning flashes briefly reveal trees swaying back and forth in the wind.

The Wells Manor sits on top of the hill, an eerie yellow light shines out a lone window on the second floor, the rest of the house is dark.

A hooded figure stands at the Mansions entrance and knocks. The door opens and the figure enters.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit with a candle, ghostly shadows dance on the rooms aged oak walls as the candle’s flame flickers.

Sitting in a chair in the middle of the room is GREGORY WELLS (32), a disheveled yet good looking young man, dressed in the customary upper class garb of the Victorian age, a tortured expression showing on his face.

Gregory stares blankly at a painting hanging on the wall across the room, the portrait is of a beautiful young woman.

Gregory softly speaks, almost whispering.

   GREGORY
   My love.

The bedroom door opens, its hinges CREEK loudly, light from a Lantern leaks into the room, two figure’s stand in the doorway.

James (58), the estates Butler, stands motionless, looking like some sort of statue on display in a museum.

Next to James is Agatha,(66), wearing a black cloak and sporting a devilish grin on her lips.

Gregory turns his head towards them, his eyes squint as they try to adjust to the light.

   GREGORY
   Come in.

Agatha enters the room, her movements cautious.

(CONTINUED)
AGATHA
Thank you Mr. Wells.

Gregory looks at James, he gestures for him to leave.

GREGORY
You may go James.

JAMES
I’ll be outside Master Wells if you need me!

He steps into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Gregory turns his attention towards Agatha, he peers at her hard.

GREGORY
You must be wondering why I had my Butler Fetch you.

AGATHA
Aye, I am.

GREGORY
I understand you are a Gypsy. And that you consort with the devil.

Agatha looks at Gregory and smirks.

AGATHA
And where did you hear this?

GREGORY
Never you mind! Is it true wench? Do you consort with the Devil?

Agatha rushes Gregory, she moves so fast he has no time to react, her face is so close to his they’re noses almost touch.

AGATHA
Yes! I am a servant of the devil.

Gregory turns his head away from Agatha, she laughs and steps back.

GREGORY
Then I have something I wish for you to do. You shall be paid well of course.

Agatha looks at the painting, she runs her hands over the frame.

(CONTINUED)
AGATHA
What is it you wish me to do?

GREGORY
I have read about the dark arts
your people practice. From what I
gather it’s possible to bring the
deceased back to life by using
black magic. Is this true?

From the shadow’s she answers.

AGATHA
It is possible. But only the soul,
not the body.

Gregory sighs deeply, he lowers his head.

GREGORY
I don’t care, just as long as she
is returned to me!

AGATHA
You speak of the woman in this
painting?

Gregory lifts his head, he looks at the painting, sadness
fills his eyes.

GREGORY
Yes. Her name was Jessica. She was
to be my bride. She died suddenly
without warning.

AGATHA
I’m so very sorry Mr. Wells. I will
help you for a price.

GREGORY
Do you need anything?

AGATHA
Yes, a personal article of hers.

Gregory holds up a scarf.

GREGORY
This belonged her.

Agatha takes the scarf, she puts it in her pocket.
AGATHA
I will perform the ceremony tonight.

GREGORY
When will she come to me?

AGATHA
Soon! Very soon.

GREGORY
You can get your pay from my butler. You may leave.

Agatha leaves the room.

Gregory sits back in the chair, a look of satisfaction comes over his face as he looks up at the portrait.

GREGORY (CONT.)
Soon we’ll be together again my love!

The bedroom door opens and James walks in.

JAMES
The gypsy is gone Master Wells.

GREGORY
Good.

James looks uneasy, he glares at Gregory with compassion.

JAMES
Sir, you should not sit in here and grieve alone.

Gregory smirks, he looks back at the painting.

GREGORY
My grief is all I have left.

James is defiant, he moves closer to Gregory, His demeanor more urgent.

JAMES
It wasn’t your fault Sir!

GREGORY
Wasn’t it?

Lightning flashes through the window, rain beats against the glass, the sound of thunder roars.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 5.

GREGORY (CONT.)
She died because of my carelessness
James.

JAMES
That’s not true Sir!

Gregory pounds the arm rest with his fist, he looks up at
James with anger.

GREGORY
That’s enough! Leave me!

