

THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF

By: David Lambertson

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

JANE (35), pretty, fit and trim, on the sofa. TOMMY (6) and ANNABELLE (9), cute as can be, sit on either side of her.

SUPER: DAY ONE - DENIAL

TOMMY
Start the movie, Mommy.

ANNABELLE
It's my turn to pick.

Jane's eyes narrow with concern as she looks at the TV.

JANE
Hang on a minute...

JOHN (40), enters. He's got a bit of a beer belly, dressed in golf attire and has a golf bag slung over his shoulder.

JOHN
See ya in about five hours.

JANE
Wait.

Jane points the remote at the TV.

TELEVISION REPORTER ON TV
... The State is now under a
shelter in place decree in order to
decrease the spread of the virus.

JANE
Looks like no golfing.

JOHN
I'm sure they didn't mean golf.

TELEVISION REPORTER
This includes golf.

JOHN
Fuck.

TOMMY
Daddy said fuck.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

John, still dressed, lies in bed, cellphone to his ear.

JOHN
(into phone)
Uh-huh.

JANE
(entering the room)
They're both finally down.

John puts his finger up signaling he's on a call.

JOHN
(into phone)
Seriously? ... Okay. Keep me
posted.

John ends the call.

JOHN
That was work. We're shuttering for
at least two weeks.

Jane crawls in bed next to John.

JANE
Makes sense.

JOHN
But they said that essential
services could stay open.

JANE
Ah, sweetie. You work for a movie
studio. They haven't made anything
essential in decades.

JOHN
I'm sure they'll open back up soon.
A shutdown would ruin the economy.

JANE
Yeah. When the dinosaurs saw the
meteors hurtling toward earth they
screamed - oh no, the economy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A mess. Dirty dishes and remnants of food everywhere.

SUPER: DAY TWENTY-ONE - ANGER

John, unshaven, wearing sweats and a T-shirt at the counter
using a screwdriver to dismantle the TOASTER.

Jane, mask on her face, surgical gloves on her hands, enters. Her hands are filled with grocery bags. She notices the mess.

JANE
You promised you'd clean up.
(re: the toaster)
What are you doing!?

John points at the dismantled toaster on the counter.

JOHN
What if you made the sides out of glass so you could actually see how brown your toast got? Huh? I think I could make some money as an inventor.

JANE
No...

JOHN
Maybe I could take up writing again. I got a great idea for a script.

Tommy, grape jelly on his hands, and Annabelle, both still in their pajamas, enter. Tommy wraps his grape-stained hands around Jane's waist, smearing her shirt.

JOHN
So what do you think?

JANE
You're not going to be a God damn inventor! And you're not going to be a God damn writer! And you promised you would clean the kitchen and get the kids ready. I've been in line at the store for four hours! Jesus!

TOMMY
Mommy said damn.

JOHN
Twice.

Jane drops the bags on the counter and storms off.

JANE (O.S.)
Fuck!!!

INT. DINING ROOM - DUSK

The whole family sits around the dining room table. Jane, roots graying and disheveled, has pen and paper in hand.

John now sports a rather shabby and very unattractive beard. The kids wear randomly matched clothes.

SUPER: DAY THIRTY - BARGAINING

JANE

So it's agreed. For now on, I'll do all the cooking and cleaning. Kids, you clean your own rooms and take out the trash. And John, you'll do the shopping and help the kids with their schoolwork.

Dejected nods from everyone.

JANE

And we are all going to start exercising and eating less junk.

Jane reaches over and taps John's growing belly.

JANE

Time to flatten the curve.

JOHN

Hey!

TOMMY

Daddy's getting fat.

JANE

Okay, it's settled. Oh, one more thing.

Jane reaches in her purse and removes a piece of paper and slides it towards John.

JANE

Amazon is hiring.

JOHN

You want me to work in a warehouse?

JANE

Unless you patented a new toaster or sold a script in the last twenty days...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Make-shift school stations have been created in the middle of the room. Tommy and Annabelle at each of them.

John, looking even shabbier, clad in PJ bottoms, no top, eyes closed, slumps back in the sofa.

SUPER: DAY FORTY - DEPRESSION

TOMMY

I don't understand, Daddy.

JOHN

It's just simple math, son.

TOMMY

But I'm only six.

John runs his hands through his messy hair - thinks.

JOHN

If your Daddy had five dreams and your Mommy destroyed four of them, how many dreams would your Daddy have left?

TOMMY

One?

JOHN

(sobbing)

Zero, it was a trick question. She crushes all dreams.

TOMMY

Don't cry, Daddy.

John wipes the tears from his eyes.

JOHN

Your turn, Annabelle.

ANNABELLE

That's okay...

JOHN

If Daddy weighed two hundred and forty pounds, how much would he have to lose for Mommy to love him again?

ANNABELLE

There's no way too answer that.

JOHN
(wailing now)
You're right. She wouldn't love him
no matter what.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clean as a whistle. Jane hums a cheery song as she stirs a pot on the stove.

JOHN (O.S.)
I'm home.

SUPER: DAY SIXTY - ACCEPTANCE

John, clean-shaven, a bit trimmer and wearing a perfectly pressed AMAZON UNIFORM enters.

He goes to Jane, gives her a kiss on the cheek.

JANE
Hey, baby. How was work?

JOHN
Great. Where are the kids?

JANE
Tommy's in the bath and Annabelle
is just finishing up some
schoolwork. Dinner will be ready
soon. Go get changed.

MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John stands by a computer stationed on a desk. He taps the space bar. A blank page appears.

John taps the keyboard with one finger. "FADE IN" appears on the screen. He stares at it, forlorn and lost in thought.

JANE (O.S.)
John! John!

John goes to the bedroom door, looks down the stairs.

JANE
They just announced the shutdown is
going to end. This Friday!

JOHN
Fuck yeah!

TOMMY (O.S.)
Daddy said fuck.

FADE OUT