James stops talking, he slowly backs away from Gregory, he
stops in the doorway.

JAMES
Before I go I will ask one more
thing sir. Please stop torturing
yourself over the lose of Jessica.

Gregory scowls, He looks away from James and back towards
the portrait.

James closes the bedroom door, leaving Gregory to himself.

Gregory gets up from the chair.

He walks over to his bed and kneels, getting into a prayer
position he locks his hands together.

GREGORY
Heavenly father, The pain is to
much for me to bear. I have prayed
every night for you to ease my
suffering but to no avail. Please
forgive me for what I have just
done, but I am willing to be damned
forever if I may again be with
Jessica!

Gregory lays his head on the bed, he seems exhausted.

Suddenly a NOISE that sounds like shattered glass comes from
outside the room, it seems to be coming from downstairs.

He stands up and grabs the candle and walks to the door and
opens it.
EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gregory enters the hall, it's dark, the candle he holds providing the only light.

He walks down the hallway, the trees outside cast claw-like shadows against the hallway's walls as the lighting flashes.

Gregory reaches the top of the staircase, he peers down towards the bottom, he sees nothing but dark shapes.

Now he hears a knocking noise, like footsteps running about in circles.

GREGORY
James! Is that you?

His shout is met with silence, only the crash of thunder vibrates throughout the Manor.

Gregory steps onto the top step and descends the stairs, the wood cracks loudly with each step he takes.

Gregory reaches the bottom of the stairs, the darkness is as thick as ink.

Gregory’s breathing gets heavier, his steps lighter. He holds the candle out in front of him to light up the living room.

Only the faint outline of the furniture can be seen. Suddenly Gregory hears a hideous laugh, goose bumps emerge up and down his arms.

He gazes into the darkness and sees a shadow fly across the room. He can barely hold the candles still; his hand is shaking so much.

GREGORY
Who’s there? Speak now!

Again he hears the terrible laughter, it sounds like it's much closer.

CRASH, the candle is knocked out of Gregory’s hand, falling to the floor it goes out.

GREGORY
James! James! Help me!

Gregory gropes in the darkness, trying to reach the stairs. More laughter comes from the darkness, a voice is heard.

(CONTINUED)
DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S.)
You have very nice things Mister Wells!

Gregory turns around, a flash of lightning reveals the figure of Agatha, she is holding a fireplace poker.

She swings the poker and hits Gregory in the head, he falls to the floor, half dazed by the grazing blow.

He looks up to see the outline of Agatha holding the poker over her head, ready to bring it down in a crushing blow.

Gregory turns his head to the side, anticipating the end.

From across the room standing in front of the fireplace he sees Jessica’s ghostly form, his eyes widen, he longingly reaches for her.

GREGORY
Jessica!

Agatha notices this and turns in the direction Gregory is reaching.

She shrieks in terror, the apparition raises its hand and points at Agatha.

AGATHA
No! It's not possible!

POP! Agatha hunches over holding her stomach, she collapses to the floor.

Gregory looks over at the apparition of Jessica, it morphs into James, he's holding a revolver. James rushes over to Gregory, he helps him off the floor.

JAMES
Are you alright sir!

Gregory looks down at the corpse of Agatha, her eyes are open and fixed.

GREGORY
I think so.

JAMES
Thieving wench!

Gregory looks at James closely.

(CONTINUED)
Did you hear the struggle?

A thoughtful look comes across James face.

No sir. While I was laying in my room almost asleep I had a vision. It was Jessica. She told me you were facing death and that I needed to go to you immediately. I grabbed my revolver and rushed down here.

Gregory nods yes and puts his hand on James shoulder.

Thank God you did my friend!

Let me help you to your room Sir. I’ll fetch the constable to deal with the gypsy.

Gregory looks over at the Fireplace.

One moment James.

Both men walk over to the fireplace, they notice Jessica’s scarf hanging on the mantle, Gregory takes the scarf and holds it close to his heart.

Gregory takes a deep breath, he smiles.

Do you smell that, its her perfume.

I smell it sir. See, she is still with you!

Gregory smiles as they both walk to the stairs and proceed up.

Over the fireplace another portraiture is illuminated by the lightning, its of Gregory and Jessica posing together.

THE END

FADE OUT:

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